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Edinburgh

MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVI.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1864.

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EDIN

No. DLXXXV.

CORNELIUS O'DO
IN GENERAL.-
THE EDUCATION
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TONY BUTLER.—
THE NAPOLEONI
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PADRE BANDEL
ABOUT LEON
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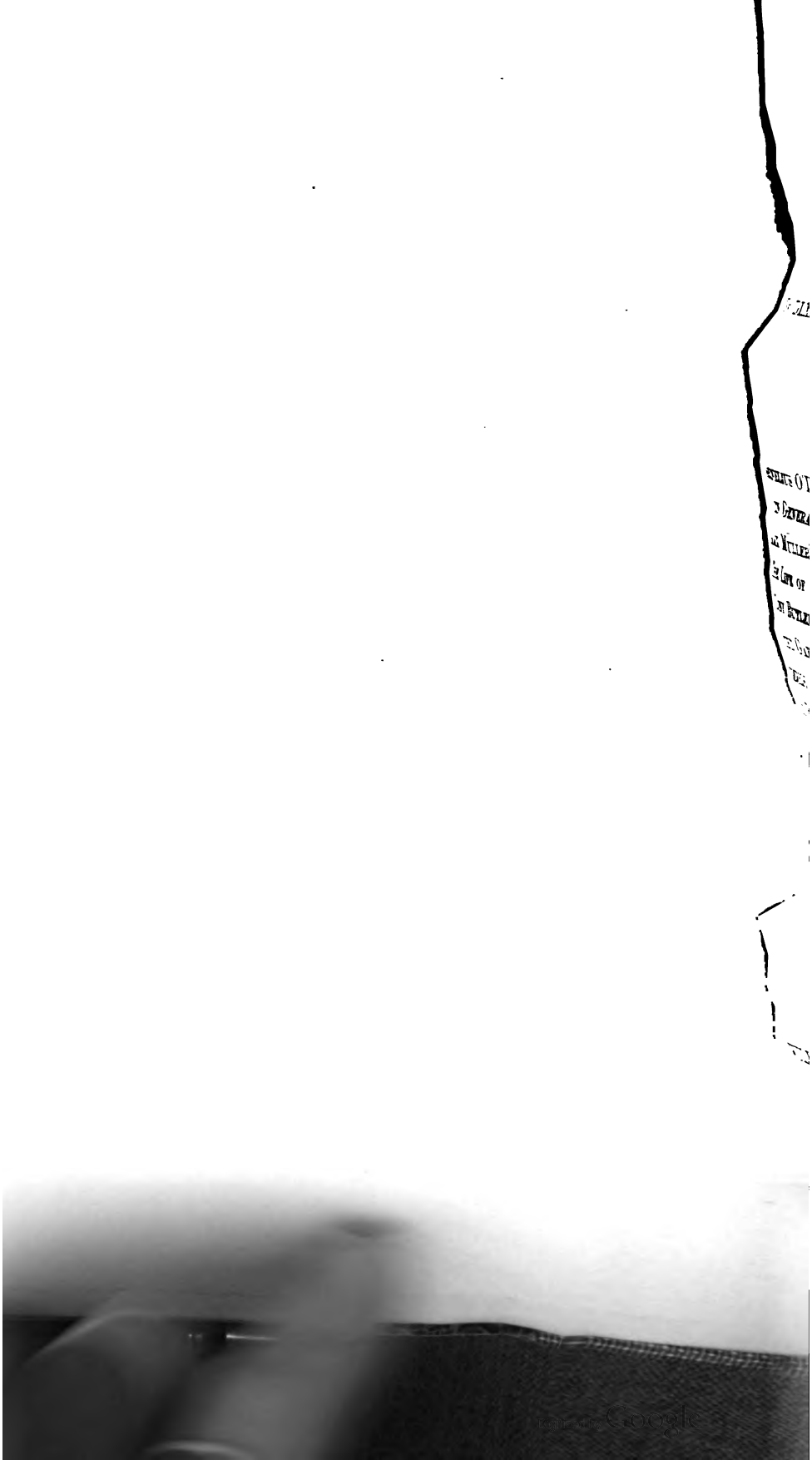

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No. DLXXXV. JULY 1864. Vol. XCVI.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART VI.

A GRUMBLE.

I WONDER is the world as pleasant as it used to be? Not to myself, of course—I neither ask nor expect it; but I mean to those who are in the same position to enjoy it as I was —— years ago. I am delicate about the figures, for Mrs O'D. occasionally reads these sketches, and might feel a wifelike antipathy to a record of this nature. I repeat—I wonder is life as good fun as it was when I made my first acquaintance with it? My impression is that it is not. I do not presume to say that all the same elements are not as abundant as heretofore. There are young people, and witty people, and, better, there are beautiful people, in abundance. There are great houses as of yore, maintained, perhaps, with even more than bygone splendour: the horses are as good—the dogs as good—the trout-streams as well stocked—the grouse as abundant—foreign travel is more easy—all travel is more facile—there are more books, and more illustrated newspapers; and yet with all these advantages—very tangible advantages too—I do not think the present occupants make the house as pleasant as their fathers did, and for the very simple reason, that they never try.

Indifferentism is the tone of the day. No one must be eager, pleased, displeased, interested, or anxious about anything. Life is to be treated as a tiresome sort of thing, but which is far too much beneath one to be thought of seriously—a wearisome performance, which good manners require you should sit out, though nothing obliges you to applaud or even approve of it. This is the theory, and we have been most successful in reducing it to practice. We are immensely bored, and we take good care so shall be our neighbour. Just as we have voted that there is nothing new, nothing strange, nothing amusing, we defy any one to differ with us, on pain of pronouncing him vulgar. North American Indians are not more case-hardened against any show of suffering under torture, than are our well-bred people

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against any manifestation of showing pleasure in anything. "It wasn't bad," is about the highest expression of our praise; and I doubt if we would accord more to heaven —if we got there. The grand test of your modern Englishman is, to bear any amount of amusement without wincing: no pleasure is to wring a smile from him, nor is any expectancy to interest, or any unlooked-for event to astonish. He would admit that "the Governor"—meaning his father—was surprised; he would concede the fact, as recording some prejudice of a bygone age. As the tone of manners and observance has grown universal, so has the very expression of the features. They are intensely like each other. We are told that a shepherd will know the actual faces of all the sheep in his flock, distinguishing each from each at a glance. I am curious to know if the Bishop of London knows even the few lost sheep that browse about Rotten Row of an afternoon, and who are so familiar to us in Leech's sketches. There they are —whiskered, bearded, and bored; fine-looking animals in their way, but just as much living creatures in 'Punch' as they are yonder. It is said that they only want the stimulus of a necessity, something of daring to tempt, or something of difficulty to provoke them, to be just as bold and energetic as ever their fathers were. I don't deny it. I am only complaining of the system which makes sheep of them, reduces life to a dreary table-land, making the stupid fellows the standard, and coming down to their level for the sake of uniformity. Formerly they who had more wit, more smartness, more worldly knowledge than their neighbours, enjoyed a certain pre-eminence; the flash of their agreeability lighted up the group they talked in, and they were valued and sought after. Now the very homage rendered, even in this small way, was at least a testimony that superiority was recognised and its claims admitted. What is the case now? Apathy is excellence, and the nearest approach to insensibility is the greatest eminence attainable.

In the Regency, when George IV. was Prince, the clever talkers certainly abounded; and men talk well or ill exactly as there is a demand for the article. The wittiest conversationalist that ever existed would be powerless in a circle of these modern "Unsurprised ones." Their vacant self-possession would put down all the Grattans and Currans and Jeffreys and Sydney Smiths in the world. I defy the most brilliant, the readiest, the most genial of talkers to vivify the mass of inert dulness he will find now at every dinner and in every drawing-room.

The code of modern manners is to make ease the first of all objects; and, in order that the stupidest man may be at his ease, the ablest is to be sacrificed. He who could bring vast stores of agreeability to the common stock must not show his wares, because there are a store of incapables who have nothing for the market.

They have a saying in Donegal, that "the water is so strong it requires two whiskies;" but I would ask what amount of "spirits" would enliven this dreariness; what infusion of pleasantry would make Brown and Jones endurable when multiplied by what algebraists call an x—an unknown quantity—of other Browns and Joneses?

We are constantly calling attention to the fact of the influence exerted over morals and manners in France by the prevailing tone of the lighter literature, and we mark the increasing licentiousness that has followed such works as those of Eugene Sue and the younger Dumas. Let us not forget to look at home, and see if, in the days when the Waverleys constituted almost all our lighter reading, the tone of society was not higher, the spirit more heroic, the current of thought and expression purer, than in these realistic days,

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when we turn for amusement to descriptions of every quaint vulgarity that makes up the life of the boarding-house or the strolling theatre.

The glorious heroism of Scott's novels was a fine stream to turn into the turbid river of our worldliness and money-seeking. It was of incalculable benefit to give men even a passing glance of noble devotion, high-hearted courage, and unsullied purity.

I can remember the time when, as freshmen in our first year, we went about talking to each other of 'Ivanhoe' and 'Kenilworth;' and I can remember, too, when the glorious spirit of those novels had so possessed us, that our romance elevated and warmed us to an unconscious imitation of the noble thoughts and deeds we had been reading.

Smile if you like at our boyish enthusiasm, it was better than the mocking spirit engendered by all this realism, or the insensate craving after stimulus taught by sensation novels.

Now, I am not old enough to remember the great talkers of the time when George III. was King, or those who made Carlton House famous; but I belonged to a generation where these men were remembered, and where it was common enough to hear stories of their Attic nights, those *noctes cœnæque deorum* which really in brilliancy must have far transcended anything that Europe could boast of conversational power. The youth of the time I speak of were full of these traditions. "If I am not the rose, I grew near one," was no foolish boast; and certainly there was both in the tone of conversation and the temper of society a sentiment that showed how the great men had influenced their age, and how, even after their sun had gone down, a warm tint remained to remind the world of the glorious splendour that had departed.

Being an Irishman, it is to Ireland I must go for my illustration, and it is my pride to remember that I have seen some of those who were, in an age of no common convivial excellence, amongst the first and the greatest. They are gone, and I may speak of them by name—Lord Plunkett, the Chief-Justice Bushe, Mr Casey, Sir Philip Crampton, Barré Beresford—I need not go on. I have but to recall the leading men at the bar, to make up a list of the most brilliant talkers that ever delighted society. Nor was the soil exhausted with these; there came, so to say, a second crop—a younger order of men—less versed in affairs, it is true, less imbued with that vigorous conviviality that prevailed in their fathers' days—but of these I must not speak, for they have now grown up to great dignities and stations, they have risen to eminence and honour and repute, and might possibly be ashamed if it were known that they were once so agreeable. Let me, however, record one who is no more, but who possessed the charm of companionship to a degree I never knew equalled in all my varied experiences of life,—one who could bring the stores of a well-stocked mind, rich in scholarship, to bear upon any passing incident, blended with the fascination of a manner that was irresistible. Highly imaginative, and with a power of expression that was positively marvellous, he gave to ordinary conversation an elevation that actually conferred honour on those who were associated with it; and high above all these gifts and graces, a noble nature, generous, hopeful, and confiding. With an intellect that challenged any rivalry, he had, in all that touched worldly matters, the simplicity of a child. To my countrymen it is needless I should tell of whom I speak; to others, I say his name was Mortimer O'Sullivan. The mellow cadence of his winning voice, the beam of his honest eye, the generous smile that never knew scorn, are all before me as I write, and I will write no more.

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OF OUR BROTHERS BEYOND THE BORDER.

There is a story current of a certain very eminent French naturalist, who is so profoundly impressed by the truth of the Darwinian theory, that he never passes the cage where the larger apes are confined in the Jardin des Plantes without taking off his hat, making a profound obeisance, and wishing them a *bon jour*.

This recognition is touching and graceful. The homage of the witches to him who should be king hereafter, had in it a sort of mockery that made it horrible; but here we have an act of generous courtesy, based alike on the highest discoveries of science and the rules of the truest good-breeding.

The learned Professor, with all the instincts of great acquirements and much self-knowledge united, admits them at once to equality and fraternity—the liberty, perhaps, they will have to wait some time for; but in that they are no worse off than some millions of their fellow-countrymen.

One might speculate long — I don't know exactly how profitably —on the sense of gratitude these creatures must feel for this touching kindness, how they must long for the good man's visit, how they must wonder by what steps he arrived at this astonishing knowledge, how surprised they must feel that he does not make more converts; and, last of all, what pains they must take to exhibit in their outward bearing and behaviour that they are not unworthy of the high consideration he bestows on them! Before him no monkey-tricks, no apish indecorums — none even of those passing levities which young gorillas will indulge in just like other youths. No; all must be staid, orderly, and respectful—heads held well up—hands at rest—tails nowhere; in fact, a port and bearing that would defy the most scrutinising observer to say that they were less eligible company than that he had just quitted at the café.

I own I have not seen them during the moment of the Professor's passage. I am unable to state authentically whether all this be as I surmise, but I have a strong impression it must be. Indeed, reflecting on the habits and modes of the species, I should be rather disposed to believe them given to an exuberant show of gratitude than to anything like indifference, and expect to witness demonstrations of delight more natural possibly than graceful.

Now, I have not the most remote intention of impugning the Professor's honesty. I give him credit—full credit—for high purpose, and for high courage. "These poor brothers of ours," says he, "have tails, it is true, and they have not the hypocampus major; but let me ask you, Mon. le Duc, or you, Monseigneur the Archbishop, will you dare to affirm on oath that you yourself are endowed with a hypocampus major or minor? Are you prepared to stand forward and declare that the convolutions of your brain are of the regulation standard —that the medullary part is not disproportioned to the cineritious — that your falx is not thicker or thinner than it ought—and that your optic thalami are not too prominent? And if you are not ready to do this, what avails all your assumption of superiority? In these — they are not many—lie the alleged differences between you and your caged cousins yonder." Thus speaks, or might speak, the Professor; and, I repeat, I respect his candour; but still I would venture to submit one small, perhaps ungenerous doubt, and ask, Would he, acting on the noble instincts that move him, vote these creatures an immediate and entire emancipation, or would he not rather wait a while—a few years, say — till the habit of sitting on

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chairs had worn off some of the tail, and a greater frequency with society suggested not to store up their dinner in their jaws? Would he like to see them at once take their places in public life, become public functionaries, and ministers, and grand cordons?

Would he not rather, with that philosophy his country eminently teaches, say, "I will do the pity and the compassion. To me be the sympathetic part of a graceful sorrow. To posterity I bequeath the recognition of these poor captives. Let them be liberated, by all means; but let it be when I shall be no longer here to witness it. Let others face that glorious millennium of gorilla greatness."

I am afraid he would reason in this fashion; it is one thing to have an opinion, and to have what Frenchmen call the "courage of your opinion." He would say, "If Nature work surely, she works slowly; her changes are measured, regular, and progressive. With her there are no paroxysms; all is orderly—all is gradual. It took centuries of centuries to advance these poor creatures to the point they occupy; their next stage on the journey is perhaps countless years away. I will not attempt to forestall what I cannot assist. I will let Time do its work. They are not ill-treated, besides; that large creature with the yellow eyebrows grinned at me very pleasantly this morning, and the she-ourangoutang was whipping her infant most naturally as I came by."

"What a cold-blooded philanthropy is this!" cries another. "You say these are our brothers and our kinsmen; you declare that anatomy only can detect some small and insignificant discrepancies between us, and that even in these there are some of whose functions we know nothing, and others, such as the prehensile power, where the ape has the best of it. What do you mean by keeping them there 'cribbed, cabined, and confined'? Is a slight frontal inclination to disqualify a person from being a prefect? Is an additional joint in the coccyx to prevent a man sitting on the woolsack, or an extra inch in the astragalus to interfere with his wearing spurs? If there be minute differences between us, intercourse will abolish them. It will be of inestimable service to yourselves to come into contact with these fresh, fine, generous natures, uncontaminated by the vices of an effete and worn-out civilisation. Great as are the benefits you extend to them, they will repay you tenfold in the advantages to yourselves. Away with your unworthy prejudices about a 'black pigment' and long heels! Take them to your hearts and your hearths. You will find them brave—ay, braver than your own race. Their teeth are whiter and their nails longer; there is not a relation in life in which you will dare to call yourself their better."

I will go no farther, not merely because I have no liking for my theme, but because I am pilfering. All these arguments—the very words themselves—I have stolen from an American writer, who, in Horace Greeley fashion, is addressing his countrymen on the subject of negro equality. He not alone professes to show the humanity of the project, but its policy—its even necessity. He declares to the whites, "You want these people; without them you will sink lower and lower into that effete degeneracy into which years of licentiousness have sunk you. These gorillas—black men, I mean—are virtuous; they are abstemious; they have a little smell, but no sensuality; they will make admirable wives for your warriors; and who knows but one may be the mother of a President as strikingly handsome as Ape Lincoln himself! There is no doubt much to be said for our long-heeled friends, whether with or without a hypocampus major. I am not very certain that we compliment them in the best taste when the handsomest thing we can say of them is, that they are very like ourselves! It is our

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human mode, however, of expressing admiration, and resembles the exclamation of the Oberland peasant on seeing a pretty girl, 'How handsome she'd be if she only had a *goître!*'"

THE RULE NISI.

A great many sea-captains discourage the use of life-preservers and floating-belts on board ships of war, on the simple ground that men should not be taught to rely for their safety on anything but what conduces to save the ship. "Let there be but one thought, one effort," say they, "and let that be for the common safety." If they be right—and I suspect they are—we have made a famous blunder by our late legislation about divorce. Of all the crafts that ever were launched, marriage is one from which fewest facilities of desertion should be provided.

Romanism makes very few mistakes in worldly matters. There is no feature of that Church so remarkable as its deep study and thorough acquaintance with all the moods and wants and wishes of humanity. Whatever its demerits, one cannot but admit that no other religion ever approached it in intimacy with the human heart in all its emotions and in all its strivings, whether for good or evil.

Rome declares against all breach of the marriage tie. The Church, with a spirit of concession it knows how to carry through all its dealings, modifies, softens, assuages, but never severs conjugalism. It makes the tie occasionally a slip-knot, but it never cuts the string, and I strongly suspect that it is wise in its legislation.

For a great many years we gave the policy that amount of imitation we are wont to accord to Romanist practices; that is, we follow them in part—we adopt the coat, but, to show that we are not mere imitators, we cut off one of the skirts; and if we do not make the garment more graceful, we at least consult our dignity, and that is something. We made divorce the privilege of men rich enough to come to Parliament for relief; we did with the question what some one proposed we should do with poisons—make them so costly that only wealthy men should be able to afford the luxury of suicide. So long as men believed that divorce was immoral, I don't think any one complained that it should be limited to persons in affluence. We are a lord-loving race, we English, and are quite ready to concede that our superiors should have more vices than ourselves, just as they have more horses and more pheasants; and we deemed it nothing odd or strange that he, whose right it was to walk into the House of Peers, should walk out of matrimony when it suited him.

Who knows?—perhaps we were flattered by the thought that great folk so far conceded to a vulgar prejudice as to marry at all. Perhaps we hailed their entrance into conjugalism as we are wont to do their appearance at a circus or a public garden—a graceful acknowledgment that they occasionally felt something like ourselves: at all events, we liked it, and we showed we liked it by the zeal with which we read those description in newspapers of marriages in high life, and the delight with which we talked to each other of people we never saw, nor probably ever should see. It was not too much, therefore, to concede to them this privilege of escape. It was very condescending of them to come to the play at all; we had no right to insist that they should sit out the whole performance.

By degrees, however, what with rich cotton-lords, and cheap cyclopædias, and penny trains, and popular lectures, there got up a sort of impression—it was mere impression for a long time—that great folk had

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more than their share of the puddings' plums; and agitators began to bestir themselves. What were the privileges of the higher classes which would sit most gracefully on their inferiors? Naturally we bethought us of their vices. It was not always so easy to adopt my lord's urbanity, his unassuming dignity, his well-bred ease; but one might reasonably aspire to be as wicked. Sabbath-breaking had long since ceased to be the privilege of the better classes, and so men's minds reverted to the question of divorce. "Let us get rid of our wives!" cried they; "who knows but the day may come when we shall kill woodcocks?"

Now the law, in making divorce a very costly process, had simply desired to secure its infrequency. It was not really meant to be a rich man's privilege. What was sought for was to oppose as many obstacles as could be found, to throw in as many rocks as possible into the channel, so that only he who was intently bent on navigating the stream would ever have the energy to clear the passage. Nobody ever dreamed of making it an open roadstead. In point of fact, the oft-boasted equality before the law is a myth. The penalty which a labourer could endure without hardship might break my lord's heart; and in the very case before us of divorce, nothing can possibly be more variable than the estimate formed of the divorced individuals, according to the class of society they move in. What would be a levity here, would be a serious immorality there; and a little lower down again, a mere domestic arrangement, slightly more decorous and a shade more legal than the old system of the halter and the public sale. It was declared, however, that this "relief"—that is the popular phrase in such matters—should be extended to the poor man. It was decided that the privilege to get rid of a wife was, as Mr Gladstone says of the electoral right, the inalienable claim of a freeman, and the only course was to lower the franchise.

Let us own, too, we were ashamed, as we had good right to be ashamed, of our old *crim. con.* law. Foreigners, especially Frenchmen, had rung the changes on our coarse venality and corruption; and we had come to perceive—it took some time, though—that moneyed damages were scarcely the appropriate remedy for injured honour.

Last of all, free-trade notions had turned all our heads: we were for getting rid of all restrictions on every side; and we went about repeating to each other those wise saws about buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, and having whatever we wanted, and doing whatever we liked with our own. We are, there is no denying it, a nation of shopkeepers; and the spirit of trade can be tracked through every relation of our lives. It is commerce gives the tone to all our dealings; and we have carried its enactments into the most sacred of all our institutions, and imparted "a limited liability" even to marriage.

Cheapness became the desideratum of our age. We insisted on cheap gloves and shoes and wine and ribbons, and why not cheap divorces? Philosophers tell us that the alternate action of the seasons is one of the purest and most enduring of all sources of enjoyment; that perpetual summer or spring would weary and depress; but in the ever-changing aspect of nature, and in the stimulation which diversity excites, we find an unfailing gratification. If, therefore, it be pleasant to be married, it may also be agreeable to be unmarried. It takes some time, however, before society accommodates itself to these new notions. The newly divorced, be it man or woman, comes into the world like a patient after the smallpox—you are not quite certain whether the period of contagion is past, or if it be perfectly safe to go up and talk to him. In fact, you delay doing so till some

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strong-minded friend or other goes boldly forward and shakes the convalescent by the hand. Even still there will be timid people who know perhaps that their delicacy of constitution renders them peculiarly sensitive, and who will keep aloof after all. Of course, these and similar prejudices will give way to time. We have our Probate Court; and the phrase *co-respondent* is now familiar as a household word.

Now, however tempting the theme, I am not going to inquire whether we have done wisely or the reverse by this piece of legislation; whether, by instilling certain precepts of self-control, a larger spirit of accommodation, and a more conciliatory disposition generally, we might have removed some of the difficulties without the heroic remedy of the decree *nisi;* whether, in fact, it might not have been better to teach people to swim, or even float, rather than make this great issue of cheap life-belts. I am so practical that I rather address myself to profit by what is, than endeavour by any change to make it better. We live in a statistical age. We are eternally inquiring who it is wants this, who consumes that, who goes to such a place, who is liable to this or that malady. Classification is a passion with us; and we have bulky volumes to teach us what sorts of people have chest affections, what are most prone to stomachic diseases, who have ophthalmia, and who the gout. We are also instructed as to the kind of persons most disposed to insanity, and we have a copious list of occupations given us which more or less incline those who profess them to derangement. Even the Civil-Service Examiners have contributed their share to this mass of entertaining knowledge, and shown from what parts of the kingdom bad spellers habitually come, what counties are celebrated for cacography, and in what districts etymology is an unknown thing. Would it not, then, be a most interesting and instructive statistic that would give us a tabular view of divorce, showing in what classes frailty chiefly prevailed, with the relative sexes, and also a glimpse at the ages? Imagine what a light the statement would throw on the morality of classes, and what an incalculable benefit to parents in the choice of a career for their children! For instance, no sensible father would select a life of out-door exposure for a weak-chested son, or make a sailor of one with an incurable sea-sickness. In the same way would he be guided by the character of his children as to the perils certain careers would expose them to.

A passing glance at the lists of divorce shows us that no "promovent"—it is a delicate title, and I like it—no promovent figures oftener than a civil engineer. Now, how instructive to inquire why!

What is there in embankments and earthworks and culverts that should dispose the wife of him who makes them to infidelity? Why should a tunnel only lead to domestic treachery? why must a cutting sever the heart that designs it? I do not know; I cannot even guess. My ingenuity stands stockstill at the question, and I can only re-echo Why?

Next amongst the "predisposed" come schoolmasters, plasterers, &c. What unseen thread runs through the woof of these natures, apparently so little alike? It is the boast of modern science to settle much that once was puzzling, and reconcile to a system what formerly appeared discordant. How I wish some great Babbage-like intellect would bestir itself in this inquiry.

Surely ethical questions are as well worthy of investigation as purely physical or mechanical ones, and yet we ignore them most ignominiously. We think no expense too great to test an Armstrong or a Whitworth gun; we spend thousands to ascertain how far it will carry, what destructive force it possesses, and how long it will resist explosion;—why not appoint a commission of this nature on "conjugals;" why not ascertain, if we

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can, what is the weak point in matrimony, and why are explosions so frequent? Is the "cast" system a bad one, and must we pronounce "welding" a failure; or, last of all, however wounding to our national vanity, do "they understand these things better in France"?

ON CLIMBING BOYS.

With the common fate of all things human, it is said that every career and walk in life has some one peculiar disparagement—something that, attaching to the duties of the station as a sort of special grievance, serves to show that none of us, no matter how favoured, are to imagine there can be any lot exempted from its share of troubles. Ask the soldier, the sailor, the parson, the doctor, the lawyer, or the actor, and each will give you a friendly warning to adopt any other career than his own.

In most cases the *quid amarum*, the one bitter drop, is to be found in the career itself, something that belongs to that one craft or calling; just as the white-lead colic, for instance, is the fatal malady of painters. There are, however, a few rare cases in which the detracting element attaches itself to the followers and not to the profession, as though it would seem there was a something in the daily working of that peculiar craft which warped the minds and coerced the natures of men to be different from what temperament and character should have made of them.

The two classes which most prominently exhibit what I mean are somewhat socially separated, but they have a number of small analogies in common. They are SWEEPS and STATESMEN! It would be tempting—but I resist the temptation—to show how many points of resemblance unite them—how each works in the dark, in a small, narrow, confined sphere, without view or outlet; how the tendency of each is to scratch his way upwards and gain the top, caring wonderfully little how black and dirty the process has made him. One might even go farther, and mark how, when indolence or weariness suggested sloth, the stimulus of a little fire underneath, whether a few lighted straws or a Birmingham mass-meeting, was sure to quicken progress and excite activity.

Again, I make this statement on the faith of Lord Shaftesbury, who pronounced it before their Lordships in the Upper House:—"It is no uncommon thing to buy and sell them. There is a regular traffic in them; and through the agency of certain women, not the models of their sex, you can get any quantity of them you want." Last of all, on the same high authority, we are told of their perfect inutility, "since there is nothing that they do could not be better done by a machine."

I resist, as I say, all temptations of this kind, and simply address myself to the one point of similarity between them which illustrates the theory with which I have started—and now to state this as formally as I am able. Let me declare that in all the varied employments of life I have never met with men who have the same dread of their possible successors as sweeps and statesmen. The whole aim and object of each is directed, first of all, to give those who do their work as little as possible, well knowing that the time will come when these small creatures will find the space too confined for them, and set up for themselves.

A volume might be written on the subtle artifices adopted to keep them "little"—the browbeatings, the insults, the crushing cruelties, the spare diet intermixed with occasional stimulants, the irregular hours, and the heat and confinement of the sphere they work in. Still nature is stronger than all these crafty contrivances. The little sweep will grow into the big

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sweep, and the small under-sec. will scratch his way up to the Cabinet. I will not impose on my reader the burden of carrying along with him this double load. I will address myself simply to one of these careers—the Statesman's. It is a strange but a most unquestionable fact, that no other class of men are so ill-disposed to those who are the most likely to succeed them—not of an Opposition, for that would be natural enough, but of their own party, of their own colour, of their own rearing. Let us be just: when a man has long enjoyed place, power, and pre-eminence, dispensed honours and pensions and patronage, it is not a small trial to discover that one of those little creatures he has made—whose first scraper and brush he himself paid for—I can't get rid of the sweep out of my head—will turn insolently on him and declare that he will no longer remain a subordinate, but go and set up for himself. This is excessively hard, and might try the temper of a man even without a fit of the gout.

It is exactly what has just happened; an apprentice, called Gladstone, having made a sort of connection in Manchester and Birmingham, a district abounding in tall chimneys, has given warning to his master Pam that he will not sweep any longer. He is a bold, aspiring sort of lad, and he is not satisfied with saying—as many others have done—that he is getting too broad-shouldered for his work; but he declares that the chimneys for the future must be all made bigger and the flues wider, just because he likes climbing, and doesn't mean to abandon it. There is no doubt of it. Manchester and Stockport and Birmingham have put this in his head. Their great smelting-houses and steam-power factories require big chimneys; and being an overbearing set of self-made vulgar fellows, they say they ought to be a law to all England. You don't want to make cotton-twist, or broad-gauge iron; so much the worse for you. It is the grandest object of humanity. Providence created men to manufacture printed cottons and cheap penknives. We of Manchester understand what our American friends call manifest destiny; we know and feel ours will be—to rule England. Once let us only introduce big chimneys, and you'll see if you won't take to spinning-jennies and mules and treddles; and there's that climbing boy Gladstone declares he'll not leave the business, but go up, no matter how dirty the flue, the day we want him.

Some shrewd folk, who see farther into the millstone than their neighbours, have hinted that this same boy is of a crotchety, intriguing type, full of his own ingenuity, and enamoured of his own subtlety; so that make the chimney how great you will, he'll not go up it, but scratch out another flue for himself, and come out, heaven knows where or how. Indeed, they tell that on one occasion of an alarm of fire in the house—caused by a pantry-boy called Russell burning some waste-paper instead of going up the chimney as he was ordered—this same Will began to tell how the Greeks had no chimneys, and a mass of antiquarian rubbish of the same kind, so that his master, losing patience, exclaimed, "Of all plagues in the world he knew of none to compare with these 'climbing boys!'"

LINGUISTS.

There are two classes of people not a little thought of, and even caressed, in society, and for whom I have ever felt a very humble estimate—the men who play all manner of games, and the men who speak several languages. I begin with the latter, and declare that, after a somewhat varied experience of life, I never met a linguist that

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was above a third-rate man; and I go farther, and aver that I never chanced upon a really able man who had the talent for languages.

I am well aware that it sounds something little short of a heresy to make this declaration. It is enough to make the blood of Civil-Service Commissioners run cold to hear it. It sounds illiberal—and, worse, it seems illogical. Why should any intellectual development imply deficiency? Why should an acquirement argue a defect? I answer, I don't know—any more than I know why sanguineous people are hot-tempered, and leuco-phlegmatic ones are more brooding in their wrath. If—for I do not ask to be anything higher than empyrical—if I find that parsimonious people have generally thin noses, and that the snub is associated with the spendthrift, I never trouble myself with the demonstration, but I hug the fact, and endeavour to apply it.

In the same spirit, if I hear a man in a salon change from French to German, and thence diverge into Italian and Spanish, with possibly a brief excursion into something Scandinavian, or Sclav—at home in each and all—I would no more think of associating him in my mind with anything responsible in station or commanding in intellect, than I should think of connecting the servant that announced me with the last brilliant paper in the 'Quarterly.'

No man with a strongly-marked identity—and no really able man ever existed without such—can subordinate that identity so far as to put on the foreigner; and without this he never can attain that mastery of a foreign language that makes the linguist. To be able to repeat conventionalities—bringing them in at the telling moment, adjusting phrases to emergencies, as a joiner adapts the pieces of wood to his carpentry—may be, and is, a very neat and a very dexterous performance, but it is scarcely the exercise to which a large capacity will address itself. Imitation must be, in one sense or other, the stronghold of the linguist—imitation of expression, of style, of accent, of cadence, of tone. The linguist must not merely master grammar, but he must manage gutturals. The mimicry must go farther: in simulating expression it must affect the sentiment. You are not merely borrowing the clothes, but you are pretending to put on the feelings, the thoughts, the prejudices of the wearer. Now, what man with a strong nature can merge himself so entirely in his fictitious being as not to burst the seams and tear the lining of a garment that only impedes the free action of his limbs, and actually threatens the very extinction of his respiration?

It is not merely by their greater adaptiveness that women are better linguists than men; it is by their more delicate organisation, their more subdued identity, and their less obstreperous temperaments, which are consequently less egotistical, less redolent of the one individual self. And what is it that makes the men of mark or note, the cognate signs of human algebra, but these same characteristics; not always good, not always pleasant, not always genial, but always associated with something that declares pre-eminence, and pronounces their owner to be a "representative man"?

When Lord Ward replied to Prince Schwartzenberg's flippant remark on the bad French of English diplomatists by the apology, "that we had not enjoyed the advantage of having our capital cities so often occupied by French troops as some of our neighbours," he uttered not merely a smart epigram but a great philosophical truth. It was not alone that we had not possessed the opportunity to pick up an accent, but that we had not subordinated our minds and habits to French modes and ways of thought, and that the tone and temper of the French people had not been beaten into us by the roll of a French drum.

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One may buy an accomplishment too dearly. It is possible to pay too much even for a Parisian pronunciation! Not only have I never found a linguist a man of eminence, but I have never seen a linguist who talked well. Fluent they are, of course. Like the Stecknadel gun of the Prussians, they can fire without cessation, but, like the same weapon, they are comparatively aimless. It is a *feu roulant*, with plenty of noise and some smoke, but very "few casualties" announce the success. The greatest linguist of modern Europe, Mezzofanti, was a most inferior man. Of the countries whose dialect he spoke to perfection, he knew nothing. An old dictionary would have been to the full as companionable. I find it very hard not to be personal just now, and give a list—it would be a long one—of all the tiresome people I know, who talk four, five, some of them six modern languages perfectly. It is only with an effort I abstain from mentioning the names of some well-known men who are the charming people at Rome and Vienna every winter, and each summer are the delight of Ems, of Berlin, and of Ischl. What tyrants these fellows are, too, over the men who have not got their gift of tongues! how they out-talk them and overbear them! with what an insolent confidence they fall back upon the petty superiority of their fluency, and lord it over those who are immeasurably their masters! Just as Blondin might run along the rigging of a three-decker, and pretend that his agility entitled him to command a squadron!

Nothing, besides, is more imposing than the mock eloquence of good French. The language in itself is so adaptive, it is so felicitous, it abounds in such innumerable pleasant little analogies, such nice conceits and suggestive drolleries, that he who acquires these has at will a whole armoury of attack and defence. It actually requires years of habit to accustom us to a display that we come at last to discover implies no brilliancy whatever in him who exhibits, though it argues immense resources in the treasury from which he derives this wealth.

I have known scores of delightful talkers—Frenchmen—who had no other charm than what their language lent them. They were neither profound, nor cultivated, nor witty—some were not even shrewd or acute; but all were pleasant—pleasant in the use of a conversational medium, of which the world has not the equal—a language that has its set form of expression for every social eventuality, and that hits to a nicety every contingency of the "salon;" for it is no more the language of natural people than the essence of the perfumer's shop is the odour of a field flower. It is pre-eminently the medium of people who talk with tall glasses before them, and an incense of truffles around them, and well-dressed women—clever and witty, and not over-scrupulous in their opinions—for their company. Then, French is unapproachable; English would be totally unsuited to the occasion, and German even more so. There is a flavour of sauer kraut about that unhappy tongue that would vulgarise a Queen if she talked it.

To attain, therefore, the turns and tricks of this language—for it is a Chinese puzzle in its involvements—what a life must a man have led! What "terms" he must have "put in" at cafés and restaurants! What seasons at small theatres—tripots and worse! What nights at bals-masqués, Chateaux des Fleurs, and Cadrans rouges et bleus! What doubtful company he must have often kept! What company a little more than doubtful occasionally! What iniquities of French romance must he have read, with all the cardinal virtues arrayed as the evil destinies of humanity, and every wickedness paraded as that natural expansion of the heart which alone raises man above the condition of the brute! I ask, if proficiency must imply profligacy, would you not rather find a man

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break down in his verbs than his virtue? Would you not prefer a little inaccuracy in his declensions to a total forgetfulness of the decalogue? And, lastly of all, what man of real eminence could have masqueraded—for it is masquerading—for years in this motley, and come out, after all, with even a rag of his identity?

Many people would scruple to play at cards with a stranger whose mode of dealing and general manipulation of the pack bespoke daily familiarity with the play-table. They would infer that he was a regular and professional gambler. In the very same way, and for the selfsame reason, would I carefully avoid any close intimacy with the Englishman of fluent French, well knowing he could not have graduated in that perfection save at a certain price. But it is not at the moral aspect of the question I desire particularly to look. I assert —and I repeat my assertion—that these talkers of many tongues are poor creatures. There is no initiative in them — they suggest nothing—they are vendors of second-hand wares, and are not always even good selectors of what they sell. It is only in narrative that they are at all endurable. They can *raconter*, certainly; and so long as they go from salon to salon repeating in set phrase some little misadventure or accident of the day, they are amusing; but this is not conversation, and they do not converse.

"Every time a man acquires a new language, is he a new man?" is supposed to have been a saying of Charles V.—a sentiment that, if he uttered it, means more of sarcasm than of praise; for it is the very putting off a man's identity that establishes his weakness. All real force of character excludes dualism. Every eminent, every able man has a certain integrity in his nature that rejects this plasticity.

It is a very common habit, particularly with newspaper writers, to ascribe skill in languages, and occasionally in games, to distinguished people. It was but the other day we were told that Garibaldi spoke ten languages fluently. Now Garibaldi is not really master of two. He speaks French tolerably; and his native language is not Italian, but a patois-Genoese. Cavour was called a linguist with almost as little truth; but people repeat the story, just as they repeat that Napoleon I. was a great chess-player. If his statecraft and his strategy had been on a par with his chess, we should never have heard of Tilsit or Wagram.

Lord Castlereagh, the Duke of Wellington, and George Canning, each of whom administered our foreign policy with no small share of success, were not linguists; and as to Charles Fox, he has left a French sentence on record that will last even as long as his own great name. I do not want to decry the study of languages; I simply desire to affirm that linguists—and through all I have said I mean colloquial linguists —are for the most part poor creatures, not otherwise distinguished than by the gift of tongues; and I want to protest against the undue pre-eminence accorded to the possessors of a small accomplishment, and the readiness with which the world, especially the world of society, awards homage to an acquirement in which a boarding-school miss can surpass Lord Brougham. I mean to say a word or two about those who have skill in games; but as they are of a higher order of intelligence, I'll wait till I have got "fresh wind" ere I treat of *them*.

THE OLD CONJURORS AND THE NEW.

As there are few better tests of the general health of an individual than in the things he imagines to be injurious to him, so there is no surer evidence of the delicate condition of a State than in the char-

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acter of those who are assumed to be dangerous to it. Now, after all that has been said of Rome and the corruptions of Roman government, I do not know anything so decidedly damnatory as the fact, to which allusion was lately made in Parliament, that the Papal Government had ordered Mr Home, the spiritualist, to quit the city and the States of his Holiness, and not to return to them.

In what condition, I would ask, must a country be when such a man is regarded as dangerous? and in what aspect of his character does the danger consist?

Do we want ghosts or spirits to reveal to us any more of the iniquities of that State than we already know? Is there a detail of its corrupt administration that the press of Europe has not sowed broadcast over the world? What could Mr Home and all his spirits tell us of peculation, theft, subornation, bigotry, and oppression, that the least observant traveller has not brought home with him?

And then, as to the man himself, how puerile it is to give him this importance! The solitary bit of cleverness about him is his statement that he has no control whatever over the spirits that attend him. Asking him not to summon them, is pretty like asking Mr Windham not to send for his creditors. They come pretty much as they like, and probably their visits are about equally profitable.

In this respect Home belongs to a very low order of his art. When Bosco promises to make a bouquet out of a mouse-trap, or Houdin engages to concoct a batter-pudding in your hat, each keeps his word. There is no subterfuge about the temper the spirits may happen to be in, or of their willingness or unwillingness to present themselves. The thing is done, and we see it—or we think we see it, which comes much to the same.

With this provision of escape he secured himself against all failure. Should, for instance, the audience prove to be of a more discriminating and observant character than he liked or anticipated, and the exhibition in consequence be rendered critical, all he had to do was, to aver that the spirits would not come; it was no breakdown on *his* part. Homer was sulky, or Dante was hipped, or Lord Bacon was indisposed to meet company, and there was the end of it. You were invited to meet celebrities, but it was theirs to say if they would present themselves.

On the other hand, when the proper element of credulity offered—when the séance was comprised of the select few, emotional, sensitive, and hysterical as they ought to be—when the nervous lady sat beside the timid gentleman, and neuralgia confronted confirmed dyspepsia—the artist could afford to be daring, and might venture on flights that astounded even himself. What limit is there, besides, to contagional sympathy? Look at the crowded theatre, with its many-minded spectators, and see how one impulse, communicated occasionally by a hireling, will set the whole mass in a ferment of enthusiastic delight. Mark, too, how the smile, that plays like an eddy on a lake, deepens into a laugh, and is caught up by another and another, till the whole storm breaks out in a hearty roar of merriment. These, if you like, are spirits; but the great masters of them are not men like Mr Home—they have ever been, and still are, of a very different order. Shakespeare and Molière and Cervantes knew something of the mode to summon these imps, and could make them come at their bidding besides.

Was it—to come back to what I started with—was it in any spirit of rivalry that the Papal Government drove Mr Home out of Rome? Was it that, assuming to have a monopoly in the wares he dealt in, they would not stand a contraband trade? If so, their ground is at least defensible; for what chance of attraction would there be for the

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winking Virgin in competition with him who could "make a young lady ascend to the ceiling, and come slowly down like a parachute!"—a spiritual fact I have heard from witnesses who really, so far as character went, might challenge any incredulity.

If the cardinals were jealous of the conjuror, the thing is intelligible enough, and one must feel a certain degree of sympathy with the old-established firm that had spent such enormous sums, and made such stupendous preparations, when a pretender like this could come into competition with them, without any other properties than could be carried conveniently about him.

But let us be practical. The Pope's Government demanded of Mr Home that he should have no dealings with the Evil One during his stay at Rome. Now, I ask, what should we say of the efficacy of our police system if we were to hear that the Chief Inspector at Scotland Yard lived in nightly terror of the pickpockets who frequented that quarter, and came to Parliament with a petition to accord him some greater security against their depredations? Would not the natural reply be an exclamation of astonishment that he who could summon to his aid every alphabetical blue-coat that ever handled a truncheon, should deem any increased security necessary to his peace? And so, would I ask, of what avail these crowds of cardinals—these regiments of monsignori—these battalions of bishops, arch and simple?—of what use all the incense and these chanted litanies—and these eternal processions—and these saintly shin-bones borne in costly array—if one poor mortal, supposed to live on visiting terms with the Evil One, can strike such terror into the whole army led on by Infallibility?

If I had been possessed of any peculiar dread of coming unexpectedly on the Devil—as the old ladies of New York used to feel long ago about suddenly meeting with the British army—I should certainly have comforted myself by the thought that I could always go and sit down on the steps of the Vatican. It would immediately have occurred to me, that as Holyrood offers its sanctuary against the sheriff, the Quirinal would be the sure retreat against Old Nick; and I have even pictured to myself the rage of his disappointed malice as he saw me sheltering safely beneath a protection he dared not invade. And now I am told to relinquish all the blessed enjoyment of this immunity; that the Pope and the cardinals and Antonelli himself are not a whit better off than the rest of us; that if Mr Home gets into Rome, there is nothing to prevent his having the Devil at his tea-parties. What an ignoble confession is this! Who will step forward any longer and contend that this costly system is to be maintained, and all these saintly intercessors to be kept on the most expensive of all pension-lists, if a poor creature like Home can overthrow it all?

Can any one conceive such a spectacle as these gorgeous men of scarlet and purple cringing before this poor pretender, and openly avowing before Europe that there is no peace for them till he consents to cross the Tiber?

Why—I speak, of course, in the ignorance of a laic—but, I ask, why not fumigate him and cleanse him? When I saw him last, the process would not have been so supererogatory. Why not exorcise and defy him? Why not say, Come, and bring your friend, if you dare; you shall see how we will treat you. Only try it. It is what we have been asking for nigh two thousand years. Let the great culprit step forward and plead to his indictment.

I can fancy the Pope saying this—I can picture to myself the proud attitude of the Pontiff declaring, "I have had enough of these small devilries. Like Louis Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel, I am sick

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of Mazzini and his petty followers. Let us deal with the chief of the gang at once; if we cannot convict him, he will be at least open to a compromise." This, I say, I can comprehend; but it is clear and clean beyond me that he should shirk the interview, and own he was afraid of him. It would not surprise me to-morrow to hear that Lord Derby dreaded the Radicals, and actually feared the debating powers of "Mr Potter of the Strikes."

GAMBLING FOR THE MILLION.

Nothing shows what a practical people we are more than our establishment of insurances against railroad accidents. The spirit of commercial enterprise, by which a man charters himself for a railroad voyage with an insured cargo of his bones, ligaments, cartilage, and adipose tissue, abundantly proves that we are nature's own traders and shopkeepers.

Any ordinary people less imbued with Liverpool and Manchester notions would have bestirred themselves how to prevent, or at least lessen, the number of those casualties. They would have set to work to see what provisions could be adopted to give greater security to travel. We, on the contrary, are too business-like to waste time on this inquiry. We are convinced that, let us build ships ever so strong, there will still be shipwrecks. So we feel assured that a certain number of railway accidents, as they are called, will continue to occur—be as broad gauge as you will! We accept the situation, therefore, as the French say, and insure; that is to say, we book a bet at very long odds—say, three to a thousand—that we shall be rolled up, cut in two, flattened into a thin sheeting, and ground into an impalpable powder, between Croydon and Brighton. If we arrive safe, the assurance office pockets a few shillings; if we win our wager, our executor receives a thousand pounds.

It is about the grimmest kind of gambling ever man heard of; and yet we see folk of the most unquestionable propriety—dignitaries of the Church, judges, civil and uncivil servants of the Crown, and scores of others, whom nothing would tempt into the Cursaal at Ems or Baden, as coolly as possible playing this terrific game, and backing themselves heavily for a dorsal paralysis, a depressed fracture of the cranium, or at least a compound dislocation of the hip-joint.

Now, if the Protestant Church entertained what the Romanists call cases of conscience, I should like greatly to ask, Is this right? Is it justifiable to make a contingent profit out of your cerebral vertebræ or your popliteal space?

We have long been derided and scoffed at for making connubialism marketable, and putting a price on a wife's infidelity, but it strikes me this is something worse; for what, after all, is a rib—a false rib, too—compared with the whole bony skeleton?

"Allah is Allah," said the Turkish admiral to Lady Hester Stanhope, "but I have got two anchors astern," showing that, with all his fatalism, he did not despise what are technically called human means. So the reverend Archdeacon, going down for his sea-baths, might say, "I'm not quite sure they'll carry me safely, but it shall not be all misfortune—I'll take out some of it in money."

The system, however, has its difficulties; for though it is a round game, the stakes are apportioned with reference to the rank and condition of the winner—as, for instance, the Solicitor-General's collar-bone is worth a shoemaker's whole body, and a Judge's patella is of more value than a dealer in marine stores and his rising family. This is a

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tremendous pull against the company, who not only give long, but actually incalculable odds; for while Mr Briggs of the second class can be crumpled up for two hundred pounds, the Hon. Sackville de Cressy in the coupé cannot be even concussed under a thousand; while, if the noble Duke in the express carriage be only greatly alarmed, the cost may be positively astounding. This I certainly call hard —very hard. When you book a bet at Newmarket you never have to consider the rank of your opponent, save as regards his solvency. He may be a peer—he is very probably a publican—it is perfectly immaterial to you; but not so here.

We all know how a number of what are termed technically serious people went to Exeter Hall to listen to the music of the 'Traviata,' what no possible temptation would have induced them to hear within the walls of a theatre. Now, may not these railway insurances be something of the same kind? May it not be a means by which deans and canons and other broad-hatted dignitaries may enjoy a little gambling without "going in" for Blind Hooky or Roulette? Regard for decorum would prevent their sojourning at Homburg or Wiesbaden. They could not, of course, be seen "punting" at the play-table at Ems; but here is a legitimate game which all may join in, and where, certainly, the anxiety that is said to impart the chief ecstasy to the gamester's passion rises to the very highest. It is heads and tails for a smashing stake, and ought to interest the most sluggish of mortals.

What a useful addition, then, would it be for one's Bradshaw to have a tabular view of the "odds" on the different lines, so that a speculative individual, desiring to provide for his family, might know where to address himself with best chance of an accident! One can imagine an assurance company puffing its unparalleled advantages and unrivalled opportunity, when four excursion trains were to start at five minutes' intervals, and the prospect of a smash was little short of a certainty. "Great attraction! the late rains have injured the chief portion of the line, so that a disaster is confidently looked for every hour. Make your game, gentlemen—make your game; nothing received after the bell rings."

THE INTOXICATING LIQUORS BILL.

Anything more absurd than the late debate in the House on the best means of suppressing intemperance it is very hard to imagine. First of all, in the van, came the grievance to be redressed; and we had a statistical statement of all the gallons of strong drink consumed—all the moneys diverted from the legitimate uses of the family—all the debauchees who rolled drunk through our streets, and all the offences directly originating in this degrading vice. Now, what conceivable order of mind could prompt a man to engage on such a laborious research? Who either doubts the enormity of drunkenness or its frequency? It is a theme that we hear of incessantly. The pulpit rings with it, the press proclaims it, the judges declare it in all their charges, and a special class of lecturers have converted it into a profession. None denied the existence of the disease; what we craved was the cure. Some discrepancy of opinion prevailed as to whether the vice was on the increase or the decrease. Statistics were given, and, of course, statistics supported each assertion. This, however, was a mere skirmish—the grand battle was, how was drunkenness to be put down?

Mr Lawson's plan was: If four-fifths of the ratepayers of any district were agreed that no spirituous liquors should be sold there, that such should become a law, and no licence for their sale should be issued. The mover of this proposal, curiously enough, called this "bringing public opinion to bear on the question." What muddle of intelligence could imagine this to be an exercise of public opin-

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ion I cannot imagine. Such, however, is the plan. Drunkenness is to be repressed by making it impossible. Did it never occur to the honourable gentleman, that all legislative enactments whatever work not by enforcing what is good, but by punishing what is evil? No law that ever was made would render people honest and true to their engagements; but we arrive at a result not very dissimilar by making dishonesty penal.

The Decalogue declares: "Thou shalt not commit a murder." Human law pronounces what will come of it if you do. It is, doubtless, very imperfect legislation, but there is no help for it. We accept such cases, however, as the best defences we can find for our social condition, never for a moment presuming to think that we are rendering a vice impossible by attaching to it a penalty.

Mr Lawson, however, says, There shall be no drunkenness, because there shall be no liquor. Why not extend the principle—for it is a great discovery—and declare that, wherever four-fifths of the ratepayers of a town or borough are of opinion that ingratitude is a great offence to morals, and a stain to human nature, in that district where they reside there shall be no benefits conferred, nor any act of kindly aid or assistance rendered by one man to his neighbour? I have no doubt that, by such legislation, you would put down ingratitude. We use acts in the moral world pretty much as in the physical; and it is entirely by the impossibility of committing the offence that this gentleman proposes to prevent its occurrence. But, in the name of common sense, why do we inveigh against monasteries and nunneries?—why are we so severe on a system that substitutes restraint for reason, and instead of correction supplies coercion? Surely this plan is based on exactly the same principle. Would it, I ask, cure a man of lying—I mean the vice, not the practice—to place him in a community where no party was permitted to talk?

The example of the higher classes was somewhat ostentatiously paraded in the debate, and members vied with each other in declaring how often they dined out without meeting a drunkard in the company. This is very gratifying and reassuring; but I am not aware that anybody ascribed the happy change to the paucity of the decanters, and the difficulty of getting the bottle; or whether it was that four-fifths of the party had declared an embargo on the sherry, and realised the old proverb by elevating necessity to the rank of virtue.

Let me ask, who ever imagined that the best way to render a soldier brave in battle was to take care that he never saw an enemy, and only frequented the society of Quakers? and yet this is precisely what Mr Lawson suggests. If his system be true, what becomes of all moral discipline and all self-restraint? It is not through my own convictions that I am sober; it is through no sense of the degradation that pertains to drunkenness, and the loss of social estimation that follows it, that I am temperate. It is because four-fifths of the ratepayers declare that I shall have no drink nearer than the next parish; and this reminds of another weak point in the plan.

The Americans, who understand something of the evils of drink, on the principle that made Doctor Panloss a good man, because he knew what wickedness was, lately passed a law in Congress forbidding the use of fermented liquors on board all the ships of war. It was one of those sweeping pieces of legislation that men enact when driven to do something, they know not exactly what, by the enormity of some great abuse. Now, I have taken considerable pains to inquire how the plan operates, and what success has waited on it. From every officer that I have questioned I have received the same exact testimony: so long as the ships are at sea the men only grumble at the privation; but once they touch port, and boats' crews are permitted to go ashore, drunkenness breaks out with tenfold violence. For a while all real

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discipline is at an end; parties are despatched to bring back defaulters, who themselves get reeling drunk; petty officers are insulted, and scenes of violence enacted that give the unhappy locality where they have landed the aspect of a town taken by assault and given up to pillage. I am not now describing altogether from hearsay; I have witnessed something of what I speak.

As drunkenness, when the ship was at sea, was the rarest of all events, and the good conduct of the men when on shore was the great object to be obtained, this system may be, so far as the navy is concerned, pronounced a decided failure. Whatever may be said about the policy of sowing a man's wild oats, nobody, so far as I know, ever hinted that the crop should be perennial.

Legislation can no more make men temperate than it can make them cleanly or courteous. If Parliament could work miracles of this sort, it would make one really in love with constitutional government. But what a crotchety thing all this amateur law-making is! Why did it not occur to this well-intentioned gentleman to inquire how it is that drunkenness is unknown, or nearly unknown, in what are called the better classes? How is it that the orgies our grandfathers liked so well, and deemed the great essence of hospitality, are no longer heard of? The three-bottle man now could no more be found than the Plesiosaurus. He belongs to a past totally and essentially irrevocable.

And by what has this happy change been effected? Surely not by withdrawing temptation. Not only have we an infinitely wider choice in fluids than our forefathers, but they are served and ministered with appliances far more tasteful and seductive. It is, however, to the higher tone of society the revolution is owing. Men saw that drunkenness was disgraceful: it rendered society disorderly and riotous; it interfered with all real conversational pleasure; it led to unmannerly excesses, and to quarrels. A higher cultivation repudiated all these things; and even they who, so to say, "liked their wine" too well, were slow to disparage themselves by an indulgence which good taste declared to be ungentlemanlike.

Is it completely impossible to introduce some such sentiment as this into other orders of society? We see it certainly in some foreign countries—why not in our own? Radical orators are incessantly telling us of the mental powers and the intellectual cultivation of the working-classes, and I am well-disposed to believe there is much truth in what they say. Why not then adapt, to men so highly civilised, some of those sentiments that sway the classes more favoured of fortune? The French artisan would deem it a disgrace to be drunk—so the Italian; even the German would only go as far as a sort of beery bemuddlement that made him a more ideal representative of the Vaterland: why must the Englishman, of necessity, be the inferior in civilisation to these? I am not willing to believe the task of such a reformation hopeless, though I am perfectly convinced that no greater folly could be committed than to attempt it by an Act of Parliament.

When legislation has led men to be agreeable in society, unassuming in manners, and gentle in deportment, it may make them temperate in their liquor, but not before. The thing cannot be done in committee, nor by a vote of the House. It is only to be accomplished by the filtering process, by which the good habits of a nation drop down and permeate the strata beneath; so that, in course of time, the whole mass, leavened by the same ingredients, becomes one as completely in sentiment as in interest.

"Four-fifths of the ratepayers" will not effect this. After all, Mr Lawson is only a second-hand discoverer. His bill was a mere plagiarism from beginning to end. The whole text of his argument was said and sung by poor Curran, full fifty odd years ago:

> "My children, be chaste till you're tempted;
> While sober, be wise and discreet;
> And humble your bodies with fasting
> Whenever you've nothing to eat."

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THE EDUCATION AND TRAINING OF NAVAL OFFICERS.

PROBABLY at no period of our history—certainly not at any time during the present generation—has the Royal Navy occupied so large a share of public consideration as at present, as may be easily perceived from the close attention bestowed by Parliament upon all matters relating to it, from the constant discussions upon naval subjects with which the public press teems, and from the widely-spread and still increasing popularity of this noble service throughout the length and breadth of these Islands. Hence no excuse is necessary for bringing forward any point bearing upon the welfare and efficiency of the Navy; and the particular subject of which we propose to treat in this paper, is one that has not received that general consideration which its importance justifies and requires.

We propose, then, to consider the present system of educating and training officers for the Royal Navy, and to see how far this system meets the requirements of the service.

If we remember the very early age at which it is requisite for a lad to embark in a seafaring life in order to make a good sailor—the age when the mind is most impressionable, and in the most pliable state for being moulded into any form, or trained in any direction—if we bear in mind further the very peculiar and special requirements of the naval profession, we cannot fail to perceive how important it is that a boy intended for the Navy should receive that particular sort of education which is best suited to his future career. It might, with great reason, be supposed that, in this the greatest maritime country of the world—boasting a Navy famous in history and equal in size to all other navies combined—every branch of this great service would be vigilantly watched and tended, so as to conduce most effectually to the efficiency of the whole. And it would certainly be concluded by any reasonable person, that the careful and judicious training of the young lads destined to become the officers of the Fleet would be one of the first points looked to. Would it be believed, therefore, by any one not conversant with naval affairs, that until these last very few years this important subject has been utterly neglected, and is only now, as it were, beginning to receive that attention and care which its consequence demands? It is not too much to say that in no other country has the training of its naval officers been so disregarded as in England, and we are still far behind every other nation in this respect. It may well be a matter of no small pride and gratification to the officers of the Navy, when they consider the many names distinguished in science which their body has furnished; for these have been in a great measure self-taught, and owe nearly everything to their own exertions and industry, having striven to make up by these means for the absence of advantages which should have been supplied them by the State.

The records of the educational branch of the naval service are scanty indeed. The first attempt at anything like a State interference with the training of lads intended for the Navy took place in 1729, when a Royal Naval Academy was instituted in Portsmouth Dockyard for that purpose. The scheme of instruction which was framed for this establishment was excellent, and well suited for the requirements of the service, had it been made compulsory. It included the elements of a general education, as well as mathematics, navigation, French, drawing, fortification, gunnery, and the small-arm exercises; together with the principles of ship-

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building, and practical seamanship in all its branches, for which latter a small vessel was set apart. Had this arrangement extended to all those who entered the Navy, we probably should not now have to lament the backward condition of the service in this respect; but the evil genius of "half measures" seemed to wield his baneful influence even in those days, for the entrance to the Academy was purely voluntary, and the building was only intended to contain forty boys, which was but a small proportion of those annually entered in the service. The voluntary system, moreover, proved a total failure: the nobility and gentry, for whose benefit the Academy was instituted, apparently did not care to send their sons there—preferring, probably, sending them at once to sea under charge of some friend or relative—for the maximum number of forty scholars was never attained. In 1773, therefore, the numbers having fallen very low, the King determined to offer a gratuitous education to a certain number of naval officers' sons; and, accordingly, fifteen boys out of the forty, being sons of commissioned officers, were educated free of all expense. The stimulus thus given to the Academy revived its failing strength, and it continued on this footing until 1806, when the enormous extent of our naval armaments called for a large increase of the number of officers; and the Academy was enlarged for the accommodation of seventy pupils, being thenceforward designated the Royal Naval College. Forty out of the seventy boys were now to receive a free education as the sons of naval officers; and the plan of instruction was the same, with slight modifications, as that which had been before established for the Academy. But even this increased number of pupils came far short of the requirements of the service, and therefore the greater part of the young officers joined the Navy without passing through the College.

This state of matters lasted until the close of the great war; but, in 1816, material alterations were made in the arrangements. A school for naval architecture was added to the establishment, and the staff of professors and masters was altered in consequence. In 1828 the free education of naval officers' sons—a boon which had been thankfully enjoyed by them for fifty-five years—was discontinued; they were now required to pay at a reduced rate, in proportion to their rank. Moreover, the number of appointments open to them according to this scale—which had been reduced from forty to thirty in 1816—was now to be shared by the sons of military officers; and thus the advantages which the Navy had so long derived from the Academy were so curtailed as to become little more than nominal.

In order to keep up the number of students at the College, it had been found necessary, from time to time, to extend special privileges to those young officers who had joined the Navy through that establishment; and this produced a discordance between the two classes of officers that was found to be productive of great inconvenience to the service. Accordingly, these advantages were gradually withdrawn during the later years of its existence; and the College again languished, and finally terminated its checkered career in the year 1837. From that date until 1857 no steps whatever were taken to re-establish any sort of training for naval officers, the system under which they joined the service during these twenty years being the same as that applying previously to all those who did not pass through the College. The age of admission into the Navy was from twelve to fourteen; and the only qualification necessary to become an officer was, to be able to write English from dictation, to know the first four rules of arithmetic, Reduction, and the Rule of Three. The writer can never forget his

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astonishment, when, as a boy of twelve and a half, he went up tremblingly for his examination—in much doubt and anxiety as to whether his stock of Latin, French, and Euclid would be deemed sufficient to gain him admission into the Navy—he found sums in simple addition and subtraction placed before him! However, it is a significant comment upon the mode of educating boys in this country, that the majority of lads who fail in the examination upon joining the Navy, even to this day, break down in writing from dictation, being in some instances quite unable to spell even the easiest words!

For the further instruction of the youngsters, after joining the service, naval instructors in all the larger ships were supposed to teach the young gentlemen the mysteries of navigation; the gunnery officer instructed him in the great-gun and small-arm drills, and his duties on board in the course of time taught him seamanship. And so, after six years in a midshipman's berth, he faced his examiners with a beating and anxious heart, only too thankful if he passed through the dreaded ordeal, and received the precious document setting forth that he was duly qualified to take upon himself the charge and command of a lieutenant in her Majesty's fleet. The amount of instruction which the young gentlemen received varied exceedingly. In those ships whose captains took an especial interest in the welfare of their midshipmen, and were themselves men of cultivated minds, able to appreciate rightly the inestimable advantage of a good education, the naval instructors were supported and encouraged in their duties. And for the first two years of their service, or until they became midshipmen, the youngsters were excused from all other duty during school hours, the claims of the naval instructor upon their time being considered paramount to all others. Even during the later part of the midshipman's career, when his services were daily becoming more and more valuable to the first-lieutenant, a captain who had at heart the future prosperity of the young officers under his command, would take care that their study hours were interfered with as little as possible.

But this was the bright side of the picture. It not unfrequently happened that, from peculiar circumstances, the school hours were unavoidably broken into; the captain's cabin — the usual place of study—might be otherwise occupied; and it was not always easy, or even practicable, to set apart any other place where the studies could be carried on with any degree of satisfaction. And it must be confessed that while many—and those our best officers—took the greatest pains in the improvement of their youngsters, instances to the contrary were unhappily not rare; and the want of interest evinced by the captain produced its effect in the indifference of the instructor, and the consequent backwardness of the pupils. For the effectual carrying out of a system of schoolroom instruction on board a sea-going man-of-war must, under any circumstances, be a difficult task, and can only produce satisfactory results when encouraged to the utmost by the officer in command. In many cases the studies were suffered to be considered as subordinate to the ordinary work of the ship; and when the naval instructor had, after some difficulty perhaps, obtained a place for his duties, and came to assemble his pupils, he would find that Mr A. had been sent away on boat duty, Mr B. was particularly required on deck, and Mr C. had been given leave to go on shore. And in cases where the naval instructor was left wholly unsupported, as sometimes happened, some of his pupils, preferring a caulk on the lockers of the midshipmen's berth or the charms of a new novel, would give themselves leave of absence from school, in confident security from any unpleasant consequences.

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Although then, the naval instructors were, as a body, able and zealous, and always anxious to impart to the young officers under their instruction such knowledge as lay in their power, yet in cases such as these it was not in human nature that they could avoid falling into despondency at the difficulties which beset them in the first place, and into utter indifference thereafter.

Moreover, it was only in the larger ships that naval instructors were borne. In the very numerous classes of vessels commanded by commanders and lieutenants there is no accommodation for a naval instructor, and it was left entirely to the option of the master or second-master to undertake the teaching of the young officers in the intervals of his regular duties; the only encouragement afforded him for so doing being the magnificent sum of five pounds per annum for each pupil! And the complement of officers in these vessels being small, the services of the midshipmen for the duties of the ship could not be often dispensed with; therefore in many instances the knowledge acquired by them in any branch of their profession, beyond that of seamanship, was of the smallest amount.

The consequence of all this was, that many fine young men—whose ill-fortune had placed them during the greater part of their midshipman's time in small vessels, or whose studies had, from the causes we have pointed out, been neglected—found themselves, when the period arrived for their examination, utterly unfit for the trial; and preferred leaving the service of their own accord to the discredit of being rejected again and again.

The subjects in which the candidates were examined to qualify for the rank of lieutenant were three—seamanship, gunnery, and navigation. The examination in the first of these was of a very unsatisfactory nature. It could take place either at home or abroad, wherever three captains or commanders could be assembled together; but the very nature of the subject prevented any set form of questions being put, or any scale of numbers attained, and necessitated the *viva-voce* form. Therefore the degree of strictness of the examination depended entirely upon the disposition of the examining officers, and varied through every stage between excessive harshness and extreme laxity. Thus it often happened that officers notoriously incompetent were returned as qualified, while others—young men of good ability and much promise—were turned back for months. The gunnery examination on board the Excellent was a very strict one; it was conducted by regular examiners, and lasted three days; it required a complete knowledge of the subject to receive a certificate of qualification, and on this head there was nothing to be desired. The examination for navigation at the College was carried out, as far as it went, with the greatest strictness and impartiality; but it consisted of only the mere practice of navigation, required no mathematical knowledge whatever,* and obtaining even the highest honours implied no more than a superficial knowledge of the subject. Yet it was quite suitable to the amount of instruction which the midshipmen had, as a general rule, been able to receive.

Passed through this ordeal, and arrived at the position of a commissioned officer of the fleet, a young man found himself, except in rare instances, entirely devoid of any save professional knowledge, and that even of a very limited nature. Foreign languages, history, mathematics, the natural sciences, and even the fundamental laws by means of which he carried out the practice of navigating his ship—all were known to him by name only; and every year of service, every step

* We are now speaking of previously to 1857.

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he gained, brought his deficiencies more forcibly home to him. Thus at the age when education is usually completed, and young men are settled down to the duties of their professions, those naval officers whose minds recoiled from the thought of passing their lives in such a state of general ignorance, were compelled to begin at the very rudiments of learning, and in many cases to sit down to decimal fractions, the elements of algebra, and the first book of Euclid. That this is not only not an overdrawn picture, but a case of constant occurrence, every naval man will readily allow.

To their credit be it said, a large number of officers, dissatisfied with their very limited knowledge, applied themselves with diligence in their intervals of employment to this—in many instances distasteful—task; and numerous are the names famous in the service by scientific attainments, whose information was only acquired by indomitable resolution and unremitting perseverance at a comparatively late period of their lives. Fully sensible of the deficiencies of the midshipman's education, though taking no steps to improve it, the Admiralty did certainly offer some slight encouragement to these officers, as will be seen hereafter.

Those officers who had joined the service through the College were of course not to such an extent deficient in educational acquirements; but as they went to sea at the age of fifteen at latest, their proficiency at an after period depended to a great extent upon how they kept up the knowledge they had gained while at the College. Still, if any proof were required of the valuable results to be derived from a course of training, such as that in practice at the Naval College, it may be found in the fact, that many of our most distinguished officers passed through that establishment at the outset of their career.

This most unsatisfactory state of matters continued until 1857, when —acting upon the report of a committee appointed in the previous year — the Admiralty adopted the plan of a training-ship for naval cadets, through which all those joining the service for the future were to pass. The age of entry into the training-ship was to be from thirteen to fifteen, and a candidate was required to pass an examination in the following subjects: Latin or French, geography, Scripture history; arithmetic, including proportion and fractions; algebra as far as fractions, and Euclid as far as the thirty-second proposition of the first book. Candidates over fourteen years of age were also required to have a knowledge of the use of the globes, with definitions, algebra to simple equations, the whole of the first book of Euclid, and the elements of plane trigonometry. Six months was the minimum and twelve months the maximum time allowed in the training-ship, according to age, those joining under fourteen being allowed the whole year's instruction. At the termination of the regulated period, the cadet had to undergo a second examination, including all the subjects of the previous one, except Latin; and in addition to these, involution and evolution, simple equations, the elements of geometry, and of plane and spherical trigonometry, the simple rules of navigation, the use of nautical instruments, French, and a slight knowledge of surveying and constructing charts. If the cadet passed this examination satisfactorily, he was forthwith appointed to a sea-going ship, and at the expiration of fifteen months' service he was eligible for the rating of midshipman upon passing a further examination. If he failed in the examination on leaving the training-ship, he was to be rejected from the service entirely.

The plan of instruction in the training-ship likewise comprised an elaborate course of seamanship, as follows :—

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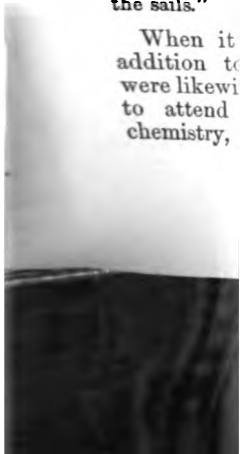

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system was instituted, the final examination of a midshipman for the rank of lieutenant was extended so as to be in accordance with the new course of instruction. The Illustrious, an old two-decker, was the first training-ship established; but she was soon found to be too small for the purpose, and the Britannia was fitted to take her place.

In 1860 and 1861 the system was modified to that now in force. The age of entry into the Britannia is now from twelve to fourteen; the examination on entry is the same as that above mentioned for boys under fourteen years of age, except that *any* foreign living language may be substituted for Latin or French, the Euclid is reduced to the definitions only of the first book, and no algebra is required. The course of instruction is now uniform —twelve months; general quarterly examinations are held, and those cadets who do not exhibit satisfactory progress, or whose bad conduct shows them to be unsuited to the service, are reported to the Admiralty with a view to being dismissed. At the completion of the year's instruction, the cadet undergoes an examination, as before, on leaving the training-ship. The full number of marks obtainable at this examination is 3000; and if he gains 2100, he gets a first-class certificate, which entitles him at once to the rating of midshipman, and gives him a year's sea-time. 1500 numbers give a second-class certificate, with six months' sea-time: in this case the cadet must serve six months as such before he can be rated midshipman, for which he must pass a further examination. A third-class certificate requires 1200 numbers: this gives no sea-time, and the cadet must serve twelve months before he is eligible to pass his examination for a midshipman's rating. If he obtains less than 1200 marks, he is discharged as unqualified for the service. Prizes and distinctive badges are also awarded for good conduct and proficiency in studies.

The arrangements of the Britannia were excellent as far as they went. There was abundant work to be done, and there was not much fear that the boys would fall into mischief through lack of employment, at all events. But the period of training was still far too short, and the principle upon which the system was based is an erroneous one, as we will endeavour to show presently. Moreover, the situation of the Britannia was open to grave objections, moored as she was in Portsmouth harbour, within a stone's throw of the dangers and temptations of a seaport garrison-town. Every precaution was taken by the gallant officer in command to keep the lads clear of the snares which surrounded them, and he was zealously seconded by the staff of officers and instructors under his orders: in fact, it may without fear of contradiction be said, that in no public school in the country are the boys more carefully looked after than on board the Britannia. But it was felt, nevertheless, that Portsmouth harbour was not a desirable situation (morally speaking) for a ship full of young lads; and the Admiralty, taking advantage of some cases of fever which had occurred, and which had caused a good deal of unfounded alarm in the mind of the public, sent the Britannia to Portland Roads as her future station, and since then she has been again moved to Dartmouth. And although the close vicinity of a first-class dockyard is a thing very desirable, for the purpose of practical instruction in many subjects which cannot be so well studied elsewhere, yet we think, under the circumstances, the removal of the Britannia from Portsmouth harbour was a very judicious and proper measure.

We have seen that in 1837 the Royal Naval College was closed as such for the education of volunteers —as naval cadets were then called. It was reopened two years afterwards upon a totally different footing, and for a different purpose;

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but previously to this another institution had been established, which has proved of inestimable benefit to the Navy, and has fully borne out the wise prevision of its originators. It was determined in 1832 to provide for a want which had been very much felt throughout the service during the great war—viz., a uniform and comprehensive system of gunnery. For this purpose the Excellent was commissioned by Captain (afterwards Sir Thomas) Hastings, as a training-ship for officers and seamen in a regular course of gunnery instruction. The peculiar conformation of Portsmouth harbour rendered it a most advantageous situation for the gunnery-ship; and, moored head and stern in a creek at the north end of the dockyard, completely out of the way of the traffic in the harbour, with a practice-range of three miles dry at low water, the Excellent has for thirty-two years admirably fulfilled her destined purposes; and, under the command of Sir Thomas Hastings and his able successors, has trained annually a large body of officers and men, who are, when properly qualified, sent into the different ships of the fleet to instruct the ships' companies in the various drills, and so disseminate one general system. Among the many defects which the want of proper organisation has created in our naval service, it is a great satisfaction to be able to turn to an establishment which is deserving only of praise.

When the Excellent was instituted, it was determined to instruct the officers in the theory as well as the practice of gunnery. The utter want of mathematical knowledge possessed by all save the few who had been collegians, made it necessary to include a course of mathematics in the scheme of instruction; and as nearly every subject bearing upon the science of gunnery was likewise included, the "long course," as it was called, which an officer had to go through, went far to make up for the neglect of his earlier education. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Sir Thomas Hastings and those who framed the course of instruction on board the Excellent. They felt the reproach upon their profession arising from the want of a proper educational system, and the serious inconveniences resulting therefrom; and if they could not reform the system at the root, where it was most required, they could now do somewhat to indemnify the service, and to make amends for the deficiencies of the Admiralty.

The stimulus thus administered was not without its result in another manner. In 1839 the College was reopened for the purpose of affording instruction to commissioned officers in scientific subjects; and as this establishment has been carried on to the present day upon the same footing, it requires special consideration. The building is the same as that before used for the volunteers, the cabins formerly occupied by them being now allotted to the officers studying. The establishment was placed under the general superintendence of the captain of the Excellent, but the immediate charge of the studies was assigned to a Professor. To this important office the Rev. Thomas Main was appointed, a gentleman not only himself highly distinguished for his mathematical attainments — having been senior wrangler of his year—but who belonged to a very talented family, his brother, the Rev. Robert Main, for many years first assistant at Greenwich Observatory, being now Radcliffe Observer at Oxford. To assist the Professor were Mr Jeans, mathematical master, who had long been associated with the College in its former existence as assistant to Dr Inman, and who is well known as the author of a series of excellent works on navigation and nautical astronomy; and Mr Brown, chief engineer, who was appointed as instructor in steam-machinery, and has for many years most admir-

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ably filled this office. A captain of the Royal Marine Artillery was likewise attached to the College as instructor in fortification and mechanical drawing for the young Marine officers who came there to go through a course of study to qualify for the Marine Artillery. A lecturer on chemistry completed the staff of instructors.

Accommodation was provided for twenty-five half-pay officers—captains, commanders, and lieutenants—who were, of course, admitted free of all expense for instruction, and had also sundry allowances for messing, so that a small monthly subscription in addition was all that was required. A certain number of mates on full pay were likewise admitted, for whom a special course of study was instituted, and a lieutenant's commission was awarded to him who, at the six-monthly examinations, showed the highest degree of proficiency. But a curious regulation was made: that every mate wishing to join the College for study should first go through the course on board the Excellent; therefore every one desiring to compete for the lieutenant's commission was compelled, whether he wished it or no, to become a gunnery officer. No doubt the course of study required in the Excellent was a valuable groundwork for the more abstruse and laborious subjects that lay before them at the College, and in most cases the mates were only too glad to take advantage of such a preparatory school; but there were occasional instances when an officer of true mathematical genius had attained a degree of proficiency which would have enabled him to enter the lists at once had he been permitted; and in such cases—rare, certainly, but the more important on that very account—it was unnecessary and impolitic to compel him to go through the drudgery of the various drills, because he wished to follow up his scientific inclinations. It would have been better, because it would have manifested a more liberal tendency, had it been left to the option of the officers themselves as to whether they chose to go through the Excellent or not; and an examination on joining the College would have prevented any from entering who were not possessed of sufficient attainments, and who, therefore, might be supposed to join only for the sake of convenience. This is perhaps hypercriticism, however; for certainly, notwithstanding the above obligation, no measure was ever adopted calculated to do more good to the *personnel* of the service than this competition for the lieutenant's commission. In the earlier years of this arrangement, when the lieutenant's step was most difficult of attainment, and officers were frequently ten, twelve, and fourteen years a mate, the prize was of very great value, and the numbers competing were generally full. But when, in later years, matters became altered, and officers obtained their lieutenancy, in the regular course of things, after only a year or two in the mate's rank, there was no longer any inducement for them to go through the severe course of study at the College; it was only those for whom scientific pursuits had a special charm who then cared to join the establishment; and for the last few years there have been no mates—or sub-lieutenants, as they are now called—going through this course of study. Although it is greatly for the benefit of the service that the promotion to the rank of lieutenant is made more rapid than it was formerly, yet it is to be regretted that some other arrangements were not made, and inducements offered, by which, either as sub-lieutenant or lieutenant, officers should still find encouragement to go through this course; for the system of study for the half-pay officers is of quite a different nature, as we shall presently see. The papers set at the mates' examinations were very difficult, considering the time allowed to go

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through the course. They required a considerable knowledge of the higher branches of pure and mixed mathematics; and the problems in the Calculus, in astronomy, and in mechanics, &c., were such as might be met with in the Cambridge examination papers. In fact, the successful competitor for the lieutenant's commission and his closest rivals had to go through a twelvemonth's hard work, such as is known only to Cambridge wranglers; and instances occasionally occurred of the health of a candidate breaking down under the strain. It may well be supposed that the gainer of the commission held a proud position among his compeers; and it may with equal justice be presumed that the greater part of these successful officers, and of those also who strove—and in many cases ran a close race—with them for the prize, are now among the most distinguished ornaments of their profession.

For the half-pay officers there was no particular course of study specified, but each individual was at liberty to follow up any subject for which he had an inclination. The time allowed at the College was a clear year's study—exclusive of vacations—and officers were permitted to join once in each rank. There are many officers in the service who have taken advantage of this permission; and there are some who have studied at the College as mate, lieutenant, commander, and captain successively.

When steam-vessels came into general use in the Navy, it was considered very desirable that the officers who might be appointed to command them should qualify themselves for this special service—as it then was—by acquiring a practical knowledge of the working of the steam-engine. Accordingly, they were encouraged to go to Woolwich Dockyard, which was at that time our only naval steam-factory. An instructor was appointed, facilities were afforded. Others studied [illegible] fac-

tories, the owners of which, in the most public-spirited manner, gave them every assistance in carrying out their object; one of these establishments, to which many officers repaired, being that of the Messrs Napier of Glasgow. Some officers, anxious to gain a thorough knowledge of the subject, did not disdain to wear the mechanic's apron and work at the lathe, or to take their turn in the stoke-hole and engine-room on board some steamer. In those days the command of a steam-vessel was only given to those who had gone through a course of instruction in steam-machinery; and many officers who had failed to obtain employment in the ordinary course of matters, succeeded in doing so by this means. When the College was established upon its present footing, the instruction of officers in steam was naturally included in the arrangements; and a small steamer, the Bee, of ten horse-power, was built for that purpose, and attached to the College, Mr Brown being appointed engineer of her. By degrees, as steam-vessels gradually became the rule of the service and sailing-ships the exception, so the number of officers desiring to qualify themselves in steam increased; and now the greater part of the captains and commanders on the active lists have obtained certificates of having passed through the steam course. After the factory was established in Portsmouth Dockyard, and it shared with Woolwich the work of the steam navy, the many advantages which the College possessed caused officers wishing to study steam to go there in preference, and in time the Woolwich course practically ceased.

Having now brought the subject of naval education down to that of the present day, it remains to be considered as to how it answers the requirements of the service.

According to the present arrangement, a young lad is set to work from the training-ship from fourteen to fifteen years of age, having spent

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the rudiments only of the education which is requisite to make a useful officer, and having acquired a smattering of seamanship—that is to say, a fair knowledge of rigging, and some acquaintance with boat-management—but with a complete ignorance of everything concerning the actual working of a ship at sea. And it is not improbable that he has never in his life been on board a vessel under way. Entered, then, as an officer of the Navy, and embarked on board a sea-going ship, he has first the various stages of sea-sickness to undergo, and then the mysterious process of "getting his sea-legs" to go through, during which time, it may easily be imagined, he is not only utterly useless on board, but not a little in the way. When he has passed through his novitiate, and has begun to feel at home on the deck of a ship at sea, he finds himself in the somewhat anomalous position of an officer and a schoolboy combined. His education has still to be carried on—as best it may under the difficulties we have before described—for he sees a series of examinations looming in the future; and at the same time he finds himself placed in responsible positions to govern and direct grown-up men in matters of which he is, in comparison with them, wholly ignorant. The consequence is, that the actual authority rests with the petty officer; the *quasi*-superior being only too glad to avail himself of his subordinate's better experience, and thus he contents himself with echoing his directions. On the other hand, if he be a vain and headstrong lad, or is impressed with high notions of his dignity as an officer, he attempts to carry out his own view of matters, and either mischievous consequences ensue from his ignorance, or else his orders are disregarded, and a breach of discipline is the result. For, putting aside the youngster's utter inexperience in professional matters, his extreme youth renders him quite unfit for command; and

requires an amount of self-con-
and rigid habit of discipline,

such as is only to be met with amongst the very best men of a ship's company, to insure his being treated with the respect due to his position as an officer. It often happens that a youngster is afraid to report the men in cases of misconduct, and thus many offences occur, and are passed over unnoticed, which are extremely prejudicial to the discipline of the ship. This produces its effects in fostering habits of insubordination among the ill-disposed of the crew, and the result is that the punishment-returns are thereby increased, to the bitter mortification of the captain and first-lieutenant. For it is well known that a great part of the offences against discipline, both in the army and navy, arise from the ignorance, want of judgment, or the faults of those in authority. This, then, is a strong argument against the system of schoolboy officers. No doubt the evils we have pointed out are less serious than they were before the training-ship was established, but they still exist, and can only be eradicated by a further change of system.

After the first year or two of service the midshipman begins to be of some account in the ship. He has now become quite habituated to a sea life, and has gained sufficient knowledge and experience to enable him to be of some use; moreover, he has acquired a certain amount of self-confidence, which, with his advance in age, causes him to feel and act more as an officer. He thus gradually becomes valuable to his profession; but it is very clear that while in this chrysalis state he had better have occupied some other position than that of an officer—as well for his own advantage as for the benefit of the service.

In no other nation in the world does this system of schoolboy officers exist. In France the cadets are received on board a harbour training-ship as with us, but the age of entry is later, being from thirteen to sixteen, and the course extends over a period of two years.

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The staff of officers and professors in the establishment is much larger than ours, and the scheme of instruction is more comprehensive. There is a steam and a sailing corvette attached to the training-ship, in which the cadets take cruises during the summer months; and after leaving the training-ship they must complete their education by a probationary cruise of one year in a regular man-of-war, before they receive their commission as an officer. In every other maritime country on both sides of the Atlantic the cadets are educated in a naval college for periods varying from two to three years, and spend the summer months at sea in small vessels attached to the College for that special purpose. They are thus instructed in the various branches of learning which the peculiar nature of their future profession requires, and they gain a thorough practical knowledge of the rudiments of that profession, so that on joining the service they at once take their position as trained officers. It will be seen that the French system is the most nearly akin to ours; nevertheless, the general opinion amongst English naval officers seems to be in favour of a college, with training-vessels for summer cruising.

A plan which has been likewise suggested, and which has, as will be seen, great advantages, is as follows:—The educational course to take place entirely on board seagoing training-ships, and to extend over a period of three years, the age of entry being, as at present, from twelve to fourteen, with the same examination. One training-ship to leave England each year with the whole number of cadets entered for that year, and the vessel to sail for a voyage round the world. The vessels to be built for the purpose; to be roomy frigates, as lightly rigged as possible, with auxiliary steam-power, and only a few guns for exercising purposes. The captains would, of course, be chosen for special qualifications for this responsible position, and the officers and crew, who should be sufficient only to handle the ship properly, would be likewise carefully selected; some encouragement, such as additional pay, being offered so as to induce good officers to volunteer for this service. A competent and sufficient staff of professors and masters—for which many of the present naval instructors would be qualified—to be embarked on board each vessel; the plan of instruction being of course the same in each ship. During their three years' cruise the training-ships would visit every part of the world, avoiding unhealthy places and extremes of climate, timing their visit to each country as far as possible so as to take advantage of the most favourable season of the year. French, Italian, and Spanish masters might be embarked while the ship was in those stations where the respective languages prevailed; and when practicable, the cadets might be given opportunities for becoming acquainted with foreign countries by expeditions into the interior. On the return of the training-ship at the end of her three years' voyage, an examination of the cadets would take place, and those found qualified would be rated midshipmen; and, after a certain amount of leave to visit their friends, would be appointed to different ships. But in order to encourage the cadets in their studies, and as a reward for diligence and ability, it should be open to those who showed special proficiency to come forward for their examination at any time during the last year in the training-ship, provided they were not under fifteen years of age; and if they succeeded in passing the examination, they should be at once rated midshipmen, and appointed to ships on the station; only in this case, since the lad would have been already two years at least away from England, he should not be kept out for a longer additional period than could be avoided. And since a badly-disposed boy, or one of vicious habits, can do an immense amount of harm

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to his companions under any circumstances—but to a much greater extent in a confined space like a ship—the captain of the training-ships should be instructed to bring before the Commander-in-Chief any case where a boy, by gross misconduct, or by idle worthless habits, had shown himself unfit for the Navy, in order that he might be at once removed and sent home by the first opportunity.

By this system there would thus be one training-ship returning to England every year with her complement of lads ready to join the service as well-trained and educated and most valuable officers. They would then be from fifteen to seventeen years of age, and might be at once made commissioned officers. At all events, three years' service only as midshipmen should be required before the final examination for lieutenant, with the minimum age of nineteen as at present. This further examination, however, would scarcely be necessary after such a training as we have described.

There can be little doubt that this mode of training naval cadets, if it could be carried out, is the one calculated to produce the best officers, and therefore to bestow the greatest benefit on the service. It combines the advantages of the Naval College with those derived from going to sea at an early age; it habituates the cadet at once to the ways of a sea life, and enables him to learn every branch of his profession in actual practice, as he will experience it afterwards. Not a day passes at sea without something occurring which is worthy of note and full of instruction to the young sailor; he has constant working experience in seamanship under every varying condition; he learns at once the theory and the practice of navigation, taking observations both at sea and on shore, the rating of chronometers, and keeping a ship's reckoning. He has opportunities for gaining a knowledge of and a taste for astronomy, for familiarising himself with the various celestial phenomena of every region. He learns practically the art of marine surveying, so extremely valuable to a naval officer; and indeed, in this respect, the training-ships might be turned to good account by surveying harbours which are imperfectly known. He also acquires a thorough knowledge of the physical geography of the sea—of that wonderful system of the circulation of winds and currents, of atmospheric and climatic changes, which are so closely and beautifully interwoven one with another, and which, though of paramount importance to the mariner, as well as to science in general, had been but little noticed until Fitzroy and Maury, with methodical research and inductive reasoning, had shown at once the comprehensiveness of the system, and the great value of properly understanding it. He will have made acquaintance likewise with every quarter of the globe, with foreign nations and languages, which, if circumstances should eventually prevent his following up his profession, will prove of the greatest advantage in after-life. Indeed, it is difficult to say in what situation of life such a training would not be valuable. Working aloft, rowing, swimming, fencing, the gun and small-arm drills, and gymnastics, will afford him healthy exercise; he will find opportunities at the various places he visits for riding, shooting, and fishing, as well as cricket, foot-ball, and other sports: and a well-supplied library, with chess, draughts, &c., drawing and painting, will give him plenty of employment in his leisure hours on board.

We believe that such a system is the very best that could be devised; but at the same time we must confess there is a serious difficulty in the way of carrying it out. For unless it were held to be a principle of international law, that training-ships are exempt from the usages of war, the declaration of hostilities with any powerful maritime nation would at once seal them up in port, and thus throw the whole

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system out of working, at the very time that the demands of the service for the supply of young officers would probably be much increased. We cannot see, however, that any other objections could be raised to the above plan; yet, since the one we have pointed out is perhaps serious enough to prevent such a scheme being adopted, we must turn to some other, less open to objection, if inferior in the result producible by it.

We have seen that a College for the training of young naval officers was for more than a century in existence, and that the same *principle* has been revived in the Britannia, though under another form; the main cause of the several failures of the old Academy and College being, that it was only a partial system, the number of cadets trained there being limited; and there were, therefore, two distinct classes of officers in the service, those who had been educated, and those who had not. It is not likely that this error will be committed again; and the immediate re-establishment of a Royal Naval College for the training of cadets, on a scale and footing worthy of this great maritime nation, is on all sides, and among all classes of naval men, strongly urged. In the evidence taken before the Select Committee on Naval Promotion and Retirement during the last session of Parliament, very decided opinions in favour of this measure were expressed by the Duke of Somerset, and by each one of the distinguished officers who were examined upon this point. The Committee in their Report recommended the subject to the consideration of the Admiralty, it not being one which they were called upon to decide, though they intimate pretty clearly their opinion in favour of it. And indeed the Admiralty would seem to have made up their minds on the subject, for they have on several occasions announced that they contemplate establishing a College; and very probably, before these pages are published, they will have asked Parliament for a sum of money for that purpose.

The first and one of the most important questions that arises with regard to the future Naval College is the situation of it—one most necessary condition being, that it should be near enough to a dockyard to admit of constant access. If there should be two establishments, as is recommended by some officers, then Portsmouth and Plymouth would naturally be the localities that would suggest themselves to every one; but if there should be one only, there can be scarcely a question but that Portsmouth—our greatest naval port, with its central situation and its historical associations—should be the place where our future Nelsons should be trained, if a convenient site could be found. The Isle of Wight and the banks of Southampton Water have been suggested as eligible localities; and it was said that at one time the Admiralty were in treaty for a house in Stokes Bay, near Gosport, formerly belonging to Lord Ashburton, with a view to converting that into a Naval College. Each of these situations, however, is liable to objections. It would not be easy to find a suitable site in the Isle of Wight sufficiently near Portsmouth, and land there is exceedingly valuable. Southampton Water is also too far from the dockyard, and its muddy shores are not favourable for boating or bathing. The Stokes Bay situation is likewise objectionable: it is in too close a proximity to the town of Gosport, the grounds are on much too small a scale for such an establishment, and there is very little other land available. Moreover, Stokes Bay is an exposed lee-shore, and very ill adapted for boats, except in the finest summer weather.

There is, however, a locality near Portsmouth, which is admirably suited to the purpose, and that is Hayling Island. Any quantity of land could there be obtained at a reasonable rate; it is thinly populated, being simply a congeries of farms, with one or two small ham-

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lets, and a sea-bathing establishment which was started there as a speculation some years ago, but which does not seem by its appearance to have been a very profitable investment as yet. The place is exceedingly healthy; the air is pure, for the sea-breezes come in straight from the English Channel; and an unlimited extent of land and common is available for recreative purposes. The beach for miles presents the greatest attractions to the bather, and Langston harbour affords a perfect shelter from all winds, and is one of the finest places conceivable for boat-exercise. A bridge connects the island with the mainland, and a railway is in course of construction, which will join the south coast and direct Portsmouth lines at Havant, the first station out of Portsmouth, so that Hayling Island will be only two hours from London. A floating bridge would form an easy communication with Portsea Island at Fort Cumberland, where there is now a ferry, the distance from there to the dockyard being about three miles. A small steamer—which under any circumstances ought to form part of the establishment of a Naval College — would take the cadets round to the dockyard in half an hour; or, when preferred, the distance would be within a walk, and the railway would be available likewise. This situation would also have the advantage of being within the range of the forts which form the defences of Portsmouth; but the principal advantage of this locality, which gives it a special merit, is, that from the peculiarity of the situation, the cadets could be easily kept clear of the dangers and temptations of a seaport town, while, at the same time, they have all the benefit of a close proximity to the dockyard. If this were to be selected as the site for the future College, it would be an excellent plan if an Act of Parliament were passed placing Hayling Island on a somewhat similar footing with regard to the Admiralty, as Oxford and Cambridge are with respect to the University authorities; so that the possibility of any improper people being located in the neighbourhood of the College could be prevented. We might in this respect take example from the United States; for at their celebrated Military College at West Point on the Hudson river, the whole of the immediate vicinity of the establishment is under special jurisdiction; the hotels are on the temperance principle, and no improper characters are allowed in the place; so that all that legislation can do is done to guard the morals of the students.

The age of entry into the College and the initiatory examination should be the same as at present on joining the Britannia, and as we have suggested for the sea-going training-ships. The period of training should also be three years, with the same privilege for those of marked proficiency to come forward for examination after two years, if not less than fifteen years of age. On passing out of the College, the cadets would, as in the former scheme, be immediately appointed to sea-going ships as midshipmen, in which rating they would serve three years before they would be eligible to pass for lieutenants. The course of instruction should be marked out with special reference to the requirements of the service, and should include mathematics, foreign languages, history, navigation, physical geography, drawing, marine surveying, elementary astronomy, and steam, with gunnery and the small-arm exercises. But there is one point which must be carefully attended to in framing any scheme of instruction for naval cadets, and that is, that the first object to be attained is to make them sailors. Theoretical knowledge is excellent, and indispensable in order to make accomplished officers, but it can only be valuable—either to the service or to the individual—when, as a superstructure, it rests upon a foundation of sound practical seamanship. There will, of course, be vessels attached to the College for this purpose—every naval man advocating the establishment of a College does

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so with this reservation—for without this it would be better even that the system should remain as at present. But if these training-vessels are merely to cruise about the Isle of Wight, like those in which the second-class boys are exercised, they will certainly not answer the purposes required. The training-ship should be a frigate—the old six-and-twenties, like the Eurydice, would do capitally—and the cadets should go each summer for a cruise of three or four months at least to the Mediterranean. They would by this arrangement derive a portion of the advantages which we have shown would result from the training taking place wholly in sea-going ships. It would not be advisable to carry on the studies to a great extent during this summer cruise; but at the same time there are some subjects, such as navigation and marine surveying, which seem to suggest themselves as being studied with greater facility in the course of a sea voyage to different places. It would be better, according to this scheme, that the training-vessel should be a sailing-ship, as it would be more roomy, and steam could be studied better at the College, and on board the steamer attached to it. The number of cadets admitted into the service annually being about 170, it would of course be impossible to accommodate all that would be at the College—three times that number—on board one ship. It would be necessary, therefore, to have several vessels; and perhaps the most advisable plan would be to have one for the cadets of each year, and for each vessel to make two voyages, taking half the annual number each time, which would be as many as a small frigate could properly accommodate in addition to her crew.

Since the education which a boy would receive under either of the above schemes would be a very valuable one for any situation in after-life as well as the naval service, it would of course be expected that parents should pay a fair sum for their sons during the period of training. The sum required during the latter years of the existence of the old College was £100 per annum for all but the sons of naval and military officers; but this would be too high an amount to fix for the future, for it must be remembered that in former days going through the College was optional, so that those who could not afford to pay so much for their sons—and the majority of the parents of naval officers could not—sent them straight to sea as volunteers. It has been said by some that the College ought to be made self-supporting, and no doubt it would be quite practicable to devise a scheme whereby it would be so; but to make a fundamental principle of this would, we think, be a fatal mistake. To start upon this assumption would be to cripple the whole plan; for the result would probably be, either that the sum required to be paid by the parents would be too large, or that the establishment would be upon a scale unworthy of the country. The popularity of the naval service is such, that there would no doubt always be found plenty of candidates, were the expense of the education at the College as great even as at Eton or Harrow; but in this case those classes from whom some of our very best officers have been drawn would be entirely denied access to the Navy. It must not be forgotten that Nelson was the son of a country clergyman, and that many other officers of the highest distinction have been, and are, sons of naval and military men, whose means are seldom such as to permit them to pay a high sum for their children's education. That very numerous body from whose ranks the Navy is largely recruited—country gentlemen of small fortune, who have places to keep up and many other calls upon their income—would also be unable to send their sons to sea, unless the expense of the College were moderate; while

the great body of the clergy would be still less able to pay a high sum. The course which it would be most worthy for this country to adopt would be, to devise a comprehensive scheme for a Naval College fully equal to the wants of the service, and upon a liberal footing; to fix upon such an annual sum for each cadet as should place it within reach of all those who now send their sons to the Navy; and then, if it were found that this was insufficient to cover the expenses of the establishment, to charge the balance to the State. Supposing that the Naval College and training-ships were to cost the country even £100,000 a-year, that would be but a hundredth part of the ten millions which the Navy swallows up annually, and only one-third of the cost of a single iron-cased ship like the Minotaur. The regulations of the Britannia require the parents of each cadet to pay £40 for his maintenance during the year he is on board, and this annual sum is necessary all the time the lad is a midshipman; so that for five or six years £40 a-year has to be paid, besides the cost of uniform, clothes, &c. But under the proposed system, the midshipman, on joining the Navy from the College, being a thoroughly-trained and competent officer, should at once receive an amount of pay sufficient to maintain him in respectability, without further assistance from his parents being necessary. There would, therefore, be only the three years in the College or training-ship during which the parents would be called upon to pay for their sons, and for this shorter period £60 or £70 a-year would not be too high a rate to establish. But there should be a certain number of cadetships upon a reduced scale open to the sons of deserving naval and military officers of small means; and a few, sons of deceased officers, should be admitted annually free of all expense.

The present system costs the country as follows, according to the Navy Estimates:—

Pay of naval instructors, and chaplains acting as such,	£12,700	10	0
Pay of the educational staff of Britannia,	2,062	0	0
Pay of naval cadets,	3,830	19	0
Total,	£18,593	9	0

According to either of the foregoing schemes, naval instructors would be no more required on board ship, as the cadets would have received a thoroughly good education before joining the Navy, and would then be of an age to keep up their knowledge without such assistance; therefore the whole of the above sum would at once go towards the expense of the College. Supposing, also, that 100 cadets paid the full amount of £70 a-year each, and 50 paid at the rate of £40, leaving the remaining 20 free, this would amount to—

100 Cadets at £70,	£7000	0	0
50 ,, at £40,	2000	0	0
20 ,, free,			
Total,	£9000	0	0

which, added to the former sum, makes £27,593—an amount that would go a considerable way towards covering the expenses of the College. But the matter is one of such vital importance to the Navy, that questions of economy ought not to be permitted to stand in the way of a thoroughly satisfactory scheme, upon whatever footing it may be based.

It has been proposed that the Naval College should also be open to boys intended for the merchant service; and no doubt this would be highly beneficial to the latter if it could be carried out, and would tend to draw the two services closer together, which is much to be desired. But the College would be quite large enough without this addition to its numbers; and surely in this great maritime country our mercantile navy is able to support an educational establishment of its own. We question very much, also, whether the parents of boys intended for the merchant service would care to go to the expense of an education such as is required for the Navy.

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Since, according to the proposed plan, there would be no naval cadets on board the ships of the fleet, and an officer would be only three years in the rating of midshipman, it follows that the number of junior officers would be much smaller than at present; and it may be asked, therefore, Who is to do the various duties that are now performed by the youngsters? We will try, then, to give a satisfactory answer to this question. In the first place, it is considered by many experienced officers that the number of warrant-officers might be greatly increased, with advantage to the service, and that the duties of mates of decks could be advantageously performed by them. In the next place, every one who has been acquainted with the Navy for the last five-and-twenty years, must be aware that a great change has taken place in the habits and nature of the seamen. They are no longer that careless, childlike, thoughtless set they were, whom it was impossible to trust out of sight; and who never expected, or wished, to be so trusted. The majority of the ships' companies now—or soon will—consist of men who have grown up from their boyhood in the service, who have been carefully trained and educated; and the numerous measures which have been adopted of late years to improve the condition of the sailor—showing him that the country takes an interest in his welfare, and that he is looked upon as a valuable public servant—have not been without their fruits in a very marked and decided improvement in the conduct and disposition of the men. The consequence is, that officers in command find that they can now place their men in positions of trust and responsibility, which a few years back they would not have dreamt of; and the very fact of finding himself in such a position, and being confided in, develops a man's good qualities, and raises his tone of mind to a much higher level. There can be no reason whatever why the petty officers in the Navy should not be considered in the same light as the non-commissioned officers of the Army, with whom they rank, and who have come from the same class of society. These men, in the Army, are frequently sent in charge of detachments of soldiers, to reside miles away from any of their officers. The ordinary duties of boat-service, therefore, such as landing officers and answering signals, might be performed by the coxswains of the boats, as is done in the French navy; and it would only be requisite to send an officer upon special occasions, such as copying orders of importance, and going on board foreign men-of-war. No doubt, just at first, some inconvenience would be experienced by the change of system; but this necessarily attends any alteration of long-established custom whatever; and we confidently believe that in a very short time this arrangement would prove of great benefit to the service, in raising the position of the petty officers, and making it of greater value in the eyes of the seamen. And it must not be forgotten that there are great disadvantages in the present system of schoolboy officers, by which the discipline of the fleet suffers no slight injury, as we have before pointed out.

Turn we now to another branch of our subject. Whether such a project as either of the above be adopted, or whether the Admiralty may decide only to carry out at the College a partial system, such as that now in practice in the Britannia, and keep up the plan of naval instructors to continue the education on board ship afterwards, it is certain that provision must be made, as at present, for a higher course of study, at an after period, for commissioned officers. As we have before stated, it is difficult to overestimate the benefit which has resulted to the naval service, from the studies pursued by officers of all ranks at the College in Portsmouth Dockyard, during their intervals on shore; although the benefit might

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have been even greater had the establishment been placed upon a different footing, as we shall see presently. Although it is advisable that the Cadet College should not be situated too near the seaport town, yet in every respect it is to be desired that the senior College should be in the dockyard, and the old building is quite well suited to the purpose. It is not too much to say that the advantages gained by officers studying there are multiplied tenfold by the circumstance of their residing in the principal dockyard of the kingdom. Not a day passes without there being something novel and instructive to be seen in this immense establishment; every class and description of vessel may there be compared together; the latest improvements in steam machinery, the newest inventions in artillery, the art of shipbuilding, and every method of rigging—all may be seen and studied there during the daily stroll round the yard, which is the constant practice of the student officers. We therefore trust, that wherever it may be determined to fix the situation of the junior College, the senior establishment may remain where it is.

We have seen how that the course of study at the College for the lieutenant's commission has of late years fallen to the ground. This is much to be regretted, for, as we before showed, the system was an excellent one for the service. It is, however, a question whether it is altogether desirable that an officer at the sub-lieutenant's age should remain for such a long period on shore, for it is just at that time of life that the most valuable experience at sea is gained. We would rather suggest a different plan, which we think would benefit the profession still more. It is a very general opinion in the service that officers should remain for three years on the sub-lieutenants' list, and then be promoted as a matter of course, when they would have been, according to the scheme we have proposed, at least six years at sea, and not less than twenty-two years of age. Now it is in the rank of lieutenant that officers at the present day remain longest, the commander's commission being most difficult of attainment. We would propose, therefore, that after three years' sea-service in the rank of lieutenant, officers should be permitted to join the College for a course of study similar to that which the mates formerly went through; and that a commander's commission should be given half-yearly to the individual passing the highest examination. By this plan all the benefits of the former system would be restored, and, as we think, with increased advantage both to the service and to the officers.

The College should likewise be open, as at present, to half-pay officers who may wish to go there to study scientific subjects; and every encouragement ought to be given to induce men of ability so to employ their intervals of forced idleness. According to the present system, there is no regular course of study prescribed, but each officer is, as we have mentioned, allowed to follow the bent of his own inclination, and to take up whatever subject he has a taste for. So far this is a wise arrangement, for the naval profession embraces such a diversity of matters — standing as it does in close relationship with nearly every department of science—that it would be impossible for any person, except he were endowed with an extraordinary intellect, to gain more than a slight acquaintance with the higher branches of all the subjects bearing upon his calling. He might, indeed, be "Jack-of-all-trades," but he certainly would be "master of none." It is therefore more desirable that an officer should confine himself to one or two subjects, and follow them up as far as he is able; and since the various ramifications of science are interwoven with, and to a great extent depend upon, each other, he could not fail, in gaining a thorough know-

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ledge of one, to acquire a certain insight into others.

To this end there should be every facility afforded to enable the officers to carry out their studies properly; but, unfortunately, this is not the case at present; and no one is more painfully aware of this than are the excellent Professor and his colleagues, who have striven continually, but without effect, to induce the Admiralty to supply the necessary means for that purpose, such as instruments, apparatus, and other appliances. The only subject which has been brought under a regular system is Steam, for which there is an established course to go through, and an examination at the close of it with classed certificates of proficiency. And, fully alive to the unsatisfactoriness of the state of matters, the Professor, in framing the steam course, did all in his power to remedy it, by including—as well as practical instruction—such theoretical requirements as rendered a certain amount of mathematical knowledge necessary; while the highest class of certificate requires, in addition, a considerable knowledge of mechanics and hydrostatics. But it is not compulsory to go through even the steam course—although practically every one does so—and that finished, which is generally in six months at most, there is no longer any regular system to follow, nor any further certificate of study to be obtained. Therefore those officers who may have studied for three or four years at the College, and acquired a high amount of scientific knowledge, have nothing to distinguish them from such as may have merely passed through the steam course with a third-class certificate. They have neither experienced any encouragement to persevere in their studies, nor have they any other reward to look to for the labour they have bestowed upon them, except that which is contained in every well-regulated mind—a consciousness of having employed one's time in a profitable manner.

There is an observatory belonging to the College, which, if it were kept for the use of the students, would be of the greatest value to those who might be disposed to study astronomy; but this observatory is used as a depôt for the Government chronometers and meteorological instruments; and since the rating of these chronometers—upon whose accuracy the safe navigation of our ships depends—is performed solely by means of the transit instrument in this observatory, it would never do to let it be used as a hack instrument for the purpose of instruction. At present it is quite impossible for any naval officer to become an astronomer, unless he has access to some private observatory, or unless he obtained permission to study at Greenwich, which might probably not be considered convenient or advisable to grant. But if the College observatory were set apart exclusively, and properly fitted up, for the use of officers studying astronomy, this very important science would be at once placed within the reach of all. Every astronomer would testify to the great benefit which would accrue to science, were a certain number of intelligent naval officers, scattered over different parts of the world, in a position to take reliable observations of the various celestial phenomena, and to furnish intelligible and trustworthy records of them.

Another subject which is of the greatest value to a naval officer, and for acquiring a knowledge of which there are at present no facilities, is marine surveying. There is not one officer in fifty, we will venture to say, who has any practical acquaintance with this duty—except those who have served in surveying-ships—although there is not a station in the world where such a knowledge would not be useful; for we are constantly opening up fresh regions to commerce, and our surveying expeditions cannot keep pace with the demands upon their services. It will be in

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the minds of most naval readers of these pages, how many localities they have visited which have never been more than roughly surveyed, how many inaccuracies are found in charts, and how often it would have been in their power to furnish correct plans of different harbours they have visited, or to fill in an imperfectly known coast-line, had they only known how to set about it. The very limited knowledge of our naval officers of the two subjects we have just mentioned, is a standing reproach to the service; yet the blame does not rest with them, as we have endeavoured to show.

The system of study, therefore, for the senior officers, requires a careful revision. There should be different courses of study established, besides that of steam, for other branches of science—viz., the higher mathematics, mechanics and hydrostatics, nautical astronomy, marine surveying, naval architecture, practical astronomy, field fortification, and optics. An elementary knowledge of mathematics would of course be necessary before any of these could be entered upon; but according to even the present system of educating cadets, they acquire this; and were such a plan adopted as those we have sketched out, officers, when they came to study at the senior College, would have previously been thoroughly well grounded in many of these subjects also during their three years' instruction as cadets. The officers joining the senior College, according to this arrangement, should be at liberty to select any of the above subjects, for each of which there should be an examination to go through at the termination of the course, and certificates of proficiency given, a certain time being allowed for each subject. Some distinguishing mark might be put against an officer's name in the Navy List who had obtained first-class certificates in any of these branches of science; and if the Admiralty wished to put their hand upon an officer for any special service, they would at once be able to select one who, by the nature of his studies, had qualified himself for that particular duty.

We have thus endeavoured to show what are the requirements of the naval service with respect to the education and training of its officers, and how these requirements may be provided for. We have entered fully into the subject, for two reasons; first, because it is one of the very greatest national importance, and also because—since it has been resolved to abolish the present system, and to establish a College for the naval cadets—this is the especial time to take these matters into careful consideration. We earnestly hope that the Admiralty will look upon this question in a broad and liberal light, and permit no paltry motives of economy, or no narrow-minded prejudices, to stand in the way of the development of some scheme which may be worthy of this great country, and the first Navy of the world. And we trust that naval officers themselves, fully sensible of the neglect under which their education has suffered, will one and all, whenever opportunity shall offer, raise their voices in favour of some such system for the future as shall in every respect atone for the shortcomings of the past. To them we would recall the words of the late Sir James Graham:* "I cannot express in adequate terms my admiration of the naval character; I think it decidedly the very flower of British society. I think that a naval officer, trained from his youth in his profession, *and master of his profession*, is one of the noblest and finest characters that the history of this country can produce."

* Evidence before Select Committee of the House of Commons on Admiralty Administration, 1861.

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LETTERS FROM THE PRINCIPALITIES.

NO. II.—SOCIETY AND POLITICS IN MOLDAVIA.

THE British public have very little notion of the complicated questions which are preparing for them in the East, and more especially in those Principalities of the Danube, which may be considered the centre of the Gordian knot. Carefully eschewing the study of any question which is in the least difficult to master, they never hesitate to pronounce a very decided opinion upon its merits when the moment for doing so arrives. Popular convictions are none the less strongly held because based upon absolute ignorance, and we have a notable instance, in the Schleswig-Holstein question, of the whole British nation regaling itself upon humble pie, to the great amusement of Europe generally. If we would only take the trouble beforehand to look into the most important points of foreign policy which are likely to arise, we should be saved this humiliation. Instead of this, any well-informed member of Parliament would think he was insulted if he was asked whether he understood the question of the secularisation of the Dedicated monasteries by Prince Couza. Some of the worst jokes that ever were made, because they were in such bad taste, were those made upon the impossibility of understanding the Schleswig-Holstein question by persons whose business it was to understand it. Very much more of the same description of facetiousness on the part of our public men will impair the national dignity to such an extent that, in the end, we shall be forced into a war for no other purpose than the recovery of prestige. If the Convent question is too dull to be studied in this country, let people go, as I did, and learn it from the nuns themselves; but in some way or other do let them know something about it before they give their votes.

Hitherto I had only visited the monasteries and convents belonging to the Cenobitic class—Nyamptz, Seku, Agapia, and Veratica. Everywhere I found the same sentiment prevailing. There was a great deal of dissatisfaction expressed as to the mode in which the measure had been carried out, but the principle of the thing was not objected to, and beneficial results were anticipated by those who were most directly affected. It remained yet to see a good specimen of a Dedicated monastery, and we decided to proceed from Veratica to Piatra, a town situated in the valley of Bistritza, and from thence to visit a monastery of the same name in the neighbourhood. Our parting scene, when we bade adieu to the nuns of Veratica, was not so touching as when we reluctantly tore ourselves away from the *Mikas* of Agapia; but still we turned our backs with real regret on our hospitable entertainers, and, furnished, as before, with convent horses and gypsy postilions, sped down the valley towards our destination. After a five hours' drive through scenery which, without being grand, was full of charm and variety, we descended at dusk upon the picturesquely situated town of Piatra.

Far away from any great route, few travellers have ever visited this remote spot—but it would be the starting-point for a most interesting mountain-trip. The turbulent Bistritza, after a headlong course through the lovely scenery of the Carpathians, here issues from a gorge in the mountains, and henceforth glides tranquilly across fertile plains till it falls into the Sereth. Just before our arrival, half the town of Piatra had been swept away by the overwhelming force of its torrent, and we walked over acres of debris and desolation. Containing about fifteen thousand in-

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habitants, Piatra owes alike its prosperity and its misfortunes to the capricious river on the banks of which it is situated. It is the centre of the wood trade, and the Bistritza is, up to this point, the mode of conveyance from the densely-wooded valleys of the Carpathians. Not merely does it afford water-carriage for wood, but the rafts in their turn are made use of by travellers as the most convenient way of descending the river. These rafts are of necessity comparatively small, but they are furnished with comfortable little log shanties; and I regretted, as I saw them come spinning down the rapids and being moored to the wreck of shattered cottages, that I had not found time to explore the head-waters of the river, and descend it in this exciting fashion.

We were most hospitably entertained at Piatra by the prefect, whose house of only one storey, with verandahs all round, was not unlike an Indian bungalow; it was nevertheless one of the most sumptuous mansions in the place. As a rule, the town was little better than a collection of huts, and, to judge from their outward appearance, the people did not seem to thrive very much on the wood trade. The disaster which had so recently overtaken them, and which had reduced thousands to ruin, was, however, without doubt, one chief cause of the squalid and poverty-stricken aspect of the place. We met at dinner the few intelligent and educated men who lived here, and spend the evening, as is usual on such occasions, in political discussions. The policy of Prince Couza always afforded a fruitful topic. Unfortunately, there was never a sufficient divergence of opinion about him individually to make an argument possible. During the whole term of my residence in Moldavia and Wallachia, I did not find a soul who defended him. Indeed, the only man who did not virulently abuse him was the then Prime Minister. As, a week or two after I saw this functionary for the last time, he was summarily ejected from office, I have little doubt that he is not now exceeded by his fellows in bitterness.

We paid a very early visit to the Monastery of Bistritza, situated in the gorge of the valley, and distant only about an hour from Piatra. The scenery at this point becomes really fine, and we regretted that we were prevented from pushing our explorations into the tempting region beyond. Here, instead of a collection of separate cottages inhabited by hundreds of monks, there was only a large house and a church. The house contained the Igoumen, a fine-looking man, who received us hospitably, and informed us that he, together with two or three exiled priests, composed the whole establishment. We went into the church—an old building, decorated with some quaint frescoes, and in which service was being drawled over by one of the exiles to three or four old men and women. One of the latter startled me by suddenly prostrating herself before the officiating priest as he was carrying the host, and thus obliging him to step over her body. The monk who had accompanied us from the Monastery of Nyamptz informed me that the peasants profoundly believed in the efficacy of this process for healing purposes whenever they were afflicted with any malady; and he went on to say that his experience confirmed this popular superstition, and that he had himself cured people by stepping over them with the host in his hands.

Bistritza was as good a specimen of a Dedicated monastery as we could have selected. The abuses of a system which could foster such an establishment were apparent at a glance; and I am bound to say that the Igoumen himself, with whom we discussed the matter, scarcely attempted to defend it. In order, however, to make clear the distinctions between the various ecclesiastical endowments in these Principalities, it will be necessary to define shortly the conditions under which they exist. It may be said, at a rough computation, that as

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nearly as possible one-fifth of the soil of Moldavia is in the hands of the Church. This Church property may be divided into four categories —that belonging to Government monasteries, to Cenobitic monasteries, to Dedicated monasteries, and to secular churches. The Government monasteries are small endowments, scarcely worth mentioning. The whole annual rental of the secular churches is only £3000. It is probable, therefore, that their State endowments do not involve greater abuses than ecclesiastical endowments in other countries. We have left to consider the Cenobitic and the Dedicated monasteries. The first category I described in a former article. Nyamptz, Seku, Agapia, and Veratica all belonged to it. They are not nearly so wealthy as the Dedicated class—and have a great deal more to do with their money. They are people of the country, who spend at home the wealth they derive from the produce of the soil, and who, as a rule, approve rather than otherwise of Prince Couza's wholesale measure of confiscation. It may hit them hard in some respects, but it hits their bitter enemies the Dedicated monasteries much harder. The Cenobitic convents and monasteries derive their riches either from the legacies of wealthy boyards, or from members of the fraternity who have thrown their property into the common lot. The revenue of Nyamptz, for instance, was nominally £20,000 a-year, derived from land: this maintained nine hundred monks, and a large sum was set aside for hospitality; for it was the fashion for strangers to quarter themselves for an indefinite period upon the monastery; and at the time of the annual pilgrimage the guests were reckoned by thousands: added to this, many of the most powerful boyards are heavily indebted to the monasteries for rents of land, and in other ways; as it is not the fashion in the Principalities to pay one's debts, and courts of law exist only as channels of injustice, the monasteries were invariably victimised, and had large sums owing to them which they never saw the least chance of obtaining. Meantime the Government denies that it has actually appropriated property which does not belong to it; on the contrary, Prince Couza maintains that all convent property is in reality Government property, and that he has a right to take it, with its obligations. Without following him into the special pleading by which he endeavours to prove this, the fact remains that he has poured an enormous sum of money into the Government coffers, and at the same time put the Cenobitic establishments on a footing which they prefer, and which is likely to diminish existing abuses. The monks will no longer be oppressed and victimised by boyards, or eaten up by pilgrims and strangers. They get their three piastres a-day apiece for board, besides about £125 a-year pocket-money for each man, and have no further trouble with the administration of their large revenues. The nuns in the same way get two ducats a-day from the Government, with which they are very well satisfied, and admit the propriety of the new regulation prohibiting women from taking the veil until they are forty-five. For ten years to come no novice at all is to be admitted to either convent. The only objection I heard made by themselves to this rule was, that when the convent contained nothing but old women, there would be no one to chant or perform the service. Altogether, it is evident that the Government is doing what it can to discourage such establishments. It opposes the institution of schools by either monks or nuns—too much knowledge, in the opinion of Prince Couza, being a dangerous thing; and it equally opposes the accumulation of wealth for the support of hives of male and female drones, who do nothing but discuss politics and grumble.

We now come to the next category, of Dedicated monasteries. They are upon an altogether different foundation from the estab-

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lishments we have just been discussing, and derive their wealth from property acquired by the Patriarch of Constantinople for the Church of which he is the head, under various pretexts. It was only natural that, when the Ottoman rule was more directly operative in the Principalities than it is at present, everything should be managed by intrigue through Constantinople; and the boyards repaid the Patriarch for any jobs with the Turkish Government they wished done, by making over, or "dedicating," at their death, their property to the Greek Church. While the monks of the Cenobitic monasteries owe allegiance to the Greek Metropolitan at Jassy, the monks of the Dedicated monasteries owe allegiance only to the Patriarch at Constantinople. They are, in every sense, intruders and interlopers; are seldom natives of the country; and form, in fact, a portion of that vast ecclesiastical system which swallows up, for Church purposes, an immense proportion of the wealth of European Turkey and the Levant. These Dedicated monasteries are affiliated to Mount Athos and other Greek convents abroad, and the Turkish Government has an interest in the question, because they are, in a sense, as appertaining to a Church whose head is at Constantinople, under Turkish protection. So that we have the positions reversed; and while, in Turkey, Russia is perpetually agitating upon the ground of a protectorate in favour of the Christian Church, in the Principalities Turkey is agitating, upon the same pretext, in favour of the same sect. So little has real religion to do with it in either case.

Altogether, the revenue of these Dedicated convents in Moldavia alone amounted to an annual rental of £200,000. When it is remembered that almost every farthing of this sum is sent to Constantinople, and, instead of finding its way back into the pockets of Moldavians, to be used in developing the resources of the country, goes to enrich the drones of Athos, Sinai, and other monasteries, or else is appropriated by the Patriarch at Constantinople, who is accountable for it to no one, one cannot wonder at the head of the State casting covetous eyes upon it for the exigencies of his Government. It would be too much to expect of any man, much less of Prince Couza, who is not much troubled with the devotional sentiment, to nourish in his bosom the ecclesiastical vampire which has fastened upon the vitals of the country, and is sucking its life-blood. Even Mr Gladstone, were he Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Principalities, notwithstanding the marks of affection which he has lavished, on more than one occasion, upon the Greek priesthood, would scarcely be able to resist proving by argument the superior claims of the State over a Church the head of which in a foreign country acts as the receiver of stolen goods, while his clergy perform the functions of robbers and exporters of the same.

It was a curious thing to see this solitary man in his large empty house, standing over against a large empty church, without a congregation, without priests, without schools, without paupers to succour, with no other earthly occupation except to collect the rents of the monastery, which amount to £12,000 a-year, and to send them to Constantinople. Though called Igoumen, and invested ostensibly with sacred functions, he really was nothing more than a land-steward on a salary of £125 a-year, kept there, with long hair and a long robe and a sacred character, to gather in the rents and see that the peasants who belonged to the monastery did the right amount of service for the lands they held. Poor man! he himself protested that it made very little difference to him whether the lands were confiscated or not: under no circumstances did he make money, he alleged, so strict was the account he was compelled to render to Constantinople; and he was rather glad than otherwise that the

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Government, by coolly appropriating the whole £12,000 a-year, and still advancing him his own salary, saved him all further trouble. Out of the revenue thus acquired by Prince Couza, an annual grant of £900 is made to the support of the Monastery of Bistritza. Judging by the specimens of priesthood we saw there, this sum is ample. The only objection which the public take to this act of spoliation is, that Prince Couza will no more say what he does with the yearly revenue he has pocketed than the Patriarch. There must be something fascinating in the touch of this sacred gold, so closely does it stick to the fingers of all who handle it. However, Prince Couza can't last for ever; and even if he is not more honest than a priest, he has at least the merit of having broken down a system of robbery and plunder on the part of the Church, and of keeping Moldavian money in the country. Under the old system, adventurers or needy boyards used to plot with the dishonest Igoumens, who gave them recommendations to the Patriarch at Constantinople. They thus procured from this dignitary land at absurdly low leases, the representations of the Igoumen being that they were of small value. They would then sublet these lands at an enormous advance, grind the peasantry down to the last farthing, and share the profits with the respectable Igoumen. Better, say the peasantry, have to trust to the tender mercies of the Government than to those of priests of Dedicated monasteries. So they are not averse to Prince Couza's measure of confiscation.

Some idea of the enormous sums obtained by the Greek Church, by means of monasteries dedicated to it, from the countries in which they are situated, may be gained by the fact that in the Monastery of Sinai there are only eighteen monks, with a revenue of £60,000 a-year. As it is quite clear that they cannot derive this sum from the barren sides of Horeb, or from any number of "Wadies," it can only come from countries like Moldavia, where they possess large tracts of country. It is only natural that the Igoumens, who are scarcely ever natives of the country to which they are sent as rent-takers, should look upon the whole thing as a question of plunder. Our friend at Bistritza told us that he was a native of Constantinople, but had been appointed to his present post by the Bishop of Jerusalem. It will be seen, from the conditions under which the Dedicated monasteries of the Principalities exist, that Turkey has really a very indirect interest in them. It is more a question of principle than of interest, but the traditional instincts of the Porte lead the Government to hold with tenacity to its right upon matters which are really of no importance. Moreover, it is subject to a very strong Fanariot pressure at Constantinople, which the Sultan finds it difficult to resist. The connection of Turkey with these provinces is a distinct source of weakness to her, yet there is nothing upon which the Government at Constantinople is more sensitive than about its rights in the Principalities. If we are to support these claims, it would be wise to do it upon some subject which would be more comprehensible to the British public than the Dedicated monasteries. The Power which has enabled Prince Couza to effect this wholesale measure with impunity has been France; and Russia, although interested in the Church which has been despoiled, and having many good reasons which might have induced her to oppose a measure which really has deprived her of funds which used to be employed in intrigue, was at the time so much committed to a French policy that she has found it difficult latterly to take a more consistent and independent line. However, this question has been merged in others of greater importance arising out of the policy recently adopted by Prince Couza, and which we may consider, in a future article. Meantime we may

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take a final leave of ecclesiastical establishments, Cenobitic and Dedicated, of villages of nuns packed together in hundreds, and of gaunt buildings inhabited by solitary monks; and, traversing once more the vast plains of these provinces, examine a little at their capitals the effect of a religion which has this peculiar development upon society at large.

A six hours' drive down the valley of the Bistritza took us to Bakou: our road, not much traversed, followed the river, and here and there the scenery was soft and pretty; but as we approached our destination, the gentle undulations which gave a variety to the landscape gradually subsided, and we found ourselves at nightfall in the dusty plain. Bakou is a town on the main road from Jassy to Bucharest, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and at the time of our visit it was honoured by the presence of no less a person than the Prime Minister. This gentleman had been upon a canvassing tour through the country, arranging matters for the elections. By a judicious admixture of threats and bribes, it is not difficult in these provinces to insure matters going the right way. The only other country where politics as a trade are so profitable, where the men who engage in it are so unscrupulous, and where the people are so thoroughly victimised by the form of government they may by a figure of speech be said to "enjoy," is Federal America. I was amused to observe the manner in which the Prime Minister treated the different gentlemen who were presented to him while I was in his company, the contemptuous indifference manifested to some, the urbanity displayed to others, the servility shown by nearly all, except by one man who seemed to have a presentiment of the disgrace which was impending over the Premier, and did not think it worth while to be civil.

We did not trouble his Excellency very long, but adjourned to an inn where a number of young men were supping, with whom it was rather amusing to enter into conversation, for they were more unsophisticated than those wretched specimens of "Young Moldavia" who are to be found in its capital, and whose manners have been acquired at the "Mabille" in Paris. The youths of Bakou spoke with a certain appearance at least of patriotic fervour. They had aspirations for their country never heard in the polite society of Jassy or Bucharest, and were quite delighted to show us, by the eagerness with which they entered upon politics, that they were qualifying themselves for self-government. The more enthusiastic talked wildly about a Roumania which should embrace Transylvania, the Buckovine, the Banat, and Bessarabia, besides the Principalities, amounting altogether to a population of about ten millions, as they maintain—of people all having the same national sentiments, and possessing within themselves the elements of cohesion. The nationality idea, as applied to Roumania, is the most absurd expression of it which has yet cropped up under the auspices of the Emperor Louis Napoleon. Imagine the whole of Italy in a considerably more degraded state than either Naples or Sicily, without a Piedmont to rally round, and you have Roumania. However, it was useless to argue with our Bakou audience; they believed in their nationality, and called themselves Daco-Roumains. The more moderate, it is true, were inclined to begin with the Principalities alone, without a protectorate. These five nurses, who are always quarrelling among themselves over this very sickly baby, do not improve the temper of the infant, and in the end will prove fatal to its existence. This conviction leads those who are not in government employ, and can therefore afford to be patriotic under certain restrictions, to advocate the abolition of the protectorate. They maintain that they would thereby be thrown upon their own resources, and have any fine qualities which they may perchance possess called

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out. These fine qualities not being apparent to the traveller, their absence is charged upon the five protecting Powers, who, it is contended, sacrifice the interests of the country to their own selfish purposes, and enable those in power to keep themselves there against the will of the country by mere intrigue. It is indeed an open question whether we should not have better consulted our own interests as well as those of the Principalities, if, instead of agreeing to place them under the protection of five Powers all jealous of each other, we had left them to their own devices. Upon a future occasion, in a conversation which I had with Prince Couza, he graphically described the liberty he enjoyed under the present system. There was no violation of the stipulations which he did not daringly commit under the protecting ægis of one or other Power. However illegal or arbitrary his acts, however much in defiance of treaty-right, he was always sure to have one Power on his side — sometimes France, sometimes Russia, generally both if his policy was directed against Turkey. If, instead of joining in an agreement with other Powers which obliges us as a point of honour to interfere whenever an unscrupulous ruler breaks the constitution, we had confined ourselves to a treaty prohibiting any Power under any pretence whatever from interfering in the internal administration of these Principalities, we should have saved ourselves from those difficulties which are likely soon to arise and embarrass our policy as seriously as the Schleswig-Holstein complications have done. The pretensions of Turkey, unfortunately, were those which we thought it necessary to support, not perceiving that in diplomatic as in military strategy you increase the strength of your position exactly in proportion as you retract your lines. At this moment the vulnerable point of Turkey is her suzerainty over the Principalities; she has got this "tabia" of diplomacy lying outside all her fortifications. It is of no earthly use to her—a source of weakness rather than of strength, and sure to be attacked before long. When it is attacked, she need no more calculate upon England coming to her rescue, than to that of Poland, Denmark, or any of the other numerous countries and causes which we abandon and betray the moment it suits us. Far better let her make a merit of necessity, and at a time when there is no pressure at work, no coercion used, cede what will otherwise prove her ruin, and obtain in return rights which will strengthen her Danubian frontier. The reason that Russia and France may have a cause of quarrel with us upon this question at any moment they choose, is simply because Turkey has rights in it which we are bound to protect. Up to this moment it has not suited either Power to open the Eastern Question. The insurrection in Poland for a time divided the interests of France and Russia, and a skilful diplomacy on our part at that time might have pushed matters to the point of an open breach. This would have given a *coup-de-grace* to the Franco-Russian policy in the East. It was one of the indirect advantages which would have accrued from the gratification of the sentimentalism of the English in the matter of Poland. There has probably never been a question in which the interests of diplomacy could have been so well served by the unreasoning impulses of the masses as in this matter of Poland. Never could the oppressed-nationality twaddle have been made more available to the far-seeing statesman. To the ignorant it would have been a matter of sentiment; to the initiated, one of profound diplomacy. While the Emperor was in an agony lest we should have pushed him on to an open rupture with Russia, he was deluding his own people into the idea that there was nothing he wished for more than a war for Poland, which we prevented. It would, indeed, have been well worth our while to have brought this

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about. The first principle of diplomacy is to keep on good terms with foreign Powers one's self; the second, to foster dissensions between those who, if united, would be dangerous to you. It is this latter principle which Prince Couza works to such great advantage. We seem carefully to reverse this order; and the result of our recent diplomacy has been to quarrel with every European Power, and to unite them against us. Thus we are quite as much detested as a nation in the Principalities as in Germany or Denmark; and being about to lure the Turks to their destruction, we shall end by being execrated by the only people which still in its simplicity clings to our alliance, and believes in its efficacy. At the same time, while the Roumains, like the Greeks, hate and abuse us, I have little doubt that, like them, if they were called on to elect a prince by popular vote, they would unite in favour of an English one. However much we are despised as a friend or disliked as an enemy, we are immensely respected by virtue of our internal institutions, and of our individual independence of character. While the English Government is universally unpopular, the Englishman abroad is usually preferred to any other foreigner, and to a great extent redeems or extenuates the faults of his administration in the eyes of those with whom he is staying. The wonder to every foreigner is, that the national policy should be the result of the national character. As individuals, Englishmen have the credit of being the most scrupulously truthful and honourable of men; as a nation we are "perfide;" and so far from the latest efforts of our diplomacy having tended to remove this impression, we have achieved a higher reputation for perfidy during the last two or three years than we ever enjoyed before. Individually, the Englishman is admitted to be brave; politically, the name of England is a byword for cowardice. Individually he is regarded as absurdly open-handed—his generosity is proverbial; but the national policy is held up as the type of all that is sordid, cold-blooded, and selfish. Everything, in fact, that the Englishman is, the English Government is not; and it requires no little patience and temper in the present day to travel, and venture upon political discussions with foreigners. Nor does the secret conviction that they are right tend to increase one's serenity.

In this little out-of-the-way Moldavian town, the vices of England were crammed down our throats. We were accused of egotism, of being mercenary, of impeding the development of these provinces for our own selfish ends, of intrigues so black that even a Moldavian imagination shuddered to contemplate them, and of designs so elaborate and far-seeing that the only way it was possible to convince people that they did not exist, was by explaining the phenomenon of extremes meeting. Thus a sublime degree of folly and simplicity may at last be mistaken for a wisdom and a subtlety not appreciable by the masses.

English travellers are so rare in Moldavia that even in Jassy one is looked upon rather as a curiosity; and the ignorance of society with reference to England is as great as that usually displayed by British members of Parliament when they are discussing our relations with China. Perhaps when one considers the superior opportunities which such a man as Mr Cobden enjoys of obtaining information, there is less excuse for him than for a Jassy politician. In general, the few ideas upon any subject which the Moldavian men possess they derive from the women. Nothing was more striking than the invariable rule which insured your hearing from the men in the morning what had been propounded to you by the old women the night before. As is usually the case in communities in a low state of European civilisation, the female portion of society is immeasurably superior to the male; indeed, it would be difficult to find anything in Europe

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inferior to a Moldavian male, except, perhaps, a Wallachian. With the men, therefore, it was rarely possible to discuss politics, or any other subject. They scarcely ever open a book; they only engage in politics because they offer such splendid opportunities for looting the public money; they only travel to pick up the vices of civilisation; they only marry because the facilities for divorce are so great that marriage ceases to be a tie. That there are rare exceptions to the general rule is only to be expected; but with every desire to do justice to a country where, at all events, the rites of hospitality are thoroughly understood, it is impossible to be blind to its faults. If the traveller never ventured upon a general and impartial criticism of the people of a country because he happened to be well received in it, there would be little use in his travelling; nor are the Moldavians or Wallachians likely to cure their faults unless they hear what those who would willingly extenuate them, were it possible, find reprehensible. One of the peculiarities of the race is a great sensitiveness to criticism by a stranger; and it made one uncomfortable to feel that any chance remark was likely to be twisted into an uncomplimentary sense, whether one meant it or not. It is true, this only applies to superficials. It is so generally admitted among themselves that nobody can be trusted, that it is the habit never to play cards except with the stakes on the table. Nor do they care for being charged with moral defects. What hurts their pride is an unfavourable contrast between a Moldavian and a French made dish, or a cynical expression of countenance on entering a salon, as though you were comparing the furniture with that of a handsome Paris *appartement*. They have the most supreme admiration for all the worst points in the French character; they go to Paris expressly to pick them up, and are very indignant if you do not praise them for having them. They dress after the French, play soldiers after them, take universal-suffrage votes after them, cook after them, furnish after them, dance, flirt, gamble after them, and anxiously watch for the impression which this admirable imitation of everything French makes upon the stranger. Far more particular about the polish of their boots than the purity of their honour, a Roumain gentleman would prefer you to compliment him on his French accent rather than on his integrity. Indeed, I am bound to say that nothing that I have said of them here is half so severe as what I have heard them say of one another. It was quite disheartening at last, when, on making some new acquaintance, and hearing him give vent to fervent patriotic sentiments, and lofty aspirations for himself and his country, I was always told, when I described to one of his friends my pleasure at having at last found an honest man, "What! that man honest? Of all the unprincipled scoundrels in the Principalities he is chief." In the end one is obliged, from sheer despair, to abandon one sex for the other. Were it not for the men, the women would be nicer than they are; but as it is, they do what they can to redeem their country. They have nobler aspirations, higher intelligences, and more force of character. They are so glad to see a stranger, that, if he is the least presentable, he is sure of an *entrée* into society; and as, more especially since the seat of government has been moved to Bucharest, the number of first-class boyard families now resident in Jassy is considerably diminished, he will soon know every one. The town itself is not a particularly agreeable place of residence, apart from its society. It is neither one thing nor the other. It has neither the repose and languor of the East, nor the stir and vivacity of the West. The streets are irregular and ill-paved; the shops are poor, and there is no great thoroughfare where it is amusing to *flâner*. Indeed, in the absence of a *trottoir*, nobody dreams of walking. The hack car-

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riages are the best in Europe—light, open, one-horse phaetons, as daintily got up as though they were private property: the ladies and gentlemen are flying about in them, jolting over the rough pavement at a rapid pace all day and night. The drivers of these are for the most part Russians, belonging to that peculiar sect in the Greek Church which enjoins mutilation. As there is a law in Russia prohibiting the practice, they flock across the frontier, and for some reason or other almost invariably become cab-drivers. There is something particularly loathsome and unhealthy-looking in their appearance.

The city contains between fifty and sixty thousand inhabitants, composed of Jews, gypsies, Armenians, Germans, Sclaves, Roumains, Poles, and other foreigners. The best proof of the mongrel nature of the population is to be found on the signboards, where German, Italian, Moldavian, French, and sometimes Russian or Turkish, appear indiscriminately. The fact of being only ten miles from Russia on the one hand, and of having been for many years in the occupation of the Turks on the other, gives the city a half-Russian, half-Turkish aspect, which makes it unlike any other—Turkish suburbs of hovels, and Russian silent streets and grand houses, Turkish baths and Russian churches, with the corruption and intrigue of both countries concentrated. There are some public gardens in the outskirts of the town, where the band plays two or three times a-week, and where one is quite sure to see congregated all the beauty and fashion of the Moldavian capital; and there is a theatre, which was closed at the period of my visit, but we made up for it by dancing every night instead. The houses are large palatial residences, usually standing in courtyards, and elaborately furnished. In fact, in so far as servants, equipages, and the externals of domestic life are concerned, everything is scrupulously French. Everybody talks French perfectly, and a large proportion of society English, so that nothing can be pleasanter than to be drawn for a brief period into its vortex.

There are picnics to be undertaken to charming country-houses—among others, to one upon the banks of the Pruth—to which we all go in a cortège of light carriages and four, and dash across the steppe through clouds of dust; but our fair companions in their light gauzy dresses and gay parasols are as indifferent to it as our wild gypsy postboys. Here we find a handsome chateau, magnificently furnished, and commanding an extensive view of the plains of Bessarabia; the Pruth winds at the base of the steep hill, clothed to the water's edge with wood, through which are cut romantic paths, doubly delightful in this country, where wood is scarce. From here we can see with a glass the soldiers of the Russian garrison; and if General Kotzebue does intend to cross the Pruth, it will be at this point that the operation is likely to be effected. Even then there was a very general impression that an invasion of the province by Russia was imminent, and rumours were constantly flying about of reinforcements of troops arriving in Bessarabia. The Polish insurrection and the Circassian war, however, gave full employment to the armies of the Czar. Now everything is changed—the subjugation and deportation of the warlike race which is migrating under such distressing circumstances to Turkey, will release from Caucasian service an army of 120,000 men, who will be available for any stroke of policy which may be undertaken by Russia in this direction; while the Polish insurrection is so utterly extinguished for the time at least, that the state of that country need not embarrass any aggressive movement. That before the expiration of this year another army of occupation will be quartered in Moldavia, is a very fair subject for prophecy; but whether that army will be Russian or Austrian is not so easy to determine. The Moldavi-

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ans are rich in their experiences of armies of occupation, and it is amusing to hear them indulging in invidious comparisons between them. I found one universal opinion. First, of course, all armies of occupation are hateful and detestable, tyrannise over society, rob the poor, and otherwise misconduct themselves. If an army of angels could occupy the country, they would be disliked and complained of; but the order in which the three nations who have been severally represented in this military form in the Principalities are disliked, is as follows: First, the Austrians—officers and men both cordially hated, but officers especially so. Second, the Turks—Preferred to the Austrians, but very naturally disliked upon religious and social grounds. And, thirdly, the Russians — the least abused of the three, thanks especially to a certain General Kotzebue, who governed Moldavia with judgment and honesty. So that the crossing of the Pruth by the Russians would be preferred to the crossing of the Dniester by the Austrians. It is rumoured that Austria and Russia have come to an arrangement with reference to these Principalities, and that Austria is to annex Moldavia, and Russia Wallachia; but it is impossible to say in an atmosphere of intrigue which the inner wheel of all is, or who is betraying whom. It used to be supposed that France and Russia thoroughly understood each other in their policy here; but Prince Couza's *coup d'état* has given considerable dissatisfaction to the latter Power. However, the slopes of Stinka are not the place to talk politics. The men could not if they wished, and the women are not inclined to be bored with so dry a subject. So we play games and dance until far on into the night, and then, with the brightest of full moons lighting up our way, gallop back again across the steppe to Jassy.

Among other social pastimes of the gay capital, the races are not to be forgotten. The race-course is within a mile of the town, situated in a valley, altogether the most picturesque spot in the neighbourhood. A motley crowd gathers here to see Russian horses compete with English and every variety of cross-breeds. In this respect the horses and the people who are collected to look at them are pretty much on a par. Some of the Moldavian ladies went on horseback; and as the weather was bright, the scene was gay in spite of the dust. As usual, there were two or three English jockeys, and Moldavian and Russian jockeys in remarkable half-Cossack-looking costumes, who flogged their horses without intermission from the starting to the winning post, and seemed to think the only use of the reins was to shake them near the horse's ears. The chief defect in the scenery round Jassy is the absence of wood and water, otherwise the country is prettily broken; and where money has been spent upon planting and otherwise beautifying it, there are some charming spots. The most celebrated of these is a country-house called Sokola, the property of one of the late hospodars; but the glory of Jassy has departed since the seat of government has been moved to Bucharest—in other words, since the union of the two provinces. In order to hear a Moldavian really eloquent, this is the subject to get him on; it is the only piece of politics in which he is thoroughly interested, because it touches his pocket. It also gives him an opportunity for indulging in vituperation, which is his strong point. It is only by abusing the Wallachians, collectively and individually, that he can in any way console himself for the injury he feels they have done him. In this respect the Moldavian is very like the Neapolitan; and it is not unnatural, considering the origin of both, that there should be a strong family resemblance. To hear him abusing Wallachia, is like listening to a Neapolitan abusing Piedmont. All

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the misfortunes of the country are traced to the unhappy union which has given the sister province the opportunity of benefiting at the expense of Moldavia. The advanced Moldavians who, from "a united-nationality" point of view, were in favour of the union before they tried it, are now either afraid to adhere to their old views, or have changed their minds. A few still say the experiment has not been fairly tried, and lay all the blame on Prince Couza, who, by the way, being a Moldavian himself, is hated, for that reason among others, in Wallachia. It is only due to the Wallachians to state that they return the animosity of the northern province with interest. When women engage in the discussion and come to be personal, the Wallachians call the Moldavians the descendants of Jews, and the Moldavians retort upon the others by calling them a nation of gypsies. It is indeed the fact that some of the noblest families in Wallachia are descended from this race, of which they are more ashamed than our own Carews; while the Jewish element, not visible in Wallachia, is most prominently developed in Moldavia. It may safely be predicted that when Couza dies, but possibly before, there will be a separation of the provinces. The Moldavians are perfectly determined that the union shall not continue; their real ardent aspiration is for a foreign prince to rule over them. They have tried a long series of their own boyards, and have found one more incompetent than the other. According to their own admission, they must look abroad for the virtues and the talents which none of their countrymen possess, but which they fondly hope may be found among the scions of some royal house; nor will they believe that the throne of Moldavia, such as it is, would be a position which an English country gentleman, with a tolerable rent-roll, would decline, to say nothing of a Prince of the Blood. Some years ago the Duc de Morny was actually offered this very throne, but even he was not to be tempted from the Bourse and the Bois de Boulogne. In fact, he replied that he would rather be a "concierge dans le Rue de Bac qu'un roi en Moldavie." To any young adventurer of an ambitious and filibustering turn of mind, and possessing a certain talent for intrigue, Moldavia opens a most attractive field. The first step would be an influential matrimonial alliance; as the women are generally heiresses, wealth might be combined with beauty; then a short social career of popularity; then the ascendency of the strong will and contriving brain over the fops and imbeciles around him; then a conspiracy; then a popular rising, and a divorce of Wallachia, followed, if it suited him, by the divorce of his own partner, who, being entitled by the laws of her Church to three successive husbands during her lifetime, would probably be delighted at the prospect of a change. The only difficult part of the programme would be to get the Moldavians to take heart of grace, and rebel. They are dying to do it now, but Couza's wretched little army, though it was held in check by 250 Poles, is enough to overawe them. Meantime it is a notable instance of union not making strength; and the probable result of all these dissensions among themselves will be the annexation of both provinces to one or other or both of the two great neighbouring Powers, who are only waiting to swallow them up. It will be better for the countries themselves that this should be their fate. However bad may be the government of Russia or Austria, however inconvenient such an acquisition of territory may be in the "European equilibrium" point of view, there can be no doubt that it is the only chance which exists of developing the material resources of these fertile countries, and imparting to their institutions some kind of stability. At present no speculator dares venture on contracting with

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a government composed of rogues, from the Prince on the throne to the lowest clerk. The Moldavians themselves, moreover, are absolutely useless. The whole industry of the country is in the hands of other races, who develop its resources in spite of the native population. If the Jewish community, for instance, were suddenly to disappear, there would be utter collapse. The whole financial interests of the country are in their hands. In Jassy, as in every little country town, the population is dependent upon Israelites for its most trivial necessaries; they perform every function for society, except those which they leave to the gypsies. These latter confine themselves almost exclusively to four walks in life; they are invariably either musicians, postilions, cooks, or blacksmiths. Until within the last eight years, they were on a footing of serfdom almost identical with that of the American negro, but they may now become emancipated on payment of ten ducats a-head.

The remaining foreigners, of whom there is a great variety sprinkled all over the country, do whatever these two predominating races leave undone; so that, in the end, the Moldavians contribute absolutely nothing towards the commercial, social, or political well-being of the community. Excepting the peasants, they are of no sort of use; they simply cumber the ground, and keep better men off it. Such good ground as it is too! It follows that there is no Moldavian middle class. A Moldavian is either a boyard, an employé, or a peasant; never, by any chance, anything else. The peasants have a certain amount of land allotted to each, in return for which they give a proportion of service to the proprietor. In Wallachia they may transfer themselves to other estates upon giving notice; but [illegible] to the [illegible] lds are [illegible] durin [illegible] oped, but [illegible] large [illegible]

Moldavians were capable of governing themselves, it would be difficult to devise a form of government suitable to their institutions. As there is no primogeniture, and the title of Boyard is not hereditary, the class possesses all the drawbacks of an aristocracy without any of the advantages. It gives no stability to society, while it furnishes the frivolous element. There is no sympathy between the proprietor and his peasant, and no middle-class connecting-link. The consequence is, that Prince Couza has been able to perpetrate a *coup d'état*, and take a popular vote with perfect safety, the secret of his tactics having been to enlist the peasantry against the proprietors, by allowing them to hold their lands at a money instead of a service tenure. It will be more convenient, however, to consider the policy of Prince Couza in connection with Wallachia, though the effects of the centralisation of the government meet one at every turn in Moldavia. The change incidental to passing from being an independent country into a province must always be disagreeable; but still the evils might have been mitigated, had Prince Couza, by any one act of administration, shown any consideration for his own province — had he, for instance, encouraged the extension of the Lemberg and Czernowitz Railroad, or even promoted the construction of good carriage-roads in the province. At present there are scarcely fifty miles of metalled road in all Moldavia, and they existed before the union. In fact, the result of this measure, from which so much was anticipated, has been simply that the plunder which two rulers formerly divided between them is now appropriated by one man, whose power of mischief is on twice the scale it used to be. There is no end to the capabilities of Moldavia if capital and enterprise, supported by good government, were only forthcoming. The mineral resources of the Carpathian [illegible]

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The soil is prolific and fertile, and capable of producing corn, in proportion to its area, beyond any other in Europe. The nature of the country lends itself expressly to the construction of railroads: there are no engineering difficulties, labour is abundant; and as forming a highway for the corn produce of Galicia, and an immense back-country to the Black Sea, there can be no doubt whatever that it would pay. At a very little expense the two large rivers which flow through Moldavia to the Danube might be made navigable; and there is no reason why steamers should not bring Moldavian produce down the Sereth and the Pruth from the innermost recesses of the country. How easy, by a very small expenditure of tact and honesty, to compensate to the Moldavians for all they have lost by the union! One would imagine that no more agreeable or grateful task could be found, than to have the power of producing such vast and certain results. Not only would it consolidate the throne of the ruler, but it would give him a personal satisfaction which he will never derive from the consciousness that he is stealing the public funds; and yet the nature of the chief ruler is so degraded, that he can derive no higher gratification from the exercise of that power which he has proved absolute, than when using it for purposes of pillage.

It must be admitted that he has bad material to work with; his own ministers and employés being as unscrupulous and dishonest as himself, he would have to import virtue from foreign countries to enable him to carry out his plans, if he had any, for the welfare of the country. It is probable that the political immorality existing in these Principalities is to be traced to a great extent to the peculiar social conditions which exist in them. By the rule of the national Greek Church, divorces may be obtained three times during a lifetime, both parties consenting; and in the event of one of the marriages having been contracted between people within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity, a fourth is permitted—something on the principle of starring a life at pool in billiards. In the whole society of Jassy there was only one woman who had not been divorced, but she had only been married a few weeks. It naturally follows in a limited society that the divorced couples are perpetually meeting each other; and as they do not, in the first instance, part on the ground of incompatibility of temper or any domestic difference, but generally simply from love of change—or, in other words, change of love—they remain perfectly good friends afterwards; and a woman introduces you first to her present husband as *mon mari*, and then to her late husband as *mon ex-mari*; so that it is quite possible to find yourself dancing in a set of lancers with seven people, every one of whom has been married at some time in his or her life with each of the others. In this respect the system seemed productive of sociability and good-fellowship rather than otherwise; and a great deal of the pleasure of society in these parts arises from the intimate footing upon which the members are with each other; for it is evident that, if all the papas and mammas have been husbands and wives, all the children are, more or less, brothers and sisters. There are certain inconveniences attending this great confusion of relationships; but one advantage to the stranger is, that he finds himself in a large family instead of in a stiff society, where some time must elapse before he feels himself at home.

The Moldavians themselves are accustomed to defend the system on the score of morality. They maintain that the great facilities which exist for divorces lessen the temptations to infidelity; but this is a theory which can scarcely be said to be borne out by the results. Where the marriage tie is so easily dissolved, even while it exists it is apt to lose much of its sacred character; and however much may theoretically be urged in favour of

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loosening the bonds of matrimony, the experiment, as tried in the Principalities, is not encouraging. It is needless to point out the unhappiness to which such a state of things may often give rise—where, for instance, the marriage has lasted for an unusually long period, and one of the parties is opposed to its dissolution, but is forced into consenting to it by the other—or where the children are separated from the parent most attached to them. It is true that, the society being small, they can nearly always meet; but that does not compensate for the rupture of the home ties. The fact is, that home ties, as we understand them, necessarily cannot exist, and that it would not do for a young person in these countries to be troubled with too much depth of feeling. There is a good deal of passion and of caprice; but where the men cannot claim the respect of the women, it is evident that the only kind of affection worth anything—that which is based upon esteem—is unknown. Both men and women, consequently, very easily get over their love-affairs, and domestic troubles do not exist, because there is nothing domestic in the country—not even annoyance. Everything is canvassed in the small society, and the chief topics of conversation are the changes and chances of that matrimonial life which is so singularly composed. The family is society at large. Everybody's private affairs are common property, and the most delicate questions of existence are referred by both parties to the world. There is a charming confidence existing between society and the individuals who compose it, and who confide in it, enlist its sympathies, and, in cases of differences, endeavour to gain its suffrages. Thus, before a divorce takes place, the *pros* and *cons* form the principal topic of conversation at every evening reunion. The husband has his friends, the wife hers; for although it is not necessary to quarrel before this description of separation, still the proposition has to come first from one; and if there is an objection on the part of the other, society considers the question; nor are there any domestic details too minute for discussion *en plein comité*. Where art and literature are ignored, where newspapers are unread, and the only subject of discussion is local politics, which is soon exhausted, if it were not for the ever-recurring incidents which society furnishes by the very nature of its composition, it would be indeed dull; but there is a freshness and a piquancy about these topics which never lose their flavour. The old ladies, running through the circumstances attendant upon all their own divorces, bring the benefit of the accumulated experiences of four marriages to bear for the benefit of the young friend who is making, under their advice and instruction, her second matrimonial venture. To a stranger it seemed odd to sit and discuss with the individual most interested, whether she ought to change her husband now or put off that function, and to hear advice given after dinner openly upon the subject; then, perhaps, to see the couple in the same room, though, if things had come to this stage, they were each devoted in a different direction, generally with the view of preparing something beforehand; for it is considered the height of absurdity and imprudence to allow a divorce to come upon you suddenly, and to find yourself stranded without either a husband *in esse* or *in posse*.

In giving this description of society as it exists in these countries, I do not mean to pass any unkind criticism upon it. Unless one is prepared for it, there is something rather startling when one remembers that one is still in Europe; but every country has its peculiar conventional standard, and ours is not perhaps so perfect that we can afford to carp too much at our neighbour's. Their religion sanctions the principle, or, as we should call it, the want of principle, upon which society exists, and their consciences do not reproach them; but

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it does seem that the more it is examined the less can be said in its favour. Whatever be the cause, there can be no doubt that, as a race, the Moldo-Wallachians do not occupy a high position in European estimation, and one cannot help thinking that their religious and social views have something to do with it. It has been so much the habit of travellers to accept their hospitality and then to abuse them, that it is with hesitation one ventures to give impressions more or less unfavourable to the general existing state of things; but their amiable qualities cannot blind one to what appears to us evils in their society; nor can their warm hospitality and lavish generosity prevent one from stating opinions elsewhere, which it was useless to attempt to dissemble even while in their society. It is the earnest desire to see a new era dawn upon the country that leads one to condemn the old; nor do the inhabitants express themselves satisfied with their political or social condition, nor with the position they occupy in the eyes of Europe. The peculiar relations in which the sexes stand towards each other render chivalry on the part of the men an impossibility. The sentiment is totally unknown among them, and there is, consequently, no basis for that sense of honour which should pervade every other relation in life. No man who does not know what is due to a woman can form the faintest conception of what is due to another man; for it is so much easier to fulfil the generous and noble instincts of one's nature in the former than in the latter case, that we may take it for granted that those who fail in the simplest will fail in the most difficult duties of life.

The most melancholy consideration growing out of this state of things is that connected with the rising generation. How is it possible for children troubled with doubt from infancy as to who are their nearest relations, trained in an atmosphere of deceit, and brought up amid discussions derogatory to their parents in particular, and to the sexes in general, to acquire a sense of honour? If possible, the standard will get lower and lower with each new generation, and the only way to raise it would be by sending the children to be educated in countries where virtue, public and private, is considered essential to the respect of the community, and where vices are visited with its condemnation. Such a thing as being expelled from society is unknown in the Principalities, simply because it would be impossible for a man to commit any crime bad enough for such a fate. There is no reason why all this should not be changed. The moral capabilities of the race may be as high as those of any other, if they only had the chance of developing them; but they labour under the disadvantage of being, in this remote corner of Europe, the perpetual subject of intrigue to the great Powers who protect them, and who have from the first set an example of political immorality in every transaction connected with the destiny of these provinces. Whether they have contaminated the Powers, or the Powers have contaminated them, is difficult to determine; but the atmosphere seems charged with intrigue—social, political, national, and diplomatic. Before these countries can be regenerated, they must get rid of a protectorate which demoralises them, of a Prince who plunders them, and of a religion which degrades them. Whether they would be in a better plight separated from each other, ruled over by princes of foreign extraction, and unprotected by any one, which is their ambition; or incorporated into the two neighbouring Powers, which is their dread, it is difficult to determine. So far as they are themselves concerned, no change could be for the worse; and so far as the peace and tranquillity of Europe are concerned, almost any change would be for the better.

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TONY BUTLER.

PART X.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—TONY ASKS COUNSEL.

It was just as Bella said; Alice had sent off that poor boy "twice as much in love as ever." Poor fellow! what a strange conflict was that that raged within him!—all that can make life glorious, give ecstasy to the present and hope to the future, mingled with everything that can throw a gloom over existence, and make it a burden and a task. Must it be ever thus?—must the most exquisite moments of our life, when we have youth and hope and health and energy, be dashed with fears that make us forget all the blessings of our lot, and deem ourselves the most wretched of created beings?

In this feverish alternation he travelled along homeward — now thinking of the great things he could do and dare to win her love, now forth-shadowing the time when all hope should be extinguished, and he should walk the world alone and forsaken. He went over in memory—who has not done so at one time or other?—all she had said to him at their last meeting, asking what ground there might be for hope in this, what reason for belief in that. With what intense avidity do we seek for the sands of gold in this crushed and crumbled rock! how eagerly do we peer to catch one glittering grain that shall whisper to us of wealth hereafter!

Surely, thought he, Alice is too good and too true-hearted to give me even this much of hope if she meant me to despair. Why should she offer to write to me if she intended that I was to forget her? "I wonder," muttered he, in his dark spirit of doubt—"I wonder if this be simply the woman's way of treating a love she deems beneath her?" He had read in some book or other that it is no uncommon thing for those women whose grace and beauty win homage and devotion thus to sport with the affections of their worshippers, and that in this exercise of a cruel power they find an exquisite delight. But Alice was too proud and too high-hearted for such an ignoble pastime. But then he had read too that women sometimes fancy that, by encouraging a devotion they never mean to reward, they tend to elevate men's thoughts, ennobling their ambitions, and inspiring them with purer, holier hopes. What if she should mean this, and no more than this? Would not her very hatred be more bearable than such pity? For a while this cruel thought unmanned him, and he sat there like one stunned and powerless.

For some time the road had led between the low furze-clad hills of the country, but now they had gained the summit of a ridge, and there lay beneath them that wild coast-line, broken with crag and promontory towards the sea, and inland swelling and falling in every fanciful undulation, yellow with the furze and the wild broom, but grander for its wide expanse than many a scene of stronger features. How dear to his heart it was! How inexpressibly dear the spot that was interwoven with every incident of his life and every spring of his hope! There the green lanes he used to saunter with Alice—there the breezy downs over which they cantered—yonder the little creek where they had once sheltered from a storm; he could see the rock on which he lit a fire in boyish imitation of a shipwrecked crew! It was of Alice that every crag and cliff, every bay and inlet, spoke.

"And is all that happiness gone

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for ever?" cried he, as he stood gazing at the scene. "I wonder," thought he, "could Skeffy read her thoughts and tell me how she feels towards me? I wonder will he ever talk to her of me, and what will they say?" His cheek grew hot and red, and he muttered to himself, "Who knows but it may be in pity?" and with the bitterness of the thought the tears started to his eyes and coursed down his cheeks.

That same book—how it rankled, like a barbed arrow, in his side!—that same book said that men are always wrong in their readings of woman—that they cannot understand the finer, nicer, more subtle springs of her action; and in their coarser appreciation they constantly destroy the interest they would give worlds to create. It was as this thought flashed across his memory the car-driver exclaimed aloud, "Ah, Master Tony, did ever you see as good a pony as yon? he's carried the minister these eighteen years, and look at him, how he jogs along to-day!"

He pointed to a little path in the valley where old Doctor Stewart ambled along on his aged palfrey, the long mane and flowing tail of the beast marking him out though nigh half a mile away.

"Why didn't I think of that before?" thought Tony. "Dolly Stewart is the very one to help me. She has not been bred and brought up like Alice, but she has plenty of keen woman's wit, and she has all a sister's love for me besides. I'll just go and tell her how we parted, and I'll ask her frankly what she says to it."

Cheered by this bright idea, he pursued his way in better spirits, and soon reached the little path which wound off from the high-road through the fields to the burnside. Not a spot there unnassociated with memories, but they were the memories of early boyhood. The clump of white thorns they used to call the Forest, and where they went to hunt wild beasts; the little stream they fancied a great and rapid river, swarming with alligators; the grassy slope, where they had their house, and the tiny garden whose flowers, stuck down at daybreak, were withered before noon!—too faithful emblems of the joys they illustrated!

"Surely," thought he, "no boy had ever such a rare playfellow as Dolly; so ready to take her share in all the rough vicissitudes of a boy's pleasures, and yet to bring to them a sort of storied interest and captivation which no mere boy could ever have contributed. What a little romance the whole was—just because she knew how to impart the charm of a story to all they did and all they planned!"

It was thus thinking that he entered the cottage. So still was everything that he could hear the scratching noise of a pen as a rapid writer's hand moved over the paper. He peeped cautiously in and saw Dolly seated, writing busily at a table all strewn over with manuscript: an open book, supported by other books, lay before her, at which from time to time she glanced.

Before Tony had advanced a step she turned round and saw him. "Was it not strange, Tony?" said she, and she flushed as she spoke. "I felt that you were there before I saw you; just like long ago, when I always knew where you were hid."

"I was just thinking of that same long ago, Dolly," said he, taking a chair beside her, "as I came up through the fields. There everything is the same as it used to be when we went to seek our fortune across the sandy desert, near the Black Lake."

"No," said she, correcting; "the Black Lake was at the foot of Giant's Rock, beyond the rye field."

"So it was, Dolly; you are right."

"Ah, Master Tony, I suspect I have a better memory of those days than you have. To be sure, I have not had as many things happening in the meanwhile to trouble these memories."

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There was a tone of sadness in her voice, very slight, very faint indeed, but still enough to tinge these few words with melancholy.

"And what is all this writing about?" said he, moving his hands through the papers. "Are you composing a book, Dolly?"

"No," said she, timidly; "I am only translating a little German story. When I was up in London, I was lucky enough to obtain the insertion of a little fairy tale in a small periodical meant for children, and the editor encouraged me to try and render one of Andersen's stories; but I am a very sorry German, and, I fear me, a still sorrier prose writer; and so, Tony, the work goes on as slowly as that bridge of ours used long ago. Do you remember, when it was made, we never had the courage to pass over it! Mayhap it will be the same with my poor story, and, when finished, remain unread."

"But why do you encounter such a piece of labour?" said he. "This must have taken a week or more!"

"A month yesterday, my good Tony; and very proud I am, too, that I did it in a month."

"And for what, in heaven's name?"

"For three bright sovereigns, Master Tony!" said she, blushing.

"Oh, I didn't mean that," said he, in deep shame and confusion. "I meant only, why did you engage on such a hard task."

"I know you didn't mean it, Tony; but I was so proud of my success as an author, it would out. Yes," said she, with a feigned air of importance, "I have just disposed of my copyright; and you know, Tony, Milton did not get a great deal more for 'Paradise Lost.' You see," added she seriously, "what with poor papa's age and his loneliness, and my own not over-great strength, I don't think I shall try (at least not soon) to be a governess again; and it behoves me to be as little as I can of a burden to him; and after thinking of various things, I have settled upon this as the best."

"What a good girl you are!" said he, and he fixed his eyes full upon her; nor did he know how admiringly till he saw that her face, her forehead, and even her neck, were crimson with shame and confusion.

"There is no such great goodness in doing what is simply one's duty," said she, gravely.

"I don't know that, Dolly."

"Come, come, Tony, you never fancied yourself a hero, just because you are willing to earn your bread, and ready to do so by some sacrifice of your tastes and habits."

The allusion recalled Tony to himself and his own cares, and after a few seconds of deep thought he said, "I am going to make the venture now, Dolly. I am called away to London by telegraph, and am to leave to-morrow morning."

"And are you fully prepared, Tony, for the examination?"

"Luckily for me, they do not require it. Some accidental want of people has made them call in all the available fellows at a moment's warning, and in this way I may chance to slip into the service unchallenged."

"Nay, but, Tony," said she, reproachfully, "you surely could face the examination?"

"I could face it just as I could face being shot at, of course, but with the same certainty of being bowled over. Don't you know, Dolly, that I never knew my grammar long ago till you had dinned it into my head; and as you never come to my assistance now, I know well what my fate would be."

"My dear Tony," said she, "do get rid once for all of the habit of underrating your own abilities: as my dear father says, people very easily make self-depreciation a plea of indolence. There, don't look so dreary; I'm not going to moralise in the few last minutes we are to have together. Talk to me about yourself."

"It was for that I came, Dolly," said he, rising and taking a turn or two up and down the room; for in

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truth he was sorely puzzled how to approach the theme that engaged him. "I want your aid; I want your woman's wit to help me in a difficulty. Here's what it is, Dolly," and he sat down again at her side, and took her hand in his own. "Tell me, Dolly," said he, suddenly, "is it true, as I have read somewhere, that a woman, after having made a man in love with her, will boast that she is not in the least bound to requite his affection if she satisfies herself that she has elevated him in his ambition, given a higher spring to his hope, made him, in fact, something better and nobler than his own uninspired nature had ever taught him to be? I'm not sure that I have said what I meant to say; but you'll be able to guess what I intend."

"You mean, perhaps, will a woman accept a man's love as a means of serving him without any intention of returning it?"

Perhaps he did not like the fashion in which she put his question, for he did not answer, save by a nod.

"I say yes; such a thing is possible, and might happen readily enough if great difference of station separated them."

"Do you mean, if one was rich and the other poor?"

"Not exactly; because inequalities of fortune may exist between persons of equal condition."

"In which case," said he, hurriedly, "you would not call their stations unequal, would you?"

"That would depend on how far wealth contributed to the habits of the wealthier. Some people are so accustomed to affluence, it is so much the accompaniment of their daily lives, that the world has for them but one aspect."

"Like our neighbours here, the Lyles, for instance?" said he.

Dolly gave a slight start, like a sudden pang of pain, and grew deadly pale. She drew away her hand at the same time, and passed it across her brow.

"Does your head ache, dear Dolly?" asked he, compassionately.

"Slightly: it is seldom quite free of pain. You have chosen a poor guide, Tony, when there is a question of the habits of fine folk. None know so little of their ways as I do. But surely you do not need guidance. Surely you are well capable of understanding them in all their moods."

With all her attempts to appear calm and composed, her lip shook and her cheeks trembled as she spoke; and Tony, more struck by her looks than her words, passed his arm round her, and said, in a kind and affectionate voice, "I see you are not well, my own dear Dolly; and that I ought not to come here troubling you about my own selfish cares; but I can never help feeling that it's a sister I speak to."

"Yes, a sister," said she, in a faint whisper—"a sister!"

"And that your brother Tony has the right to come to you for counsel and help."

"So he has," said she, gulping down something like a sob; "but these days, when my head is weary and tired, and when — as to-day, Tony—I am good for nothing—— Tell me," said she, hastily, "how does your mother bear your going away? Will she let me come and sit with her often? I hope she will."

"That she will, and be so happy to have you, too; and only think, Dolly, Alice Lyle—Mrs Trafford, I mean—has offered to come and keep her company sometimes. I hope you'll meet her there: how you'd like her, Dolly!"

Dolly turned away her head, and the tears, against which she had struggled so long, now burst forth, and slowly fell along her cheek.

"You must not fancy, Dolly, that because Alice is rich and great you will like her less. Heaven knows, if humble fortune could separate us, ours might have done so."

"My head is splitting, Tony, dear. It is one of those sudden attacks of pain. Don't be angry if I say Good-bye; there's nothing for it but a dark room, and quiet."

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"My poor dear Dolly," said he, pressing her to him, and kissing her twice on the cheek.

"No, no!" cried she, hysterically, as though to something she was answering; and then, dashing away, she rushed from the room, and Tony could hear her door shut and locked as she passed in.

"How changed from what she used to be!" muttered he, as he went his way; "I scarcely can believe she is the same! And, after all, what light has she thrown on the difficulty I put before her? Or was it that I did not place the matter as clearly as I might? Was I too guarded, or was I too vague? Well, well. I remember the time when, no matter how stupid *I* was, she would soon have found out my meaning! What a dreary thing that life of a governess must be, when it could reduce one so quick of apprehension and so ready-witted as she was to such a state as this! Oh, is she not changed!" And this was the burden of his musings as he wended his way towards home.

CHAPTER XXXV.—SIR ARTHUR ON LIFE AND THE WORLD IN GENERAL.

"Here it is at last, mother," said Tony, holding up the "despatch" as he entered the cottage.

"The order for the examination, Tony!" said she, as she turned pale.

"No, but the order to do without it, mother dear!—the order for Anthony Butler to report himself for service, without any other test than his readiness to go wherever they want to send him. It seems that there's a row somewhere—or several rows—just now. Heaven bless the fellows that got them up, for it gives them no time at the Office to go into any impertinent inquiries as to one's French, or decimal fractions, or the other qualifications deemed essential to carrying a letter-bag, and so they've sent for me to go off to Japan."

"To Japan, Tony—to Japan?"

"I don't mean positively to Japan, for Skeffy says it might be Taganrog, or Timbuctoo, or Tamboff, or some other half-known place. But no matter, mother; it's so much a mile, and something besides per day; and the short and long of it is, I am to show myself on Tuesday, the 9th, at Downing Street, there to be dealt with as the law may direct."

"It's a hasty summons, my poor Tony——"

"It might be worse, mother. What would we say to it if it were, 'Come up and be examined'? I think I'm a good-tempered fellow; but I declare to you frankly, if one of those 'Dons' were to put a question to me that I couldn't answer—and I'm afraid it would not be easy to put any other—I'd find it very hard not to knock him down! I mean, of course, mother, if he did it offensively, with a chuckle over my ignorance, or something that seemed to say, 'There's a blockhead, if ever there was one!' I know I couldn't help it!"

"Oh, Tony, Tony!" said she, deprecatingly.

"Yes, it's all very well to say Tony, Tony; but here's how it is. It would be 'all up' with me. It would be by that time decided that I was good for nothing, and to be turned back. The moment would be a triumphant one for the fellow that 'plucked' me—it always is, I'm told—but I'll be shot if it should be all triumph to him!"

"I won't believe this of you, Tony," said she, gravely. "It's not like your father, sir!"

"Then I'd not do it, mother—at least if I could help it," said he, growing very red. "I say, mother, is it too late to go up to the Abbey and bid Sir Arthur good-bye? Alice asked me to do it, and I promised her."

"Well, Tony, I don't know how

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you feel about these things now, but there was a time that you never thought much what hour of the day or night it was when you went there."

"It used to be so!" said he, thoughtfully; and then added, "but I'll go, at all events, mother; but I'll not be long away, for I must have a talk with you before bedtime."

"I have a note written to Sir Arthur here; will you just give it to him, Tony, or leave it for him when you're coming away, for it wants no answer?"

"All right, mother; don't take tea till I come back, and I'll do my best to come soon."

It was a well-worn path that led from the cottage to Lyle Abbey. There was not an hour of day or night Tony had not travelled it; and as he went now, thoughts of all these long-agos would crowd on his memory, making him ask himself, Was there ever any one had so much happiness as I had in those days? Is it possible that my life to come will ever replace to me such enjoyment as that?

He was not a very imaginative youth, but he had that amount of the quality that suffices for small castle-building; and he went on, as he walked, picturing to himself what would be the boon he would ask from Fortune if some benevolent fairy were to start out from the tall ferns and grant him his wish. Would it be to be rich and titled and great, so that he might propose to make Alice his wife without any semblance of inordinate pretension? or would it not be to remain as he was, poor and humble in condition, and that Alice should be in a rank like his own, living in a cottage like Dolly Stewart, with little household cares to look after?

It was a strange labyrinth these thoughts led him into, and he soon lost his way completely, unable to satisfy himself whether Alice might not lose in fascination when no longer surrounded by all the splendid appliances of that high station she adorned, or whether her native gracefulness would not be far more attractive when her life became ennobled by duties. A continual comparison of Alice and Dolly would rise to his mind; nothing could be less alike, and yet there they were, in incessant juxtaposition; and while he pictured Alice in the humble manse of the minister, beautiful as he had ever seen her, he wondered whether she would be able to subdue her proud spirit to such lowly ways, and make of that thatched cabin the happy home that Dolly had made it. His experiences of life were not very large, but one lesson they had certainly taught him—it was, to recognise in persons of condition, when well brought up, a great spirit of accommodation. In the varied company of Sir Arthur's house he had constantly found that no one submitted with a better grace to accidental hardships than he whose station had usually elevated him above the risks of their occurrence, and that in the chance roughings of a sportsman life it was the born gentleman—Sybarite it might be at times—whose temper best sustained him in all difficulties, and whose gallant spirit bore him most triumphantly over the crosses and cares that beset him. It might not be a very logical induction that led him to apply this reasoning to Alice, but he did so, and in so doing he felt very little how the time went over, till he found himself on the terrace at Lyle Abbey.

Led on by old habit, he passed in without ringing the bell, and was already on his way to the drawing-room when he met Hailes the butler.

In the midst of a shower of rejoicings at seeing him again—for he was a great favourite with the household — Hailes hastened to show him into the dining-room, where, dinner over, Sir Arthur sat in an easy-chair at the fire, alone, and sound asleep. Roused by the noise of the opening door, Sir Arthur started and looked up; nor

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was he indeed very full awake while Tony blundered out his excuses for disturbing him.

"My dear Tony, not a word of this. It is a real pleasure to see you. I was taking a nap, just because I had nothing better to do. We are all alone here now, and the place feels strange enough in the solitude. Mark gone — the girls away—and no one left but Lady Lyle and myself. There's your old friend; that's some of the '32 claret; fill your glass, and tell me that you are come to pass some days with us."

"I wish I was, sir; but I have come to say good-bye. I'm off tomorrow for London."

"For London! What! another freak, Tony?"

"Scarcely a freak, sir," said he, smiling. "They've telegraphed to me to come up and report myself for service at the Foreign Office."

"As a Minister, eh?"

"No, sir; a Messenger."

"An excellent thing, too; a capital thing. A man must begin somewhere, you know. Every one is not as lucky as I was, to start with close on twelve hundred a-year. I wasn't twenty when I landed at Calcutta, Tony — a mere boy!" Here the baronet filled his glass, and drank it off with a solemnity that seemed as if it were a silent toast to his own health, for in his own estimation he merited that honour, very few men having done more for themselves than he had; not that he had not been over-grateful, however, to the fortune of his early days in this boastful acknowledgment, since it was in the humble capacity of an admiral's secretary—they called them clerks in those days—he had first found himself in the Indian Ocean, a mere accident leading to his appointment on shore and all his subsequent good fortune. "Yes, Tony," continued he, "I started at what one calls a high rung of the ladder. It was then I first saw your father; he was about the same age you are now. He was on Lord Dollington's staff. Dear me, dear me! it seems like yesterday;" and he closed his eyes, and seemed lost in reverie; but if he really felt it like yesterday, he would have remembered how insolently the superb aide-de-camp treated the meek civilian of the period, and how immeasurably above Mr Lyle of those days stood the haughty Captain Butler of the Governor-General's staff.

"The soldiers used to fancy they had the best of it, Tony; but, I take it, we civilians won the race at last;" and his eyes ranged over the vast room, with the walls covered by pictures, and the sideboard loaded with massive plate, while the array of decanters on the small spider-table beside him suggested largely of good living.

"A very old friend of mine, Jos. Hughes—he was salt assessor at Bussorabad—once remarked to me, 'Lyle,' said he, 'a man must make his choice in life, whether he prefers a brilliant start or a good finish, for he cannot have both.' Take your pleasure when young, and you must consent to work when old; but if you set out vigorously, determined to labour hard in early life, when you come to my age, Tony, you may be able to enjoy your rest"—and here he waved his hand round, as though to show the room in which they sat—"to enjoy your rest, not without dignity."

Tony was an attentive listener, and Sir Arthur was flattered, and went on. "I am sincerely glad to have the opportunity of these few moments with you. I am an old pilot, so to say, on the sea you are about to adventure upon; and really, the great difficulty young fellows have in life is, that the men who know the whole thing from end to end will not be honest in giving their experiences. There is a certain 'snobbery'—I have no other word for it—that prevents their confessing to small beginnings. They don't like telling how humble they were at the start; and what is the consequence? The value of the whole lesson is lost! Now, I have

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no such scruples, Tony. Good family connections and relatives of influence I had; I cannot deny it. I suppose there are scores of men would have coolly sat down and said to their right honourable cousin or their noble uncle, 'Help me to this—get me that;' but such was not my mode of procedure. No, sir; I resolved to be my own patron, and I went to India."

When Sir Arthur said this, he looked as though his words were: "I volunteered to lead the assault. It was I that was first up the breach. But, after all, Tony, I can't get the boys to believe this." Now these boys were his three sons, two of them middle-aged, white-headed, liverless men in Upper India, and the third that gay dragoon with whom we have had some slight acquaintance.

"I have always said to the boys, 'Don't lie down on your high relations.'" Had he added that they would have found them a most uncomfortable bed, he would not have been beyond the truth. "Do as I did, and see how gladly, ay, and how proudly, they will recognise you. I say the same to you, Tony. You have, I am told, some family connections that might be turned to account?"

"None, sir; not one," broke in Tony, boldly.

"Well, there is that Sir Omerod Butler. I don't suspect he is a man of much actual influence. He is, I take it, a bygone."

"I know nothing of him; nor do I want to know anything of him," said Tony, pushing his glass from him, and looking as though the conversation were one he would gladly change for any other topic; but it was not so easy to tear Sir Arthur from such a theme, and he went on.

"It would not do for you, perhaps, to make any advances towards him."

"I should like to see myself!" said Tony, half choking with angry impatience.

"I repeat, it would not do for *you* to take this step; but if you had a friend—a man of rank and station—one whose position your uncle could not but acknowledge as at least the equal of his own——"

"He could be no friend of mine who should open any negotiations on my part with a relation who has treated my mother so uncourteously, sir."

"I think you are under a mistake, Tony. Mrs Butler told me that it was rather her own fault than Sir Omerod's that some sort of reconciliation was not effected. Indeed, she once showed me a letter from your uncle when she was in trouble about those Canadian bonds."

"Yes, yes, I know it all," said Tony, rising, as if all his patience was at last exhausted. "I have read the letter you speak of; he offered to lend her five or six hundred pounds, or to give it, I forget which; and he was to take *me*"—here he burst into a fit of laughter that was almost hysterical in its harsh mockery—"to take *me*. I don't know what he was to do with me, for I believe he has turned Papist, Jesuit, or what not; perhaps I was to have been made a priest, or a friar; at all events, I was to have been brought up dependent on his bounty—a bad scheme for each of us. He would not have been very proud of his protegé; and, if I know myself, I don't think I'd have been very grateful to my protector. My dear mother, however, had too much of the mother in her to listen to it, and she told him so, perhaps too plainly for his refined notions in matters of phraseology; for he frumped and wrote no more to us."

"Which is exactly the reason why a friend, speaking from the eminence which a certain station confers, might be able to place matters on a better and more profitable footing."

"Not with *my* consent, sir, depend upon it," said Tony, fiercely.

"My dear Tony, there is a vulgar adage about the impolicy of quarrelling with one's bread-and-butter;

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but how far more reprehensible would it be to quarrel with the face of the man who cuts it?"

It is just possible that Sir Arthur was as much mystified by his own illustration as was Tony, for each continued for some minutes to look at the other in a state of hopeless bewilderment. The thought of one mystery, however, recalled another, and Tony remembered his mother's note.

"By the way, sir, I have a letter here for you from my mother," said he, producing it.

Sir Arthur put on his spectacles leisurely, and began to peruse it. It seemed very brief, for in an instant he had returned it to his pocket. "I conclude you know nothing of the contents of this?" said he, quietly.

"Nothing whatever."

"It is of no consequence. You may simply tell Mrs Butler from me that I will call on her by an early day; and now, won't you come and have a cup of tea? Lady Lyle will expect to see you in the drawing-room."

Tony would have refused, if he knew how; even in his old days he had been less on terms of intimacy with Lady Lyle than any others of the family, and she had at times a sort of dignified stateliness in her manner that checked him greatly.

"Here's Tony Butler come to take a cup of tea with you, and say good-bye," said Sir Arthur, as he led him into the drawing-room.

"Oh, indeed! I am too happy to see him," said she, laying down her book; while, with a very chilly smile, she added, "And where is Mr Butler bound for this time?' And simple as the words were, she contrived to impart to them a meaning as though she had said, 'What new scheme or project has he now? What wild-goose chase is he at present engaged in?'

Sir Arthur came quickly to the rescue, as he said, "He's going to take up an appointment under the Crown; and, like a good and prudent lad, to earn his bread, and do something towards his mother's comfort."

"I think you never take sugar," said she, smiling faintly; "and for a while you made a convert of Alice."

Was there ever a more commonplace remark? and yet it sent the blood to poor Tony's face and temples, and overwhelmed him with confusion. "You know that the girls are both away?"

"It's a capital thing they've given him," said Sir Arthur, trying to extract from his wife even the semblance of an interest in the young fellow's career.

"What is it?" asked she.

"How do they call you? are you a Queen's messenger, or a Queen's courier, or a Foreign Office messenger?"

"I'm not quite sure. I believe we are messengers, but whose I don't remember."

"They have the charge of all the despatches to the various embassies and legations in every part of the world," said Sir Arthur, pompously.

"How addling it must be—how confusing."

"Why so? You don't imagine that they have to retain them, and report them orally, do you?"

"Well, I'm afraid I did," said she, with a little simper that seemed to say, What did it signify either way?

"They'd have made a most unlucky selection in my case," said Tony, laughing, "if such had been the duty."

"Do you think you shall like it?"

"I suppose I shall. There is so very little I'm really fit for, that I look on this appointment as a piece of rare luck. I fancy I'd rather have gone into the army—a cavalry regiment, for instance."

"The most wasteful and extravagant career a young fellow could select," said Sir Arthur, smarting under some recent and not over-pleasant experiences.

"The uniform is so becoming, too," said she, languidly.

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"It is far and away beyond any pretension of my humble fortune, madam," said Tony, proudly, for there was an impertinent carelessness in her manner that stung him to the quick.

"Ah, yes," sighed she; "and the army, too, is not the profession for one who wants to marry."

Tony again felt his cheek on fire, but he did not utter a word as she went on, "And report says something like this of you, Mr Butler."

"What, Tony! how is this? I never heard of it before," cried Sir Arthur.

"Nor I, sir."

"Come, come. It is very indiscreet of me, I know," said Lady Lyle; "but as we are in such a secret committee here at this moment, I fancied I might venture to offer my congratulations."

"Congratulations! on what would be the lad's ruin! Why, it would be downright insanity. I trust there is not a word of truth in it."

"I repeat, sir, that I hear it all for the first time."

"I conclude, then, I must have been misinformed."

"Might I be bold enough to ask from what quarter the rumour reached you, or with whom they mated me?"

"Oh, as to your choice, I hear she is a very nice girl indeed, admirably brought up and well educated—everything but rich; but of course that fact was well known to you. Men in her father's position are seldom affluent."

"And who could possibly have taken the trouble to weave all this romance about me?" said Tony, flushing not the less deeply that he suspected it was Dolly Stewart who was indicated by the description.

"One of the girls, I forget which, told me. Where she learned it, I forget, if I ever knew; but I remember that the story had a sort of completeness about it that looked like truth." Was it accident or intention that made Lady Lyle fix her eyes steadily on Tony as she spoke? As she did so, his colour, at first crimson, gave way to an ashy paleness, and he seemed like one about to faint. "After all," said she, "perhaps it was a mere flirtation that people magnified into marriage."

"It was not even that," gasped he out, hoarsely. "I am overstaying my time, and my mother will be waiting tea for me," muttered he; and with some scarcely intelligible attempts at begging to be remembered to Alice and Bella, he took his leave, and hurried away.

While Tony, with a heart almost bursting with agony, wended his way towards home, Lady Lyle resumed her novel, and Sir Arthur took up the 'Times.' After about half an hour's reading he laid down the paper, and said, "I hope there is no truth in that story about young Butler."

"Not a word of it," said she, dryly.

"Not a word of it! but I thought you believed it."

"Nothing of the kind. It was a lesson the young gentleman has long needed, and I was only waiting for a good opportunity to give it."

"I don't understand you. What do you mean by a lesson?"

"I have very long suspected that it was a great piece of imprudence on our part to encourage the intimacy of this young man here, and to give him that position of familiarity which he obtained amongst us; but I trusted implicitly to the immeasurable distance that separated him from our girls, to secure us against danger. That clever man of the world, Mr Maitland, however, showed me I was wrong. He was not a week here till he saw enough to induce him to give me a warning; and though at first he thought it was Bella's favour he aspired to, he afterwards perceived it was to Alice he directed his attentions."

"I can't believe this possible. Tony would never dare such a piece of presumption."

"You forget two things, Sir

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Arthur. This young fellow fancies that his good birth makes him the equal of any one; and, secondly, Alice, in her sense of independence, is exactly the girl to do a folly, and imagine it to be heroic; so Maitland himself said to me, and it was perfectly miraculous how well he read her whole nature. And indeed it was he who suggested to me to charge Tony Butler with being engaged to the minister's daughter, and told me—and, as I saw, with truth—how thoroughly it would test his suspicions about him. I thought he was going to faint—he really swayed back and forwards when I said that it was one of the girls from whom I had the story."

"If I could only believe this, he should never cross the threshold again. Such insolence is, however, incredible."

"That's a man's way of regarding it; and however you sneer at our credulity, it enables us to see scores of things that your obstinacy is blind to. I am sincerely glad he is going away."

"So am I—now; and I trust, in my heart, we have seen the last of him."

"How tired you look, my poor Tony!" said his mother, as he entered the cottage and threw himself heavily and wearily into a chair.

"I *am* tired, mother—very tired and jaded."

"I wondered what kept you so long, Tony; for I had time to pack your trunk, and to put away all your things; and when it was done and finished, to sit down and sorrow over your going away. Oh, Tony dear, aren't we ungrateful creatures, when we rise up in rebellion against the very mercies that are vouchsafed us, and say, Why was my prayer granted me? I am sure it was many and many a night, as I knelt down, I begged the Lord would send you some calling or other, that you might find means of an honest living, and a line of life that wouldn't disgrace the stock you came from; and now that He has graciously heard me, here I am repining and complaining just as if it wasn't my own supplication that was listened to."

Perhaps Tony was not in a humour to discuss a nice question of ethical meaning, for he abruptly said, "Sir Arthur Lyle read your note over, and said he'd call one of these days and see you. I suppose he meant with the answer."

"There was no answer, Tony; the matter was just this—I wanted a trifle of an advance from the bank, just to give you a little money when you'd have to go away; and Tom M'Elwain, the new manager, not knowing me perhaps, referred the matter to Sir Arthur, which was not what I wished or intended, and so I wrote and said so. Perhaps I said so a little too curtly, as if I was too proud, or the like, to accept a favour at Sir Arthur's hands; for he wrote me a very beautiful letter—it went home to my heart—about his knowing your father long ago, when they were both lads, and had the wide world before them; and alluding very touchingly to the Lord's bounties to himself—blessing him with a full garner."

"I hope you accepted nothing from him," broke in Tony, roughly.

"No, Tony; for it happened that James Hewson, the apothecary, had a hundred pounds that he wanted to lay out on a safe mortgage, and so I took it, at six per cent, and gave him over the deeds of the little place here."

"For a hundred pounds! Why, it's worth twelve hundred at least, mother!"

"What a boy it is!" said she, laughing. "I merely gave him his right to claim the one hundred that he advanced, Tony dear; and my note to Sir Arthur was to ask him to have the bond, or whatever it is called, rightly drawn up and witnessed, and at the same time to thank him heartily for his own kind readiness to serve me."

"I hate a mortgage, mother. I don't feel as if the place was our own any longer."

"Your father's own words, eight-

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een years ago, when he drew all the money he had out of the agent's hands, and paid off the debt on this little spot here. 'Nelly,' said he, 'I can look out of the window now, and not be afraid of seeing a man coming up the road to ask for his interest."

"It's the very first thing I'll try to do, is to pay off that debt, mother. Who knows but I may be able, before the year is over! But I'm glad you didn't take it from Sir Arthur."

"You're as proud as your father, Tony," said she, with her eyes full of tears; "take care that you're as good as he was, too."

CHAPTER XXXVI.—A CORNER IN DOWNING STREET.

When Tony Butler found himself inside of the swinging glass-door at Downing Street, and in presence of the august Mr Willis, the porter, it seemed as if all the interval since he had last stood in the same place had been a dream. The head-porter looked up from his 'Times,' and with a severity that showed he had neither forgotten nor forgiven, said, "Messengers' room—first pair—corridor—third door on the left." There was an unmistakable dignity in the manner of the speaker which served to show Tony not merely that his former offence remained unpardoned, but that his entrance into public life had not awed or impressed in any way the stern official.

Tony passed on, mounted the stairs, and sauntered along a very ill-kept corridor, not fully certain whether it was the third, fourth, or fifth door he was in search of, or on what hand. After about half an hour passed in the hope of seeing one to direct him, he made bold to knock gently at a door. To his repeated summons no answer was returned, and he tried another, when a shrill voice cried "Come in." He entered and saw a slight, sickly-looking youth, very elaborately dressed, seated at a table writing. The room was a large one, very dirty, ill-furnished, and disorderly.

"Well, what is it?" asked the young gentleman, without lifting his head or his eyes from the desk.

"Could you tell me," said Tony, courteously, "where I ought to go? I'm Butler, an extra messenger, and I have been summoned to attend and report here this morning."

"All right; we want you," said the other, still writing; "wait an instant." So saying, he wrote on for several minutes at a rapid pace, muttering the words as his pen traced them; at last he finished, and, descending from his high seat, passed across the room, opened a door which led into another room, and called out,

"The messenger come, sir!"

"Who is he?" shouted a very harsh voice.

"First for Madrid, sir," said the youth, examining a slip of paper he had just taken from his pocket.

"His name?" shouted out the other again.

"Poynder, sir."

"I beg your pardon," suggested Tony, mildly. "I'm Butler, not Poynder."

"Who's talking out there—what's that uproar?" screamed the voice, very angrily.

"He says he's not for Madrid, sir. It's a mistake," cried the youth.

"No; you misunderstand me," whispered Tony. "I only said I was not Poynder."

"He says he's in Poynder's place, sir."

"I'll stop this system of substitutes!" cried the voice. "Send him in here."

"Go in there," said the youth, with a gesture of his thumb, and his face at the same time wore an expression which said as plain as any words could have spoken, "And you'll see how you like it."

As Tony entered, he found himself standing face to face to the awful official, Mr Brand, the same who had reported to the Minister

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his intended assault on Willis the porter. "Aw! what's all this about?" said Mr Brand, pompously. "You are Mr—Mr——"

"Mr Butler," said Tony, quietly, but with an air of determination.

"And instead of reporting yourself, you come here to say that you have exchanged with Poynder."

"I never heard of Poynder till three minutes ago."

"You want, however, to take his journey, sir. You call yourself first for Madrid?"

"I do nothing of the kind. I have come here because I got a telegram two days ago. I know nothing of Poynder, and just as little about Madrid."

"Oh—aw! you're Butler! I remember all about you now; there is such a swarm of extras appointed, that it's impossible to remember names or faces. You're the young gentleman who—who; yes, yes, I remember it all; but have you passed the civil-service examiners?"

"No; I was preparing for the examination when I received that message, and came off at once."

"Well, you'll present yourself at Burlington House. Mr Blount will make out the order for you; you can go up the latter end of this week, and we shall want you immediately."

"But I am not ready. I was reading for this examination when your telegram came, and I set off at the instant."

"Blount, Mr Blount!" screamed out the other, angrily; and as the affrighted youth presented himself, all pale and trembling, he went on, "What's the meaning of this, sir? You first attempt to pass this person off for Poynder; and when that scheme fails, you endeavour to slip him into the service without warrant or qualification. He tells me himself he knows nothing."

"Very little, certainly, but I don't remember telling you so," said Tony.

"And do you imagine, sir, that a bravado about your ignorance is the sure road to advancement? I can tell you, young gentleman, that the days of mighty patronage are gone by; the public require to be served by competent officials. We are not in the era of Castlereaghs and Vansittarts. If you can satisfy the Commissioners, you may come back here; if you cannot, you may go back to—to whatever life you were leading before, and were probably most fit for. As for you, Mr Blount, I told you before that on the first occasion of your attempting to exercise here that talent for intrigue on which you pride yourself, and of which Mr Vance told me you were a proficient, I should report you. I now say, sir—and bear in mind I say so openly, and to yourself, and in presence of your friend here—I shall do so this day."

"May I explain, sir?"

"You may not, sir—withdraw!" The wave of the hand that accompanied this order evidently included Tony, but he held his ground undismayed, while the other fell back, overwhelmed with shame and confusion.

Not deigning to be aware of Tony's continued presence in the room, Mr Brand again addressed himself to his writing materials, when a green-cloth door at the back of the room opened, and Mr Vance entered, and, advancing to where the other sat, leaned over his chair and whispered some words in his ear. "You'll find I'm right," muttered he as he finished.

"And where's the Office to go to?" burst out the other, in a tone of ill-repressed passion—"will you just tell me that? Where's the Office to go—if this continues?"

"That's neither your affair nor mine," whispered Vance. "These sort of things were done before we were born, and they will be done after we're in our graves!"

"And is he to walk in here, and say, 'I'm first for service; I don't care whether you like it or not'?"

"He's listening to you all this while—are you aware of that?" whispered Vance; on which the other grew very red in the face, took off his spectacles, wiped and replaced them, and then, addressing Tony,

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said, "Go away, sir—leave the Office."

"Mr Brand means that you need not wait," said Vance, approaching Tony. "All you have to do is to leave your town address here, in the outer office, and come up once or twice a-day.

"And as to this examination," said Tony, stoutly, "it's better I should say once for all——"

"It's better you should just say nothing at all," said the other, good-humouredly, as he slipped his arm inside of Tony's and led him away. "You see," whispered he, "my friend Mr Brand is hasty."

"I should think he *is* hasty!" growled out Tony.

"But he is a warm-hearted—a truly warm-hearted man——"

"Warm enough he seems."

"When you know him better——"

"I don't want to know him better!" burst in Tony. "I got into a scrape already with just such another: he was collector for the port of Derry, and I threw him out of the window, and all the blame was laid upon me!"

"Well, that certainly was hard," said Vance, with a droll twinkle of his eye—"I call that very hard."

"So do I, after the language he used to me, saying all the while, I'm no duellist—I'm not for a saw-pit, with coffee and pistols for two, and all that vulgar slang about murder and suchlike."

"And was he much hurt?"

"No; not much. It was only his collar-bone and one rib, I think—I forget now—for I had to go over to Skye, and stay there a good part of the summer."

"Mr Blount, take down this gentleman's address, and show him where he is to wait; and don't——" here he lowered his voice, so that the remainder of his speech was inaudible to Tony.

"Not if I can help it, sir," replied Blount; "but if you knew how hard it is!"

There was something almost piteous in the youth's face as he spoke; and indeed Vance seemed moved to a certain degree of compassion as he said, "Well, well, do your best—do your best—none can do more."

"It's two o'clock. I'll go out and have a cigar with you, if you don't mind," said Blount to Tony. "We're quite close to the Park here; and a little fresh air will do me good."

"Come along," said Tony, who, out of compassion, had already a sort of half-liking for the much-suffering young fellow.

"I wish Skeffy was here," said Tony, as they went down-stairs.

"Do you know Skeff Damer, then?"

"Know him! I believe he's about the fellow I like best in the world."

"So do I," cried the other, warmly; "he hasn't his equal living—he's the best-hearted and he's the cleverest fellow I ever met."

And now they both set to, as really only young friends ever do, to extol a loved one with that heartiness that neither knows limit nor measure. What a good fellow he was—how much of this, without the least of that—how unspoiled too in the midst of the flattery he met with! "If you just saw him as I did a few days back," said Tony, calling up in memory Skeffy's hearty enjoyment of their humble cottage-life.

"If you but knew how they think of him in the Office," said Blount, whose voice actually trembled as he touched on the holy of holies.

"Confound the Office!" cried Tony. "Yes; don't look shocked. I hate that dreary old house, and I detest the grim old fellows inside of it."

"They're severe, certainly," muttered the other, in a deprecatory tone.

"Severe isn't the name for it. They insult—they outrage—that's what they do. I take it that you and the other young fellows here are gentlemen, and I ask, Why do you bear it—why do you put up with it? Perhaps you like it, however?"

"No; we don't like it," said he, with an honest simplicity.

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"Then, I ask again, why do you stand it?"

"I believe we stand it just because we can't help it."

"Can't help it!"

"What *could* we do? What would *you* do?" asked Blount.

"I'd go straight at the first man that insulted me, and say, Retract that, or I'll pitch you over the banisters."

"That's all very fine with you fellows who have great connections and powerful relatives ready to stand by you and pull you out of any scrape, and then, if the worst comes, have means enough to live without work. That will do very well for you and Skeffy. Skeffy will have six thousand a-year one of these days. No one can keep him out of Digby Damer's estate; and you, for aught I know, may have more."

"I haven't sixpence, nor the expectation of sixpence, in the world. If I am plucked at this examination I may go and enlist, or turn navvy, or go and sweep away the dead leaves like that fellow yonder."

"Then take my advice, and don't go up."

"Go up, where?"

"Don't go up to be examined; just wait here in town; don't show too often at the Office, but come up of a morning about twelve, I'm generally down here by that time. There will be a great press for messengers soon, for they have made a regulation about one going only so far, and another taking up his bag and handing it on to a third; and the consequence is, there are three now stuck fast at Marseilles, and two at Belgrade, and all the Constantinople despatches have gone round by the Cape. Of course, as I say, they'll have to alter this, and then we shall suddenly want every fellow we can lay hands on; so all you have to do is just to be ready, and I'll take care to start you at the first chance."

"You're a good fellow," cried Tony, grasping his hand; "if you only knew what a bad swimmer it was you picked out of the water."

"Oh, I can do that much at least," said he, modestly, "though I'm not a clever fellow like Skeffy; but I must go back, or I shall 'catch it.' Look in the day after to-morrow."

"And let us dine together; that is, you will dine with me," said Tony. The other acceded freely, and they parted.

That magnetism by which young fellows are drawn instantaneously towards each other, and feel something that if not friendship is closely akin to it, never repeats itself in after life. We grow more cautious about our contracts as we grow older. I wonder do we make better bargains?

If Tony was then somewhat discouraged by his reception at the Office, he had the pleasure of thinking he was compensated in that new-found friend who was so fond of Skeffy, and who could talk away as enthusiastically about him as himself. "Now for M'Gruder and Canon Row, wherever that may be," said he, as he sauntered along; "I'll certainly go and see him, if only to shake hands with a fellow that showed such 'good blood.'" There was no one quality which Tony could prize higher than this. The man who could take a thrashing in good part, and forgive him who gave it, must be a fine fellow, he thought; and I'm not disposed to say he was wrong.

The address was 27 Canon Street, City; and it was a long way off, and the day somewhat spent when he reached it.

"Mr M'Gruder?" asked Tony, of a blear-eyed man, at a small faded desk in a narrow office.

"Inside!" said he, with a jerk of his thumb; and Tony pushed his way into a small room, so crammed with reams of paper that there was barely space to squeeze a passage to a little writing-table next the window.

"Well, sir, your pleasure," said M'Gruder, as Tony came forward.

"You forget me, I see; my name is Butler."

"Eh! what! I ought not to for-

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get you," said he, rising, and grasping the other's hand warmly; "how are you? when did you come up to town? You see the eye is all right; it was a bit swollen for more than a fortnight, though. Hech sirs! but you have hard knuckles of your own."

It was not easy to apologise for the rough treatment he had inflicted, and Tony blundered and stammered in his attempts to do so; but M'Gruder laughed it all off with perfect good-humour, and said, "My wife will forgive you too, one of these days, but not just yet; and so we'll go and have a bit o' dinner our two selves down the river. Are you free to-day?"

Tony was quite free and ready to go anywhere; and so away they went, at first by river steamer and then by a cab, and then across some low-lying fields to a small solitary house close to the Thames—"Shads, chops, and fried-fish house," over the door, and a pleasant odour of each around the premises.

"Ain't we snug here? no tracking a man this far," said M'Gruder, as he squeezed into a bench behind a fixed table in a very small room. "I never heard of the woman that ran her husband to earth down here."

That this same sense of security had a certain value in M'Gruder's estimation was evident, for he more than once recurred to the sentiment as they sat at dinner.

The tavern was a rare place for "hollands," as M'Gruder said; and they sat over a peculiar brew for which the house was famed, but of which Tony's next day's experiences do not encourage me to give the receipt to my readers. The cigars, too, albeit innocent of duty, might have been better; but all these, like some other pleasures we know of, only were associated with sorrow in the future. Indeed, in the cordial freedom that bound them they thought very little of either. They had grown to be very confidential; and M'Gruder, after inquiring what Tony proposed to himself by way of a livelihood, gave him a brief sketch of his own rise from very humble beginnings to a condition of reasonably fair comfort and sufficiency.

"I'm in rags, ye see, Mr Butler," said he; "my father was in rags before me."

"In rags!" cried Tony, looking at the stout sleek broadcloth beside him.

"I mean," said the other, "I'm in the rag trade, and we supply the paper-mills; and that's why my brother Sam lives away in Italy. Italy is a rare place for rags—I take it they must have no other wear, for the supply is inexhaustible—and so Sam lives in a seaport they call Leghorn; and the reason I speak of it to you is, that if this messenger trade breaks down under you, or that ye'd not like it, there's Sam there would be ready and willing to lend you a hand; he'd like a fellow o' your stamp, that would go down amongst the wild places on the coast, and care little about the wild people that live in them. Mayhap this would be beneath you, though?" said he, after a moment's pause.

"I'm above nothing at this moment except being dependent; I don't want to burden my mother."

"Dolly told us about your fine relations, and the high and mighty folk ye belong to."

"Ay, but they don't belong to me—there's the difference," said Tony, laughing; then added, in a more thoughtful tone, "I never suspected that Dolly spoke of me."

"That she did, and very often too. Indeed I may say that she talked of very little else. It was Tony this and Tony that; and Tony went here and Tony went there; till one day Sam could bear it no longer—for you see Sam was mad in love with her, and said over and over again that he never met her equal. Sam says to me, 'Bob,' says he, 'I can't bear it any more.' 'What is it,' says I, 'that you can't bear?'—for I thought it was something about the drawback duty on mixed rags he was meaning. But no, sirs; it was that he was wild wi' jealousy, and couldn't bear her

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to be a-talkin' about you. 'I think,' says he, 'if I could meet that same Tony, I'd crack his neck for him.'"

"That was civil, certainly!" said Tony, dryly.

"'And as I can't do that, I'll just go and ask her what she means by it all, and if Tony's her sweetheart?'"

"He did not do that!" cried Tony, half angrily.

"Yes, but he did, though; and what for no? You wouldn't have a man lose his time pricing a bale of goods when another had bought them? If she was in treaty with you, Mr Butler, where was the use of Sam spending the day trying to catch a word wi' her? So, to settle the matter at once, he overtook her one morning going to early meeting with the children, and he had it out."

"Well, well?" asked Tony, eagerly.

"Well, she told him there never was anything like love between herself and you; that you were aye like brother and sister; that you knew each other from the time you could speak; that of all the wide world she did not know any one so well as you; and then she began to cry, and cried so bitterly that she had to turn back home again, and go to her room as if she was taken ill; and that's the way Mrs M'Gruder came to know what Sam was intending. She never suspected it before; but, hech sirs! if she didn't open a broadside on every one of us! And the upshot was, Dolly was packed off home to her father; Sam went back to Leghorn; and there's Sally and Maggie going back in everything ever they learned—for it ain't every day you pick up a lass like that for eighteen pound a-year and her washing."

"But did he ask her to marry him?" cried Tony.

"He did. He wrote a letter—a very good and sensible letter, too—to her father. He told him that he was only a junior, with a small share, but that he had saved enough to furnish a house, and that he hoped, with industry and care and thrifty ways, he would be able to maintain a wife decently and well; and he referred to Doctor Forbes of Auchterlonie for a character of him; and I backed it myself, saying, in the name of the house, it was true and correct."

"What answer came to this?"

"A letter from the minister, saying that the lassie was poorly, and in so delicate a state of health, it would be better not to agitate her by any mention of this kind for the present; meanwhile he would take up his information from Dr Forbes, whom he knew well; and if the reply satisfied him he'd write again to us in the course of a week or two; and Sam's just waiting patiently for his answer, and doing his best, in the meanwhile, to prepare, in case it's a favourable one."

Tony fell into a reverie. That story of a man in love with one it might never be his destiny to win, had its own deep significance for him. Was there any grief, was there any misery, to compare with it? And although Sam M'Gruder, the junior partner in the rag trade, was not a very romantic sort of character, yet did he feel an intense sympathy for him. They were both sufferers from the same malady—albeit Sam's attack was from a very mild form of the complaint.

"You must give me a letter to your brother," said he at length. "Some day or other I'm sure to be in Italy, and I'd like to know him."

"Ay, and he'd like to know *you*, now that he ain't jealous of you. The last thing he said to me at parting was, 'If ever I meet that Tony Butler I'll give him the best bottle of wine in my cellar.'"

"When you write to him next, say that I'm just as eager to take *him* by the hand, mind that. The man that's like to be a good husband to Dolly Stewart is sure to be a brother to *me*."

And they went back to town, talking little by the way, for each was thoughtful—M'Gruder thinking much over all they had been saying, Tony full of the future, yet not able to exclude the past.

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THE NAPOLEONIC IDEA IN MEXICO.

NAPOLEON the Third is a monarch of rare genius as well as of great power; and it is a pleasure to review the policy of such a man in a sphere which is free from the influences of international rivalry. The French in Mexico is a different question from the French on the Rhine. As Englishmen, we cannot regard without a feeling of mistrust and dislike the policy of Napoleon in Europe; but happily we can do so when the scene of his far-reaching projects is the old empire of Montezuma. We do not demand of any monarch that he shall consult the good of the world irrespective of the interests of his own country; but unquestionably the greatest monarch, the one who will longest live in the memory of men, is he who shall achieve the greatest triumphs for mankind at large. In exile and in prison, Louis Napoleon had ample time to meditate on the high mission to which, by a strong and strange presentiment, he felt himself called. He reviewed, as a political philosopher, the requirements of the age; and thus when he came to the throne, he brought with him many high designs already formed, which he was resolved to accomplish so far as the opportunities of his career should permit. One of the earliest-formed of his great schemes was the construction of a ship canal which should cross the Isthmus of Darien, and form a highway of commerce between the oceans of the Atlantic and Pacific. Such a work is less needed now that the age of railways has succeeded to the age of canals; nevertheless it will probably be accomplished in the future. As Emperor, Louis Napoleon has taken no measures to carry out this project,—his other schemes having hitherto absorbed his attention and fully taxed his powers. But he has energetically supported the sister-project of the Suez Canal, designed to connect the eastern and western seas; and however doubtful may be the success of the scheme at present, we doubt not it will be realised in the end. The project of tunnelling the Alps likewise owes its initiative to Napoleon III., and will connect his name with a greater work than the road of the Simplon, which was one of the glories of his uncle's reign. With a boldness which pays little regard to what ordinary men call impossibilities, he has also proposed to unite England and France by carrying a submarine railway under the British Channel,—a project which we have no desire to see accomplished until a new epoch has dawned upon Europe, and the relations between the two countries have been established upon a more reliable basis of friendship. Lastly, among those projects of material as well as of political interest, we come to the intervention in Mexico, undertaken professedly, though not primarily, with a view to regenerate that fine country, to rescue it from impending ruin, to restore it to a place among the nations, and launch it upon a new and independent career.

Of all the projects of Napoleon III., this is the one which is most to be applauded for the good which it will accomplish for the world at large. Nevertheless—and this is a compliment to his sagacity, rather than a detraction from the merits of the project—the motive which inspired it was connected with the interests of France, and still more with those of his own dynasty. The Emperor was desirous to find some enterprise which should employ his army, and engage the attention of his restless and glory-loving subjects, until the affairs of Europe should open to him a favourable opportunity for completing his grand scheme of "rectifying" the frontiers of France. And in this

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he has succeeded. Even though the enterprise has not been popular in France, it at least served to attract the thoughts of the French to a foreign topic,—it has furnished a subject of conversation and debate,—and it has, moreover, shut the mouths of the war-party in France, and established a solid excuse for the Emperor not engaging in a European conflict until he had got this Transatlantic affair off his hands. These were considerations of present value which Napoleon was not likely to underestimate, though he could not frankly avow them. Nevertheless they would have been void of force if the expedition could not have been justified upon intrinsic grounds. And it is to the peculiar character of those grounds, as illustrative of the scope of the Emperor's views, that we desire briefly to draw attention, before considering what are likely to be the actual results of the enterprise.

The grandeur of a nation depends upon the influence of the ideas and interests which it represents, not less than upon the material force which it can exert. England, for example, is peculiarly the representative of Constitutional Government and of the interests of commerce. In Russia we behold the head, and representative Power, of the Greek Church. France, also, we need hardly say, is a representative Power. Her monarchs for centuries have borne the title of the "eldest son of the Church;" they have been the protectors of, and at all events they peculiarly represent, the Church of Rome. But the Church of Rome has been losing ground, alike in the Old World and in the New. The great kingdom of Poland has dropped out of the map of Europe, and nearly all its parts have gone to increase the territories of Protestant Prussia, and of Russia the champion of the Greek Church. The loss has not been compensated by an adequate increase of power in the States which adhere to the Latin Church. Spain, once the greatest Power in Europe, has for long been torpid, and, though now showing symptoms of revival, will never regain anything like its former position in the world. In America the collapse of the Romish Church has been still more conspicuous. On the other hand, the Protestant and Greek Powers are prospering and extending themselves. The greatest change which is impending in Europe—the downfall of the Ottoman rule—will bring a vast extension of power to the Greek Church; and slowly but steadily the same Church, following the battalions of Russia, is spreading over central, and will soon spread likewise over south-western Asia. It will extend from the Baltic to the Pacific, from St Petersburg to Petropaulovski. Protestantism has still greater triumphs to show. Accompanying the colonies of England, it has become the dominant faith in North America — among the thirty millions of the Anglo-Saxon race, who may be said to hold the fortunes of the New World in their hands. In India, in the Australian world, at the Cape, and wherever England has planted her energetic colonies, it is the Protestant Church which reigns supreme. By his intervention in Mexico, Napoleon III. endeavours to arrest the decay of the Romish Church in America, and to check the continuous spread of the Protestant Anglo-Saxons. The "Empire of the Indies," reared by Spain, and so long a bright gem in the tiara of the Popes, has gone to wreck. Brazil, with its enormous territory but mere handful of people, is the only non-Protestant State in America which is not a prey to anarchy and desolation; and a few years ago, the gradual extension of Anglo-Saxon power over the whole of the New World appeared to be merely a question of time. Seizing a favourable opportunity, the "eldest son of the Church" now intervenes to repair the fallen fortunes of the Papacy in Central America, and in so doing

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to erect a barrier against the tide of Protestantism, and to reflect new lustre upon the Church of which he is the champion, and with whose greatness that of France is indissolubly connected.

These considerations affect the moral, rather than the political, greatness of France; but there are others of a different character which moved Napoleon III. to attempt the regeneration of Mexico. The latter, however, relate to the same object considered from a different point of view. Europe is remodelling herself on the principle of nationality. Twenty years hence, the Slavonian race will have experienced a great augmentation of power—partly from increase of population, which is proceeding rapidly in Russia, and partly from a more perfect political organisation and community of action established among the now scattered portions of that family of nations. The Teutonic race is destined to experience a lesser but somewhat similar increase of power. Compelled by disasters which, even in this hour of triumph, may be seen to await them, the Germans will consolidate their strength by unification, and will thereby acquire much greater power than they now possess, even though they lose a considerable portion of their non-German territory. In the face of these contingencies, Napoleon III. meditates, has long been meditating, how France is to obtain a commensurate addition to her strength. Centralisation and organisation are already complete in France; no new strength is to be looked for from these sources. Her population, too—unlike that of Germany and of Russia—is stationary, and even threatens to decline if some new impulse be not communicated to it. How, then, is she to keep her place in the future? Partly, replies Napoleon in his secret thoughts, by incorporating the Rhine provinces and Belgium—thereby acquiring at once an increase of population, and a strong and advantageous frontier. Partly also, he hopes, by establishing a league, a community of sentiment and action, between the so-called Latin races of France, Italy, and Spain—in which league France will naturally hold the first place. By his intervention in Italy, he has endeavoured, and not unsuccessfully, to attract Italy to him as a dependent ally. By his intervention in Mexico, he plays a part which will tend to attract Spain likewise; and he trusts to complete an alliance with that country by, ere long, supporting the claims of the Spaniards to the possession of Gibraltar; and also, if an opportunity offers, of effecting a "unification" of the Peninsula by obliterating Portugal (the ally of England) as an independent State. Meanwhile, by regenerating Mexico, he adds to his own renown—shows himself a fitting leader for the future league of the Latin races; and, at the same time, he opens a new field for the commerce and enterprise of France, which may help to save the nation from its social demoralisation and concomitant discontent, and impart to it a new and healthy impulse towards increase of population, without which it will be impossible for France to retain her high position among the Powers of Europe.

Mexico is a country well fitted to engage the attention of a great monarch, to justify his efforts on its behalf, and to more than repay them by the results which will attend its regeneration. The climate of its central and most inhabited region is perfectly suited to the constitution of Europeans, and especially of the so-called Latin races. The country abounds in mines of the precious metals; and so great are the treasures hidden in its mountains that the mineral wealth of the country is still, comparatively speaking, undeveloped. The soil, too, is remarkably fertile; and owing to its peculiar geographical formation, the country yields in perfection most of the productions alike of the temperate and the

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torrid zones. Extending for 1200 miles along the seaboard of the Atlantic, and 900 miles along the coast of the Pacific, Mexico contains an area three times larger than France, situated between the two great oceans of the world, and presenting in its southern portion a route well fitted to become a highway between them. Mexico contains within herself all the material elements of a great empire. All that is wanted is to regenerate her people—to revive in them the energies which they, both Indians and Spaniards, once exerted gloriously in the olden time—and thereby make them fit to profit by the extraordinary natural resources with which they are surrounded.

On either side Mexico is bordered by a narrow low-lying coast-region, abounding in heat and moisture, where vegetation presents the full luxuriance of the tropics. The interior of the country, on the other hand, consists of a vast table-land, as level as the sea, of an average height of 7000 feet above the coast; and out of this great plain rise chains of mountains rich in minerals, and lofty isolated peaks, like snow-capped Popocatepetl, the breezes from which cool down the summer heat. Here and there, especially on its outskirts, this great plain is seamed by profound valleys or glens, bounded by precipitous walls of rock; and standing on the temperate table-land, the stranger beholds with amazement the gorgeous scenery of tropical vegetation which opens upon him in glowing colours in the valley beneath. Mexico is rich in indigenous plants and flowers. On the plains, the strange-looking stems of the cactus, like grotesque vegetable pillars, silent and unbending to the wind, rise to the height of twenty feet, gorgeous with scarlet or yellow blossoms.* The air is perfumed by the wild and profusely-growing convolvuli, with their graceful bell-flowers. And the vanilla plant, whose pods yield an expensive luxury, grows spontaneously in the coast-region—ivy-like climbing the loftiest trees, while its large white flowers, striped with red and yellow, fill the forest with their rare and delicious odour. The coffee-tree is indigenous, and can be most successfully cultivated in the region above the reach of the malaria, on the comparatively temperate mountain-slopes between four and five thousand feet above the sea. The cocoa-shrub also is indigenous, but requires the damp and sultry warmth of the coast-region. In such districts it is amazingly productive. Humboldt, in his 'Tropical World,' says he never should forget the deep impression made upon him by the luxuriance of tropical vegetation on first seeing a cocoa plantation. "After a damp night, large blossoms of the theobroma issue from the root at a considerable distance from the trunk, emerging from the deep black mould. A more striking example of the productive powers of life could hardly be met with in organic nature." Tobacco, indigo, flax, and hemp grow wild, and amply repay cultivation.

* "On nearing the towns, vast fields are seen covered with clumps of aloes arranged in the quincunx form, to which the similar plants found in Europe, whether in the open air or in the greenhouse, are not to be compared. This is the maguey, whose juice (*pulque*) delights the Mexican palate and enriches the treasury. The maguey and the cactus are the two plants characteristic of the Mexican table-land. In uncultivated districts there are immense tracts offering nothing to the eye but aloes and cactus, standing solitary or in scattered groups—a strange and melancholy vegetation that stands insensible to the whistling of the wind instead of replying to it, as do our waving forests, with a thrill of animation. The silent inflexibility of the aloes and cactus might make the traveller fancy, as he loses sight of the villages, that he is traversing one of those countries he has been told of in fairy tales, where an angry genie has turned all nature to stone."—Chevalier's 'Mexico' (English Edition), vol. i. p. 23.

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The vegetable productions which supply the necessaries of life are numerous and remarkably productive. Maize, which of all the indigenous productions of the New World has been of the greatest value to Europe, yields about two hundred-fold, and on the best cultivated land five hundred-fold; and in the coast-region, sometimes three crops of it are raised within the year. The banana, the most prolific of all vegetables, likewise abounds in Mexico, and might support a population of unusual density. Planted with the banana, a piece of land will yield a weight of fruit a hundred and thirty times greater than if planted with wheat, and fifty times greater than if planted with potatoes. Wheat and barley, introduced from Europe, thrive in the temperate region, and, owing to the natural fertility of the soil, yield large returns. The sugar-cane of Mexico, famed for its unrivalled abundance of saccharine matter, is cultivated not only in the coast-region, but on the adjoining mountain-slopes, above the noxious influence of the *terra caliente*. The cotton plant, though yielding its finest qualities in the moist coast-region, can be cultivated on the higher grounds, especially as the Mexican plant is capable of resisting the effects of frost. In truth, the vegetable productions, as well as the mineral wealth of Mexico, are almost unrivalled in the world; and in course of time, when foreign capital has been introduced, and when the population has increased alike in energy and in numbers, it will become a great exporting country, and will rise in prosperity while benefiting the world at large.

To know what a country may become, we must know what it has been. When Cortez landed on the mainland of America, he heard from all quarters the fame of a great empire and a magnificent monarch; and when he began his memorable march inland from Vera Cruz, he soon met abundant proofs of the prosperity of the country and the power of its ruler. Superb presents were brought to him—cultivation, aided by irrigating canals, overspread the plains and valleys—populous cities rose in his path. There was a well-ordered administrative system, and a powerful priesthood. Immense teocallis, or pyramidal temples, rose in stages to the height of 100 to 300 feet and more—covering so much ground, that the base of one of them, not remarkable for its height, was twice as large as that of the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh: while from their summits perpetual fires blazed, lighting the darkness of night with strange and lurid gleams. Under the Emperor were Caciques, or great nobles (like the Daimios of Japan), ruling their provinces in unswerving and devoted loyalty to the Emperor. There was a numerous and well-cared-for army, with orders of knighthood resembling those in Europe,—and (remarkable fact) a Chelsea Hospital or *Hotel des Invalides*, in which the veterans were cared for at the expense of the state. "It shall never be said," wrote the grave and circumspect Cortez to Charles V., "that I have exaggerated facts. I shall do what is possible to relate, as well as I can, a few, of which I have been an eye-witness, so marvellous that they pass all belief, and for which we cannot account to our own selves."

The wonder of the Spaniards was at its height when, after defiling through the mountain-passes, they entered the valley of Mexico, and saw before them a great basin or plain seventy miles in diameter, bounded on all sides by lofty mountains, and studded with great and populous cities, clustering around the series of connected lakes which lay in the centre of the valley. Several of those cities, like Tezcuco and Cholula, had a population of 150,000; and the whole valley was richly cultivated. In the centre of the great lake, approached by three causeways from the mainland, rose the capital, Tenochtitlan (Mexico)—the Venice of the New World—with 300,000 inhabitants. There were the royal palaces of Monte-

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zuma, one-storeyed, but covering such large areas that one of them sufficed to contain the whole band of Cortez, including his Tlascalan allies. Pyramidal temples, in great numbers and of immense size, towered aloft, with their perpetual fires reflected in the waters; and the houses, coated with solid white stucco, gleamed in the brilliant sunshine as if constructed of the precious metals. Like Venice, the city was intersected with canals from the lake, forming watery highways, by which goods could be transported from the mainland into the heart of the city; and in the centre was the great market-place, surrounded by porticoes—twice as large as the city of Salamanca, said Cortez, and in which 60,000 persons could traffic with ease. "It is the most beautiful thing in the world," said Cortez, speaking of the capital, with bitter regret, when the heroic defence of the Aztecs compelled him to demolish it house by house. Around all was the great lake, crossed only by the three causeways, and dotted by artificial floating islets, bearing fruits and flowers for the market of the capital, which struck the Spaniards alike with wonder and admiration.*

"I think there is no Soldan nor infidel prince known up to this time, who has himself waited upon with so much display and magnificence," said Cortez, when he reached Mexico and beheld the royalty of Montezuma. In the mouth of Cortez the phrase "Soldan" is a sort of superlative. Let us remember, too, that this was written to the Emperor Charles V., the greatest European monarch of his time. There were botanical gardens, too—before anything of the kind had been thought of in Europe—and menageries, and collections of birds. "Hanging gardens," rivalling those of Babylon, adorned the mountain-sides, and the humblest of the people had a passion for flowers.† Nor was intellectual cultivation forgotten, and the monarch mingled with and took part in the assemblies of the men of letters, feeling that by so doing he added lustre to his royalty. Their books were collected in libraries, and were written on

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* "Another curiosity existed in the *chinampas*, or floating gardens, scattered over the lakes. These artificial islets, of fifty to a hundred yards long, served for the cultivation of vegetables and flowers for the market of the capital. Some of these islets had consistency enough for shrubs of some size to grow on, or to bear even a hut of light material. They were at pleasure moved to the bank by poles, or were made to move over the waters with their floral treasures by the same means. This spectacle impressed the Spaniards greatly, and, according to Bernal Diaz, made them say that they had been transported into an enchanted region like those they had read of in the romance of 'Amadis de Gaul.'"—Chevalier's 'Mexico,' vol. i. p. 31.

† "The Mexicans had a passion for flowers. They collected together in splendid gardens such as were remarkable for perfume or for brilliancy of colour. To these they added medicinal plants, methodically arranged—shrubs distinguished by their blossoms or their foliage, by the excellence of their fruit or their berries—and also trees of elegant or majestic appearance. They delighted in laying out their terraces and bowers on hilly slopes, where they looked as if suspended. Aqueducts brought thither water from a distance, which overflowed in cascades or filled spacious basins tenanted by the choicest fish. Mysterious pavilions were hidden among the foliage, and statues reared their forms amid the flowers. All the kinds of animals that we assemble in our gardens consecrated to science—such as the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, and the Zoological Gardens of London—contributed to the ornament or curiosity of these resorts of pleasure. Birds were there of beautiful plumage, kept in cages as large as houses; there also were wild beasts, animals of various kinds, and even serpents. Bernal Diaz there first beheld the rattlesnake, which he describes as having '*castanets in its tail.*' One of the royal gardens, two leagues from Tezcuco, was formed on the side of a hill, whose summit was reached by an ascent of five hundred steps, and was crowned by a basin, whence, by an effort of hydraulic skill, water flowed in succession into three other reservoirs, adorned with gigantic statues. Cortez also mentions the gardens of a Cacique which were not less than two leagues in circumference."—See Chevalier's 'Mexico,' vol. i. p. 28-30.

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leaves like ours, and not on rolls. Horses were unknown, but posts were established throughout the empire, with relays of runners, who with marvellous speed transmitted the orders of the Emperor. So fleet were these runners, and so admirably organised the system, that the fish which one day were swimming in the waters of the Pacific or Atlantic, were next day served up at the royal table in the capital. The beauty of their goldsmiths' work was praised as unrivalled by Cortez, even when sending the very articles to his Emperor, who would judge of them for himself. The cotton plant was cultivated, and its snowy pods were woven, and formed the clothing of the people. The vine was unknown, but they found a substitute in the sweet juices of the agave; while its pulp was converted into paper, and its fibres into rope. They had explored the mineral treasures of the mountains, and possessed gold, silver, copper, tin, and even iron. In astronomical science, also, they were well advanced; and to the astonishment of the Spaniards, they possessed a calendar more perfect than that of Greece and Rome, or even than that which prevailed in Europe under Francis I. and Charles V.

This spectacle of grandeur and prosperity which met the eyes of Cortez and the other chroniclers of the Conquest disappeared like a dream. The numerous and civilised population dwindled and sank into barbarism. The very face of the country became changed. It was not a Government studious to preserve civilisation and order that made the Conquest, but a band of bigoted and rapacious adventurers. The administrative system of the Aztec emperors fell into decay; the reign of order was succeeded by chaos and rapacity; cultivation was neglected, the people enslaved, the collections of science scattered, and the libraries of literature destroyed. "To the mines!" was the cry of the Spaniards. Their only thought, as Christians, was to obliterate and destroy the pagan past; their only passion, as conquerors, was to possess themselves of the precious ores. The great nobles were killed or despoiled,—the priesthood, the depositaries of the national learning and traditions, were persecuted and massacred; and the books were gathered together, and destroyed in the flames. The Indians were hurried off to work in gangs in the mines. The great cities were depopulated, and crumbled into ruins. The forests were felled or burnt, partly because they afforded shelter to the natives, partly in imitation of the treeless plains of Castile; and the soil, denuded of its natural covering, became arid and barren, and no longer attracted or retained as before the fertilising showers. The population is now probably not one-third of what it was in the time of Montezuma. And by partially draining the lakes of the valley, the Spaniards have only uncovered an expanse of salt-impregnated soil—a disfigurement to the eye, and utterly useless for cultivation.

But this did not complete the tale of ruin which has befallen Mexico. In course of time evil days came for the Whites themselves, and they began to suffer disasters at their own hands, as if in divine vengeance for those which they had so ruthlessly inflicted on the natives. The Government of the mother-country became oppressive to the Spanish population of Mexico, and when they threw it off, they only fell into worse evils. Revolution after revolution, each accompanied by a civil war, took place; and the country became a prey to military factions. Private adventurers set themselves in arms against the Government of the hour, and if their insurrection proved successful, their first care was to enrich themselves and their followers at the expense of the rest of the community. Peaceful industry went to the wall; wealthy citizens found themselves singled out for extortion; and commercial enterprise gradually became extinct. The profession of arms—if such a title can be applied to what was simply brigandage—was the

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only one which prospered, and was eagerly followed by the whole scum of the population. Robbery and murder became even more common than revolts. The whole country was a prey to licentious marauders, and its whole strength was exhausted in internal commotions. One-half of its territory was given up to the encroaching ambition of the United States. Texas, with its prairies of exuberant fertility, and California, with its immense mines of gold, were wrung from Mexico by force of arms; and the vast territory now known as New Mexico was ceded to the overbearing Cabinet of Washington for a trifling sum of money. Mexico was fast disappearing from the map. The still-existing half of the country seemed ready to be absorbed as soon as the people of the United States felt the desire for further annexations. Mexico was perishing by her own sins, when, fortunately for her, some of her own sins gave rise to an intervention on the part of other Powers who had no selfish ambition to gratify at her expense, and which was converted by the Emperor Napoleon into a means of rescuing her from impending destruction.

When the Mexicans murdered and despoiled one another, they were not likely to be more tender towards foreign settlers. Several British and other foreign merchants and traders were murdered or despoiled of their goods; the debts due to foreign creditors were repudiated, and the claims of foreign Governments were contumeliously ignored. In these circumstances—apparently at the suggestion of the Emperor Napoleon—England, France, and Spain agreed to act in concert with a view to obtain redress for their wrongs. That the Emperor Napoleon meditated from the outset an intervention in the internal affairs of Mexico is obvious from the tenor of his instructions to Admiral Gravière. He foresaw that it was hopeless to expect redress from the Mexican Government as long as that Government—or rather that rule of anarchy—was permitted to exist. He considered it probable, also, that the better classes in Mexico would avail themselves of the presence of the Allied expedition to establish a Government in accordance with their own wishes, and the requirements of civilisation. He did not avow his convictions on these points,—at least, not to England; but he trusted that, once fairly engaged in the enterprise, his allies would see the necessity of proceeding further than was originally agreed on. In truth the convention was a blunder if its terms were not to be exceeded. What cared a ruler like Juarez for a seizure of a seaport or two? And how ignoble would be the attitude of the three great Powers if their forces were simply to act as tax-gatherers at Vera Cruz and Matamoros, while a full-blood Indian like Juarez refused all redress, and openly set them at defiance! But when the question of a direct intervention came to an issue, Spain, seeing that France would take the lead, withdrew in pique, and England patched up a useless treaty with Juarez, and recalled her squadron. But the Emperor adhered to his purpose. As usual, he had formed his plans and counted the cost beforehand, and he would not recede. He could not have reckoned that England would willingly engage in an intervention such as he designed, and so opposed to her principles of policy; but doubtless he did not expect to be left so summarily and entirely to his own resources. But the die was cast. The French troops could not be allowed to remain at Vera Cruz, exposed to the deadly malaria of the coast-region. They must either advance into the interior, or be withdrawn at once. The advance was ordered; the troops ascended to the edge of the table-land, where the climate was temperate and healthy; but there the march was stayed. The force was found quite inadequate to undertake a further advance; for some months the troops had a difficulty in maintaining their intrenched position at Orizaba;

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and even after reinforcements arrived, and the advance was resumed, the fortunes of the expedition trembled in the scales before the walls of Puebla. The defence made by the Mexican garrison was unexpectedly obstinate; it seemed as if the spirit of the defenders of Saragossa still existed among their countrymen in the New World. But with the fall of Puebla resistance ceased. The French advanced, unopposed, to the capital. Conciliatory proclamations were addressed to the people, and soon every element of organised resistance to the invaders melted away and disappeared.

It was a sagacious act on the part of Napoleon to associate with him, in the outset of the enterprise, the only two Powers in Europe who might have regarded his policy in Mexico with distrust. He was equally careful to leave no ground for international jealousy in the selection which he made of a ruler for the regenerated empire. His great uncle, in the heyday of his success, surrounded France with affiliated kingdoms, placing members of his own family upon the thrones which his conquests had rendered vacant. Napoleon III. does not seem disposed to imitate his example. His cousin Prince Napoleon, although notoriously "a Prince in search of a crown," was not chosen to fill the throne of Mexico; and Prince Murat was left to dream of possibilities which might one day place him on the throne of Southern Italy. The Emperor made a good choice in selecting the Archduke Maximilian of Austria. Mexico could furnish no man suitable for the throne. The country had been in such a state of chaos and revolution for forty years, that the only prominent personages were unscrupulous adventurers, dishonoured by their previous career, and in whom no confidence could be placed. If any Mexican had been raised to the throne, his name would have had no power, he would have commanded no respect. Pronunciamentos and insurrections would have gone on as before. A foreigner was needed for the throne. "Let us wipe out the past; let us have a clear stage; let us start afresh." Such ought to be, and such in great part is, the sentiment of all the better classes in Mexico. But the chief of the new empire must not be a *parvenu*. All nations prefer to have for ruler a man born in the purple, a prince of royal lineage,—a man accustomed to royalty, and removed from the jealousies which attend a commoner who is suddenly raised to be a king. Such a prince is the Archduke Maximilian, a member of one of the oldest royal families in Europe, and the lives of whose ancestors form part of the public history of Europe. Moreover he was not inexperienced in the practical duties of government, and he had discharged those duties creditably and with ability. We trust that in the wider and higher sphere of duty to which he is now called, the Archduke will justify the best expectations which have been formed of him. Many difficulties will attend the outset of his career, although they are not such as should daunt any monarch of ordinary resolution and intelligence. He is a foreigner, he enters Mexico escorted by a foreign army; and foreign troops will for several years remain to support his throne. But he does not come as a conqueror. He does not seek to destroy the past, but to restore it. He succeeds to a blank in the annals of Mexico, and he will seek to make his reign a continuation of the prosperity which preceded that blank, and to raise the country to a higher position in the world than it ever enjoyed before. A brilliant future is before him, if he prove equal to the occasion. It is in his power to leave behind him a distinguished name in history,—to found a great empire,—and to restore to the civilised world one of its portions which had relapsed into misery and barbarism.

While thus carrying out his "Mexican idea" with admirable circumspection, the Emperor of the

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French took care that the importance and true character of his design should be generally known. No man knows better than he the power which a policy derives from the support of public opinion. He wished to get the moral sense of Europe on his side, and to prove to France that the "idea" was one which was worthy of a great nation which aspires to be the leader of civilisation. He intrusted the task of exposition to one of his Senators whose character for impartiality is as well known as his high intellectual powers, and who enjoys a celebrity greater than any which can be conferred by the favour of Courts. Michel Chevalier is the ablest political economist on the Continent,—he is a man of facts, and of sound and careful reasoning; so that he was eminently fitted to be an expositor of the imperial policy upon whose judgment and integrity the public could rely. He has produced a work upon Mexico* which goes far beyond the scope of the present intervention, and which gives a clear and solid exposition of the condition and history of the country from the earliest times of which we have any knowledge down to the present day. Although warmly approving the motive which led to the Napoleonic intervention in Mexico, he nowhere shows the slightest trace of the spirit of a partisan. He views everything clearly and dispassionately, and takes full account of the difficulties which beset this attempt to establish a stable Mexican empire.

The greatest danger which besets the new empire, manifestly arises from the ill-will with which the Americans of the United States will regard an undertaking which has for its object to rob them of their prey. Either the new Mexican empire must be established on solid foundations before the termination of the civil war in the United States, or the project will run a great risk of failure. The provinces of Sonora and Lower California, especially, with their rich mines, will tempt the cupidity of the Americans in California; and these provinces lie so remote from the capital, and the means of communication with them are so extremely defective, that the Mexican Government will have much difficulty in defending them in the event of their being attacked. In order to secure her north-western provinces, adjoining the Pacific, from attack, Mexico must have a fleet, or else obtain the assistance of a naval squadron from France. If the civil war in the United States terminates, as it seems likely to do, in a permanent disruption of the Union, the Mexican Government may find support in one or other of the rival sections into which its colossal neighbour will break up. But this is a very doubtful support to rely upon; and if the Mexicans are wise, they will act as men who know they are enjoying a breathing-time, and that ere long they must confide in their own energies to defend their territories and maintain their independence.

As regards the immediate difficulties which surround the new Government, M. Chevalier evidently considers that the most serious is that which may arise from the conduct of the Pope—from the policy of the very Church which the Emperor takes under his special protection. In order to regenerate Mexico, says M. Chevalier, it is indispensable that the Government should secularise and take into its own management the immense property of the Church; by which means the finances of the State would be placed on a prosperous footing, without really impairing the resources of the clerical body. But the Pope has hitherto shown himself strongly opposed to any such project; and M. Chevalier states that the influence of the clergy is so great among the Mexicans,

* 'Mexico, Ancient and Modern.' By M. Michel Chevalier, Senator, and Member of the Institute of France.

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that no Government can secure an adequate amount of popularity which sets itself in opposition to the Head of the Church. Is, then, the Pope to make the required concession, or is the new Emperor to find himself surrounded by disaffection, arising from the great influence of the clergy over the minds of the people? Before embarking for his new empire, the Archduke visited Rome to obtain the benediction of the Pope, and also doubtless to endeavour to procure a favourable settlement of this important question. We have not heard that the Archduke succeeded in the latter and more important part of his mission. He got a blessing on his voyage, but, probably, a *non possumus* as regards all else.

Ere this, the new Emperor will have landed at Vera Cruz, amid salvoes of artillery, and will have commenced his royal progress to the capital. On the way, he will have abundant evidence of the fallen condition of the country; and when the magnificent valley of Anahuac opens upon him, he will see how ample are the triumphs which await him if he succeeds in his mission. Doubtless his first act will be to assemble a council of the notables, the leading men in the country, to ascertain from them the wants of the nation, and to obtain their co-operation in the measures requisite to reorganise the state and regenerate the people. Order must first be established, and the administrative system put upon an efficient footing. The work of regeneration will necessarily be a slow one, and years must elapse before much progress can be made in awaking the energies and developing the resources of the country. Mexico is almost roadless, and the cost and difficulty of transport at present are serious obstacles to the development of the export trade. A railway from Vera Cruz to the capital will probably be the first great public work undertaken by the new Government; and in the execution of this work, foreign capital and enterprise will doubtless be drawn into the country. The mines of the precious metals will likewise engage the eager attention of the Government, as the most promising of all the immediate resources of the State. Two-thirds of all the silver circulating in the world has been produced from the mines of Mexico. Nevertheless, the mineral wealth of the country can hardly be said to have yet been explored; and probably Humboldt was right in his conjecture, that if the mines of Mexico be adequately worked, Europe will again be inundated with silver as in the sixteenth century. In any case we may expect that, ere long, the produce of the Mexican mines will to a great extent redress the balance of the precious metals, and prevent any derangement in the relative value of gold and silver by adding largely to the supplies of the latter metal. Let us hope also that, as soon as the finances of the State permit, the Emperor will seek to restore his capital—the noblest city which the Spaniards ever built in the New World—to its former splendour, and make it worthy of its magnificent site, which is hardly rivalled, and certainly not surpassed, by any in the world. Let him do in some degree for Mexico what Napoleon has accomplished for Paris. Let him employ the crowds of beggars which disfigure the streets in works of embellishment and public utility—thereby arousing them to a life of honest industry, and at the same time making his renovated capital a beautiful and stately symbol of the happy change which in like manner, we trust, will be accomplished in the country at large.

If the new Emperor has difficulties to encounter, he has also many advantages. Although a stranger, a majority of the people will receive him as a monarch of their own choice, and the remainder will readily acquiesce in the new regime. He has no native rivals: there is no old sovereignty to be overborne—no old traditions of government to be encountered and supplanted.

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He is the first monarch after chaos. He succeeds to a long interregnum of anarchy which constitutes a mere blank in the history of the country. His throne will be raised upon ruins which are not of his making—upon the debris of a power which had crumbled into the dust half a century before his arrival. The founding of his empire is like building a city upon the site of another which had long perished, and with which the new one does not enter into rivalry, but simply replaces. England wishes him good-speed. And among the strange events of the future it may possibly happen that the House of Hapsburg may be the head of a great and flourishing empire in the New World after the original empire in Europe has been broken into pieces.

The intervention in Mexico is a remarkable episode in the policy of Napoleon III., and as such will not fail to attract the regard of future historians. It is a task as novel as it is honourable for a monarch to attempt the regeneration of a country other than his own, to carry civilisation and prosperity into a region of the globe where they have fallen into decay,—even though he undertook the task primarily with a view to his own interests. To raise a country thrice as large as France from a state of chronic desolation—to pierce it with railways, to reconstruct the old watercourses of irrigation, to reopen the rich mines, and to make the waste places blossom with flowers and fruits and useful plants, is certainly a noble design. And still nobler is it to rescue a population of eight millions from anarchy, demoralisation, and suffering, and to restore to them, in better fashion than they ever had before, the protection of the State and the benefactions of the Church. Lawlessness and rapine, wastefulness and oppression—no public virtue and no private enterprise—such has been the condition of Mexico for many years. Napoleon, it is true, does not undertake to remedy these evils himself, but he has made a beginning, he has taken the first step, which is proverbially so difficult. He has placed the Mexicans on a vantage-ground which they could not have obtained for themselves, and he gives to them a Government temporarily aided by his troops, recognised by the Powers of Europe, and possessing a fair amount of credit in other countries, by which the work of regenerating the moral and material condition of Mexico may be carried out. He has cleared away the old obstructions—he has founded the new empire; and whatever be the ultimate results of his enterprise, he has thereby added fresh laurels to his renown, which are all the more honourable since they are voted to him by the world at large.

So far as it has gone, the intervention has been successful, and the Napoleonic idea has a good prospect of being fully realised. Meanwhile two important ends have been attained. The expedition has paid its expenses—the cost of the intervention is to be refunded to France by the new Government, which likewise takes upon itself the charge of maintaining the French troops which are to be left in Mexico. The enterprise, moreover, has successfully engaged the thoughts of the French people during a period when the Emperor found it advisable to remain at peace in Europe. France is still in a condition in which the stimulus of military action abroad is requisite to keep her quiescent at home. The Emperor's Mexican idea has served this purpose as well as others. And Europe has been thankful that the French have been amused otherwise than at her expense. But the Mexican idea, so far as regards the direct action of France, is now at an end; and, looking at the circumstances of Europe as well as at the fact that the Emperor's hands are again free, we think the Continental Powers may now feel as King John did when, at the close of the tournament at Ashby de la Zouch, he received the brief but significant warning, "The devil has got loose."

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THE LONDON ART-SEASON.

THE three leading Exhibitions—the Academy, the Old Water-Colour, and the New Water-Colour—are at least of average interest and merit. Indeed, the general opinion is, that the collective pictures of the year show, if slow, at all events steady and satisfactory progress upon the pictorial products of previous seasons. It is true that no new or startling phenomena have arisen—that no star or comet of surpassing magnitude has come to shed unaccustomed brilliancy over the world of Art. Still, light is not lacking to our hemisphere, nor beauty wanting to the painter's fair creations. The power which belongs to knowledge, the charm which pertains to simple truth, and the reward that follows on honest labour, each year, even in the absence of long-looked-for and oft-promised genius, give to our English school accumulative worth. And, moreover, other causes co-operate towards this progression, over which, with reason, we rejoice. England has reached that point in the history of nations when the arts are accustomed to spring into luxuriant growth. She has long passed the period of pinching penury, wherein imagination is oft-times stunted and starved. She has, at least in her higher classes, escaped from the drudgery which, while it wears away the body, grinds down the mind — which makes the finer senses of humanity obtuse, and too often darkens the eye to the beauty of the outward creation. England, we say, has, in the onward march of her civilisation, left in the path behind these arid tracts, and now enters a garden of delight, redolent with flowers. And of all the gems which adorn daily life—of all the decorations which add charm to our homes—pictures are, perhaps, the most sought after. And as this demand is each year growing in its compass, and as the taste of purchasers becomes from day to day more highly educated, so are our English artists stimulated by increased reward, and yet, at the same time, held in wholesome check by the discriminative power of public opinion. Still further, the advance which has been made in all branches of knowledge, the development of inductive science, especially in those departments which lie close upon nature, and the extraordinary activity which, in every direction, has seized upon the human intellect, ever eager to enter on new enterprise—these restless motions in the universal mind rendering absolute stagnation, even within the tranquil world of art, impossible—have imparted to our painters corresponding impulse. Moreover, we think, notwithstanding occasional symptoms to the contrary, that enterprise of intellect is now more than formerly governed by sobriety of judgment; that imagination, though at seasons ready to break wildly loose, is in the end reined in by sober sense. The drama, indeed, may degenerate for short intervals into sensational excess; romances may, in the hands of some writers, indulge in extravagance; but before long we can rest satisfied that truth to nature and allegiance to conscience as the silent yet potent witness to rectitude, will obtain the ascendance. And thus it is within the special sphere of pictorial art likewise: mistaken ardour may for a time mislead; extravagance such as that of which the so-called Preraphaelites were guilty may for a few short years betray the inexperience of youth; but in the end we can be sure, as indeed now we rejoice to be, that in the well-balanced English mind moderation will prevail. Thus have we endeavoured to set forth the reasons why our Exhibitions show amelioration. The causes do not

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lie in the rise of any transcendent power, or in the display of creative originality by the artists themselves. The impetus to progression, on the contrary, comes, as we have seen, from without; the painter is merely the child of the age in which he lives, the mirror that reflects the form and fashion of his time and country. Thus it is that our English school is emphatically English, and that our annual Exhibitions serve as pictorial chronicles to the day and generation in which our lot is cast. This is, indeed, high commendation—yet, after all, not the highest; for there is an injunction which Schiller lays upon the artist that we would here repeat by way, if not of censure, at least of caution. "Live," says this poet-philosopher, "with your century, but be not its creature; bestow upon your contemporaries not what they praise, but what they need. Though you may regard them as they are if you are tempted to work for them, imagine them as they should be if you are to influence and raise them." Our Exhibitions, it must be admitted, show little indication that painters are striving for this command over the intellect of their age. Content to follow, few desire to lead. For the most part, they paint in order to win the wherewithal to live, and, thus living for the present, few, it may be feared, will survive the century which has witnessed the beginning and will see the close of their labours.

Armitage, Watts, and in some measure Leighton, have a right to rank among those disciples of high art who, fulfilling the behest of Schiller, work less for present times than for posterity. Forsaking forms positive and individual, they seek truths generic and absolute; they make the accident of nature submit to the proportions prescribed by æsthetic law; they require rude reality to bend to ideal beauty; and thus they ascend to the sphere of historic or philosophic art, a lofty region which only a few venturous spirits dare to tread. Edward Armitage, in the picture of 'Ahab and Jezebel,' attains heroic proportion, and with size comes commensurate dignity. King Ahab, a figure seven and a half feet high, reclines on a couch: his wife, the infamous Jezebel, stands at his head with the fury of a tigress and the appetite of a vulture, uttering the upbraiding words, "Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? Arise, eat bread, and let thine heart be merry; I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite." But the king lies sad and sick, and the grapes and the wine are put aside untasted. Mr Armitage has sought, and not without success, to reconcile the broad generic treatment of the older historic style with the literal detail which is now dominant in our modern school. Rich regal robes and sumptuous palatial decorations are studiously transcribed from the works of Mr Layard, or taken direct from the Assyrian remains in the British Museum. It is also interesting to mark how the artist has given to his picture the manner of an ancient bas-relief, how he has brought the liberty allowed to the one art under subjection to the severity imposed by the other. What we mean will be better understood by an appeal to the designs on Greek vases, the purest and best examples of which illustrate the transformation through which sculpture emerged into painting; or, in other words, these monochrome pictures of the Greeks reveal sculpture as the elder and the parent art. Mr Armitage deserves praise for the courage required in the adoption of this self-denying manner, for experience proves that a facile pictorial treatment is in the present day the surest road to popular applause. We are sorry, however, to see that in one vital point he submits to a compromise. Repose and equanimity, Winckelmann tells us, the Greeks deemed inseparable from the noblest art; and our own Reynolds offers some apology, or at least explanation, for the violence of passion which the

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sculptor has thrown into the agonised features of the Laocoon. Now we should be sorry to bind a painter down to strict compliance with conditions which may prove a bondage even to the sculptor; but as Mr Armitage of his own free will puts himself under the law, we need have less scruple in saying that the ordinance imposed as a canon of high art—which is, after all, not artificial, but essential—he has transgressed, and that much to the loss of dignity and quiet power. The figure of Jezebel, especially in the passionate spasm of the hand, is melodramatic. Mr Watts, in his design, 'Time and Oblivion,' also challenges severe criticism. The very explanation which he gives of his intent, that this personification of 'Time and Oblivion' is "a design for sculpture," "to be executed in divers materials after the manner of Phidias," alone suggests comparisons which it is difficult for any work to sustain. Yet may we at least accord to this perilous attempt somewhat of the largeness in masses and the grandeur of manner which are peculiar characteristics of the Phidian era. Only we must be permitted to object that the artist has essayed a Herculean labour considerably beyond his powers. The figures are not ill conceived, the idea is not inaptly expressed; but the drawing is certainly wanting in mastery, and the difficult passages in the composition appear slurred rather than solved. The aspirations of Mr Watts, as seen in the fresco executed in the dining-hall of Lincoln's Inn, are ever lofty; but technical power, which would give to his noble ideas adequate pictorial development, seems lacking. A small head by this artist, called 'Choosing,' is altogether lovely, and especially to be commended for harmony of colour.

The genius of Mr Leighton has for years lain in chaos, or broken out only in rebellion. Possessed of more than ordinary erudition, impelled by an ambition which soared to the highest style, and essayed the most arduous of subjects, this artist has for some time attracted to his works a wondering gaze. It always becomes a curious question, as it long was and still is with a brother artist, the painter of 'The Vale of Rest,' and of 'St Agnes' Eve,' What astounding work Mr Leighton may do next? Will he show us a harem, will he introduce us to houris, will he conduct us to Hades, or will he bid us take a walk on Parnassus? Certain it is that whoever presumes to follow in the eccentric flight of this artist will do well to provide himself with wings. As for the ordinary faculties of humanity, plain sober eyesight, clear common-sense, and the like, they may be dispensed with altogether, and the adventurer through space or across the broad field of history need only take to himself a copious supply of transcendental reason and gaseous imagination. As in other aeronautic expeditions, the chief danger lies in the approach to, and the coming in contact with, mother earth. But whatever lawlessness may have marked Mr Leighton's past career, we are bound to concede that the courses on which he has now entered claim from the critic respectful homage. The powers which have hitherto been scattered are at length concentrated, so that in the latest of Mr Leighton's works, 'Dante in Exile,' the vapourings of genius now shine as true visions. The artist here reverts with maturer power to the country and the epoch chosen in his earliest and hitherto most successful picture, 'The Procession of Cimabue.' Italy of the middle ages, crowded with illustrious characters, poets, painters, patriots—a country whose very stones are eloquent in undying memories—such are the scenes congenial to the genius of this painter. The theme he has here selected is arduous, the style to which he aspires ambitious. Imagination has invested Dante in no ordinary dignity; a historic halo shadows and yet shines upon that brow awful in

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grandeur; and the artist who attempts to realise the image which every cultured mind has already painted in his fancy, does indeed essay a task of peculiar difficulty. Mr Leighton, we think, has come through this ordeal with honour. The moment chosen discovers Dante, an exile from his native city, in the palace of his patron, Can' Grande della Scala, Prince of Verona. This master of the Lombard republic reigned with a splendour which no other of the princes in Italy had equalled. At his court were congregated the poets, painters, and sculptors who cast upon the opening years of the fourteenth century unaccustomed lustre. But we are told that the pride of Dante could ill brook patronage; that his high spirit rebelled against gilded dependence; and so, by the roughness of his manner and the haughtiness of his bearing, he lost the favour of a friend who had given him an asylum. This story may be read word for word in the picture before us. The lines quoted declare, in terms not to be mistaken, the poet's mind :—

> "Thou shalt prove
> How salt the savour is of others' bread;
> How hard the passage to descend, and climb
> By others' stairs. But what shall gall thee more
> Will be the worthless and vile company
> With whom thou must be thrown while in these straits."

The painter is literal to the poet's text. Dante, careworn and pain-stricken, descends the palace-stairs. The motley crew of courtiers, the paid jester, and ladies who, by enticing beauty, might have charmed the melancholy heart stricken with the love of Beatrice,—all fall back at the approach of the prophet-poet, who as an avenging god walks the earth. Mr Leighton, we have said, has accomplished the task here set more than creditably. The knowledge he brings, the academic training he displays, no one can question. His learning, in fact, is almost in excess; his artistic tact and contrivance, indeed, usurp the place which unsophisticated nature might with advantage occupy. By his fine-drawn subtleties he delights and cheats the senses which in surfeit would gladly turn to a repast more simply dressed and decked. The taint which often mars the creations of this artist, eats, in another of his works, as a cancer into the fair forms of 'Eurydice and Orpheus,' — a picture, nevertheless, which contains passages which no criticism can rob of their beauty-giving charm. The transcendentalism, however, into which this painter is betrayed, is not only excessive in degree, but wrong in kind. Michael Angelo, Raphael, and all truly great painters, indeed, have reached loftiest heights, and yet they walked, even when on the topmost summits, hand in hand with nature. Sibyls, apostles, prophets, muses, they painted; yet was humanity, however glorified, never made to wander from paths of simplicity, or permitted to wanton in debilitating luxury. Let Mr Leighton remember, then, that the best nature and the truest art preserve a stamina vigorous and healthful.

Our English school, while comparatively barren in products of high, heroic, or sacred art, is prolific in works which lie on the frontiers of history. Our native painters seldom narrate the annals of their country on a large folio scale; they are content, for the most part, to put their facts within the limits of an octavo or duodecimo edition, and thus they seldom addict themselves to the grand march of nations, but choose rather the by-ways of a people's progress, and delight in the episodes wherewith families or individuals have rendered a province or a generation memorable. The artists who each year betake themselves to this pleasing and prolific style are not only increasing in numbers, but advancing in proficiency. Calderon, Crowe, Yeames, Pettie, Storey, Hayllar, and Mrs Ward, have one and all enriched the Academy with works which deserve explicit commendation. Mrs

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Ward's 'Princes in the Tower' is a picture of tender pathos, painted with rare skill and care, and admirable for an even moderation, which bespeaks calm strength and balanced judgment. J. Hayllar's 'Queen's Highway in the Sixteenth Century,' a road then deemed marvellously good, but which we should now hold as villanously bad, the Queen's coach being by the country "hinds and folk of a base sort lifted" with poles out of the mire, is a clever composition, spiced with satire. In the same room, not far distant, is G. Storey's 'Meeting of William Seymour and the Lady Arabella Stuart at the Court of James I.' We are told that "the nearness of the Lady Arabella to the English throne seems to have inspired James with an unworthy jealousy, and to have caused him to form the resolution of keeping her single." However, here at the Court she meets with a friend of her childhood, Mr William Seymour; they converse, they fall in love, they are secretly married, then separated and imprisoned, and five years after the Lady Arabella dies in the Tower a pitiable lunatic! Mr Storey has told the incident of the meeting at the Court with point and perspicuity, but the execution of the painting is so sketchy as barely to escape being slovenly. J. Pettie's picture of 'George Fox refusing to take the Oath at Houlker Hall' belongs to that class of works in which biography widens into history, wherein an act in the life of an individual is made to stand for a principle, and to operate as a public protest. This picture, like the last, would have been better for more elaborate detail: canvasses on this moderate scale have no right to indulge in a large dashing hand. Ranging as they do between the wide region of history and the narrow confines of domestic incident, they ought to reconcile a certain largeness of manner with somewhat of the finish which was bestowed on a Dutch interior. W. F. Yeames is another of our artists who, with well-considered intent, can put together an episode just as it might have happened in the side-scenes of our national drama. 'La Reine Malheureuse' represents the devoted queen of Charles I. a victim to the Parliament wars. She had just returned from Holland, whither she had been seeking supplies, and was scarcely landed when five ships entered Burlington Bay and commenced an active cannonade. The Queen and her companions take shelter in a ditch, yet in this humiliation is no safety: "the cannon bullets," writes Henrietta Maria in a letter to the King, "fell thick about us, and a servant was killed within seventy paces of me." Mr Yeames contributed a noteworthy picture to the Academy of last year; his present work evinces steady advance: we shall expect of this artist good fruit in coming seasons. E. Crowe has also been quietly winning his way to renown, and must now rank among the expectants upon whom the Academy will at no distant period confer well-won honour. His chief picture of the year, 'Luther posting his Theses on the Church-door of Wittenberg,' is conscientious and literal even to the portraits well known in the land of the Reformation. Mr Crowe is a little hard in his execution, and rather forbidding and unalluring in his treatment, as specially seen in a smaller composition, 'Dean Swift looking at a Lock of Stella's Hair,' a picture callous and devoid of emotion as the Dean of St Patrick's himself. Lastly, among our rising artists who give themselves to the pages of history, we must mention P. H. Calderon, this year represented by a powerful and impressive work 'The Burial of John Hampden.' The sun has gone down among the hills and woods of the Chilterns just as the bier which carries the patriot's corpse is borne by his devoted followers to its last resting-place. His comrades in arms, sturdy fellows of bold hands and brave hearts, are bowed down in sorrow. Their heads are un-

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covered, their drums muffled, their ensigns furled, and as they march, the ninetieth psalm is chanted: the colour, which sinks into sombre, has been kept in consonance with the solemnity of the scene.

Painting, when it passed, some two centuries ago, from the sacred to the secular sphere, ran the danger of becoming coarse or commonplace, as witness the schools of Caravaggio in Italy and of Teniers in Holland. An escape from the lower world of everyday life was for a season sought in the regions of Greek and Roman mythology. But of late years gods and goddesses have fallen to a discount, and so the painter is once again brought down to the level and reality of earth. To soar upwards, however, is the instinct of imagination, to spurn the ground is the impulse of winged genius; and accordingly our painters essay pretty poetic flights, just as fledglings venturing from their mother's nest may be seen with a hop and a chirp to launch into air. A Royal Academician, however, or even an Associate, is generally a bird of full growth, and so when he flies let no ignoble groundling croak. Mr Richmond, a venerable name, indulges in "a light fantastic round" from 'Comus'—

"Break off, break off! I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground:
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
Our numbers may affright; some virgin sure
Benighted in these woods!"

Another of our Associates, Mr Patten, who, we think, might by this time have known better, attempts semi-nudity—a sansculottism which obtained more favour with the gods of Greece than in our modern eyes. 'The Youthful Apollo,' by Jove, what a genius! Look at him, and love him if you can, as he prepares to show his power "in a musical contest with Paris"! Some pictures, nevertheless, there are, which, instinct with noble aspiration, merit respect. Thus, Mr Elmore's 'Excelsior' is altogether a different sort of thing from what we have been accustomed to see done on music-covers. This, indeed, is a figure which redeems once more to our admiration lines which have been sadly massacred and mouthed. A youth bears,

"'Mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!"

The spectral glaciers shine, and dark the tempest lowers, yet onward, by an upward impulse borne, towers the brave head, and climbs the firm foot to the mountain-height around which the eagle floats. Mr Elmore has eschewed all grandiloquence of manner, and by an unadorned simplicity escapes the dangers of a subject fatal to a hand less firm. 'Contemplation,' by C. W. Cope, is another figure which calls for commendation—less vigorous, indeed, than the brave mountaineer we have just left; for Contemplation is of the valley, serene and lovely, her eyes gazing heavenwards in rapt devotion, her bodily frame and the gentleness of her spirit not fitted to wrestle in the warfare of the world. This is a head which might have been painted by Carlo Dolce, who loved a liquid eye, tearful, and yet beaming as with pensive starlight.

Undoubtedly the picture of the year pre-eminent for power and display is 'La Gloria, a Spanish Wake,' painted by J. Phillip, who seldom indeed has been seen in such force. The subject is well chosen, and the scene skilfully laid. The shadow of death on the one hand is thrown in contrast to the sunshine of the dance on the other. Woe has bowed down the head of a bereaved mother, couched nigh to her little child, lying ready for the burial. But the eye passes by this group, given to mourning, to feast on the beauty and delight in the joy which fills to overflowing the remainder of the canvass. Here does the painter exult in the revelry of the Spanish dance, mad-

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dened by the stirring stroke of music, and passionate with love's outburst. Here are lavished the gayest of colours; here arrayed the most picturesque of costumes; here shine faces bright as flowers, sparkling with eyes brilliant as gems. In a scene such as this, which most travellers witness in Seville or Granada, Mr Phillip is triumphant. Mr Lewis may have portrayed Spain with minute detail, but no one has caught, like Mr Phillip, the very life of these children sporting in the passionate south.

The post of honour in the large room has, by an error in judgment, been assigned to 'The Courtyard of the Coptic Patriarch, Cairo,' by J. F. Lewis—a canvass which, as a mirror shattered in a thousand fragments, shows the too crowded life of Cairo in direst confusion. Mr Lewis, to our mind, has never been able to give to his oil-pictures the matchless qualities possessed by his drawings. Even the opacity of his water-colour pigments was redeemed by a brilliancy which in oil-paints is lost in dead density. We incline to the opinion, indeed, that for works within the limits of a cabinet size, no medium which the world has yet known attains excellencies which equal those now reached by the water-colour process, which is, in fact, tempera painted on paper in lieu of the ancient panel. Therefore in the interest of art, and with the remembrance of such drawings as the 'Encampment on Mount Sinai,' we have again to question the policy of the step taken by Mr Lewis, when he transferred his allegiance from the Old Water-Colour Gallery to the Academy in Trafalgar Square. Perhaps, however, the very best work which this artist has yet executed in oil, is to be met with in the present Exhibition, under the title 'Caged Doves, Cairo;' doves of two species caged in a diverse sense—a winged dove, the pet of a houri, who is herself caged in a harem. The lattice-work of the window floods a sparkling light, and casts a dappled shade upon the green and gold of the lady's robe—a dazzling effect, of which this artist has been long fond, here carried to consummate perfection. Several other painters, such as Webb, Herbert junior, Walton, Fisk, and Goodall, have either visited the East in person, or sent as their delegate a photographic apparatus. With one exception, we must pass these respective products by, and that exception we of course make in favour of F. Goodall's 'Messenger from Sinai at the Wells of Moses.' Mr Goodall may be quoted as the representative of that careful, well-balanced, and eclective style, towards which our English school is now tending; a style in which accurate drawing gives truth and attains expression, in which close and detailed study is directed to strict topographic accuracy, wherein colour is forced up to a pitch little short of decorative splendour; and lastly, where composition becomes an intricate calculation, whereby all these several elements may be set off to best advantage. It is notorious that in art the world has arrived at an age in which everything has been in generations past already attempted and done. The Roman school was pre-eminent in form, the Venetian resplendent in colour, the Bolognese skilful in composition, and perhaps in any one of these separate qualities it is hard for us now in these last days to make an advance on the attainments of former times. Yet a super-excellence which may be impossible in dissevered units becomes practicable in a balanced and collective whole. And this is just that eclecticism to which our English schools, whether of painting, of sculpture, or of architecture, are now tending—a proclivity, moreover, not limited to the domain of the arts, but extending into every realm of knowledge,—found in science, through her accumulative stores; in metaphysics, by the mass of chop-logic and seedy chaff; in political philosophy, by the heap of compiled maxims and tabulat-

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ed statistics; in prose literature, through the inveterate building-up of tombs to the prophets; in poetry, by the reiteration of approved metaphors, and the shooting down, or rather the re-serving up, of whole cartloads laden with old materials.

Thus, as we have said, do we see on all sides, and in every direction, boundless stores wherewith to construct an elaborate eclecticism. And far be it from us to call in question the originality which may remain possible notwithstanding, and even, perhaps, through the aid of, this systematic copyism. We believe, for example, the picture already quoted, 'The Messenger at the Wells of Moses,' is just as original as works produced in any prior epoch. A scrutiny into the history and development of art discovers a slow, sure, and accumulative progression, step by step. The building which we worship as a wonder of the world was put together stone by stone; and even the original conception of the architect, if original it ever were, will be found to be but a conglomerate of scattered elementary ideas, which prior men had conceived and put into rudimentary form. We dwell with emphasis upon this line of thought, because it is this eclecticism, this compilation, and the growth that comes from concerted power, which can alone enable the critic and connoisseur to adjudicate on the merits, and to decide upon the coming prospects, of our English school. Scarcely more certain are the laws which guide the planets, than the dynamics which impel, and yet control, the cycloid movements of the arts. How genius repeats herself, and yet is never twice the same; how the arts retrace their former steps, and yet never tread precisely along the same path; how they gather strength in their orbit, and gain progressive velocity as they approach to central nature, which stands as the sun in the firmament; and then again, at seasons, how wildly they wander into darkness, only to return at the fitting moment back to their former and better selves;—why, all these problems, we say, find in the present aspect of English and Continental schools forcible and vivid illustration.

With the guidance of some such principles as those just enunciated, it were interesting to trace the pedigree and to pronounce upon the antecedents of the styles of high art, of domestic incident, and of landscape, which are now dominant in our Exhibitions. It were instructive to show how the grand school of Italy was carried to the shore of Britain, how it suffered shipwreck, and then, at a moment when all might be deemed lost, how up it rose once more into life, though in garb how changed, in the works of Mr Leighton and Mr Watts. In like manner, though with much more detail and precision, we should desire to set forth the causes which at this moment conspire towards the literal naturalism manifest on the walls of every gallery in the country. And then, coming to specific departments, it were a task, if not tempting, at least profitable, to trace the various styles of portrait-painting back to their historic originals—to point out how Vandyke and Titian formed our English Reynolds—how their manner, broad in handling and senatorial or plebeian in bearing just as the subject might suggest, descended upon Watson Gordon, Knight, and others of the school—and then how, when people grew perhaps a little tired of being painted after the good old fashion in which their grandfathers and grandmothers descended to posterity, suddenly set in a reaction; and so Sandys, with the detail of Van Eyck and Holman Hunt, in the severity of Albert Durer, rise to the zenith. The multiplication of small cabinet-pictures after the Dutch practice demands no elaborate analysis. A school so simply naturalistic springs indigenous to every soil; as a wayside flower it blooms in all hedgerows, and demands little culture save such as

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nature in shower and sunshine bestows on her favoured children. Wilkie was, we all know, one of the first among us who gathered this plant growing a little rudely and coarsely on the flat lands of Holland, and gave to the foundling a dressing more decorous. A glance into the Academy, or indeed at any of our Exhibitions, will at once indicate what industry and aptitude painters, whose names are legion, have brought to the formation of this Anglo-Scottish or Dutch school. Webster, T. Faed, Hardy, Smith, Provis, and Nicol, not to enumerate others, form of themselves a phalanx sufficiently strong. As for our English landscape, the glory of our native art, its pedigree is soon told. Salvator Rosa and Gasper Poussin, who were still towers of strength down to the commencement of the present century, are now wholly overthrown in their ancient dominion. Claude, however, is not yet quite forgotten. He still reigns in the elements of air and water; he yet, through the glories of Turner, who was more than a Claude for England, shines in the sunset sky and illumines the radiant sea; and even in the present year, when a Danby enthrones the sun in mid-heaven, can we not wholly forget the tribute due to placid and poetic Claude, whose soul never found its surfeit in serene sunsets. Yet in this our analysis of the present phasis of England's landscape-art, we were indeed remiss not to mention the master to whom every one of our painters is alike indebted. If we cast an eye to the works contributed by Creswick, Leader, the Linnells, Cole, Hulme, Knight, and Brett, we cannot fail to see that these several artists in their studies have thought little of Salvator, Poussin, or Claude, but in simple earnestness devote their best days and years to nature. The old masters have been, for these modern men, dead. No resuscitation or resurrection of a form or a life which has passed away, is by our present school of landscape-painters desired or attempted. But one thing they do earnestly strive to get upon canvass—the truth and the beauty which dwell among the hills and the woods and the streams. This they seek after, and not in vain.

Having launched into general dissertation, we must now, in a few supplementary notes, concentrate attention upon some leading works which still remain without comment. In portraiture we have distinguished between schools of breadth and of detail. The portrait by F. Sandys may be quoted as a favourable example of the high finish known to Denner. Two full-length figures, 'Mr James Hodgson' and 'Mrs Stewart Hodgson,' by H. T. Wells, are commendable for the happy combination of a detail loved by Van Eyck, with a colour in which a Titian might glory. When we possess native artists capable of painting pictures such as these, we scarcely understand wherefore Mr Jensen should have been called upon to perpetrate two parodies upon 'The Prince of Wales' and 'The Princess of Wales,' —pictures which, by the prominent positions which they usurp, disfigure the Exhibition. By far the most felicitous rendering of Royalty comes from the easel of H. Weigall. 'Alexandra, Princess of Wales,' painted by this artist, is certainly a work of much refinement and delicacy. Among the products which in balanced eclecticism happily blend varied excellencies, we must signalise Mr Beccani's full-length figure of Lady Mary Fox, which ranks as one of the best portraits in the Exhibition. Lastly, as examples of the broad generalisation which has descended in the English school from the time of Vandyke or of Rembrandt, we may enumerate the portraits of 'General Cabrera,' by J. P. Knight; 'The Earl of Dalhousie,' by J. Phillip; and 'John Gibson,' by W. Boxall. In the treatment of female heads, this manner, sometimes sturdy, is mitigated and softened, as in the heads of the Countess of Home, by G. Richmond, and of

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the Hon. Mrs J. Macdonald, by F. Grant. We have intentionally reserved the mention of several portraits, the closing works of Sir John Watson Gordon, in order to pay a tribute to the memory of this great and honoured painter. In style this artist possessed the charm of simplicity and the vigour of truth; few painters the world has known could model a head with a firmer or bolder pencil. His name will henceforth go down to posterity not only as President of the Royal Academy of Scotland, not only through the grateful remembrance of the many services he conferred on art in the city of his birth, but likewise, as was the lot of Reynolds, through the illustrious men whose portraits will to future generations testify to the rare pictorial powers of this master-hand. The annals of Scotland owe to John Watson Gordon the noble portraits of Wilson, De Quincey, Cockburn, Chalmers, and Scott — pictures which now more than ever will be prized for twofold reasons and accumulative associations. John Watson Gordon was, even to the last days of his long and active life, in the full possession of that vigour of hand and of intellect which have ever given to his works universal power and worth. Within a comparatively few hours of his death, he was able to devote to his profession his wonted zeal. The Academies of Scotland and of England, which his portraits have for many years adorned, will now mourn his loss — a loss which falls not only on the public at large, but a bereavement that cannot fail to be felt most acutely among private friends, to whom his simple, straightforward character made him very dear.

This seems a fitting place to record another loss which the Academy has sustained. William Mulready died in July last, full of years and crowned with honours. The present Exhibition is bereaved of those works which for half a century have been endeared to the public eye. To judge of the diligence and the rare merit of this simple and truth-seeking artist, every student and lover of art should go to South Kensington, where the pictures, drawings, and sketches of William Mulready have been collected. The whole course of a long and laborious life is here illustrated, "from the first boyish fancy to the picture that stood unfinished on the easel" when the artist died, — a collection which forms "a worthy memorial of the great painter, who from his youth to the evening before his death was a workman in the service of art." "I have," said Mulready, in the evidence given before the Royal Academy Commission, "from the first moment I became a visitor in the Life School, drawn there as if I were drawing for a prize." The evidence of this untiring devotion lies before us in the instructive series of paintings and studies wherein one of the greatest among our British artists has transcribed, as it were, a detailed autobiography. It is indeed most interesting to mark how the nascent thought, as it first dawned, was jotted down in the shorthand of the painter's art; how, at a subsequent stage of development, the embryo idea grew into a draughtsman's study or cartoon, till at length colour—and a colour how subtle and exquisite those who know these works most intimately will best appreciate—being added, the picture, thoroughly mature, became, after its kind, little short of perfect. Mulready assuredly, in all the technical qualities of his art, was not surpassed by the most dexterous of the Dutch masters. And then, in forming a just estimate of his concerted powers, it must not be forgotten that to the skill of his brush and the rich harmonies of his palette were superadded traits of sagacious wisdom, of thought serious and profound, and yet wont to sparkle in sportive wit and playful satire upon the surface. He is gone, this master who touched each note upon the gamut with a light yet pensive hand, who passed from

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grave to gay, claiming a tear for pity, and winning a smile from the face of joy.

Two Academicians we mourn over as dead: other Academicians, who shall be nameless, we lament over as living. Melancholy is it that men whose brains are out, should go on, year after year, painting pictures which proclaim little else than an enfeebled and incoherent intellect. Professions there are of mere mechanical routine, which, so long as the wheels of life manage to rotate, however slowly, can be carried on even to the very last without serious detriment to the public weal. But the practice of the artist's calling is not of this lower nature. A picture is the very life-blood of genius; and when the flood of manhood's prime stagnates, the image cast upon the canvass shows itself decrepid. We shall not, for reasons which good taste dictates, direct individual attention to works which it is mercy to pass unnoticed: but in general terms we may denounce one of the worst abuses known to creep into institutions that after a time, it may be feared, are sustained, not so much to promote the best interests of art, as for the protection of individual members unable to stand without adventitious support. The outcry raised against the Academy for its persistent maintenance of vested private rights, whatever public wrongs be thereby inflicted, grows every year louder as each succeeding Exhibition comes round. It is certainly a grievance past toleration, that hundreds and tens of hundreds of pictures should be rejected altogether for want of space, and that other paintings of first-rate merit, even when admitted, should be thrust out of sight, simply because Academicians and Associates have the privilege of inundating the rooms with works of boundless mediocrity. How greatly the quality of the present Exhibition is deteriorated by this flagrant injustice, inflicted upon the outsiders in the profession, a glance round the walls will at once indicate. There are, in fact, pictures placed in positions of command, which, wholly beneath criticism, call aloud for the reform of an Academy which, strange to say, is not ashamed thus to proclaim its incapacity and corruption.

We must now, in rapid survey, again turn to individual works which ought not to escape commendation. The public has usually to thank Mr Millais for some startling pictorial prodigy. This year, however, he relies for his effects upon the force of literal facts, and, like some of the greatest painters, his predecessors of old, finds the means of making a simple portrait a consummate piece of art. Leaving several such works, we at once go to the charming little picture, in praise of which every tongue is loud. 'My Second Sermon' had been a homily, were it not a satire. A little girl, who last year listened, all attention, in this same place, to her "first sermon," has now, under the infliction of a "second," gone fast asleep; and never was slumber more profound in its depths, or more peaceful on its placid surface, unruffled by breath of conscious thought or care. For technical qualities of colour and handling, the picture can scarcely be surpassed. The works contributed by Mr Millais may be taken in illustration and in extension of the foregoing remarks upon schools of portraiture. Other and widely different productions, which we now proceed to mention, exemplify the various phases of that school which we have ventured to designate the Anglo or Scottish Dutch. One of the very choicest examples of this popular style is T. Webster's seriocomic little picture, 'A Penny Peepshow of the Battle of Waterloo.' Other works of a like class demand no stinted praise, such as 'Evening,' by G. Hardy; 'Try dese Pair,' by F. D. Hardy; 'The Banquet Scene, Macbeth,' by C. Hunt; 'Interior near Penmachno,' by A. Provis; and 'Among the Old Masters,' by E. Nicol. The two brothers, Mr Thomas Faed and Mr John Faed,

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in manner different the one from the other, call for more express notice. The authors which these artists, in the present Academy, illustrate — Thomas quoting lines from Ballantine, a poet after the Burns type, and John choosing a passage from Scott's 'Abbot'—will indicate the diverse paths in which the two brothers severally walk. Mr Thomas Faed's picture, indicated by the homely quotation, "He was faither and mither and a' things tae me," is humble in scene. The tenants or visitors in this honest shoemaker's shop are children of the poor, rustics of a village, and all the accessories such as Wilkie might have hit upon in his happiest moments, or Teniers and Ostade painted when in their best manner. The brother, Mr John Faed, we have said, as a contrast somewhat, in his pleasing and polished picture, 'Catherine Seyton,' aims at a more lofty mark. We surely have never seen this artist to better advantage than in 'Catherine' in the act of "glancing her deep-blue eyes a little towards Roland Græme." The pictures of Mr Horsley, especially 'The Bashful Swain,' are agreeable through a like polish of exterior, which is indeed more than external, reaching beneath the surface down to the underlying sentiment—a sentiment not only refined and smooth, but bright with laughter and sparkling in wit.

Landseer, whose lions for Trafalgar Square have been so long looked for, presents to the Academy polar bears and squirrels. It is not for some years that this consummate painter of animal life has been so much himself. As of old, he here not only gives smoothness of coat and texture of hair, but seems at the same time, by an art too subtle for analysis, to portray the inner nature and mute consciousness of the brute creation, making the silent actors in the scenes he delineates move the spectator to terror; or, on the other hand, by beauty and pathos awaken to sympathy. Mr Cooper, also, we may congratulate as having reverted to his happiest manner. These two leading masters of animal-painting are, however, as unlike the one to the other as if their studios and easels were planted in opposite hemispheres. Landseer romances with his subject; Cooper is as literal, though not so hard, as Paul Potter. Yet Cooper, too, has his moods of poetry, as when he makes his herds repose in peaceful meadows, lying beside still waters — a landscape which, for flooding daylight, Cuyp would have loved to look on.

Furthermore, the present Academy is fortunate in the possession of masterpieces by four of its foremost members, Stanfield, Roberts, Creswick, and Cooke. Stanfield's two contrasted yet companion pictures, 'Peace' and 'War,' show the genius of this honoured and veteran artist great and grand as ever in intent; only the hand which once dashed so boldly among the stormy elements, shows now more timorous solicitude. David Roberts has seldom concentrated so much material, or in one picture so fully deployed his varied powers and resources, as in 'The Mausoleum of Augustus,' which is indeed little short of an epitome of the entire city of Rome. This picture displays the artist's habitual largeness of manner; it triumphs in a certain broad histrionic treatment, the reverse of that penny-a-lining which some painters, having in their eye no fine frenzy, believe to be the sign-manual of genius. T. Creswick's 'Beck in the North Country' is a giant among landscapes, yet quiet in manner and unobtrusive as English pastorals are wont to be, especially when this Wordsworth of painters, with truth-loving pencil, follows after nature in beauty unadorned. Lastly, among the few memorable pictures of the year which lapse of time from the mind will not efface, must rank pre-eminent 'The Ruins of a Roman Bridge, Tangier,' by E. W. Cooke. This artist seems in no ordinary degree to unite an imagination of fine intuition with a

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mind made accurate by science. His pictures are painted with an intellectual purpose—they contain even didactic truth; and thus, while they delight the fancy, they add to the stores of the intellect.

A word may be devoted to three festive compositions, products of the Royal Marriage—works which, like laureate odes, have to contend with materials untractable in the hands of either painter or poet. Pictures of state-ceremonials serve up, of necessity, the fashions and the forms found in milliners' show-rooms, in barbers' shop-windows, or on the lay figures of a tailor's fitting-establishment. It is fair, however, to admit, that the artists engaged on the recent auspicious occasion have acquitted themselves with more than usual credit. In order of time, the first scene is 'The Landing of the Princess Alexandra at Gravesend,' by H. O'Neil, exhibited in the Academy—a cheerful, pleasing picture, to be commended especially for the full-length figure of the Prince, supremely gentlemanly in bearing, which, considering the pictorial parodies to which Royalty has to submit, is saying a great deal. The next event commemorated is 'The Sea-King's peaceful Triumph on London Bridge,'—a picture which, notwithstanding the sentimentality of its title, must be accepted less as a loving chronicle than as a laughing comedy. Mr Holman Hunt has, in the choice of a Hogarth-subject, mistaken his vocation. The incidents are scattered and confused; the execution wants dexterity and facile play; and the colour is black, opaque, and crude. The artist should graduate in the Frith school ere he ventures to repeat a like attempt. 'The After-Glow in Egypt,' however, exhibited by the same artist in the same gallery, may be received as some set-off to the affair on London Bridge. Here is a single life-size figure of a Coptic girl bearing a sheaf of corn upon her head through the rich harvest-valley of the Nile. Her eyes are of jet, her lips of coral, and her skin of copper. Pigeons of spangled plumage, irridescent in purple, emerald, and gold, flock into the foreground. The sun has set, and now kindles "the after-glow," burning as a fire on the dusky brow of twilight. It may be objected that this picture, even like the 'Christ in the Temple,' is realistic, and nothing more. Yet by its marvellous brilliancy, by its superb colour, and even by its detail, true to deceptive illusion, does the work acquire power, and even attain to poetry. We have spoken of 'The Landing at Gravesend,' of 'The Triumph on London Bridge,' and now we come to a third scene, 'The Royal Marriage,' painted by G. H. Thomas. This certainly is a masterly performance; accurate in its drawing, firm in outline, brilliant in light and colour, yet quiet in well-tempered general effect. The style is not unlike that of Frith, only less elaborate in finish. The picture has probably been painted so as to present as few difficulties as possible to its "fac-simile reproduction in full colours;" therefore the outlines, as we have stated, are preserved in unbroken continuity, and the finish is kept within the limits of the chromo-lithographic process.

The two Water-Colour Exhibitions we have declared to be above usual average. In "the Institute," the most ambitious drawing is Mr Tidey's 'Night of the Betrayal,' composed as a triplych in three parts, a centre and two wings, after the manner which obtained in the altar-pieces of the middle ages. In the first of the series, the Garden of Gethsemane, Jesus, a noble figure gently bowed in sorrow, comes and finds the disciples sleeping. This serves as a prelude to the central composition, 'Christ brought before Caiaphas,' which in treatment fails as somewhat melodramatic. The third and closing act in the trilogy discloses Peter, after his denial, wandering forth, in the bitterness of his soul, to weep over his apostasy. This conception

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of the impetuous apostle is the boldest and most original we have met with in the roll of modern art. Mr Tidey, however, were wise to forsake the vaporous light and shade to which he is addicted, and to brave in their stead the difficulties of a style more severe in its outlines and forms. His drawing must become more certain and precise; and he should submit to the labour of making elaborated studies, such as Perugino, Raphael, and Leonardo are known to have executed, as needful preliminaries to thoroughly mature works. Mr Corbould's 'Morte d'Arthur' is another ambitious flight into the upper regions of the painter's and the poet's art. The forms are lovely, and the finish, minutely detailed, bespeaks infinite labour. We could have wished, however, that the shadows had not been forced up to the last pitch of opaque blackness. But the drawing which in this gallery, if not indeed in the wide metropolis, stands supreme for rare artistic qualities, is Mr Jopling's 'Fluffy.' This fancy title is taken from a little doll of a dog which a lady is in the act of holding up to the gaze of doating affection. The head of the sweet and sympathetic girl, dowered with a crown of golden hair, is painted exquisitely. The colour cannot be surpassed for delicious harmony, and the execution is both facile and firm.

Entering the Gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society, many are the subjects which would tempt to long tarriance, did time permit. Mr Burton's 'Meeting on the Turret Stairs' is a work which, by its precision of drawing, and by the mental expression which intelligent form can alone impart, will serve to enhance the reputation which this artist, through like high qualities, has already acquired. The tasteful compositions of Mr Alfred Fripp are delicious in delicate harmony of colour; the peasants of Mr Topham are hearty and healthful; the hunting and sporting scenes of Mr Frederick Taylor give strength to the body and chivalry to the mind; 'The Brittany Interior,' by Mr Walter Goodall, is homely, simple, and happy; the camels of Mr Carl Haag might satisfy the critical eye of a pilgrim to Mecca; and the Falstaff of Mr Gilbert was not surpassed by Mr Phelps in the revival of 'Henry IV.' at Drury Lane. Landscape art, in its changing moods of gay and grave, florid and sober—narrow as a homestead, or wide-stretching and sky-soaring as mountain, lake, or campagna—is faithfully and nobly represented by George Fripp, Whittaker, Birket Foster, Naftel, Palmer, Richardson, Branwhite, and Newton. The last of these painters this year shows himself a little unequal; his 'Loch Leven,' however, is up to his accustomed pitch of solemn power. Mr Richardson and Mr Palmer each glory in the shower of purple and gold which they shed over the face of a glorified nature. Mr George Fripp still stands alone for the purity of tone which he preserves through fidelity to the old and now almost obsolete use of transparent colour. The careful drawings of Mr Whittaker belong to the same abstemious school. As a contrast, Mr Branwhite gains in power more than he loses in tone or unity, by the bold use of pigments laid on with the free admixture of body-white. 'A Gleam of Winter Sunlight' is, for colour and vigour, one of the grandest works this artist has yet executed. Mr Birket Foster's 'Kite-Flying' must rank among this artist's most charming efforts, whether we delight in the exquisite detail of the landscape, or in the drawing of the graceful and well-placed figures. Other of his compositions attain what some critics have called breadth. To our eye, however, they show but signs of increasing haste—an attempt to reach desired ends more rapidly—a courting of those ready means which most men are compelled to have recourse to at that period when overwhelming success brings

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reward, and with reward snares and penalties.

This Society, which was never in so strong a position as at the present moment, has admitted within the last year several new Associates, some of whom will render the gallery more attractive through merit, others more notorious by eccentricity. Of the former class we must rank as pre-eminent F. Walker, whose two drawings, 'Spring' and 'The Church-Pew,' have become prime favourites with all visitors. The first of these subjects consists of a little girl, who, gathering primroses on the confines of a wood, has become entangled in a bush, the interlacing branches of which cover the figure as by a network. The first effect produced on the spectator is that of surprise, and then —as in certain works of sculpture, wherein, for example, a man struggles to extricate himself from the meshes in which he is entrapped— it is discovered that the artistic difficulty overcome is of easy mastery. In the present instance the figure, of course, is drawn first, and then, when finished, the intervening branches are pencilled in front. The other topic treated by Mr Walker—a family seated in a church-pew—is praiseworthy for quiet, unostentatious qualities, relying on accuracy of drawing and a treatment which, to its minutest detail, is governed by intention.

We have reserved the extraordinary productions of a new Associate, E. B. Jones, for strong protest. In the name of nightmare, convulsions, delirium, and apoplexy, we would demand to what order of created beings do these monstrosities belong? Ought these figures to be allowed to walk the earth, or shall they, as lunatics, be put in strait-waistcoats and thrust into an asylum? We are not quite sure, however, whether the considerate artist has not already provided against the possibility of harm to quiet neighbours, by binding his incipient maniacs hand and foot, so mighty stiff are they, so shroud-like are the garments, and so innocent of action is every limb. We believe that Mr Jones has been worshipped by a select brotherhood as a designer for painted glass; and a certain blurred quality of execution would seem to suggest close connection with worsted-work also. A range of willow-pattern plates, again, as a background to poor 'Cinderella,' might indicate an alliance with the ceramic arts, and point to a long pedigree stretching far away towards the Great Wall of China. Certain it is that we shall have to go far enough off before we can meet with the prototypes of these singular works. It is, however, just possible that in the remote depths of the darkest of medieval centuries, innocent of anatomy, perspective, and other carnal knowledge, something like these non-natural figures might be found. And so, after all, Mr Jones may turn out not quite as original as he would at first sight seem, by these forms so studiously grotesque, by his contempt for beauty, and his persistent pursuit of unmitigated ugliness. Yet on the whole, as witness the 'Knight' and 'The Kissing Crucifix,' also 'The Annunciation,' we incline to the judgment that Mr Jones has surpassed all that ever went before him. We are told that these compositions should be approached with reverence, and we think so; especially the angel Gabriel, who seems as simple and unadorned as any maid-of-all-work. This servant, up in the morning betimes, was sweeping one of the outer courts of heaven when requested to hook on a pair of wings and descend to earth with an errand. We beg to observe that if holy things are here brought to ridicule, the fault is with the painter, not in us.

With this egregious exception, and with the addition of a few solitary examples scattered through other galleries, the much-vaunted Preraphaelite school of figure and landscape painting may be said to be extinct. The pictures and draw-

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ings of Mr Hamerton certainly, indeed, show—as did a book, 'The Painter's Camp in the Highlands,' of which Mr Hamerton was the author—decided Preraphaelite and Ruskinite proclivities. These pictorial efforts, kindly submitted to public view under the care of the man "Thursday," must be admitted as every way creditable to an amateur. They, however, by no means induce us to alter the opinion we have long entertained of the impracticabilities of this thankless school—a school which makes of its disciples slaves, and reduces art to drudgery. These penalties, attaching to the carrying out of certain plausible but essentially false principles, seem to have disgusted the leaders of a schism which at one time threatened in its consequences to grow serious, if not fatal. However, as we have said, this eccentric school is now all but extinct. The pictures of Mr Millais, and even of Mr Holman Hunt, are naturalistic, and nothing more. The landscape this year exhibited in the Academy by Mr Brett, an artist hitherto identified with the most ultra of dogmas, is wholly free from extravagance, and may be commended for a beauty which, in the 'Bay of Naples,' no Preraphaelite spectacles were needed to discover. These and other vigorous men, it is to be hoped, have at length thrown off a bondage which became intolerable to bear. Still it is to be feared that others of the weaker sort have foundered in deep and troublous waters, and will remain for ever lost. Thus—less fatally, on the whole, than might at one time have been expected—ends a drama which was put upon the stage with more than ordinary pomp and flourish of advertisement.

We have been much pleased with a brilliant series of drawings executed by Mr William Simpson during a tour of three years through the most renowned portions of our Indian empire. They are remarkable alike for their artistic beauty, their historic truth, and their topographic fidelity. We regret that space does not enable us to survey in detail two other Exhibitions, to which, since the close of the International Galleries at Kensington, the English public have been indebted for the knowledge of recent productions of Continental schools. The French and Flemish Exhibition of the present year is chiefly to be remembered by two noble works of the Belgian Gallait; a cabinet picture, great, nevertheless, in genius, by Gerome, the painter of 'The Duel,' 'The Gladiators,' and 'Phryne;' and a masterpiece by Edouard Frere—small, of course, but choice. To the Scandinavian Gallery, at a moment when the sympathies of our countrymen are directed towards the sufferings and heroism of a brave nation, peculiar interest attaches. Denmark, in literature, science, and the arts, can boast of illustrious antecedents. Thorwaldsen the sculptor, Oersted the man of science, Worsaae the antiquary, and Hans Christian Andersen the writer of romance, have given to this comparatively small kingdom no inconsiderable renown in the realms of intellect. And walking into this Scandinavian Gallery, it is satisfactory to obtain ocular proof that genius has not abandoned her favourite shores, washed by the storm-lashed wave.

A review of the London Art-Season were incomplete did it not contain some notice of the great mural paintings executed in the Palace of Westminster. Two years since we spoke in terms of more than common admiration of the power and mastery displayed in a vast water-glass painting, twelve feet high by forty-five feet wide, 'The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher after the Battle of Waterloo,' then recently completed in the Royal Gallery by Mr Maclise. The companion picture, 'Trafalgar—the Death of Nelson,' has engaged the untiring labour of the same artist during the past year, and is now in a forward state. Within the last few months have been put up, in the Peers' and

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Commons' corridors, the slabs which received on their plaster surface 'The Expulsion of the Fellows of a College at Oxford for refusing to sign the Covenant,' painted by Mr Cope, and 'The Landing of Charles II.,' executed by Mr Ward. We have limited ourselves to the bare enumeration of these works, each admirable after its kind, in order to leave greater space for the frescoes by Mr Dyce, and the water-glass picture by Mr Herbert—works which, long talked of, now on their completion elicit, as they deserve, the warm encomium of the public. Mr Dyce was cut off in the midst of his labours, and thus has never been permitted to enjoy the honour which years of earnest devotion would have amply won. Those who now enter, perchance for the first time, the Queen's Robing-Room, in which this artist was immured so long, will stand in admiration, not unmingled with sadness, in the midst of works which serve as monuments to the genius and the persistent industry of the great painter whose untimely loss we have to deplore. It is a melancholy fact that the last days of Mr Dyce were embittered by hostile discussions, which arose from the prolonged delay in the execution of these arduous compositions. During the last days of Mr Dyce's life, it was our privilege to see him here in the midst of his pictures, palette in hand. His health evidently had been broken, and the feeling which arose dominant in our mind was, not that the painter had done so little, but rather with thankfulness we rejoiced he had been enabled, encompassed by difficulties, to accomplish so much, and that so well. We revisited this chamber a few weeks since, and the subjects with which its walls are decorated now lie again before us in a series of photographs taken from the frescoes themselves. The theme allotted to Mr Dyce was the legend of King Arthur, in illustration of the virtues of chivalry; and the subjects already carried out are 'Hospitality,' as exemplified in the admission of Sir Tristram to the fellowship of the Round Table; 'Religion' or 'Faith,' as seen in the vision of Sir Galahad and his company; 'Generosity,' extended to King Arthur when unhorsed and spared by Sir Launcelot; 'Courtesy,' as when Sir Tristram harped to La Belle Isonde; and 'Mercy,' vouchsafed when Sir Gawaine swore on bended knee never to be cruel to ladies. As an indication of the time and study involved in these compositions, it may be enough to state that the first of the above subjects, the large picture, 'The Admission of Sir Tristram to the Fellowship of the Round Table,' contains upwards of thirty life-size figures, each executed, after the piecemeal process of fresco, upon something like two hundred slabs of wet mortar, each day freshly laid upon the wall to receive the painter's colours. A close examination of this dovetailed mosaic of mortar scarcely reveals the lines of junction, so faultless has been the manipulation of both painter and plasterer. Neither can the execution be found to betray the haste or the incompleteness said to be inseparable from this fresco method: on the contrary, not only are the heads fully mature in expression, but even the accessories of chain armour, sword-hilts, and horses' trappings, have been pronounced in elaborate detail. Taken as a whole, we incline to think that these noble and deliberate works may be accepted as a fulfilment of those sanguine hopes which some years since were entertained when fresco was still in this country a tempting but untried experiment. It were, of course, too much to say that these pictures equal the master works executed in the same material by the great artists of Italy. In some points, however, they will not be found to suffer by comparison, at least with any of the modern revivals in Europe. In colour they are certainly less crude than German frescoes, and in outline less severe and hard. The style is,

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after Mr Dyce's accustomed manner, academic. The fault, perhaps, may be found that these compositions want vigour and vitality, —deficiencies which usually afflict schools given to careful compilation.

It remains that we should notice the great water-glass picture by Mr Herbert, which has been received, as it deserves, with a favour waxing to furor. Some ten years ago Mr Herbert accepted a commission to prepare designs for a series of paintings to be executed on the walls of the Peers' Robing-Room. The theme committed to his charge was Justice on Earth, and its development in Law and Judgment, subjects commencing with 'Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law,' proceeding by intermediate steps to 'The Judgment of Solomon,' 'The Visit of the Queen of Sheba,' and ending with 'The Vision of Daniel.' Other events are included in the series, which, if ever completed, will consist of no less than nine compositions. The first of these only is finished, 'Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law.' We read in the 34th chapter of Exodus, that "it came to pass, when Moses came down from Mount Sinai with the two tables of the testimony, that Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone while he talked with the Lord. And when Aaron and all the children of Israel saw Moses, behold, the skin of his face shone, and they were afraid to come nigh unto him." This is the moment selected by Mr Herbert. It will be remembered that, for the sake of dramatic action, Leonardo, in the composition of his 'Last Supper,' chose the time when Jesus said, "One of you shall betray me." For a like reason—that is, for the purpose of attaining variety in action and intensity of expression—Mr Herbert has seized the situation indicated in the text, when Moses, having been with the Lord forty days and forty nights, his countenance radiant with light and glory, fills at his approach the rulers and the congregation of the people with wonder and dismay. The figure of Moses, the personation of a law given amid thunder and lightnings, stands the centre of the composition. Around him, some retreating back through awe, others drawing near by fellowship in office, are grouped the Levites and princes of the people, Aaron and his two sons, Nadab and Abihu, Joshua, his father Nun, and Eleazar, Caleb the guide of the camp, and Miriam, the singer and prophetess, kneeling, her timbrel lying on the ground. Above rise the heights of Sinai, beneath stretches the valley in which the tribes of Israel are seen encamped. Such is the subject of this grand composition, occupying the entire end of the room, a space upwards of twenty feet in length by ten in height. As a work of art, various excellencies are worthy of note. The composition is symmetric and equally balanced. Moses, crowned by a nimbus traversed with radiant horns, is made the centre or culminating point, and all subordinate or accessory figures encircle or radiate from him, the hero of the scene. The colour is varied, but not decorative; serious, as befits the subject, without being austere. The light is luminous to the last degree—more radiant, indeed, than in any fresco we can recall; qualities, no doubt, in great measure dependent on the painter having covered the wall as a preliminary with a coating of white paint. For detail, also, we must concede that this work, executed in water-glass — a process which admits of retouching and endless elaboration—goes far beyond the comparatively broad sketchy manner which usually contents the rival method of fresco. This power of expressing the minutest of facts has by the painter been turned to good account: not only does he reproduce the Oriental turban in its richness and variety of colour, but he is enabled at the same time, in his

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figures, to mark the anatomy of every limb, and in the faces to work out delicate traits of expression. Speaking generally of the style, we should say it is more naturalistic than academic or ideal. Yet at the same time the work maintains a naturalism which, by its nobility, is delivered from the degradation which Horace Vernet and others of the French school brought upon sacred art. The frescoes of Mr Dyce we have designated as pertaining to the style academic. The treatment adopted by Mr Herbert is in great degree free from any such traditional restraint. Thus his picture becomes, as we have said, in the best sense of the word, naturalistic—that is, it seeks after forms realistic, yet at the same time noble, truthful, and beauteous; and herein art and nature are, in the end, shown to be one and indivisible. In fine, taken for all in all, 'Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law' is the grandest and most satisfactory mural painting yet revealed in this country. We have here, indeed, a signal example of high historic art, in the best and truest sense of the terms.

We had hoped to have concluded this article with brightening prospects for the future. We had thought that the Report of the Royal Commission, recommending bold reforms in the Academy, would have been followed by immediate and salutary results. But from the notorious incapacity of the present Government in the department of public works, and from the feeling now strong in the House that every plan propounded by the Ministry demanding supplies for the erection or purchase of public buildings must be nothing else than a weak compromise and a job, the well-grounded hope that the Academy and the National Gallery were about to be put in a position worthy of a great nation has been once more frustrated. Melancholy is it thus to see the arts in this country ever made the sport of faction, the victims of ignorance and incapacity. By a capricious and ill-considered vote of the House of Commons the well-considered scheme of the Royal Commissioners is rendered, at least for an indefinite period, absolutely nugatory. And thereby the Academy is now again under a premium to maintain existing abuses in fullest force, in order to raise still higher the price to be paid by the nation as the consideration for imperative reforms.

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PADRE BANDELLI PROSES TO THE DUKE LUDOVICO SFORZA ABOUT LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Two steps, your Highness—let me go before,
And let some light down this dark corridor—
Ser Leonardo keeps the only key
To the main entrance here so jealously,
That we must creep in at this secret door
If we his great Cenacolo would see.

The work shows talent—*that* I must confess;
The heads, too, are expressive, every one;
But, with his idling and fastidiousness,
I fear his picture never will be done.

I pray your Highness' pardon for my zeal—
Were it for sake of us poor Frati here,
Despite the inconvenience we must feel,
Kept out from our refectory now a year
And eight long months (though that, of course, for us
Whose lives to mortify the flesh are vowed,
Even to mention seems ridiculous)—
Were it for us alone, we all had bowed;
But when we see your Highness set at nought,
Who ordered this great picture to be wrought,
We cannot rest content, for well we know
What duty to our gracious prince we owe.
And I, the unworthy prior here—(God knows
How much I feel my own unworthiness,
But *He* hath power the meanest hand to bless;
And if our convent prospereth in aught,
Not mine, but *His*, the praise, who all bestows)—
But being the prior and the head, and so
Charged to your interests and theirs, I thought
My duty—an unpleasant one, in sooth—
Was simply to acquaint you with the truth,
And pray your Highness with your eyes to see
How things go on in our refectory;
And then your Highness only has to say
Unto this painter—"Sir, no more delay!"
And all is done, for you he must obey.

'Tis twenty months since first upon the wall
This Leonardo smoothed his plaster—then
He spent two months ere he began to scrawl
His figures, which were scarcely outlined, when
Some new fit seized him, and he spoilt them all.
As he began the first month that he came,
So he went on, month after month the same.
At times, when he had worked from morn to night
For weeks and weeks on some apostle's head,
In one hour, as it were from sudden spite,
He'd wipe it out. When I remonstrated,
Saying, "Ser Leonardo, you erase

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More than you leave—that's not the way to paint;
Before you finish we shall all be dead;"
Smiling he turns (he has a pleasant face,
Though he would try the patience of a saint
With all his wilful ways), and calmly said,
"I wiped it out, because it was not right;
I wish it had been, for your sake, no less
Than for this pious convent's; and indeed,
The simple truth, good Padre, to confess,
I've not the least objection to succeed:
But I must please myself as well as you,
Since I must answer for the work I do."

There was St John's head, *that* I verily thought
He'd never finish. Twenty times at least
I thought it done, but still he wrought and wrought,
Defaced, remade, until at last he ceased
To work at all—went off and locked the door—
Was gone three days—then came and sat before
The picture full an hour—then calmly rose
And scratched out in a trice the mouth and nose.
This is sheer folly, as it seems to me,
Or worse than folly. Does your Highness pay
A certain sum to him for every day?
If so, the reason's very clear to see.
No? Then his brain *is* touched, assuredly.

At last, however, as you see, 'tis done—
All but our Lord's head, and the Judas there.
A month ago he finished the St John,
And has not touched it since, that I'm aware;
And now, he neither seems to think or care
About the rest, but wanders up and down
The cloistered gallery in his long dark gown,
Picking the black stones out to step upon,
Or through the garden paces listlessly
With eyes fixed on the ground, hour after hour,
While now and then he stoops and picks a flower,
And smells it, as it were, abstractedly.
What he is doing is a plague to me!
Sometimes he stands before yon orange-pot,
His hands behind him, just as if he saw
Some curious thing upon its leaves, and then,
With a quick glance, as if a sudden thought
Had struck his mind, there, standing on the spot,
He takes a little tablet out to draw,
Then, muttering to himself, walks on agen.
He is the very oddest man of men!

Brother Anselmo tells me that the book
('Twas left by chance upon the bench one day,
And in its leaves our brother got a look)
Is scribbled over with all sorts of things,—
Notes about colours, how to mix and lay,
With plans of flying figures, frames for wings,
Caricatures and forts and scaffoldings,

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The skeletons of men and beasts and birds,
Engines, and cabalistic signs and words,
Some written backwards, notes of music, lyres,
And wheels with boilers under them and fires,
A sort of lute made of a horse's skull,
Sonnets, and other idle scraps of rhyme,—
Of things like this the book was scribbled full.
I pray your Highness, now, is this the way,
Instead of painting every day all day,
For him to trifle with our precious time?

Ah! there he is now—Would your Highness look
Behind that pillar in the furthest nook,
That is his velvet cap and flowing robe.
See how he pulls his beard, as up and down
He seems to count the stones he treads upon!
'Twould irk the patience of the good man Job
To see him idling thus his time away,
As if our Lord and Judas both were done,
And there was nought to do but muse and stray
Along the cloisters. May I dare to pray
Your Highness would vouchsafe one word to say;
For when I speak he only answers me,
"Padre Bandelli, go and say your mass—
That's what you understand—and let me pass;
I am not idle, though I seem to be."
"Not idle! then I'm nothing but an ass."
Thus once I spoke, for he annoyed me so;
At which he answered, smiling, "Oh no, no!
Padre, you're very wise, as all men know."
I mention this to show what pleasant ways
This painter has, and not that I the praise
Accepted as at all deserved by me.
God save us from vain pride, and help us through
Our daily work in due humility!
Not mine the praise for what I have, for *He*
Hath given all! So I began anew:
"Not idle! Well, I know not what you do!
You do not paint our picture, that I see."
To which he said, "A picture is not wrought
By hands alone, good Padre, but by thought.
In the interior life it first must start,
And grow to form and colour in the soul;
There once conceived and rounded to a whole,
The rest is but the handicraft of art.
While I seem idle, then my soul creates;
While I am painting, then my hand translates."
Now this, I say, is nonsense, sheer enough,
Or else a metaphysical excuse
For idleness, and he should not abuse
Your Highness by this sort of canting stuff.
Look at him sauntering there in his long dress—
If he is working, what is idleness?

Not there, your Highness,—on the other side
Our painter's walking; he you look at now

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Is a poor brother, pious, void of pride,
Who there performs a penitential vow.
He, like Ser Leonardo, does not stroll
Idly, but as he walks recites his prayers,
And reads his breviary; and he wears
A haircloth 'neath his serge to save his soul.
Ah! weak is man, he falls in many snares;
And we with prayer must work, would we control
Those idle thoughts where Satan sows his tares.

But, as I was observing, there have passed
Some twenty long and weary months since he
First turned us out of our refectory,
And who knows how much longer this may last?
Yet if our painter worked there steadily,
I could say nothing; but the work stands still,
While he goes idling round the cloisters' shade.
Pleasant enough for him—but is he paid
For idle dreaming thoughts, or work and skill?

I crave your pardon; if I speak amiss,
Your Highness will, I hope, allowance make
That I have spoken for your Highness' sake,
And not that us it inconveniences,
Although it is a scandal to us all
To see this picture half-done on the wall.
A word from your most gracious lips, I feel,
Would greatly quicken Ser Leonardo's zeal,
And we should soon see o'er our daily board,
The Judas finished, and our blessed Lord.

But he approaches, in his hand the book;
Into its pages should your Highness look,
They would amuse you by their strange devices.
Your gracious presence now he recognises;
That smile and bow and lifted cap I see,
Are for his Prince and Patron, not for me.

Note.—There is some difficulty in fixing the exact time during which Leonardo da Vinci was engaged in painting his famous Cenacolo. One date alone seems to be properly established, and this is, that the picture was finished in the latter part of the year 1497, or in the beginning of the year 1498; the only question is, when it was begun. Vasari, whose chronology is often very defective, says that Leonardo was brought to Milan after the death of Galeazzo, and the elevation of Ludovico Sforza to the dukedom of Milan, in 1494; that, after his arrival, he painted a "Natività, a tavola," which was sent by the Duke to the Emperor, and then commenced the Cenacolo. L'Amoretti thinks he was engaged on this work several years (*varii anni*), and Bossi is of opinion that he spent sixteen years on it. This latter supposition is not tenable, for up to the year 1496 his time seems to have been pretty fully occupied on other works. In 1493 he modelled the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, a work of great labour and finish. In 1494-95, besides other occupations, he made an "allegoria" for the Duke Ludovico, and painted the portraits of Ludovico il Moro, and his wife and children. In 1496 he made sixty figures for the treatise, 'De Divina Proportione,' of Fra Luca

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Paciolo, and the picture of the Nativity sent to the Emperor. It would, however, seem that he did not go to Milan, as Vasari states, in 1494, but previously, in 1483; but Vasari seems to be correct in stating that the Cenacolo was not begun until after 1494. The opinion of Bossi, that he was engaged sixteen years on the painting, seems to be founded upon the supposition that he was painting on it all the time he was at Milan. This, however, is utterly incorrect, and he must, therefore, be supposed to mean that the picture was in his mind during that period, and that, perhaps, studies of some heads were then made which were afterwards used in it. Within these sixteen years he is known to have painted several important pictures, modelled the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, and, besides various works in engineering and mechanics, to have constructed the great canal of the Martesana, which alone is sufficient to immortalise him.

In the notes to the carefully prepared edition of Vasari, published by Felice de Monnier, in 1851, under the editorship of a "Società de' Amatori delle Belle Arti," there is a chronological view of the life and works of Leonardo appended to Vasari's life, and drawn from Amoretti, Gaye, and other authentic documents, from which it appears that, in 1496, the Cenacolo at Milan was commenced, and in 1498 was finished, giving a period of about two years to the execution of this great work. This statement seems to be the most probable and the best accredited. As Leonardo undoubtedly spent much time in the preparation of the wall, the period actually occupied in the painting seems therefore to have been rather short than long, when the size and exquisite finish of this work are taken into consideration.

LEONARDO DA VINCI POETISES TO THE DUKE IN HIS OWN DEFENCE.

PADRE BANDELLI, then, complains of me
Because, forsooth, I have not drawn a line
Upon the Saviour's head; perhaps, then, he
Could without trouble paint that head divine.
But think, oh Signor Duca, what should be
The pure perfection of our Saviour's face—
What sorrowing majesty, what noble grace,
At that dread moment when He brake the bread,
And those submissive words of pathos said,
"By one among you I shall be betrayed,"—
And say if 'tis an easy task to find,
Even among the best that walk this earth,
The fitting type of that divinest worth,
That has its image solely in the mind.
Vainly my pencil struggles to express
The sorrowing grandeur of such holiness.
In patient thought, in ever-seeking prayer,
I strive to shape that glorious face within,
But the soul's mirror, dulled and dimmed by sin,
Reflects not yet the perfect image there.
Can the hand do before the soul has wrought?
Is not our art the servant of our thought?

And Judas, too,—the basest face I see
Will not contain his utter infamy;

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Among the dregs and offal of mankind,
Vainly I seek an utter wretch to find.
He who for thirty silver coins could sell
His Lord, must be the Devil's miracle.
Padre Bandelli thinks it easy is
To find the type of him who with a kiss
Betrayed his Lord. Well, what I can I'll do;
And if it please his reverence and you,
For Judas' face I'm willing to paint his.

Padre Bandelli is a sort of man,
Joking apart, whose little round of thought
Is like his life, the measure of a span.
He knows and does the duties he is taught,—
Prays, preaches, eats, and sleeps in dull content;
Does the day's work, and deems it excellent;
Says he's a sinner, but we're sinners all,
And puts his own sin down to Adam's fall.
Christ, at the last day, others may reject,—
Poor painters, or great dukes with their state cares;
But that, with all his masses, fasts, and prayers,
A convent's prior should not be elect,
Padre Bandelli has not half a doubt—
'Twere a strange heaven, indeed, with him left out.
Him the imagination does not tease
With hungry cravings, restless impulses;
Him no despairing days the Furies bring,
No torturing doubts, no anxious questioning;
But day by day his ordered time is spent,
In doing over the same things again.
How should he know the artist's inward strain,
His vexing and fastidious discontent?
Art he considers as a sort of trade,
Like laying bricks: If one can lay a yard
In one good hour, how can it be so hard
In two good hours, that two yards should be laid?

But, Signor Duca, you can apprehend
The artist's soul—how there is ne'er an end
Of climbing fancies, longings, and desires,
That burn within him like consuming fires;
How, beaten to and fro by joy and pain,
He grasps at shadows he can ne'er retain.
How sweet and fair the inward vision gleams!
How dull and base the painted copy seems!
We are like Danaus' daughters—all in vain
We strive to fill our vases. Human art
Through myriad leaks lets out the spirit's part,
And nothing but the earthy dregs remain.

But who can force the spirit to conceive?
Its lofty empire is above our will:
Trained though we be, we only can fulfil
Its orders, and a joyous welcome give.
Oft when the music waits, the room is decked,

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And hope looks out from the expectant breast—
Vainly we wait to greet the invited guest.
Oft when its presence least our souls expect,
Sudden, unsummoned, there it stands, as Eve
Stood before Adam,—as in twilight sky
The first young star—half joy, half mystery.

The wilful work built by the conscious brain
Is but the humble handicraft of art;
It has its growth in toil, its birth in pain.
The Imagination, silent and apart
Above the Will, beyond the conscious eye,
Fashions in joyous ease and as in play
Its fine creations,—mixing up alway
The real and the ideal, heaven and earth,
Darkness and sunshine; and then, pushing forth
Sudden upon our world of consciousness
Its world of wonder, leaves to us the stress,
By patient art, to copy its pure grace,
And catch the perfect features of its face.

From hand to spirit must the human chain
Be closely linked, and thence to the divine
Stretch up, through feeling its electric line,
To draw heaven down, or all our art is vain.
For in its loftiest mood the soul obeys
A higher power that shapes our thoughts, and sways
Their motions, when by love and strong desire
We are uplifted. From a source unknown
The power descends—with its ethereal fire
Inflames us—not possessing but possessed
We do its bidding; but we do not own
The grace that in those happy hours is given,
More than its strings the music of the lyre—
More than the shower the rainbow lent by heaven.
Nature and man are only organ-keys—
Mere soundless pipes—despite our vaunted skill—
Till, with its breath, the power above us fill
The stops, and touch us to its harmonies.

Oh Signor Duca, as the woman bears
Her child not in a moment nor a day,
So doth the soul the germ that God doth lay
Within it, with as many pains and cares.
From the whole being it absorbs and draws
Its form and life—on all we are and see
It feeds by subtle sympathetic laws;
Each sense it stirs, it fires each faculty
To hunt the outer world, and thence to seize
Food for assimilation. By degrees
Perfect it grows at last in every part,
And then is born into the world of art.

In facile natures fancies quickly grow,
But such quick fancies have but little root.

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Soon the narcissus flowers and dies, but slow
The tree whose blossoms shall mature to fruit.
Grace is a moment's happy feeling, Power
A life's slow growth; and we for many an hour
Must strain and toil, and wait and weep, if we
The perfect fruit of all we are would see.

Therefore I wait. Within my earnest thought
For years upon this picture I have wrought,
Yet still it is not ripe; I dare not paint
Till all is ordered and matured within.
Hand-work and head-work have an earthly taint,
But when the soul commands I shall begin.
On themes like these I should not dare to dwell
With our good Prior—they to him would be
Mere nonsense; he must touch and taste and see;
And facts, he says, are never mystical.
Now, the fact is, our worthy Prior says,
The convent is annoyed by my delays;
Nor can he see why I for hours and days
Should muse and dream and idle here around.
I have not made a face he has not found
Quite good enough before it was half-done.
"Don't bother more," he says, "let it alone."
What can one say to such a connoisseur?
How could a Prior and a critic err?

But, not to be more tedious, I confess
I am disturbed to think I so distress
The worthy Prior. Yet 'twere wholly vain
To him an artist's feelings to explain;
But, Signor Duca, you will understand,
And so I treat on higher themes with you.
The work you order I shall strive to do
With all my soul, not merely with my hand.

W. W. S.

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CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

PART XIII.—CHAPTER XL.

"Now, Mr Wodehouse," said Jack Wentworth, "it appears that you and I have a word to say to each other." They had all risen when the other gentlemen followed Mr Morgan out of the room, and those who remained stood in a group surrounding the unhappy culprit, and renewing his impression of personal danger. When he heard himself thus addressed, he backed against the wall, and instinctively took one of the chairs and placed it before him. His furtive eye sought the door and the window, investigating the chances of escape. When he saw that there was none, he withdrew still a step farther back, and stood at bay.

"By Jove! I ain't going to stand all this," said Wodehouse; "as if every fellow had a right to bully me—it's more than flesh and blood can put up with. I don't care for that old fogie that's gone up-stairs; but, by Jove! I won't stand any more from men that eat my dinners, and win my money, and——"

Jack Wentworth made half a step forward with a superb smile—"My good fellow, you should never reproach a man with his good actions," he said; "but at the same time, having eaten your dinner, as you describe, I have a certain claim on your gratitude. We have had some—a—business connection—for some years. I don't say you have reason to be actually grateful for that; but, at least, it brought you now and then into the society of gentlemen. A man who robs a set of women, and leaves the poor creature he has ruined destitute, is a sort of cur we have nothing to say to," said the heir of the Wentworths, contemptuously. "We do not pretend to be saints, but we are not blackguards; that is to say," said Jack, with a perfectly calm and harmonious smile, "not in theory, nor in our own opinion. The fact accordingly is, my friend, that you must choose between *us* and those respectable meannesses of yours. By Jove! the fellow ought to have been a shopkeeper, and as honest as—Diogenes," said Jack. He stood looking at his wretched associate with the overwhelming impertinence of a perfectly well-bred man, no way concealing the contemptuous inspection with which his cool eyes travelled over the disconcerted figure from top to toe, seeing and exaggerating all its tremors and clumsy guiltiness. The chances are, had Jack Wentworth been in Wodehouse's place, he would have been master of the position as much as now. He was not shocked nor indignant like his brothers. He was simply contemptuous, disdainful, not so much of the wickedness as of the clumsy and shabby fashion in which it had been accomplished. As for the offender, who had been defiant in his sulky fashion up to this moment, his courage oozed out at his finger-ends under Jack Wentworth's eye.

"I am my own master," he stammered, "nowadays. I ain't to be dictated to—and I shan't be, by Jove! As for Jack Wentworth, he's well known to be neither more nor less——"

"Than what, Mr Wodehouse?" said the serene and splendid Jack. "Don't interest yourself on my account, Frank. This is my business at present. If you have any prayer-meetings in hand we can spare you—and don't forget our respectable friend in your supplications. Favour us with your definition of Jack Wentworth, Mr Wodehouse. He is neither more nor less——?"

"By Jove! I ain't going to stand it," cried Wodehouse; "if a fellow's to be driven mad, and insulted,

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and have his money won from him, and made game of — not to say tossed about as I've been among 'em, and made a drudge of and set to do the dirty work," said the unfortunate subordinate, with a touch of pathos in his hoarse voice;—"I don't mean to say I've been what I ought; but, by Jove! to be put upon as I've been, and knocked about; and at the last they haven't the pluck to stand by a fellow, by Jove!" muttered Mr Wodehouse's unlucky heir. What further exasperation his smiling superior was about to heap upon him, nobody could tell; for just as Jack Wentworth was about to speak, and just as Wodehouse had again faced towards him, half-cowed, half-resisting, Gerald, who had been looking on in silence, came forward out of the shadow. He had seen all and heard all, from that moral deathbed of his, where no personal cares could again disturb him; and though he had resigned his office, he could not belie his nature. He came in by instinct to cherish the dawn of compunction which appeared, as he thought, in the sinner's words.

"The best thing that can happen to you," said Gerald, at the sound of whose voice everybody started, "is to find out that the wages of sin are bitter. Don't expect any sympathy or consolation from those who have helped you to do wrong. My brother tries to induce you to do a right act from an unworthy motive. He says your former associates will not acknowledge you. My advice to you is to forsake your former associates. My brother," said Gerald, turning aside to look at him, "would do himself honour if he forsook them also—but for you, here is your opportunity. You have no temptation of poverty now. Take the first step, and forsake them. I have no motive in advising you—except, indeed, that I am Jack Wentworth's brother. He and you are different," said Gerald, involuntarily glancing from one to the other. "And at present you have the means of escape. Go now and leave them," said the man who was a priest by nature. The light returned to his eye while he spoke; he was no longer passive, contemplating his own moral death; his natural office had come back to him unawares. He stretched his arm towards the door, thinking of nothing but the escape of the sinner. "Go," said Gerald. "Refuse their approbation; shun their society. For Christ's sake, and not for theirs, make amends to those you have wronged. Jack, I command you to let him go."

Jack, who had been startled at first, had recovered himself long before his brother ceased to speak. "Let him go, by all means," he said, and stood superbly indifferent by Gerald's side, whistling under his breath a tripping lively air. "No occasion for solemnity. The sooner he goes the better," said Jack. "In short, I see no reason why any of us should stay, now the business is accomplished. I wonder would his reverence ever forgive me if I lighted my cigar?" He took out his case as he spoke, and began to look over its contents. There was one in the room, however, who was better acquainted with the indications of Jack Wentworth's face than either of his brothers. This unfortunate, who was hanging in an agony of uncertainty over the chair he had placed before him, watched every movement of his leader's face with the anxious gaze of a lover, hoping to see a little corresponding anxiety in it, but watched in vain. Wodehouse had been going through a fever of doubt and divided impulses. The shabby fellow was open to good impressions, though he was not much in the way of practising them, and Gerald's address, which, in the first place, filled him with awe, moved him afterwards with passing thrills of compunction, mingled with a kind of delight at the idea of getting free. When his admonitor said "Go," Wodehouse made a step towards the door, and for an instant

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felt the exhilaration of enfranchisement. But the next moment his eye sought Jack Wentworth's face, which was so superbly careless, so indifferent to him and his intentions, and the vagabond's soul succumbed with a canine fidelity to his master. Had Jack shown any interest, any excitement in the matter, his sway might have been doubtful; but in proportion to the sense of his own insignificance and unimportance Wodehouse's allegiance confirmed itself. He looked wistfully towards the hero of his imagination, as that skilful personage selected his cigar. He would rather have been kicked again than left alone, and left to himself. After all, it was very true what Jack Wentworth said. They might be a bad lot, but they were gentlemen (according to Wodehouse's understanding of the word) with whom he had been associated; and beatific visions of peers and baronets and honourables, among whom his own shabby person had figured, without feeling much below the common level, crossed his mind with all the sweetness which belongs to a past state of affairs. Yet it was still in his power to recall these vanishing glories. Now that he was rich, and could "cut a figure" among the objects of his admiration, was that brilliant world to be closed upon him for ever by his own obstinacy? As these thoughts rushed through his mind, little Rosa's beauty and natural grace came suddenly to his recollection. Nobody need know how he had got his pretty wife, and a pretty wife she would be—a creature whom nobody could help admiring. Wodehouse looked wistfully at Jack Wentworth, who took no notice of him as he chose his cigar. Jack was not only the ideal of the clumsier rogue, but he was the doorkeeper of that paradise of disreputable nobles and ruined gentlemen which was Wodehouse's idea of good society; and from all this was he about to be banished? Jack Wentworth selected his cigar with as much care as if his happiness depended on it, and took no notice of the stealthy glances thrown at him. "I'll get a light in the hall," said Jack; "good evening to you," and he was actually going away.

"Look here," said Wodehouse, hastily, in his beard; "I ain't a man to forsake old friends. If Jack Wentworth does not mean anything unreasonable or against a fellow's honour——. Hold your tongue, Waters; by Jove! I know my friends. I know you would never have been one of them but for Jack Wentworth. He's not the common sort, I can tell you. He's the greatest swell going, by Jove!" cried Jack's admiring follower, "and through thick and thin he's stood by me. I ain't going to forsake him now—that is, if he don't want anything that goes against a fellow's honour," said the repentant prodigal, again sinking the voice which he had raised for a moment. As he spoke he looked more wistfully than ever towards his leader, who said "Pshaw!" with an impatient gesture, and put back his cigar.

"This room is too hot for anything," said Jack; "but don't open the window, I entreat of you. I hate to assist at the suicide of a set of insane insects. For heaven's sake, Frank, mind what you're doing. As for Mr Wodehouse's remark," said Jack, lightly, "I trust I never could suggest anything which would wound his keen sense of honour. I advise you to marry and settle, as I am in the habit of advising young men; and if I were to add that it would be seemly to make some provision for your sisters——"

"Stop there!" said the Curate, who had taken no part in the scene up to this moment. He had stood behind rather contemptuously, determined to have nothing to do with his ungrateful and ungenerous protégé. But now an unreasonable impulse forced him into the discussion. "The less that is said on that part of the subject the better," he said, with some natural heat. "I object to the mixing up of

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names which—which no one here has any right to bandy about——"

"That is very true," said Mr Proctor; "but still they have their rights," the late Rector added after a pause. "We have no right to stand in the way of their—their interest, you know." It occurred to Mr Proctor, indeed, that the suggestion was on the whole a sensible one. "Even if they were to—to marry, you know, they might still be left unprovided for," said the late Rector. "I think it is quite just that some provision should be made for that."

And then there was a pause. Frank Wentworth was sufficiently aware after his first start of indignation that he had no right to interfere, as Mr Proctor said, between the Miss Wodehouses and their interest. He had no means of providing for them, of setting them above the chances of fortune. He reflected bitterly that it was not in his power to offer a home to Lucy, and through her to her sister. What he had to do was to stand by silently, to suffer other people to discuss what was to be done for the woman whom he loved, and whose name was sacred to him. This was a stretch of patience of which he was not capable. "I can only say again," said the Curate, "that I think this discussion has gone far enough. Whatever matters of business there may be that require arrangement had better be settled between Mr Brown and Mr Waters. So far as private feeling goes——"

"Never fear, I'll manage it," said Jack Wentworth, "as well as a dozen lawyers. Private feeling has nothing to do with it. Have a cigar, Wodehouse? We'll talk it over as we walk home," said the condescending potentate. These words dispersed the assembly which no longer had any object. As Jack Wentworth sauntered out, his faithful follower pressed through the others to join him. Wodehouse was himself again. He gave a sulky nod to the Curate, and said, "Good-night, parson, I don't owe much to you," and hastened out close upon the heels of his patron and leader. All the authorities of Carlingford, the virtuous people who conferred station and respectability by a look, sank into utter insignificance in presence of Jack. His admiring follower went after him with a swell of pride. He was a poor enough rogue himself, hustled and abused by everybody, an unsuccessful and shabby vagabond, notwithstanding his new fortune; but Jack was the glorified impersonation of cleverness and wickedness and triumph to Wodehouse. He grew insolent when he was permitted to put his arm through that of his hero, and went off with him trying to copy, in swagger and insolence, his careless step and well-bred ease. Perhaps Jack Wentworth felt a little ashamed of himself as he emerged from the gate of the Rectory with his shabby and disreputable companion. He shrugged his shoulders slightly as he looked back and saw Gerald and Frank coming slowly out together. "Coraggio!" said Jack to himself, "it is I who am the true philanthropist. Let us do evil that good may come." Notwithstanding, he was very thankful not to be seen by his father, who had wished to consult him as a man of the world, and had shown certain yearnings towards him, which, to Jack's infinite surprise, awakened responsive feelings in his own unaccustomed bosom. He was half ashamed of this secret movement of natural affection, which, certainly, nobody else suspected; but it was with a sensation of relief that he closed the Rectory gate behind him, without having encountered the keen, inquiring, suspicious glances of the Squire. The others dispersed according to their pleasure—Mr Waters joining the party up-stairs, while Mr Proctor followed Jack Wentworth and Wodehouse to the door with naïve natural curiosity. When the excellent man recollected that he was listening to private conversation, and met Wode-

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house's look of sulky insolence, he turned back again, much fluttered and disturbed. He had an interest in the matter, though the two in whose hands it now lay were the last whom he would have chosen as confidants; and to do him justice, he was thinking of Lucy only in his desire to hear what they decided upon. "Something might happen to me," he said to himself; "and, even if all was well, she would be happier not to be wholly dependent upon her sister;" with which self-exculpatory reflection, Mr Proctor slowly followed the others into the drawing-room. Gerald and Frank, who were neither of them disposed for society, went away together. They had enough to think of, without much need of conversation, and they had walked half-way down Grange Lane before either spoke. Then it was Frank who broke the silence abruptly with a question which had nothing to do with the business in which they had been engaged.

"And what do you mean to do?" said Frank, suddenly. It was just as they came in sight of the graceful spire of St Roque's; and, perhaps, it was the sight of his own church which roused the Perpetual Curate to think of the henceforth aimless life of his brother. "I don't understand how you are to give up your work. To-night even——"

"I did not forget myself," said Gerald; "every man who can distinguish good from evil has a right to advise his fellow-creature. I have not given up that common privilege—don't hope it, Frank," said the martyr, with a momentary smile.

"If I could but understand why it is that you make this terrible sacrifice!" said the Curate—"No, I don't want to argue—of course, you are convinced. I can understand the wish that our unfortunate division had never taken place; but I can't understand the sacrifice of a man's life and work. Nothing is perfect in this world; but at least to do something in it—to be good for something—and with your faculties, Gerald!" cried the admiring and regretful brother. "Can abstract right in an institution, if that is what you aim at, be worth the sacrifice of your existence—your power of influencing your fellow-creatures?" This Mr Wentworth said, being specially moved by the circumstances in which he found himself—for, under any other conditions, such sentiments would have produced the warmest opposition in his Anglican bosom. But he was so far sympathetic that he could be tolerant to his brother who had gone to Rome.

"I know what you mean," said Gerald; "it is the prevailing theory in England that all human institutions are imperfect. My dear Frank, I want a Church which is not a human institution. In England it seems to be the rule of faith that every man may believe as he pleases. There is no authority either to decide or to punish. If you can foresee what that may lead us to, I cannot. I take refuge in the true Church, where alone there is certainty—where," said the convert, with a heightened colour and a long-drawn breath, "there is authority clear and decisive. In England you believe what you will, and the result will be one that I at least fear to contemplate; in Rome we believe what—we must," said Gerald. He said the words slowly, bowing his head more than once with determined submission, as if bending under the yoke. "Frank, it is salvation!" said the new Catholic, with the emphasis of a despairing hope. And for the first time Frank Wentworth perceived what it was which had driven his brother to Rome.

"I understand you now," said the Perpetual Curate; "it is because there is no room for our conflicting doctrines and latitude of belief. Instead of a Church happily so far imperfect, that a man can put his life to the best account in it, without absolutely delivering up his in-

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tellect to a set of doctrines, you seek a perfect Church, in which, for a symmetrical system of doctrine, you lose the use of your existence!" Mr Wentworth uttered this opinion with all the more vehemence, that it was in direct opposition to his own habitual ideas; but even his veneration for his "Mother" yielded for the moment to his strong sense of his brother's mistake.

"It is a hard thing to say," said Gerald, "but it is true. If you but knew the consolation, after years of struggling among the problems of faith, to find one's self at last upon a rock of authority, of certainty—one holds in one's hand at last the interpretation of the enigma," said Gerald. He looked up to the sky as he spoke, and breathed into the serene air a wistful lingering sigh. If it was certainty that echoed in that breath of unsatisfied nature, the sound was sadly out of concord with the sentiment. His soul, notwithstanding that expression of serenity, was still as wistful as the night.

"Have you the interpretation?" said his brother; and Frank, too, looked up into the pure sky above, with its stars which stretched over them serene and silent, arching over the town that lay behind, and of which nobody knew better than he the human mysteries and wonderful unanswerable questions. The heart of the Curate ached to think how many problems lay in the darkness, over which that sky stretched silent, making no sign. There were the sorrowful of the earth, enduring their afflictions, lifting up pitiful hands, demanding of God in their bereavements and in their miseries the reason why. There were all the inequalities of life, side by side, evermore echoing dumbly the same awful question; and over all shone the calm sky which gave no answer. "Have you the interpretation?" he said. "Perhaps you can reconcile freewill and predestination — the need of a universal atonement and the existence of individual virtue? But these are not to me the most difficult questions. Can your Church explain why one man is happy and another miserable?—why one has everything and abounds, and the other loses all that is most precious in life? My sister Mary, for example," said the Curate, "she seems to bear the cross for our family. Her children die and yours live. Can you explain to her why? I have heard her cry out to God to know the reason, and He made no answer. Tell me, have you the interpretation?" cried the young man, on whom the hardness of his own position was pressing at the moment. They went on together in silence for a few minutes, without any attempt on Gerald's part to answer. "You accept the explanation of the Church in respect to doctrines," said the Curate, after that pause, "and consent that her authority is sufficient, and that your perplexity is over — that is well enough, so far as it goes: but outside lies a world in which every event is an enigma, where nothing that comes offers any explanation of itself; where God does not show himself always kind, but by times awful, terrible—a God who smites and does not spare. It is easy to make a harmonious balance of doctrine; but where is the interpretation of life?" The young priest looked back on his memory, and recalled, as if they had been in a book, the daily problems with which he was so well acquainted. As for Gerald, he bowed his head a little, with a kind of reverence, as if he had been bowing before the shrine of a saint.

"I have had a happy life," said the elder brother. "I have not been driven to ask such questions for myself. To these the Church has but one advice to offer: Trust God."

"We say so in England," said Frank Wentworth; "it is the grand scope of our teaching. Trust God. He will not explain Himself, nor can we attempt it. When it is certain that I must be content with

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this answer for all the sorrows of life, I am content to take my doctrines on the same terms," said the Perpetual Curate;—and by this time they had come to Miss Wentworth's door. After all, perhaps it was not Gerald, except so far as he was carried by a wonderful force of human sympathy and purity of soul, who was the predestined priest of the family. As he went up to his own room, a momentary spasm of doubt came upon the new convert —whether, perhaps, he was making a sacrifice of his life for a mistake. He hushed the thought forcibly as it rose; such impulses were no longer to be listened to. The same authority which made faith certain decided every doubt to be sin.

CHAPTER XLI.

Next morning the Curate got up with anticipations which were far from cheerful, and a weary sense of the monotony and dulness of life. He had won his little battle, it was true; but the very victory had removed that excitement which answered in the absence of happier stimulants to keep up his heart and courage. After a struggle like that in which he had been engaged, it was hard to come again into the peaceable routine without any particular hope to enliven or happiness to cheer it, which was all he had at present to look for in his life; and it was harder still to feel the necessity of being silent, of standing apart from Lucy in her need, of shutting up in his own heart the longing he had towards her, and refraining himself from the desperate thought of uniting his genteel beggary to hers. That was the one thing which must not be thought of, and he subdued himself with an impatient sigh, and could not but wonder, as he went down-stairs, whether, if Gerald had been less smoothly guided through the perplexing paths of life, he would have found time for all the difficulties which had driven him to take refuge in Rome. It was with this sense of hopeless restraint and incapacity, which is perhaps of all sensations the most humbling, that he went down-stairs, and found lying on his breakfast-table, the first thing that met his eye, the note which Lucy Wodehouse had written to him on the previous night. As he read it, the earth somehow turned to the sun; the dubious light brightened in the skies. Unawares, he had been wondering never to receive any token of sympathy, any word of encouragement from those for whom he had made so many exertions. When he had read Lucy's letter, the aspect of affairs changed considerably. To be sure nothing that she had said or could say made any difference in the facts of the case; but the Curate was young, and still liable to those changes of atmosphere which do more for an imaginative mind than real revolutions. He read the letter several times over as he lingered through his breakfast, making on the whole an agreeable meal, and finding himself repossessed of his ordinary healthful appetite. He even canvassed the signature as much in reading as Lucy had done in writing it—balancing in his mind the maidenly "truly yours" of that subscription with as many ingenious renderings of its possible meaning, as if Lucy's letter had been articles of faith. "Truly mine," he said to himself, with a smile; which indeed meant all a lover could require; and then paused, as if he had been Dr Lushington or Lord Westbury, to inquire into the real force of the phrase. For after all, it is not only when signing the Articles that the bond and pledge of subscription means more than is intended. When Mr Wentworth was able to tear himself from the agreeable casuistry of this self-discussion, he got up in much better spirits to go about his daily business. First

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of all, he had to see his father, and ascertain what were the Squire's intentions, and how long he meant to stay in Carlingford; and then—— It occurred to the Perpetual Curate that after that, politeness demanded that he should call on the Miss Wodehouses, who had, or at least one of them, expressed so frankly their confidence in him. He could not but call to thank her, to inquire into their plans, perhaps to back aunt Leonora's invitation, which he was aware had been gratefully declined. With these ideas in his mind he went down-stairs, after brushing his hat very carefully and casting one solicitous glance in the mirror as he passed—which presented to him a very creditable reflection, an eidolon in perfect clerical apparel, without any rusty suggestions of a Perpetual Curacy. Yet a Perpetual Curacy it was which was his sole benefice or hope in his present circumstances, for he knew very well that, were all other objections at an end, neither Skelmersdale nor Wentworth could be kept open for him; and that beyond these two he had not a hope of advancement—and at the same time he was pledged to remain in Carlingford. All this, however, though discouraging enough, did not succeed in discouraging Mr Wentworth after he had read Lucy's letter. He went down-stairs so lightly that Mrs Hadwin, who was waiting in the parlour in her best cap, to ask if he would pardon her for making such a mistake, did not hear him pass, and sat waiting for an hour, forgetting, or rather neglecting to give any response, when the butcher came for orders—which was an unprecedented accident. Mr Wentworth went cheerfully up Grange Lane, meeting, by a singular chance, ever so many people, who stopped to shake hands with him, or at least bowed their good wishes and friendly acknowledgments. He smiled in himself at these evidences of popular penitence, but was not the less pleased to find himself reinstated in his place in the affections and respect of Carlingford. "After all, it was not an unnatural mistake," he said to himself, and smiled benignly upon the excellent people who had found out the error of their own ways. Carlingford, indeed, seemed altogether in a more cheerful state than usual, and Mr Wentworth could not but think that the community in general was glad to find that it had been deceived, and so went upon his way, pleasing himself with those maxims about the ultimate prevalence of justice and truth, which make it apparent that goodness is always victorious, and wickedness punished, in the end. Somehow even a popular fallacy has an aspect of truth when it suits one's own case. The Perpetual Curate went through his aunt's garden with a conscious smile, feeling once more master of himself and his concerns. There was, to tell the truth, even a slight shade of self-content and approbation upon his handsome countenance. In the present changed state of public opinion and private feeling, he began to take some pleasure in his sacrifice. To be sure, a Perpetual Curate could not marry; but perhaps Lucy—in short, there was no telling what might happen; and it was accordingly with that delicious sense of goodness which generally attends an act of self-sacrifice, mingled with an equally delicious feeling that the act, when accomplished, might turn out no such great sacrifice after all—which it is to be feared is the most usual way in which the sacrifices of youth are made—that the Curate walked into the hall, passing his aunt Dora's toy terrier without that violent inclination to give it a whack with his cane in passing, which was his usual state of feeling. To tell the truth, Lucy's letter had made him at peace with all the world.

When, however, he entered the dining-room, where the family were still at breakfast, Frank's serenity was unexpectedly disturbed. The first thing that met his eye was his aunt Leonora, towering over her

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tea-urn at the upper end of the table, holding in her hand a letter which she had just opened. The envelope had fallen in the midst of the immaculate breakfast "things," and indeed lay, with its broad black edge on the top of the snow-white lumps, in Miss Leonora's own sugar-basin; and the news had been sufficiently interesting to suspend the operations of tea-making, and to bring the strong-minded woman to her feet. The first words which were audible to Frank revealed to him the nature of the intelligence which had produced such startling effects.

"He was always a contradictory man," said Miss Leonora; "since the first hour he was in Skelmersdale, he has made a practice of doing things at the wrong time. I don't mean to reproach the poor man now he's gone; but when he has been so long of going, what good could it do him to choose this particular moment, for no other reason that I can see, except that it was specially uncomfortable to us? What my brother has just been saying makes it all the worse," said Miss Leonora, with a look of annoyance. She had turned her head away from the door, which was at the side of the room, and had not perceived the entrance of the Curate. "As long as we could imagine that Frank was to succeed to the Rectory the thing looked comparatively easy. I beg your pardon, Gerald. Of course, you know how grieved I am—in short, that we all feel the deepest distress and vexation; but, to be sure, since you have given it up, somebody must succeed you—there can be no doubt of that."

"Not the least, my dear aunt," said Gerald.

"I am glad you grant so much. It is well to be sure of something," said the incisive and peremptory speaker. "It would have been a painful thing for us at any time to place another person in Skelmersdale while Frank was unprovided for; but, of course," said Miss Leonora, sitting down suddenly, "nobody who knows me could suppose for a minute that I would let my feelings stand in the way of my public duty. Still it is very awkward just at this moment, when Frank, on the whole, has been behaving very properly, and one can't help so far approving of him——"

"I am much obliged to you, aunt Leonora," said the Curate.

"Oh, you are there, Frank," said his sensible aunt; and strong-minded though she was, a slight shade of additional colour appeared for a moment on Miss Leonora's face. She paused a little, evidently diverted from the line of discourse which she had contemplated, and wavered like a vessel disturbed in its course. "The fact is, I have just had a letter announcing Mr Shirley's death," she continued, facing round towards her nephew, and setting off abruptly, in face of all consequences, on the new tack.

"I am very sorry," said Frank Wentworth; "though I have an old grudge at him on account of his long sermons; but as you have expected it for a year or two, I can't imagine your grief to be overwhelming," said the Curate, with a touch of natural impertinence to be expected under the circumstances. Skelmersdale had been so long thought interesting to him, that now, when it was not in the least interesting, he got impatient of the name.

"I quite agree with you, Frank," said Miss Wentworth. Aunt Cecilia had not been able for a long time to agree with anybody. She had been, on the contrary, shaking her head and shedding a few gentle tears over Gerald's silent submission and Louisa's noisy lamentations. Everything was somehow going wrong; and she who had no power to mend, at least could not assent, and broke through her old use and wont to shake her head, which was a thing very alarming to the family. The entire party was moved by a sensation of pleasure to hear Miss Cecilia say, "I quite agree with you, Frank."

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"You are looking better this morning, my dear aunt," said Gerald. They had a great respect for each other these two; but when Miss Cecilia turned to hear what her elder nephew was saying, her face lost the momentary look of approval it had worn, and she again, though very softly, almost imperceptibly, began to shake her head.

"We were not asking for your sympathy," said Miss Leonora, sharply. "Don't talk like a saucy boy. We were talking of our own embarrassment. There is a very excellent young man, the curate of the parish, whom Julia Trench is to be married to. By the way, of course, this must put it off; but I was about to say, when you interrupted me, that to give it away from you at this moment, just as you had been doing well—doing—your duty," said Miss Leonora, with unusual hesitation, "was certainly very uncomfortable, to say the least, to us."

"Don't let that have the slightest influence on you, I beg," cried the Perpetual Curate, with all the pride of his years. "I hope I have been doing my duty all along," the young man added, more softly, a moment after; upon which the Squire gave a little nod, partly of satisfaction and encouragement to his son—partly of remonstrance and protest to his sister.

"Yes, I suppose so—with the flowers at Easter, for example," said Miss Leonora, with a slight sneer. "I consider that I have stood by you through all this business, Frank—but, of course, in so important a matter as a cure of souls, neither relationship nor, to a certain extent, approval," said Miss Leonora, with again some hesitation, "can be allowed to stand against public duty. We have the responsibility of providing a good gospel minister——"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, Leonora," said the Squire, "but I can't help thinking that you make a mistake. I think it's a man's bounden duty, when there is a living in the family, to educate one of his sons for it. In my opinion, it's one of the duties of property. You have no right to live off your estate, and spend your money elsewhere; and no more have you any right to give less than—than your own flesh and blood to the people you have the charge of. You've got the charge of them to—to a certain extent—soul and body, sir," said the Squire, growing warm, as he put down his 'Times,' and forgetting that he addressed a lady. "I'd never have any peace of mind if I filled up a family living with a stranger—unless, of course," Mr Wentworth added in a parenthesis—an unlikely sort of contingency which had not occurred to him at first—"you should happen to have no second son.—The eldest the squire, the second the rector. That's my idea, Leonora, of Church and State."

Miss Leonora smiled a little at her brother's semi-feudal, semi-pagan ideas. "I have long known that we were not of the same way of thinking," said the strong-minded aunt, who, though cleverer than her brother, was too wise in her own conceit to perceive at the first glance the noble, simple conception of his own duties and position, which was implied in the honest gentleman's words. "Your second son might be either a fool or a knave, or even, although neither, might be quite unfit to be intrusted with the eternal interests of his fellow-creatures. In my opinion, the duty of choosing a clergyman is one not to be exercised without the gravest deliberation. A conscientious man would make his selection dependant, at least, upon the character of his second son—if he had one. We, however——"

"But then his character is *so* satisfactory, Leonora," cried Miss Dora, feeling emboldened by the shadow of visitors under whose shield she could always retire. "Everybody knows what a good clergyman he is—I am sure it would

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be like a new world in Skelmersdale if you were there, Frank, my dear—and preaches such beautiful sermons!" said the unlucky little woman, upon whom her sister immediately descended, swift and sudden, like a storm at sea.

"We are generally perfectly of accord in our conclusions," said Miss Leonora; "as for Dora, she comes to the same end by a roundabout way. After what my brother has been saying——"

"Yes," said the Squire, with uncomfortable looks, "I was saying to your aunt, Frank, what I said to you about poor Mary. Since Gerald *will* go, and since you don't want to come, the best thing to do would be to have Huxtable. He's a very good fellow on the whole, and it might cheer her up, poor soul, to be near her sisters. Life has been hard work to her, poor girl—very hard work, sir," said the Squire, with a sigh. The idea was troublesome and uncomfortable, and always disturbed his mind when it occurred to him. It was indeed a secret humiliation to the Squire, that his eldest daughter possessed so little the characteristic health and prosperity of the Wentworths. He was very sorry for her, but yet half angry and half ashamed, as if she could have helped it; but, however, he had been obliged to admit, in his private deliberations on the subject, that, failing Frank, Mary's husband had the next best right to Wentworth Rectory—an arrangement of which Miss Leonora did not approve.

"I was about to say that we have no second son," she said, taking up the thread of her discourse where it had been interrupted. "Our duty is solely towards the Christian people. I do not pretend to be infallible," said Miss Leonora, with a meek air of self-contradiction; "but I should be a very poor creature indeed, if, at my age, I did not know what I believed, and was not perfectly convinced that I am right. Consequently (though, I repeat, Mr Shirley has chosen the most inconvenient moment possible for dying), it can't be expected of me that I should appoint my nephew, whose opinions in most points are exactly the opposite of mine."

"I wish, at least, you would believe what I say," interrupted the Curate, impatiently. "There might have been some sense in all this three months ago; but if Skelmersdale were the highroad to everything desirable in the Church, you are all quite aware that I could not accept it. Stop, Gerald; I am not so disinterested as you think," said Frank; "if I left Carlingford now, people would remember against me that my character had been called in question here. I can remain a Perpetual Curate," said the young man, with a smile, "but I can't tolerate any shadow upon my honour. I am sorry I came in at such an awkward moment. Good morning, aunt Leonora. I hope Julia Trench, when she has the Rectory, will always keep of your way of thinking. She used to incline a little to mine," he said, mischievously, as he went away.

"Come back, Frank, presently," said the Squire, whose attention had been distracted from his 'Times.' Mr Wentworth began to be tired of such a succession of exciting discussions. He thought if he had Frank quietly to himself he could settle matters much more agreeably; but the 'Times' was certainly an accompaniment more tranquillising so far as a comfortable meal was concerned.

"He can't come back presently," said aunt Leonora. "You speak as if he had nothing to do; when, on the contrary, he has everything to do—that is worth doing," said that contradictory authority. "Come back to lunch, Frank; and I wish you would eat your breakfast, Dora, and not stare at me."

Miss Dora had come down to breakfast as an invalid, in a pretty little cap, with a shawl over her dressing-gown. She had not yet got over her adventure and the excitement of Rosa's capture. That

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unusual accident, and all the applauses of her courage which had been addressed to her since, had roused the timid woman. She did not withdraw her eyes from her sister, though commanded to do so; on the contrary, her look grew more and more emphatic. She meant to have made a solemn address, throwing off Leonora's yoke, and declaring her intention, in this grave crisis of her nephew's fortunes, of acting for herself; but her feelings were too much for Miss Dora. The tears came creeping to the corners of her eyes, and she could not keep them back; and her attempt at dignity broke down. "I am never consulted," she said, with a gasp. "I don't mean to pretend to know better than Leonora; but—but I think it is very hard that Frank should be disappointed about Skelmersdale. You may call me as foolish as you please," said Miss Dora, with rising tears, "I know everybody will say it is my fault; but I must say I think it is very hard that Frank should be disappointed. He was always brought up for it, as everybody knows; and to disappoint him, who is so good and so nice, for a fat young man, buttered all over like—like—a pudding-basin," cried poor Miss Dora, severely adhering to the unity of her desperate metaphor. "I don't know what Julia Trench can be thinking of; I—I don't know what Leonora means."

"I am of the same way of thinking," said aunt Cecilia, setting down, with a little gentle emphasis, her cup of tea.

Here was rebellion, open and uncompromised. Miss Leonora was so much taken by surprise, that she lifted the tea-urn out of the way, and stared at her interlocutors with genuine amazement. But she proved herself, as usual, equal to the occasion.

"It's unfortunate that we never see eye to eye just at once," she said, with a look which expressed more distinctly than words could have done the preliminary flourish of his whip, by means of which a skilful charioteer gets his team under hand without touching them; "but it is very lucky that we always come to agree in the end," she added, more significantly still. It was well to crush insubordination in the bud. Not that she did not share the sentiment of her sisters; but then they were guided like ordinary women by their feelings, whereas Miss Leonora had the rights of property before her, and the approval of Exeter Hall.

"And he wants to marry, poor dear boy," said Miss Dora, pale with fright, yet persevering; "and she is a dear good girl—the very person for a clergyman's wife; and what is he to do if he is always to be Curate of St Roque's? You may say it is my fault, but I cannot help it. He always used to come to me in all his little troubles; and when he wants anything very particular, he knows there is nothing I would not do for him," sobbed the proud aunt, who could not help recollecting how much use she had been to Frank. She wiped her eyes at the thought, and held up her head with a thrill of pride and satisfaction. Nobody could blame her in that particular at least. "He knew he had only to tell me what he wanted," said Miss Dora, swelling out her innocent plumes. Jack, who was sitting opposite, and who had been listening with admiration, thought it time to come in on his own part.

"I hope you don't mean to forsake *me*, aunt Dora," he said. "If a poor fellow cannot have faith in his aunt, whom can he have faith in? I thought it was too good to last," said the neglected prodigal. "You have left the poor sheep in the wilderness and gone back to the ninety-and-nine righteous men who need no repentance." He put up his handkerchief to his eyes as he spoke, and so far forgot himself as to look with laughter in his face at his brother Gerald. As for the Squire, he was startled to hear his eldest son quoting Scrip-

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ture, and laid aside his paper once more to know what it meant.

"I am sure I beg your pardon, Jack," said aunt Dora, suddenly stopping short, and feeling guilty. "I never meant to neglect you. Poor dear boy, he never was properly tried with female society and the comforts of home; but then you were dining out that night," said the simple woman, eagerly. "I should have stayed with you, Jack, *of course*, had you been at home."

From this little scene Miss Leonora turned away hastily, with an exclamation of impatience. She made an abrupt end of her tea-making, and went off to her little business room with a grim smile upon her iron-grey countenance. She too had been taken in a little by Jack's pleasant farce of the Sinner Repentant; and it occurred to her to feel a little ashamed of herself as she went up-stairs. After all, the ninety-and-nine just men of Jack's irreverent quotation were worth considering now and then; and Miss Leonora could not but think with a little humiliation of the contrast between her nephew Frank and the comfortable young Curate who was going to marry Julia Trench. He *was* fat, it could not be denied; and she remembered his chubby looks, and his sermons about self-denial and mortification of the flesh, much as a pious Catholic might think of the Lenten oratory of a fat friar. But then he was perfectly sound in his doctrines, and it was undeniable that the people liked him, and that the appointment was one which even a Scotch ecclesiastical community full of popular rights could scarcely have objected to. According to her own principles, the strong-minded woman could not do otherwise. She threw herself into her arm-chair with unnecessary force, and read over the letter which Miss Trench herself had written. "It is difficult to think of any consolation in such a bereavement," wrote Mr Shirley's niece; "but still it is a little comfort to feel that I can throw myself on your sympathy, my dear and kind friend." "Little calculating thing!" Miss Leonora said to herself as she threw down the mournful epistle; and then she could not help thinking again of Frank. To be sure, he was not of her way of thinking; but when she remembered the "investigation" and its result, and the secret romance involved in it, her Wentworth blood sent a thrill of pride and pleasure through her veins. Miss Leonora, though she was strong-minded, was still woman enough to perceive her nephew's motives in his benevolence to Wodehouse; but these motives, which were strong enough to make him endure so much annoyance, were not strong enough to tempt him from Carlingford and his Perpetual Curacy, where his honour and reputation, in the face of love and ambition, demanded that he should remain. "It would be a pity to balk him in his self-sacrifice," she said to herself, with again a somewhat grim smile, and a comparison not much to the advantage of Julia Trench and *her* curate. She shut herself up among her papers till luncheon, and only emerged with a stormy front when that meal was on the table; during the progress of which she snubbed everybody who ventured to speak to her, and spoke to her nephew Frank as if he might have been suspected of designs upon the plate-chest. Such were the unpleasant consequences of the struggle between duty and inclination in the bosom of Miss Leonora; and, save for other unforeseen events which decided the matter for her, it is not by any means so certain as, judging from her character, it ought to have been, that duty would have won the day.

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CHAPTER XLII.

Frank Wentworth once more went up Grange Lane, a thoughtful and a sober man. Exhilaration comes but by moments in the happiest of lives—and already he began to remember how very little he had to be elated about, and how entirely things remained as before. Even Lucy; her letter very probably might be only an effusion of friendship; and at all events, what could he say to her—what did he dare in honour say? And then his mind went off to think of the two rectories, between which he had fallen as between two stools: though he had made up his mind to accept neither, he did not the less feel a certain mortification in seeing that his relations on both sides were so willing to bestow their gifts elsewhere. He could not tolerate the idea of succeeding Gerald in his own person, but still he found it very disagreeable to consent to the thought that Huxtable should replace him—Huxtable, who was a good fellow enough, but of whom Frank Wentworth thought, as men generally think of their brothers-in-law, with a half-impatient, half-contemptuous wonder what Mary could ever have seen in so commonplace a man. To think of him as rector of Wentworth inwardly chafed the spirit of the Perpetual Curate. As he was going along, absorbed in his own thoughts, he did not perceive how his approach was watched for from the other side of the way by Elsworthy, who stood with his bundle of newspapers under his arm and his hat in his hand, watching for "his clergyman" with submission and apology on the surface, and hidden rancour underneath. Elsworthy was not penitent; he was furious and disappointed. His mistake and its consequences were wholly humiliating, and had not in them a single saving feature to atone for the wounds of his self-esteem. The Curate had not only baffled and beaten him, but humbled him in his own eyes, which is perhaps, of all others, the injury least easy to forgive. It was, however, with an appearance of the profoundest submission that he stood awaiting the approach of the man he had tried so much to injure.

"Mr Wentworth, sir," said Elsworthy, "if I was worth your while, I might think as you were offended with me; but seeing I'm one as is so far beneath you"—he went on with a kind of grin, intended to represent a deprecatory smile, but which would have been a snarl had he dared—"I can't think as you'll bear no malice. May I ask, sir, if there's a-going to be any difference made?"

"In what respect, Elsworthy?" said the Curate, shortly.

"Well, sir, I can't tell," said the Clerk of St Roque's. "If a clergyman was to bear malice, it's in his power to make things very unpleasant. I don't speak of the place at church, which ain't neither here nor there—it's respectable, but it ain't lucrative; but if you was to stretch a point, Mr Wentworth, by continuing the papers and such-like—it ain't that I valley the money," said Elsworthy, "but I've been a faithful servant; and I might say, if you was to take it in a right spirit, an 'umble friend, Mr Wentworth," he continued, after a little pause, growing bolder. "And now, as I've that unfortunate creature to provide for, and no one knowing what's to become of her——"

"I wonder that you venture to speak of her to me," said the Curate, with a little indignation, "after all the warnings I gave you. But you ought to consider that you are to blame a great deal more than she is. She is only a child; if you had taken better care of her—but you would not pay any attention to my warning;—you must bear the consequences as you best can."

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"Well, sir," said Elsworthy, "if you're a-going to bear malice, I haven't got nothing to say. But there ain't ten men in Carlingford as wouldn't agree with me that when a young gentleman, even if he is a clergyman, takes particklar notice of a pretty young girl, it ain't just for nothing as he does it—not to say watching over her paternal to see as she wasn't out late at night, and suchlike. But bygones is bygones, sir," said Elsworthy, "and is never more to be mentioned by me. I don't ask no more, if you'll but do the same——"

"You won't ask no more?" said the Curate, angrily; "do you think I am afraid of you? I have nothing more to say, Elsworthy. Go and look after your business—I will attend to mine; and when we are not forced to meet, let us keep clear of each other. It will be better both for you and me."

The Curate passed on with an impatient nod; but his assailant did not intend that he should escape so easily. "I shouldn't have thought, sir, as you'd have borne malice," said Elsworthy, hastening on after him, yet keeping half a step behind. "I'm a humbled man—different from what I ever thought to be. I could always keep up my head afore the world till now; and if it ain't your fault, sir—as I humbly beg your pardon for ever being so far led away as to believe it was—all the same it's along of you."

"What do you mean?" said the Curate, who, half amused and half indignant at the change of tone, had slackened his pace to listen to this new accusation.

"What I mean, sir, is, that if you hadn't been so good and so kind-hearted as to take into your house the—the villain as has done it all, him and Rosa could never have known each other. I allow as it was nothing but your own goodness as did it; but it was a black day for me and mine," said the dramatist, with a pathetic turn of voice. "Not as I'm casting no blame on you, as is well known to be——"

"Never mind what I'm well known to be," said the Curate; "the other day you thought *I* was the villain. If you can tell me anything you want me to do, I will understand that—but I am not desirous to know your opinion of me," said the careless young man. As he stood listening impatiently, pausing a second time, Dr Marjoribanks came out to his door and stepped into his brougham to go off to his morning round of visits. The Doctor took off his hat when he saw the Curate, and waved it to him cheerfully with a gesture of congratulation. Dr Marjoribanks was quite stanch and honest, and would have manfully stood by his intimates in dangerous circumstances; but somehow he preferred success. It was pleasanter to be able to congratulate people than to condole with them. He preferred it, and nobody could object to so orthodox a sentiment. Most probably, if Mr Wentworth had still been in partial disgrace, the Doctor would not have seen him in his easy glance down the road; but though Mr Wentworth was aware of that, the mute congratulation had yet its effect upon him. He was moved by that delicate symptom of how the wind was blowing in Carlingford, and forgot all about Elsworthy, though the man was standing by his side.

"As you're so good as to take it kind, sir," said the Clerk of St Roque's, "and, as I was a-saying, it's well known as you're always ready to hear a poor man's tale, perhaps you'd let bygones be bygones, and not make no difference? That wasn't all, Mr Wentworth," he continued eagerly, as the Curate gave an impatient nod, and turned to go on. "I've heard as this villain is rich, sir, by means of robbing of his own flesh and blood;—but it ain't for me to trust to what folks says, after the experience I've had, and never can forgive myself for be-

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ing led away," said Elsworthy; "it's well known in Carlingford——"

"For heaven's sake come to the point and be done with it," said the Curate. "What is it you want me to do?"

"Sir," said Elsworthy, solemnly, "you're a real gentleman, and you don't bear no malice for what was a mistake—and you ain't one to turn your back on an unfortunate family—and Mr Wentworth, sir, you ain't a-going to stand by and see me and mine wronged, as have always wished you well. If we can't get justice of him, we can get damages," cried Elsworthy. "He ain't to be let off as if he'd done no harm—and seeing as it was along of you——"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" cried the Curate. "I have nothing to do with it. Keep out of my way, or at least learn to restrain your tongue. No more—not a word more," said the young man, indignantly. He went off with such a sweep and wind of anger and annoyance, that the slower and older complainant had no chance to follow him. Elsworthy accordingly went off to the shop where his errand-boys were waiting for the newspapers, and where Rosa lay up-stairs, weeping, in a dark room, where her enraged aunt had shut her up. Mrs Elsworthy had shut up the poor little pretty wretch, who might have been penitent under better guidance, but who by this time had lost what sense of shame and wrong her childish conscience was capable of in the stronger present sense of injury and resentment and longing to escape; but the angry aunt, though she could turn the key on poor Rosa's unfortunate little person, could not shut in the piteous sobs which now and then sounded through and through the house, and which converted all the errand-boys without exception into indignant partisans of Rosa, and even moved the heart of Peter Hayles, who could hear them at the back window where he was making up Dr Marjoribanks's prescriptions. As the sense of injury waxed stronger and stronger in Rosa's bosom, she availed herself, like any other irrational, irresponsible creature, of such means of revenging herself and annoying her keepers as occurred to her. "Nobody ever took no care of me," sobbed Rosa. "I never had no father or mother. Oh, I wish I was dead! I wish I was dead!—and nobody wouldn't care!" These utterances, it may be imagined, went to the very heart of the errand-boys, who were collected in a circle, plotting how to release Rosa, when Elsworthy, mortified and furious, came back from his unsuccessful assault on the Curate. They scattered like a covey of little birds before the angry man, who tossed their papers at them, and then strode up the echoing stairs. "If you don't hold your d—d tongue," said Elsworthy, knocking furiously at Rosa's door, "I'll turn you to the door this instant, I will, by ——." Nobody in Carlingford had ever before heard an oath issue from the respectable lips of the Clerk of St Roque's. When he went down into the shop again, the outcries sank into frightened moans. Not much wonder that the entire neighbourhood became as indignant with Elsworthy as it ever had been with the Perpetual Curate. The husband and wife took up their positions in the shop after this, as far apart as was possible from each other, both resenting in silent fury the wrong which the world in general had done them. If Mrs Elsworthy had dared, she would have exhausted her passion in abuse of everybody—of the Curate for not being guilty, of her husband for supposing him to be so, and, to be sure, of Rosa herself, who was the cause of all. But Elsworthy was dangerous, not to be approached or spoken to. He went out about noon to see John Brown, and discuss with him the question of damages; but the occurrences which took place in his absence are not to be mixed up with the present nar-

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rative, which concerns Mr Frank Wentworth's visit to Lucy Wodehouse, and has nothing to do with ignoble hates or loves.

The Curate went rapidly on to the green door, which once more looked like a gate of paradise. He did not know in the least what he was going to do or say—he was only conscious of a state of exaltation, a condition of mind which might precede great happiness or great misery, but had nothing in it of the common state of affairs in which people ask each other "How do you do?" Notwithstanding, the fact is, that when Lucy entered that dear familiar drawing-room, where every feature and individual expression of every piece of furniture was as well known to him as if they had been so many human faces, it was only "How do you do?" that the Curate found himself able to say. The two shook hands as demurely as if Lucy had indeed been, according to the deceptive representation of yesterday, as old as aunt Dora; and then she seated herself in her favourite chair, and tried to begin a little conversation about things in general. Even in these three days, nature and youth had done something for Lucy. She had slept and rested, and the unforeseen misfortune which had come in to distract her grief, had roused all the natural strength that was in her. As she was a little nervous about this interview, not knowing what it might end in, Lucy thought it her duty to be as composed and self-commanding as possible, and, in order to avoid all dangerous and exciting subjects, began to talk of Wharfside.

"I have not heard anything for three or four days about the poor woman at No. 10," she said: "I meant to have gone to see her to-day, but somehow one gets so selfish when—when one's mind is full of affairs of one's own."

"Yes," said the Curate; "and, speaking of that, I wanted to tell you how much comfort your letter had been to me. My head, too, has been very full of affairs of my own. I thought at one time that my friends were forsaking me. It was very good of you to write as you did."

Upon which there followed another little pause. "Indeed, the goodness was all on your side," said Lucy, faltering. "If I had ever dreamt how much you were doing for us! but it all came upon me so suddenly. It is impossible ever to express in words one-half of the gratitude we owe you," she said with restrained enthusiasm. She looked up at him as she spoke with a little glow of natural fervour, which brought the colour to her cheek and the moisture to her eyes. She was not of the disposition to give either thanks or confidence by halves; and even the slight not unpleasant sense of danger which gave piquancy to this interview, made her resolute to express herself fully. She would not suffer herself to stint her gratitude because of the sweet suspicion which would not be quite silenced, that possibly Mr Wentworth looked for something better than gratitude. Not for any consequences, however much they might be to be avoided, could she be shabby enough to refrain from due acknowledgment of devotion so great. Therefore, while the Perpetual Curate was doing all he could to remind himself of his condition, and to persuade himself that it would be utterly wrong and mean of him to speak, Lucy looked up at him, looked him in the face, with her blue eyes shining dewy and sweet through tears of gratitude and a kind of generous admiration; for, like every other woman, she felt herself exalted and filled with a delicious pride in seeing that the man of her unconscious choice had proved himself the best.

The Curate walked to the window, very much as Mr Proctor had done, in the tumult and confusion of his heart, and came back again with what he had to say written clear on his face, without any possibility of mistake. "I must

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speak," said the young man; "I have no right to speak, I know; if I had attained the height of self-sacrifice and self-denial, I might, I would be silent—but it is impossible now." He came to a break just then, looking at her to see what encouragement he had to go on; but as Lucy did nothing but listen and grow pale, he had to take his own way. "What I have to say is not anything new," said the Curate, labouring a little in his voice, as was inevitable when affairs had come to such a crisis, "if I were not in the cruelest position possible to a man. I have only an empty love to lay at your feet; I tell it to you only because I am obliged—because, after all, love is worth telling, even if it comes to nothing. I am not going to appeal to your generosity," continued the young man, kneeling down at the table, not by way of kneeling to Lucy, but by way of bringing himself on a level with her, where she sat with her head bent down on her low chair, "or to ask you to bind yourself to a man who has nothing in the world but love to offer you; but after what has been for years, after all the hours I have spent here, I cannot—part—I cannot let you go—without a word——"

And here he stopped short. He had not asked anything, so that Lucy, even had she been able, had nothing to answer; and as for the young lover himself, he seemed to have come to the limit of his eloquence. He kept waiting for a moment, gazing at her in breathless expectation of a response for which his own words had left no room. Then he rose in an indescribable tumult of disappointment and mortification—unable to conclude that all was over, unable to keep silence, yet not knowing what to say.

"I have been obliged to close all the doors of advancement upon myself," said the Curate, with a little bitterness; "I don't know if you understand me. At this moment I have to deny myself the dearest privilege of existence. Don't mistake me, Lucy," he said, after another pause, coming back to her with humility, "I don't venture to say that you would have accepted anything I had to offer; but this I mean, that to have a home for you now—to have a life for you ready to be laid at your feet, whether you would have had it or not;—what right have I to speak of such delights?" cried the young man. "It does not matter to you; and as for me, I have patience—patience to console myself with——"

Poor Lucy, though she was on the verge of tears, which nothing but the most passionate self-restraint could have kept in, could not help a passing sensation of amusement at these words. "Not too much of that either," she said, softly, with a tremulous smile. "But Patience carries the lilies of the saints," said Lucy, with a touch of the sweet asceticism which had once been so charming to the young Anglican. It brought him back like a spell to the common ground on which they used to meet; it brought him back also to his former position on his knee, which was embarrassing to Lucy, though she had not the heart to draw back, nor even to withdraw her hand, which somehow happened to be in Mr Wentworth's way.

"I am but a man," said the young lover. "I would rather have the roses of life—but, Lucy, I am only a Perpetual Curate," he continued, with her hands in his. Her answer was made in the most heartless and indifferent words. She let two big drops—which fell like hail, though they were warmer than any summer rain—drop out of her eyes, and she said, with lips that had some difficulty in enunciating that heartless sentiment, "I don't see that it matters to me——"

Which was true enough, though it did not sound encouraging; and it is dreadful to confess that, for a little while after, neither Skelmersdale, nor Wentworth, nor Mr Proctor's new rectory, nor the no-income of the Perpetual Curacy of St Roque's, had

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the smallest place in the thoughts of either of these perfectly inconsiderate young people. For half an hour they were an Emperor and Empress seated upon two thrones, to which all the world was subject; and when at the end of that time they began to remember the world, it was but to laugh at it in their infinite youthful superiority. Then it became apparent that to remain in Carlingford, to work at "the district," to carry out all the ancient intentions of well-doing which had been the first bond between them, was, after all, the life of lives;—which was the state of mind they had both arrived at when Miss Wodehouse, who thought they had been too long together under the circumstances, and could not help wondering what Mr Wentworth could be saying, came into the room, rather flurried in her own person. She thought Lucy must have been telling the Curate about Mr Proctor and his hopes, and was, to tell the truth, a little curious how Mr Wentworth would take it, and a little—the very least—ashamed of encountering his critical looks. The condition of mind into which Miss Wodehouse was thrown when she perceived the real state of affairs would be difficult to describe. She was very glad and very sorry, and utterly puzzled how they were to live; and underneath all these varying emotions was a sudden, half-ludicrous, half-humiliating sense of being cast into the shade, which made Mr Proctor's *fiancée* laugh and made her cry, and brought her down altogether off the temporary pedestal upon which she had stepped, not without a little feminine satisfaction. When a woman is going to be married, especially if that marriage falls later than usual, it is natural that she should expect, for that time at least, to be the first and most prominent figure in her little circle. But, alas! what chance could there be for a mild, dove-coloured bride of forty beside a creature of half her age, endued with all the natural bloom and natural interest of youth?

Miss Wodehouse could not quite make out her own feelings on the subject. "Don't you think if you had waited a little it would have been wiser?" she said, in her timid way; and then kissed her young sister, and said, "I am so glad, my darling—I am sure dear papa would have been pleased," with a sob which brought back to Lucy the grief from which she had for the moment escaped. Under all the circumstances, however, it may well be supposed that it was rather hard upon Mr Wentworth to recollect that he had engaged to return to luncheon with the Squire, and to prepare himself, after this momentous morning's work, to face all the complications of the family, where still Skelmersdale and Wentworth were hanging in the balance, and where the minds of his kith and kin were already too full of excitement to leave much room for another event. He went away reluctantly enough out of the momentary paradise where his Perpetual Curacy was a matter of utter indifference, if not a tender pleasantry, which rather increased than diminished the happiness of the moment—into the ordinary daylight world, where it was a very serious matter, and where what the young couple would have to live upon became the real question to be considered. Mr Wentworth met Wodehouse as he went out, which did not mend matters. The vagabond was loitering about in the garden, attended by one of Elsworthy's errand-boys, with whom he was in earnest conversation, and stopped in his talk to give a sulky nod and "Good morning," to which the Curate had no desire to respond more warmly than was necessary. Lucy was thinking of nothing but himself, and perhaps a little of the "great work" at Wharfside, which her father's illness and death had interrupted; but Mr Wentworth, who was only a man, remembered that Tom Wodehouse would be his brother-in-law with a distinct sensation of disgust, even in the moment of his triumph—which is one in-

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stance of the perennial inequality between the two halves of mankind. He had to brace himself up to the encounter of all his people, while she had to meet nothing less delightful than her own dreams. This was how matters came to an issue in respect of Frank Wentworth's personal happiness. His worldly affairs were all astray as yet, and he had not the most distant indication of any gleam of light dawning upon the horizon which could reconcile his duty and honour with good fortune and the delights of life. Meanwhile other discussions were going on in Carlingford, of vital importance to the two young people who had made up their minds to cast themselves upon Providence. And among the various conversations which were being carried on about the same moment in respect to Mr Wentworth—whose affairs, as was natural, were extensively canvassed in Grange Lane, as well as in other less exclusive quarters—it would be wrong to omit a remarkable consultation which took place in the Rectory, where Mrs Morgan sat in the midst of the great bouquets of the drawing-room carpet, making up her first matrimonial difficulty. It would be difficult to explain what influence the drawing-room carpet in the Rectory had on the fortunes of the Perpetual Curate; but when Mr Wentworth's friends come to hear the entire outs and ins of the business, it will be seen that it was not for nothing that Mr Proctor covered the floor of that pretty apartment with roses and lilies half a yard long.

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TONY BUTLER.

PART XI.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—MR BUTLER FOR DUTY ON ——.

"I SUPPOSE M'Gruder's right," muttered Tony, as he sauntered away drearily from the door at Downing Street, one day in the second week after his arrival in London. "A man gets to feel very like a 'flunkey,' coming up in this fashion each morning 'for orders.' I am more than half disposed to close with his offer and go 'into rags' at once."

If he hesitated, he assured himself, very confidently too, that it was not from the name or nature of the commercial operation. He had no objection to trade in rags any more than in hides, or tallow, or oakum, and some gum which did not "breathe of Araby the blest." He was sure that it could not possibly affect his choice, and that rags were just as legitimate and just as elevating a speculation as sherry from Cadiz or silk from China. He was ingenious enough in his self-discussions; but, somehow, though he thought he could tell his mother frankly and honestly the new trade he was about to embark in, for the life of him he could not summon courage to make the communication to Alice. He fancied her as she read the avowal repeating the word "rags," and, while her lips trembled with the coming laughter, saying, "What in the name of all absurdity led him to such a choice?" And what a number of vapid and tasteless jokes would it provoke! "Such snobbery as it all is," cried he, as he walked the room angrily; "as if there was any poetry in cotton bales, or anything romantic in molasses, and yet I might engage in these without reproach, without ridicule. I think I ought to be above such considerations. I do think my good blood might serve to assure me, that in whatever I do honourably, honestly, and avowedly, there is no derogation."

But the snobbery was stronger than he wotted of; for, do what he would, he could not frame the sentence in which he should write the tidings to Alice, and yet he felt that there would be a degree of meanness in the non-avowal infinitely more intolerable.

While he thus chafed and fretted,

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he heard a quick step mounting the stair, and at the same instant his door was flung open, and Skeffy Damer rushed towards him and grasped both his hands.

"Well, old Tony, you scarcely expected to see me here, nor did I either thirty hours ago, but they telegraphed for me to come at once. I'm off for Naples."

"And why to Naples?"

"I'll tell you, Tony," said he, confidentially; "but remember this is for yourself alone. These things mustn't get abroad; they are Cabinet secrets, and not known out of the Privy Council."

"You may trust me," said Tony; and Skeffy went on.

"I'm to be attached there," said he, solemnly.

"What do you mean by attached?"

"I'm going there officially. They want me at our Legation. Sir George Home is on leave, and Mecklam is Chargé d'Affaires; of course every one knows what that means."

"But *I* don't," said Tony, bluntly.

"It means being bullied, being jockeyed, being out-manœuvred, laughed at by Brennier, and derided by Caraffa. Mecklam's an ass, Tony, that's the fact, and they know it at the Office, and I'm sent out to steer the ship."

"But what do *you* know about Naples?"

"I know it just as I know the Ecuador question—just as I know the Mouth of the Danube question—as I know the slave treaty with Portugal, and the Sound dues with Denmark, and the right of search, and the Mosquito frontier, and everything else that is pending throughout the whole globe. Let me tell you, old fellow, the others—the French, the Italians, and the Austrians—know me as well as they know Palmerston. What do you think Walewski told Lady Pancroft the day Cavour went down to Vichy to see the Emperor? They held a long conversation at a table where there were writing materials, and Cavour has an Italian habit of scribbling all the time he talks, and he kept on scratching with a pen on a sheet of blotting-paper, and what do you think he wrote?—the one word, over and over again, Skeff, Skeff—nothing else. 'Which led us,' says Walewski, 'to add, Who or what was Skeff? when they told us he was a young fellow'—these are his own words—'of splendid abilities in the Foreign Office;' and if there is anything remarkable in Cavour, it is the way he knows and finds out the coming man."

"But how could he have heard of you?"

"These fellows have their spies everywhere, Tony. Gortchakoff has a photograph of me, with two words in Russian underneath, that I got translated, and that mean 'infernally dangerous'—*tanski seratcztrakoff*, infernally dangerous!—over his stove in his study. You're behind the scenes now, Tony, and it will be rare fun for you to watch the newspapers and see how differently things will go on at Naples after I arrive there."

"Tell me something about home, Skeffy; I want to hear about Tilney. Whom did you leave there when you came away?"

"I left the Lyles, Alice and Bella—none else. I was to have gone back with them to Lyle Abbey if I had stayed till Monday, and I left them, of course, very disconsolate, and greatly put out."

"I suppose you made up to Alice. I thought you would," said Tony, half sulkily.

"No, old fellow, you do me wrong; that's a thing I never do. As I said to Ernest Palfi about Pauline Esterhazy, I'll take no unfair advantage—I'll take no steps in your absence; and Alice saw this herself."

"How do you mean? Alice saw it?" said Tony, reddening.

"She saw it, for she said to me one day, 'Mr Damer, it seems to me you have very punctilious notions on the score of friendship.'

"'I have,' said I; 'you're right there.'

"'I thought so,' said she."

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"After all," said Tony, in a half-dogged tone, "I don't see that the speech had any reference to *me*, or to any peculiar delicacy of yours with respect to me."

"Ah, my poor Tony, you have a deal to learn about women and their ways! By good luck fortune has given you a friend—the one man—I declare I believe what I say—the one man in Europe that knows the whole thing; as poor Balzac used to say, 'Cher Skeffy, what a fellow you would be if you had my pen!' He was a vain creature, Balzac; but what he meant was, if I could add his descriptive power to my own knowledge of life; for you see, Tony, this was the difference between Balzac and me. He knew Paris, and the salons of Paris, and the women who frequent these salons. I knew the human heart. It was woman, as a creature, not a mere conventionality, that she appeared to me."

"Well, I take it," grumbled out Tony, "you and your friend had some points of resemblance too."

"Ah! you would say that we were both vain. So we were, Tony—so is every man that is the depositary of a certain power. Without this same conscious thought, which you common folk call vanity, how should we come to exercise the gift? The little world taunts us with the very quality that is the essence of our superiority."

"Had Bella perfectly recovered? was she able to be up and about?"

"Yes, she was able to take carriage airings, and to be driven about in a small phaeton by the neatest whip in Europe."

"Mr Skeff Damer, eh?"

"The same. Ah, these drives, these drives! What delicious memories of woodland and romance! I fell desperately in love with that girl, Tony—I pledge you my honour I did. I've thought a great deal over it all since I started for Ireland, and I have a plan, a plan for us both."

"What is it?"

"Let us marry these girls. Let us be brothers in law as well as in love. You prefer Alice—I consent. Take her, take her, Tony, and may you be happy with her!" And as he spoke he laid his hand on the other's head with a reverend solemnity.

"This is nonsense, and worse than nonsense," said Tony, angrily; but the other's temper was imperturbable, and he went on. "You fancy this is all dreamland that I'm promising you; but that is because you, my dear Tony, with many good qualities, are totally wanting in one—you have no imagination, and, like all fellows denied this gift, you never can conceive anything happening to you except what has already happened. You like to live in a circle, and you do live in a circle—you are the turnspits of humanity."

"I'm a troublesome dog, though, if you anger me," said Tony, half fiercely.

"Very possibly, but there are certain men dogs never attack." And as Skeffy said this he threw forward his chest, held his head back, and looked with an air of such proud defiance that Tony lay back in a chair and laughed heartily.

"I never saw a great hulking fellow yet that was not impressed with the greatness of his stature," said Skeffy. "Every inch after five feet six takes a foot off a man's intellectual standard. It is Skeff Damer says it, Tony, and you may believe it."

"I wish you'd tell me about Tilney," said Tony, half irritably.

"I appreciate you, as the French say. You want to hear that I am not your rival—you want to know that I have not taken any ungenerous advantage of your absence. Tonino mio, be of good comfort—I preferred the sister; shall I tell you why?"

"I don't want to hear anything about it."

"What a jealous dog it is, even after I have declared, on the word of a Damer, that he has nothing to apprehend from me! It was a lucky day led me down there, Tony. Don't you remember the

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old woman's note to me, mentioning a hundred pounds, or something like it, she had forgotten to enclose? She found the bank-note afterwards on her table, and after much puzzling with herself, ascertained it was the sum she had meant to remit me. Trifling as the incident was, she thought it delicate, or high-minded, or something or other, on my part. She said 'it was so nice of me;' and she wrote to my uncle to ask if he ever heard such a pretty trait, and my uncle said he knew scores of spendthrifts would have done much the same; whereupon the old lady of Tilney, regarding me as ill-used by my relatives, declared she would do something for me; but as her good intentions were double-barrelled, and she wanted to do something also for Bella, she suggested that we might, as the Oberland peasants say, 'put our eggs in the same basket.' A day was named, too, in which we were all to have gone over to Lyle Abbey, and open negotiations with Sir Arthur, when came this confounded despatch ordering me off to Naples! At first I determined not to go—to resign—to give up public life for ever. 'What's Hecuba to him?' said I; that is, 'What signifies it to me how Europe fares? Shall I not think of Skeff Damer and his fortunes?' Bowling down dynasties and setting up nine-pin princes may amuse a man, but, after all, is it not to the tranquil enjoyments of home he looks for happiness? I consulted Bella, but she would not agree with me. Women, my dear Tony, are more ambitious than men—I had almost said, more worldly. She would not, she said, have me leave a career wherein I had given such great promise. 'You might be an ambassador one day,' said she. 'Must be!' interposed I; 'must be!' My unfortunate admission decided the question, and I started that night."

"I don't think I clearly understand you," said Tony, passing his hand over his brow. "Am I to believe that you and Bella are engaged?"

"I know what's passing in your mind, old fellow; I read you like large print. You won't, you can't, credit the fact that I would marry out of the peerage. Say it frankly; out with it."

"Nothing of the kind; but I cannot believe that Bella——"

"Ay, but she did," said Skeffy, filling up his pause, while he smoothed and caressed his very young mustaches. "Trust a woman to find out the coming man! Trust a woman to detect the qualities that insure supremacy! I wasn't there quite three weeks in all, and see if she did not discover me. What's this? Here comes an order for you, Tony," said he, as he looked into the street and recognised one of the porters of the Foreign Office. "This is the place, Trumins," cried he, opening the window and calling to the man. "You're looking for Mr Butler, aren't you?"

"Mr Butler on duty, Friday 21," was all that the slip of paper contained. "There," cried Skeffy, "who knows if we shall not cross the Channel together to-night? Put on your hat and we'll walk down to the Office."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—TONY WAITING FOR ORDERS.

Tony Butler was ordered to Brussels to place himself at the disposal of the Minister as an ex-messenger. He crossed over to Calais with Skeffy in the mail-boat; and after a long night's talking, for neither attempted to sleep, they parted with the most fervent assurances of friendship.

"I'd go across Europe to thrash the fellow would say a hard word of him," muttered Tony; while Skeffy, with an emotion that made his lip tremble, said, "If the world goes hard with you, I'll turn my back on it, and we'll start for New Zealand or Madagascar, Tony, remember that—I give it to you as a pledge."

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When Tony presented himself at the Legation, he found that nobody knew anything about him. They had, some seven or eight months previous, requested to have an additional messenger appointed, as there were cases occurring which required frequent reference to home; but the emergency had passed over, and Brussels was once again as undisturbed by diplomatic relations as any of the Channel Islands.

"Take a lodging and make yourself comfortable, marry, and subscribe to a club if you like it," said a grey-headed attaché, with a cynical face, "for in all likelihood they'll never remember you're here." The speaker had some experiences of this sort of official forgetfulness, with the added misfortune that, when he once had summoned courage to remonstrate against it, they did remember him, but it was to change him from a first to a second class mission—in Irish phrase, promoting him backwards — for his temerity.

Tony installed himself in a snug little quarter outside the town, and set himself vigorously to study French. In Knickerbocker's 'History of New York,' we read that the sittings of the Council were always measured and recorded by the number of pipes smoked by the Cabinet. In the same way might it be said, that Tony Butler's progress in Ollendorf was only to be computed by the quantity of tobacco consumed over it. The pronouns had cost two boxes of cigars; the genders, a large packet of assorted cavendish and bird's-eye; and he stood fast on the frontier of the irregular verbs, waiting for a large bag of Turkish that Skeffy wrote to say he had forwarded to him through the Office.

Why have we no statistics of the influence of tobacco on education? Why will no one direct his attention to the inquiry as to how far the Tony Butlers—a large class in the British Islands—are more moved to exertion, or hopelessly muddled in intellect, by the soothing influences of smoke?

Tony smoked on, and on. He wrote home occasionally, and made three attempts to write to Alice, who, despite his silence, had sent him a very pleasant letter about home matters. It was not a neighbourhood to afford much news; and, indeed, as she said, "they had been unusually dull of late; scarcely any visitors, and few of the neighbours. We miss your friend Skeff greatly; for, with all his oddities and eccentricities, he had won upon us immensely by real traits of generosity and highmindedness. There is another friend of yours here I would gladly know well, but she—Miss Stewart—retreats from all my advances, and has so positively declined all our invitations to the Abbey, that it would seem to imply, if such a thing were possible, a special determination to avoid us. I know you well enough, Master Tony, to be aware that you will ascribe all my ardour in this pursuit to the fact of there being an obstacle. As you once told me about a certain short cut from Portrush, the only real advantage it had was a stiff four-foot wall which must be jumped; but you are wrong, and you are unjust—two things not at all new to you. My intentions here were really good. I had heard from your dear mother that Miss Stewart was in bad health—that fears were felt lest her chest was affected. Now, as the doctors concurred in declaring that Bella must pass one winter, at least, in a warm climate, so I imagined how easy it would be to extend the benefit of genial air and sunshine to this really interesting girl, by offering to take her as a companion. Bella was charmed with my project, and we walked over to the Burnside on Tuesday to propose it in all form.

"To the shame of our diplomacy we failed completely. The old minister, indeed, was not averse to the plan, and professed to think it a most thoughtful attention on our part; but Dolly—I call her Dolly, for it is by that name, so often recurring in the discussion, I associate her best with the incident—

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Dolly was peremptory in her refusal. I wanted—perhaps a little unfairly—I wanted to hear her reasons. I asked if there might not possibly be something in her objections to which we could reply. I pressed her to reconsider the matter—to take a week, two if she liked, to think over it; but no, she would not listen to my compromise; she was steady and resolute, and yet at the same time much moved. She said No! but she said it as if there was a reason she should say so, while it was in direct violence to all her wishes. Mind this is mere surmise on my part. I am speaking of one of whose nature and temperament I know nothing. I may just as easily be wrong as right. She is indeed a puzzle to me; and one little trait of her has completely routed all my conceit in my own power of reading character. In my eagerness to overcome her objections, I was picturing the life of enjoyment and interest Italy would open to her—the charm of a land that realises in daily life what poets and painters can only shadow forth; and in my ardour I so far forgot myself as to call her Dolly—dear Dolly, I said. The words overcame her at once. She grew pale, so sickly pale, that I thought she would have fainted; and as two heavy tears stood in her eyes, she said, in a cold quiet voice, 'I beg you will not press me any more. I am very grateful to you; but I cannot accept your offer.'

"Bella insisted on our going over to your mother, and enlisting her advocacy in the cause. I did not like the notion, but I gave way. Your dear mother, all kind as she ever is, went the same evening to the Burnside; but a short note from her the next morning showed she had no better success than ourselves.

"Naturally—you, at least, will say so—I am ten times more eager about my plan now that it is pronounced impracticable. I have written to Dr Stewart. I have sent papa to him; mamma has called at the cottage. I have made Dr Reid give a written declaration that Miss Stewart's case—I quote him—'as indicated by a distinct "Bronchoffany" in the superior portion of the right lung, imperatively demands the benefit of a warm and genial climate;' and with all these *pièces de conviction* I am beaten, turned out of court, and denied a verdict.

"Have you any explanation to offer about this, Master Tony? Dolly was an old playfellow of yours, your mother tells me. What key can you give us as to her nature? Is she like what she was in those old days? and when did you cease to have these games together? I fancied—was it mere fancy?—that she grew a little red when we spoke of you. Mind, sir, I want no confessions. I want nothing from *you* but what may serve to throw light upon *her*. If you can suggest to me any means of overcoming the objection she seems to entertain to our plan, do so; and if you cannot, please to hold your peace on this matter ever after. I wrote yesterday to Mark, who is now at Milan, to make some inquiries about Italian villa life. I was really afraid to speak to your friend Skeff, lest, as mamma said, he should immediately offer us one of the royal palaces as a residence. No matter, he is a dear good fellow, and I have an unbounded reliance on his generosity.

"Now, a word about yourself. Why are you at Brussels? Why are you a fixed star, after telling us you were engaged as a planet? Are there any mysterious reasons for your residence there? If so, I don't ask to hear them; but your mother naturally would like to know something about you a little more explanatory than your last bulletin, that said, 'I am here still, and likely to be so.'

"I had a most amusing letter from Mr Maitland a few days ago. I had put it into this envelope to let you read it, but I took it out again, as I remembered your great

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and very unjust prejudices against him. He seems to know every one and everything, and is just as familiar with the great events of politics as with the great people who mould them. I read for your mother his description of the life at Fontainebleau, and the eccentricities of a beautiful Italian, Countess Castagnolo, the reigning belle there; and she was much amused, though she owned that four changes of raiment daily was too much even for Delilah herself.

"Do put a little coercion on yourself, and write me even a note. I assure you I would write you most pleasant little letters if you showed you merited them. I have a budget of small gossip about the neighbours, no particle of which shall you ever see till you deserve better of your old friend,

"ALICE TRAFFORD."

It may be imagined that it was in a very varying tone of mind he read through this letter. If Dolly's refusal was not based on her unwillingness to leave her father—and if it were, she could have said so—it was quite inexplicable. Of all the girls he had ever known, he never saw one more likely to be captivated by such an offer. She had that sort of nature that likes to invest each event of life with a certain romance; and where could anything have opened such a vista for castle-building as this scheme of foreign travel? Of course he could not explain it; how should he? Dolly was only partly like what she used to be long ago. In those days she had no secrets—at least none from him—now she had long dreary intervals of silence and reflection as though brooding over something she did not wish to tell of. This was not the Dolly Stewart he used to know so well. As he re-read the letter, and came to that passage in which she tells him that, if he cannot explain what Dolly's refusal is owing to without making a confession, he need not do so, he grew almost irritable, and said, What can she mean by this? Surely it is not possible that Alice could have listened to any story that coupled his name with Dolly's, and should thus by insinuation charge him with the allegation? Lady Lyle had said to herself, "I heard the story from one of the girls." Was it this, then, that Alice referred to? Surely she knew him better; surely she knew how he loved her, no matter how hopelessly it might be. Perhaps women liked to give this sort of pain to those whose heart they owned. Perhaps it was a species of torture they were given to. Skeffy could tell if he were here. Skeffy could resolve this point at once, but it was too much for *him*.

As to the passage about Maitland, he almost tore the paper as he read it. By what right did he correspond with her at all? why should he write to her even such small matter as the gossip of a court? And what could Alice mean by telling him of it, unless—and oh the bitterness of this thought!—it was to intimate by a mere passing word the relations that subsisted between herself and Maitland, and thus convey to him the utter hopelessness of his own pretensions?

As Tony walked up and down his room, he devised a very strong, it was almost a fierce, reply to this letter. He would tell her that as to Dolly he couldn't say, but she might have some of his own scruples about that same position called companion. When he knew her long ago, she was independent enough in spirit, and it was by no means impossible she might prefer a less brilliant condition if unclogged with observances that might savour of homage. At all events, *he* was no fine and subtle intelligence to whom a case of difficulty could be submitted.

As for Maitland, he hated him! he was not going to conceal it in any way. His air of insolent superiority he had not forgotten, nor would he forget till he had found an opportunity to retort it. Alice might think him as amusing as she pleased.

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To himself the man was simply odious, and if the result of all his varied gifts and accomplishments was only to make up such a being as he was, then would he welcome the most unlettered and unformed clown that ever walked rather than this mass of conceit and self-sufficiency.

He sat down to commit these thoughts to paper, and though he scrawled over seven sheets in the attempt, nothing but failure came of it. Maitland came in, if not by name, by insinuation, everywhere; and in spite of himself he found he had got into a tone not merely querulous, but actually aggressive, and was using towards Alice an air of reproof that he almost trembled at as he re-read it.

"This will never do," cried he, as he tore up the scribbled sheets. "I'll wait till to-morrow, and perhaps I shall do better." When the morrow came he was despatched on duty, and Alice remained unanswered.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE MAJOR'S MISSION.

If my reader has been as retentive as I could wish him, he will have borne in mind that on the evening when Major M'Caskey took a very menacing leave of Norman Maitland at Paris, Count Caffarelli had promised his friend to write to General Filangieri to obtain from the King a letter addressed to Maitland in the royal hand by the title of Count of Amalfi —such a recognition being as valid an act of ennoblement as all the declarations and registrations and emblazonments of heralds and the colleges.

It had been originally intended that this letter should be enclosed to Count Ludolf, the Neapolitan envoy at Turin, where Maitland would have found it; but seeing the spirit which had now grown up between Maitland and M'Caskey, and foreseeing well what would occur whenever these two men should meet, Caffarelli, with that astuteness that never fails the Italian, determined to avert the peril by a stratagem which lent its aid to the object he had in hand. He begged the General would transmit the letter from the King, not to Turin, but to the Castello di Montanara, where Maitland had long resided, in a far-away part of Calabria, and employ as the messenger M'Caskey himself; by which means this very irritable and irritating individual might be, for a time at least, withdrawn from public view, and an immediate meeting with Maitland prevented.

It was not very difficult, without any breach of confidence, for Caffarelli to convey to Filangieri that his choice of M'Caskey for this mission was something stronger than a caprice, and that his real wish was that this fiery personage should not be at Naples when they arrived there.

A very brief note, which reached Caffarelli before he had left Paris, informed him that all he requested had been duly done. "He gave it" —it was of the King he spoke— "he gave it at once, Carlo; only saying, with a laugh, One of my brothers may dispute it with him some of these days—for it gives some privilege; but whether it be to claim the rights of the Church after high treason, or to have two wives in Lower Calabria, I don't remember; but tell your friend to avoid both murder and matrimony, at least till he returns to a more civilised region.

"I shall send the Irish major with the despatch, as you wish. If I understand you aright, you are not over-anxious he should come back with the answer. But why not be more explicit? If you want —— remember Calabria is—— Calabria—you understand."

At first Caffarelli had intended not to show this note to Maitland;

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but the profound contempt which his friend exhibited for M'Caskey, proved that no sense of a debt of honour outstanding between them would lessen Maitland's satisfaction at hearing that this troublesome "cur" — so he called him— should not be yelping at his heels through the streets of Naples.

Maitland, in fact, declared, that he knew of no misfortune in life so thoroughly ruinous as to be confronted in a quarrel with a questionable antagonist. From the ridicule of such a situation, he averred, the only escape was in a fatal ending; and Maitland knew nothing so bad as ridicule. Enmity in all its shapes he had faced, and could face again. Give him a foe but worthy of him, and no man ever sprang into the lists with a lighter heart: the dread of a false position was too much for him.

Leaving these two friends, then, at Paris to talk, amid their lives of many dissipations, of plots and schemes and ambitions, let us betake ourselves to a very distant spot, at the extreme verge of the Continent — a little inlet on the Calabrian coast below Reggio; where, on a small promontory separating two narrow bays, stands the lone Castle of Montanara. It had been originally a convent, as its vast size indicates, but was purchased and converted into a royal residence by a former king of Naples, who spent incredible sums on the buildings and the gardens. The latter especially were most costly, since they were entirely artificial—the earth having been carried from the vicinity of Naples.

The castle itself was the most incongruous mass that could be conceived—embracing the fortress, the convent, the ornate style of Venice, and the luxurious vastness of an Oriental palace, all within its walls. It may be imagined that no private fortune, however ample, could have kept in perfect order a place of such immense size, the gardens alone requiring above thirty men constantly at work, and the repairs of the sea-wall being a labour that never ended.

The present occupant, Sir Omerod Butler, lived in one small block called the "Molo," which projected into the sea at the very end of the promontory, and was approachable on the land side by a beautiful avenue of cedars. They were of great age, and, tradition said, had been brought from Lebanon. If ruin and neglect and desolation characterised all around, no sooner had the traveller entered this shady approach than all changed to the most perfect care and culture— flowery shrubs of every kind, beds of gorgeous flowers, *pergolati* of vines leading down to the sea, and orange-groves dipping their golden balls in the blue Mediterranean at every step, till the ample gate was reached; passing into which you entered a spacious court paved with variegated marble, with a massive fountain in the centre. From this court, under a pillared archway, led off all the lower rooms—great spacious chambers, with richly painted ceilings and tesselated floors. Into these was gathered the most costly furniture of the whole palace:— tables and consoles of malachite and porphyry, gorgeously inlaid slabs of *lapis lazuli* and agate, cabinets of rare beauty, and objects of ancient art. Passing through these again you gained the rooms of daily habitation, arranged with all the taste and luxury of modern refinement, and distinctively marking that the cold splendour without could not attain to that sense of comfort and voluptuous ease which an age of greater indulgence requires.

The outer gate of the castle, which opened by a drawbridge over a deep moat, on the Reggio road, was little less than a mile off; and it may give some idea of the vast size of the place to state that, from that entrance to the Molo, there was a succession of buildings of one kind or other, only interrupted by areas of courtyard or garden.

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When, at the close of a sultry day, Major M'Caskey presented himself at this gate, summoning the porter with a vigorous pull of the bell, he was not admitted till a very careful scrutiny showed that he was alone, and did not, besides, exhibit anything very formidable in his appearance. He was told, as he passed in, that he must leave his horse at the stables beside the gate, and make the rest of his way on foot. The Major was both tired and hungry; he had been in the saddle since daybreak, had twice missed his way, and tasted no food since he set out.

"Is there much more of this confounded way to go?" asked he of his guide, as they now mounted a terrace, only to descend again.

"About a quarter of an hour will bring you to the Molo," said the other, just as ill-pleased to have the duty of escorting him. A quick glance at the fellow's face showed the Major how hopeless it would be to expect any information from him; and though he was burning to know who inhabited this lonesome place, and why he lived there, he forebore all questioning, and went along in silence.

"There!" said his guide, at last, as they reached a great archway standing alone in a sort of lawn. —"there! you follow that road to the little gate yonder, pass in, cross the garden, and you will be at the side-entrance of the Molo. I don't suppose you want to enter by the grand gate?"

Major M'Caskey was not much in the habit of suffering an insolence to pass unresented; but he seemed to control himself as he drew forth his purse and took out a crown-piece. "This is for your trouble, my worthy fellow," said he; "go and look for it yonder," and he jerked the piece of money over the low parapet, and sent it skimming along the sea a hundred yards off.

Though the man's lips murmured in passion, and his dark eyes flashed anger, one look at the face of his companion assured him that the safer policy was to restrain his wrath, and, touching his hat in salute, he retired without a word.

As though he felt in better temper with himself for having thus discharged this little debt, the Major stepped more briskly forward, gained the small postern, and entered a large and formal garden, the chief avenue of which showed him the gate at the extremity. It lay open, and he found himself in a large vaulted hall, from which doors led off. In doubt which course to take, he turned to seek for a bell, but there was none to be found; and after a careful search on every side, he determined to announce himself by a stout knocking at one of the doors before him.

The hollow clamour resounded through the whole building, and soon brought down two men in faded livery, half terrified, half angry at the summons.

M'Caskey, at once assuming the upper hand, a habit in which practice had made him a proficient, demanded haughtily to see "the Count," their master.

"He is at dinner," said they both together.

"I wish I were so too," said the Major. "Go in and tell him that I am the bearer of a royal despatch, and desire to see him immediately."

They held counsel together in whispers for a few minutes, during which the name Maria occurred frequently between them. "We will tell the Senora Maria you are here," said one, at last.

"And who may she be?" said M'Caskey, haughtily.

"She is the Cameriera of the Countess, and the chief of all the household."

"My business is not with a waiting-woman. I have come to see the Count of Amalfi," said the Major, sternly.

The men apparently knew their own duties best, and, civilly asking him to follow, they led the way up a small flight of stairs, and after

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traversing some scantily-furnished rooms, showed him into a pretty decorated little chamber, with two windows looking on the sea.

Having politely begged him to be seated, they left him. The Major, besides being hungry and jaded, was irritable and angry. Filangieri had told him his mission was one of importance and high trust; in fact, so much so, that it could not be confided to one less known than himself. And was this the way they received a royal envoy, sent on such an errand? While he thus fumed and chafed, he heard a door open and close, and shortly after the sweep of a woman's dress coming along the corridor; and now the step came nearer, and the door opened, and a tall, sickly-looking woman entered; but scarcely had she advanced one pace within the room when she uttered a faint scream and fainted.

The Major's first care was to turn the key in the lock, his second was to lift up the almost lifeless figure and place her on a sofa. As he did so, any emotion that his features betrayed was rather of displeasure than astonishment; and in the impatient way he jerked open the window to let the fresh air blow on her there was far more of anger than surprise.

"So then you are the Senora Maria, it would seem," were the first words she heard as she rallied from her swoon.

"Oh, Miles!" cried she, with an intense agony, "why have you tracked me here? Could you not have let me drag out my few years of life in peace?"

It was difficult to guess how these words affected him, or rather in how many different ways; for though at first his eyes flashed angrily, he soon gave a short jeering sort of laugh, and, throwing himself down into a chair, he crossed his arms on his breast and gazed steadily at her.

The look seemed to remind her of bygone suffering, for she turned her head away, and then covered her face with her hands.

"Senora Maria," said he, slowly —"unless indeed you still desire I should call you Mrs M'Caskey."

"No, no—Maria," cried she, wildly; "I am but a servant—I toil for my bread, but better that than——" She stopped, and, after an effort to subdue her emotion, burst into tears and sobbed bitterly.

"It matters little to me, madam, what the name. The chain that ties us is just as irrevocable, whatever we choose to call ourselves. As to anything else, I do not suppose you intend to claim *me* as your husband."

"No, no, never," cried she, impetuously.

"Nor am I less generous, madam. None shall ever hear from me that you were my wife. The contract was one that brought little credit to either of us."

"Nothing but misery and misfortune to me!" said she, bitterly; "nothing else—nothing else!"

"You remind me, madam," said he, in a slow deliberate voice, as though he were enunciating some long-resolved sentiment—"you remind me much of Josephine."

"Who is Josephine?" asked she, quickly.

"I speak of the Empress Josephine, so you may perceive that I have sought your parallel in high places. She, like you, deemed herself the most unhappy of women, and all because destiny had linked her with a greatness that she could not measure."

Though her vacant stare might have assured him either that she did not understand his words, or follow their meaning, never daunted he went on.

"Yes, madam; and, like *her* husband, yours has had much to bear—levity—frivolity—and—worse."

"What are you here for? Why have you come after me?" cried she, wildly. "I swore to you before, and I swear it again, that I will never go back to you."

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"Whenever you reduce that pledge to writing, madam, call on me to be your security for its due performance; be it known to you, therefore, that this meeting was an unexpected happiness to me."

She covered her face, and rocked to and fro like one in the throes of a deep suffering.

"I should be a glutton, madam, if I desired a repetition of such scenes as these; they filled eight years—eight mortal years—of a life not otherwise immemorable."

"And what have they done for *me?*" cried she, roused almost to boldness by his taunting manner.

"Made you thinner, paler, a trifle more aged, perhaps," said he, scanning her leisurely; "but always what Frenchmen would call a *femme charmante.*"

The mockery seemed more than she could bear; for she sprang to her feet, and, in a voice vibrating with passion, said, "Take care, Miles M'Caskey—take care; there are men here, if they saw me insulted, would throw you over that seawall as soon as look at you."

"Ring for your bravos, madam—summon your condottieri at once," said he, with an impudent laugh; "they'll have some warmer work than they bargained for."

"Oh, why not leave me in peace—why not let me have these few years of life without more of shame and misery?" said she, throwing herself on her knees before him.

"Permit me to offer you a chair, madam," said he, as he took her hands, and placed her on a seat; "and let me beg that we talk of something else. Who is the Count?—'The Onoralissimo e Pregiatissimo, Nobile Conte,'" for he read now from the address of a letter he had drawn from his pocket—"'Nobile Conte d'Amalfi'—is that the name of the owner of this place?"

"No; it is the Chevalier Butler, formerly Minister at Naples, lives here—Sir Omerod Bramston Butler."

"Ah, then I perceive it is really meant for another person! I thought it was a mode of addressing him secretly. The Count of Amalfi lives here, perhaps."

"I never heard of him."

"Who lives here besides Sir Omerod?"

"My lady—that is, the Countess; none else."

"Who is the Countess—Countess of what, and where?"

"She is a Milanese; she was a Brancaleone."

"Brancaleone, Brancaleone! there were two of them. One went to Mexico with the Duke of Sommariva—not his wife."

"This is the other; she is married to Sir Omerod."

"She must be Virginia Brancaleone," said M'Caskey, trying to remember—"the same Lord Byron used to rave about."

She nodded an assent, and he continued.

"Nini Brancaleone was a toast, I remember, with Wraxall and Trelawney, and the rest of us. She was the 'reason fair' of many a good glass of claret which Byron gave us, in those days before he became stingy."

"You had better keep your memories to yourself in case you meet her," said she, warningly.

"Miles M'Caskey, madam, requires very little advice or admonition in a matter that touches tact or good-breeding." A sickly smile of more than half-derision curled the woman's lip, but she did not speak. "And now let us come back to this Count of Amalfi: who is he? where is he?"

"I have told you already I do not know."

"There was a time, madam, you would have required no second intimation that it was your duty to find out."

"Ah, I remember those words but too well," cried she, bitterly. "Finding out was my task for many a year."

"Well, madam, it was an exercise that might have put a fine edge on your understanding, but, like some other advantages of your station, it

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slipped by you without profit. I am generous, madam, and I forbear to say more. Tell me of these people here all that you know of them, for they are my more immediate interest at present."

"I will tell you everything, on the simple condition that you never speak to me nor of me again. Promise me but this, Miles M'Caskey, and I swear to you I will conceal nothing that I know of them."

"You make hard terms, madam," said he, with a mock courtesy. "It is no small privation to be denied the pleasure of your agreeable presence, but I comply."

"And this shall be our last meeting?" asked she, with a look of imploring meaning.

"Alas, madam if it must be!"

"Take care," cried she, suddenly; "you once by your mockery drove me to——"

"Well, madam, your memory will perhaps record what followed. I shot the friend who took up your cause. Do you chance to know of another who would like to imitate his fortune?"

"Gracious heaven!" cried she, in an agony, "has nothing the power to change your cruel nature; or are you to be hard-hearted and merciless to the end?"

"I am proud to say, madam, that Miles M'Caskey comes of a house whose motto is 'Semper M'Caskey.'"

A scornful curl of her lip seemed to show what respect she felt for the heraldic allusion; but she recovered herself quickly, and said, "I can stay no longer. It is the hour the Countess requires me; but I will come back to-morrow, without you would let me buy off this meeting. Yes, Miles, I am in earnest; this misery is too much for me. I have saved a little sum, and I have it by me in gold. You must be more changed than I can believe, or you will be in want of money. You shall have it all, every ducat of it, if you only pledge me your word never to molest me—never to follow me—never to recognise me again!"

"Madam," said he, severely, "this menial station you have descended to must have blunted your sense of honour rudely, or you had never dared to make me such a proposal. Let me see you to-morrow, and for the last time." And haughtily waving his hand, he motioned to her to leave, and she turned away, with her hands over her face, and quitted the room.

CHAPTER XI.—THE MAJOR'S TRIALS.

Major Miles M'Caskey is not a foreground figure in this our story, nor have we any reason to suppose that he possesses any attractions for our readers. When such men—and there are such to be found on life's highway—are met with, the world usually gives them what sailors call a "wide berth, and ample room to swing in," sincerely trusting that they will soon trip their anchor and sail off again. Seeing all this, I have no pretension, nor indeed any wish, to impose his company any more than is strictly indispensable, nor dwell on his sojourn at the Molo of Montanara. Indeed, his life at that place was so monotonous and weary to himself, it would be a needless cruelty to chronicle it.

The Major, as we have once passingly seen, kept a sort of brief journal of his daily doings; and a few short extracts from this will tell us all that we need know of him. On a page of which the upper portion was torn away, we find the following:—"Arrived at M—— on the 6th at sunset. Ruined old rookery. Open at land side, and sea defences all carried away; never could have been strong against artillery. Found Mrs M'C. in the style of waiting-woman to a Countess Butler, formerly Nini Brancaleone. A warm interview; difficult to persuade her that I was not

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in pursuit of herself — a feminine delusion I tried to dissipate. She" —henceforth it is thus he always designates Mrs M'Caskey — " she avers that she knows nothing of the Count d'Amalfi, nor has ever seen him. Went into a long story about Sir Omerod Butler, of whom I know more myself. She pretends that Nini is married to him—legally married; don't believe a word of it. Have my own suspicions that the title of Amalfi has been conferred on B. himself, for he lives estranged from England and Englishmen. Will learn all, however, before I leave.

" Roast pigeons, with tomato, a strange fish, and omelette, with Capri to wash it down; a meagre supper, but they say it shall be better to-morrow.

" Seventh, Wednesday. — Slept soundly and had a swim; took a sea view of the place, but could see no one about. Capital breakfast—'Frutti di mare,' boiled in Rhine wine; fellow who waited said a favourite dish of his Excellency's, meaning Sir O. B. Best chocolate I ever tasted out of Paris. Found the *menue* for dinner on the table all right; the wine is *au choix*, and I begin with La Rose and La Veuve Cliquot. A note from her referring to something said last night; she is ill and cannot see me, but encloses an order on Parodi of Genoa, in favour of the Nobile Signor il Maggiore M'Caskey, for three thousand seven hundred and forty-eight francs, and a small tortoise-shell box, containing eighty-six double ducats in gold, so that it would seem I have fallen into a 'vrai Californie' here. Reflected, and replied with a refusal; a M'Caskey cannot stoop to this. Reproved her for ignoring the character to whom she addressed such a proposal, and reiterated my remark of last night, that she never rose to the level at which she could rightly take in the native chivalry of my nature.

" Inquired if my presence had been announced to Sir O., and learned it had. Orders given to treat me with distinguished consideration, but nothing said of an audience.

" Pigeons again for supper, with apology; quails had been sent for to Messina, and expected to-morrow. Shot at a champagne-flask in the sea, and smoked. Sir O's. tobacco exquisite, and the supply so ample, I am making a *petite provision* for the future.

" Full moon. Shot at the camelias out of my window. Knocked off seventeen, when I heard a sharp cry—a stray shot, I suppose. Shut the casement and went to bed.

" Thursday.—Gardener's boy — flesh-wound in the calf of the leg; hope Sir O. may hear of it and send for me.

" A glorious capon for dinner, stuffed with oysters—veritable oysters. Drank Mrs M'C.'s health in the impression that this was a polite attention on her part. No message from Sir O.

" Friday.—A general fast; a lentil soup and a fish: good but meagre; took it out in wine and tobacco. Had the gardener's boy up, and introduced him to sherry-cobbler. The effect miraculous; danced Tarantella till the bandage came off and he fainted.

" Saturday. — Rain and wind; maccaroni much smoked; cook lays it on the chimney that won't draw with a Levant wind. Read over my instructions again, and understand them as little as before;—'You will hold yourself at the orders of the Count d'Amalfi till further instructions from this department.' Vague enough all this; and for anything I see, or am likely to see, of this Count, I may pass the autumn here. Tried to attract Sir O.'s attention by knocking off the oranges at top of his wall, and received intimation to fire in some other direction.

" Sunday.—Don Luigi something has come to say mass. Asked him to dinner, but find him engaged to the Countess. A dry old cove, who evidently knows everything but will tell nothing; has promised to lend me a guitar and a book or

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two, in return for which I have sent down three bottles of our host's champagne to his reverence.

"Monday.—Lobsters.

"Tuesday.—Somebody ill apparently; much ringing of bells and disorder. My dinner an hour late. Another appeal from Mrs M'C., repeating her former proposal with greater energy; this feminine insistance provokes me. I might tell her that of the three women who have borne my name none but herself would have so far presumed, but I forbear. Pity has ever been the weakness of my nature; I feel its workings even as I write this. it may not carry me to the length of forgiveness, but I can compassionate; I will send her this note:—

"'MADAM,—Your prayers have succeeded; I yield. It would not be generous in me to say what the sacrifice has cost me. When a M'Caskey bends, it is an oak of the forest snaps in two. I make but one condition; I will have no gratitude. Keep the tears that you would shed at my feet for the hours of your solitary sorrow. You will see, therefore, that we are to meet no more.

"'One of the ducats is clipped on the edge, and another discoloured as by an acid; I am above requiring that they be exchanged. Nothing in this last act of our intercourse shall prevent you remembering me as "Semper M'Caskey."

"'Your cheque should have specified Parodi & Co., not Parodi alone. To a man less known the omission might give inconvenience; this too, however, I pardon. Farewell.'"

It was evident that the Major felt he had completed this task with befitting dignity, for he stood up before a large glass, and placing one hand within his waistcoat, he gazed at himself in a sort of rapturous veneration. "Yes," said he, thoughtfully, "George Seymour, and D'Orsay, and myself, we were men! When shall the world look upon our like again? Each in his own style, too, perfectly distinct, perfectly dissimilar—neither of them, however, had this—neither had this," cried he, as he darted a look of catlike fierceness from his fiery grey eyes. "The Princess Metternich fainted when I gave her that glance. She had the temerity to say, 'Qui est ce Monsieur M'Caskey?' Why not ask who is Soult? who is Wellington? who is everybody? Such is the ignorance of a woman! Madame la Princess," added he, in a graver tone, "if it be your fortune to turn your footsteps to Montpellier, walk into the churchyard there, and see the tomb of Jules de Besançon, late Major of the 8th Cuirassiers, and whose inscription is in these few words—'Tué par M'Caskey.' I put up the monument myself, for he was a brave soldier, and deserved his immortality."

Though self-admiration was an attractive pastime, it palled on him at last, and he sat down and piled up the gold double ducats in two tall columns, and speculated on the various pleasures they might procure, and then he read over the draft on Parodi, and pictured to his mind some more enjoyments, all of which were justly his due, "for," as he said himself aloud, "I have dealt generously by that woman."

At last he arose, and went out on the terrace. It was a bright starlit night, one of those truly Italian nights when the planets streak the calm sea with long lines of light, and the very air seems weary with its burden of perfume. Of the voluptuous enervation that comes of such an hour he neither knew nor asked to know. Stillness and calm to him savoured only of death; he wanted movement, activity, excitement, life, in fact—life as he had always known and always liked it. Once or twice the suspicion had crossed his mind that he had been sent on this distant expedition to get rid of him when something of moment was being done elsewhere. His inordinate vanity could readily supply the reasons for such a course. He was one of those men that in times of trouble become at once

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famous. "They call us dangerous," said he, "just as Cromwell was dangerous, Luther was dangerous, Napoleon was dangerous. But if we are dangerous, it is because we are driven to it. Admit the superiority that you cannot oppose, yield to the inherent greatness that you can only struggle against, and you will find that we are not dangerous —we are salutary."

"Is it possible," cried he aloud, "that this has been a plot—that while I am here living this life of inglorious idleness the great stake is on the table—the game is begun, and the King's crown being played for?" M'Caskey knew that whether royalty conquered or was vanquished—however the struggle ended—there was to be a grand scene of pillage. The nobles or the merchants—it mattered very little which to him—were to pay for the coming convulsion. Often and often, as he walked the streets of Naples, had he stood before a magnificent palace, or a great country-house, and speculated on the time when it should be his prerogative to smash in that stout door, and proclaim all within it his own. "Spolia di M'Caskey" was the inscription that he felt would defy the cupidity of the boldest. "I will stand on the balcony," said he, "and declare, with a wave of my hand, These are mine: pass on to other pillage."

The horrible suspicion that he might be actually a prisoner all this time gained on him more and more, and he ransacked his mind to think of some great name in history whose fate resembled his own. "Could I only assure myself of this," said he, passionately, "it is not these old walls would long confine me; I'd scale the highest of them in half an hour; or I'd take to the sea, and swim round that point yonder—it's not two miles off; and I remember there's a village quite close to it." Though thus the prospect of escape presented itself so palpably before him, he was deterred from it by the thought that if no intention of forcible detention had ever existed, the fact of his having feared it would be an indelible stain upon his courage. "What an indignity," thought he, "for a M'Caskey to have yielded to a causeless dread!"

As he thus thought, he saw, or thought he saw, a dark object at some short distance off on the sea. He strained his eyes, and though long in doubt, at last assured himself it was a boat that had drifted from her moorings, for the rope that had fastened her still hung over the stern, and trailed in the sea. By the slightly moving flow of the tide towards shore she came gradually nearer, till at last he was able to reach her with the crook of his riding-whip, and draw her up to the steps. Her light paddle-like oars were on board, and M'Caskey stepped in, determined to make a patient and careful study of the place on its sea-front, and see, if he could, whether it were more of chateau or jail.

With noiseless motion he stole smoothly along, till he passed a little ruined bastion on a rocky point, and saw himself at the entrance of a small bay, at the extremity of which a blaze of light poured forth, and illuminated the sea for some distance. As he got nearer he saw that the light came from three large windows that opened on a terrace, thickly studded with orange-trees, under the cover of which he could steal on unseen, and take an observation of all within; for that the room was inhabited was plain enough, one figure continuing to cross and recross the windows as M'Caskey drew nigh.

Stilly and softly, without a ripple behind him, he glided on till the light skiff stole under the overhanging boughs of a large acacia, over a branch of which he passed his rope to steady the boat, and then standing up he looked into the room, now so close as almost to startle him.

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LEWES'S ARISTOTLE.

MR LEWES is known to every studious reader by his 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' by his physiological writings, by his 'Life of Goethe,' and by a host of miscellaneous papers, all displaying the same tact, the same clear vision and lucid style. Remarkable for a distinct and rapid development of difficult and intricate subjects, he has proved himself one of the happiest expositors of those metaphysical subtleties which he, at the same time, describes and discards; while in that branch of science to which he has sedulously devoted himself, he has been, if not a discoverer, yet much more than an expounder, for he has introduced into it an accuracy of thought, a distinctness in the reasoning or theorising upon known facts, which the readers of physiological works must often have felt the want of. Having paid his homage, his farewell tribute to philosophy, the parting guest, whom he "slightly shakes by the hand," he, as a true son of the nineteenth century, turns towards science,—

"And with his arms outstretched as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer."

It is now apparently his design to do for the history of science what he had formerly done for that of metaphysics—to describe the course of its development, to give what he has called "the embryology of science;" and the present volume is a chapter from this projected work. It is a chapter which may very well constitute a distinct and separate treatise, what our neighbours have taught us to call a *monograph*. We have Aristotle brought distinctly before us as the man of science.

To all who felt a curiosity in estimating Aristotle from this point of view, and who were not themselves willing or able to read critically the original Greek of a by no means captivating writer, some such work as this was absolutely necessary. Aristotle as a logician is known, or presumed to be known, to all educated men; at all events, there are works enough in our language to which to refer the eager student thirsting for syllogism, or the categories, or even for whatever the ancient sage may have taught of rhetoric, or politics, or poetry. But if any one, bewildered by the contradictory estimates thrown out by eloquent lecturers, or other distinguished men, desired to know what really Aristotle taught on scientific subjects—on the inorganic and organic world before us, on the great mechanism, in short, of nature—there was no book in our language, nor, as Mr Lewes assures us, in any modern language, which would have given him the materials for a calm and sober judgment. On the one hand, we hear the most unsparing contempt thrown upon the science of Aristotle; and till lately all popular lecturers, in their extravagant eulogies upon Bacon, were accustomed to tell their credulous audience that, till the lord of Verulam arose, no one understood that the knowledge of nature was built on the observation of nature. On the other hand, there have been eminent men who were not satisfied with proving that Aristotle knew as well, and had stated as distinctly as any of his successors, the paramount necessity of observation and an accurate collection of facts, but that he had really observed and reasoned upon facts in so miraculous a manner as to have been able —standing, as it were, at the very starting-point of science—to have anticipated many of those discoveries to which the moderns

'Aristotle: A Chapter from the History of Science, including Analyses of Aristotle's Scientific Writings.' By George Henry Lewes.

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had slowly attained by the labours of successive generations. If this were true, it would be, as we have intimated, nothing short of miraculous. It would be as if Eclipse not only distanced all competitors in the race, but was gifted with a faculty by which he could reach the goal without passing over the intermediate ground. For science is knowledge built on knowledge; it is not an affair of intuition. Neither is a happy guess, figuring perhaps amidst a crowd of vagrant fancies, to be dignified with the name of a scientific truth. There is no such thing as the anticipation of a discovery, unless the intermediate steps also have been anticipated, by which alone it becomes a discovery, or is distinguished from a random guess. Amidst such opposite estimates as these, such unqualified detraction on the one hand, such inordinate and impossible praise on the other, Mr Lewes offers himself as our guide. He has given us an analysis of Aristotle's scientific writings quite ample enough for the purpose at which he aims. Had it been more complete, the patience of the reader would have broken down; had it been briefer than it is, we should have complained that materials enough had not been given for an independent judgment. He himself holds the balance with impartiality, or, at least, with the evident effort to be impartial. Between the careless detractor who echoes a contempt which had become conventional, and the lover of paradox, or the pedantic devotee of whatever is ancient and whatever is Greek, Mr Lewes steers his middle course. He is, perhaps, more successful, more completely convincing, when he combats the exaggerated praise of certain admirers of Aristotle, than when he himself becomes eulogistic. Desirous of assuming the more agreeable attitude of bestowing praise, he, on two occasions, opens the chapter with a rather startling note of admiration, but the extracts which follow hardly support his own eulogium. He gradually relapses into the calm and clear-sighted critic. On the whole, the work will confirm and render distinct the vague impressions which most of us have received of the science of Aristotle; that it was all that could be expected from mortal man living at the period of Aristotle, but that, regarded from our present position, it can have no value except to those who are curious to trace the progress of the human mind.

And indeed it is from this point of view that Mr Lewes invites us to the study of the scientific works of Aristotle. A mere history of past blunders is the dreariest thing imaginable. We are too anxious to learn something of real science, and there is too much on every side to be learnt, to allow us time for studying, merely for their own sake, the inevitable mistakes and errors of the past. And remember that in science the past error is utterly extinct—dead beyond all possibility of revival. It is otherwise in philosophy. The old quarrels here are always capable of being rekindled. Often they are the same disputes which agitate the living generation; nay, it has happened that a speculation in philosophy, after having been given over to mere ridicule as a flagrant folly of the past, has been revived, and taught, with some modifications, as a profound truth. We should not wonder if the very age we live in took to the belief in the transmigration of souls. When souls inhabit the legs of tables, or creep under chairs and paw us about the knees, this old fancy of the East must surely seem a most respectable article of faith. There is no folly of this kind that may not be revived. But a scientific hypothesis, once fairly supplanted, is extinct for ever; its place can know it no more; there, where it stood, and where alone it could stand, another growth has occupied the soil. The transmigration of souls might be revived to-morrow; *phlogiston* is dead for ever. Philosophical speculations are like the clouds of heaven, which may rise to-

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day and disperse to-morrow, just as they rose and dispersed a thousand yesterdays ago. Science is like the tree which grows from the seed, and from a seedling extends its branches into the air, but goes never back into the seed again. To write a narrative, therefore, of the errors of the past, that had no other object than simply to record such errors, would be the most wearisome and useless of tasks. But, in fact, it is not in this barren spirit of narrative that Mr Lewes, or any philosophical writer, would invite us to survey the mistakes and tentatives of the past. It is as part of the history of that living human mind which is still with us, and is still ours, that this narrative of its past wanderings becomes valuable. Phlogiston and the like are dead, and let them be buried so far as they are individually concerned; but that human spirit from which science grew is with us still, and we would study this its faculty of growth, and trace the method of its progress. From this point of view a history of scientific errors becomes a history of the development of the human mind. We highly approve of Mr Lewes's undertaking to write what he terms the embryology of science; nor need we suggest to a writer of his tact and discrimination that it would be useless to load his pages with a multitude of errors *of the same kind*. We have read histories of medicine where the philosophical lesson which might be learnt from past errors was quite lost sight of in the multitude of instances given of absurd hypotheses and miserable nostrums. The attention was fatigued by the mere enumeration of fantastic speculations, which were followed, alas! by very real sufferings to the patient in the shape of cruel and disgusting remedies. On the other hand, there is no more effective manner of expounding the latest tenets or discoveries of science than by a judicious account of the errors and mistakes which preceded them, and which often led the way to them. And Mr Lewes has shown in the present volume that he well understands the art of mingling together the modern truth of science and the ancient guess-work, so that by their contrast they may throw light upon each other. Of course, when we speak of the truth of modern science, we do not forget that many of *our truths* may be destined to figure as pardonable errors in the pages of some future historian of science.

A brief account of the life of Aristotle naturally precedes the criticism upon his philosophy, or rather, we should here say, upon his science. This relates, in a short compass, all, we believe, that is known of Aristotle's personal history. As the few facts that bear the stamp of credibility are familiar to most readers, or at least lie open to every one in the pages of biographical dictionaries, we need not repeat them here. But in this our critical age the following list of the *authorities* on which all these accounts are founded will be acceptable. It will be seen how remote we are from anything like contemporary evidence.

"What, then, are the dates, or thereabouts? Aristotle was born B.C. 384. Diogenes Laertius, whose narrative is the fullest, the best, and the most generally followed, was born, at the earliest, nearly six centuries later—*i. e.*, A.D. 200; and it is even supposed that he was as late as Constantine. The next on our list is Ammonius (if the work be really his), who comes eight centuries after his hero, in A.D. 460; and that these eight centuries have not been profitably employed in sifting tradition and bringing it nearer to accuracy, may be gathered from a single detail noticed by Buhle, that Aristotle is made a pupil of Socrates, who died just fifteen years before the Stagirite was born. The nearest biographer in point of time is Dionysius of Halicarnassus (B.C. 50), and this gives a gap of three centuries; moreover, one meagre page comprises all he has to say. Hesychius was born A.D. 500, nearly nine centuries too late; the date of Suidas is uncertain, but probably not earlier than the eleventh century of our era.

"These writers contradict each other on separate points. What means have

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we for deciding between them? They may have had contemporary documents as their authorities; but what guarantee have we for the accuracy of these documents? It is but just three hundred years since Shakespeare was born; throughout this period he has been prized and written about; compilers have done their worst upon this subject; yet what do we authentically know of his life? Above all, what value do we attach to the earliest biography, that of Rowe?"

What can a modern Englishman do but accept such of the facts as appear to him probable and coherent? That Aristotle was, in the language of our times, a gentleman of birth and fortune, who, simply from an ardent love of knowledge, devoted himself to philosophy; that, born at Stagira, a town of northern Greece, situated in what is now called the Gulf of Contezza, he migrated to Athens, the intellectual capital of Greece and of the world, where Plato was then teaching; that, after many years of laborious application, his reputation was such that it brought an invitation from Philip of Macedon to undertake the education of the young Alexander—are facts, we presume, that we may accept without distrust. There is one trait of character ascribed to Aristotle which we hope also we may believe in: this great thinker, one of the most indefatigable and powerful of the class that has lived upon the earth, was a tender and warm-hearted man, capable of love and of ardent friendship.

"His health," says Mr Lewes in that general summary of personal details which make up for us the picture of a man, "was, like that of most ardent brain-workers, delicate. He was short and slender in person; he had small eyes and an affected lisp. Somewhat given to sarcasm in conversation, he made, of course, many enemies. On hearing that some one had vituperated him in his absence, he humorously said, 'If he pleases, he may beat me too—in my absence.' His heart was kind, as was manifest in certain acts, and is expressed in this saying, 'He who has many friends has no friends,' which profoundly touches the very core of the subject, and may be paired off with this other saying of his, 'A friend is one soul in two bodies.' When asked how we should behave towards friends? he said, 'As we should wish them to behave towards us.'"

One of the last and most conspicuous incidents of his life appears to corroborate this impression of his affectionate character. When, upon the death of Alexander, the Macedonian party in Athens lost their power, and Aristotle, who belonged to this party, was exposed to the malice of his enemies, the worst charge these could bring against him was, that he had paid divine honours to his wife and to his friend. He had burned the one and raised a statue to the other in a too sacred manner, or too sacred locality—thus infringing on the rights and privileges of the gods. In liberal and enlightened Athens, if a man was to be destroyed, the surest way was to represent him as a profane person—a despiser of the gods; to accuse him, in fact, of irreligion, or heresy of some kind. An incautious or too ambitious testimony of affection was the impiety alleged against our philosopher. He retired, we are told, before the coming storm. Mindful of the death of Socrates, he refused to the Athenians a second opportunity of disgracing the republic.

Mr Lewes opens his criticism on the science of Aristotle with the following general account of his physics:—

"The physical writings of Aristotle still extant are the eight books of 'Physics,' the four books 'On the Heavens,' the two books on 'Generation and Corruption,' with the 'Meteorology' and the 'Mechanical Problems.' The contents of these works very slightly correspond with their titles, according to modern conceptions. The sciences which we class under the heads of Physics and Astronomy are in no sense represented in them. There is no attempt to sketch the laws of Statics, Dynamics, Optics, Acoustics, Thermotics, or Electricity. There is nothing beyond metaphysical disquisitions suggested by certain physical phenomena; wearisome disputes about motion, space,

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infinity, and the like; verbal distinctions, loose analogies, unhesitating assumptions, inexpressibly fatiguing and unfruitful. They have furnished matter for centuries of idle speculation, but few beams of steady light to aid the groping endeavours of science. We cannot say that in every point he is altogether wrong—on some points he was assuredly right; but these are few, isolated, without bearing on the rest of his speculations, and without influence on research. I shall therefore analyse these works much more rapidly and briefly than the works on Biology."

We are thus inducted into some of those earlier doctrines, or methods of thinking upon physical topics, which belong not exclusively, indeed, to Aristotle, but to the age in which he lived. We are taught the principle of *Contraries*, once a theme of learned disquisition throughout Europe—

"There are," says Aristotle, "three principles: Matter, Form, and Privation. In every phenomenon we can distinguish the substance and its form; but as the form can be only one of two contraries, and as only one of these two can exist at each moment, we are forced to admit the existence of a third principle, Privation, *to account for the contrary which is absent.* Thus a man must be either a musician or a non-musician; he cannot be both at the same time: and that which prevents his being one of these is the privation of the form."

Then we have a definition of nature as "the principle of Motion and Rest;" and of Movements it is added, that "those are called natural which are self-moved." Further on we are told that there are two great classes of movements—1. The natural; and, 2. The violent or unnatural. Fire ascends and a stone descends by natural movement. A stone may be made to ascend, but this is owing to violence. Some external motor causes it to ascend; by its natural movement the stone would never rise, but always fall. For a similar reason, fire may be made to descend; but, left to its natural movement, it will only ascend.

We have in these few passages a fair specimen of that mode of thought, or *false method*, which Aristotle and his contemporaries brought to the study of nature. Men of acute intellect, eager to give an explanation of all things, applied at once to the phenomena before them some abstraction or generalisation ready made in the language of daily use. They should have occupied themselves, we are apt to say, with the collection of facts; they should have formed generalisations from this careful observation of facts, and then proceeded to reason on *these generalisations*, verifying their inferences at each step by fresh appeals to observation and experiment. Such is the true method of science. But we perceive very clearly that the generalisations from which the man of science permits himself to reason *deductively* (because originally formed from careful *induction*) were not then in existence, and could not have been then in existence. Were these men to be silent? If it is said they should have occupied themselves with observation and experiment, the answer is at hand: No men ever did, or could, pursue to advantage a train of observation or experiment, unless under the guidance of some hypothesis or conjecture. There is some guess of their own they seek to establish, or guess of others they seek to overthrow. Conjecture and experiment must at all times proceed together. These early sages were to blame, not so much for what they did, as what they left undone. They conjectured much and experimented little: but it was something to conjecture; the rest of the world neither observed nor conjectured.

The *false method* of the Greek philosopher did not consist in any theoretical neglect of observation. He knew the value of a fact as well as his modern successor; but he lived at a time when those generalisations formed by careful observation had not yet been made. He himself might be helping to make them, but as yet they were not. What could he do but avail himself of such ideas or generalisations as an

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uncritical experience had produced, and which, perhaps, were incorporated into the very language of daily use? *Gravity*, or the attraction of matter to matter, is a generalisation of modern science; it is formed from induction or observation, and we permit ourselves, therefore, to reason on it with confidence. It enters into our explanation of this or that still perplexing phenomenon. The principle of *contraries* was the result of no careful induction; it was snatched up in haste. Heat drives out cold, and cold heat. Was there not a principle here of universal application? So amongst motions of inanimate bodies were not some *natural*, just as certain motions in our own organism are felt to be natural? It was a rude analogy—an unauthorised generalisation.

The difference between the *false* method and the *true* is the inevitable result of position in the course of time, or process of development. The modern man of science reasons from generalisations which are the results of a hitherto universal experience; but, waiting the formation of these, the earlier sage reasoned on something which was the result of a scanty experience or a fanciful analogy. He had nothing better to reason on.

What, let us ask ourselves, is the *kind* of observation on which science is founded, or with which science commences? It is not the mere use of our senses, or the mere perception of objects. Nor do we call by the name of Science that practical knowledge of the qualities of things so essential to life, as that fire burns, or food nourishes. Such knowledge as the senses directly give us lies, we need not say, at the basis of all science, but is not science itself. There are two kinds of observation on which science depends: 1*st*, When we detect similarities between things or events which at first sight appeared widely different, and thus establish an essential identity where only diversity had presented it-

[1]f; and, 2*d*, When, amongst the series of events perpetually occurring around us, we select those which are unalterably united in never-failing sequence, or relation of cause and effect, and classify them apart from those whose connection is not invariable. And now let us ask, what motive or passion it is that prompts to observation of this subtle kind? It is not our daily wants or appetites. These may greedily seize upon knowledge of a scientific kind, which they can make subservient to them; they do not originally lead to it. Science originates in that noble curiosity with which men, or at least some men, are endowed—the desire to understand all, to *see all* as with the eye of intellect; to harmonise what seems confused; to represent to themselves the whole in its completeness. And now one question more, Would you check this curiosity till all legitimate appliances were ready for its gratification; would you prevent it from asking questions and giving answers till it had been strictly demonstrated what kind of questions were to be asked, and how precisely the answer was to be obtained? Manifestly such restrictions, instead of leading to a more rapid progress in knowledge, would have rendered all effort and all development impossible; they would have killed at once the noble curiosity we are speaking of. Honour to those who, stimulated by this generous passion, persisted *energetically to think*, in the full confidence that finally the human intellect would triumph over all difficulties.

Proceeding in our analysis, we come upon a curious notion relative to motion in a *vacuum*:—

"Aristotle argues that *in vacuo* motion is impossible. In a void there can be no difference of place; and motion implies difference of place. He then adds, that projectiles continue moving after the original motor ceases to be in contact with them, 'either, as some say, by reaction, or by the motion of the moved air. . . . Moreover,' he adds, 'no one can say why, *in vacuo*, a body once set in motion should ever stop; since why rather here than there? Con-

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sequently, it must rather remain in necessary rest, or, if in motion, in endless motion, unless some stronger interferes.'"

Aristotle lived before the air-pump had enabled us to produce a vacuum, and, speculating only on motion through the air, he found in the pulses of the air itself a cause for continuous motion. The mode of reasoning was natural enough. There is much of this kind of ingenious error in the physics of Aristotle. But if we do not blame, neither can we be called upon to admire.

Aristotle missed our modern doctrine of *inertia*, or rather our doctrine that every change demands a cause (according to which a moving body would move on for ever if nothing intervened to arrest or retard its motion), but he is credited with having ascertained several of our scientific laws of motion.

"The principle of 'vertical velocities' was certainly known to him. This has been denied; but Galileo himself says that he found it in Aristotle, and doubtless alludes to the following passage:—'The same force will raise a greater weight in proportion as the force is applied at a longer distance from the fulcrum, because it then describes a larger circle; and a weight which is farthest removed from the centre, is made to move through the greatest space.'

"He also gained a glimpse of the parallelogram of forces. Poselger thinks his statement of it superior in elegance and precision to that given by Kant. Yet, in spite of this, I must still think that Aristotle only gained a glimpse of the law, as he did of the principle of 'vertical velocities,' since he failed to see its far-reaching importance, and made little or no use of it."

It illustrates the difficulty that attends upon forming an accurate estimate of the science of Aristotle, that this very explanation he gives of the power of the lever has been differently interpreted by his commentators. Some have understood that when he accounts for the greater force of a weight at the long arm of the lever by the circumstance that it describes a larger circle, he was alluding to the "marvellous properties of the circle," of which he elsewhere discourses in a mysterious manner. Mr Lewes, it will be seen, adheres to the more generous interpretation, and understands Aristotle to mean what a modern lecturer would mean; in describing a larger circle, the weight or force would be acting a longer time.

To abridge Mr Lewes's analysis is no part of our task. Neither could it be abridged with any propriety. The reader who is interested at all in the subject will never find it too long. But we shall continue to select a few specimens from it, both to illustrate the Aristotelian mode of thinking, and also to test some of the startling eulogies which even such men as Cuvier and St Hilaire have bestowed upon the "mighty Stagirite."

The work on Meteorology has been lately translated into French by M. Barthélemy St Hilaire, who appears to be very encomiastic in his annotations. Mr Lewes, while admitting that all has been done that could be expected of an observer who had no thermometer, no barometer, no hygrometer, no anemometer, no instrument of any kind whatever, will not admit that observations made under these disadvantages have much scientific value. "The work shows," he says, "what could and what could not be effected by observation, unassisted by instruments. Aristotle, equally with moderns, makes heat the chief agent in meteorologic changes. But this is general, *qualitative* knowledge, and science demands *quantitative* knowledge." As our classification of the sciences had not yet been formed, it will not be supposed that Aristotle's work exactly corresponds with what we should understand by a treatise on meteorology. It embraces what we should call a heterogeneous variety of topics. The four elements are discussed—fire, air, water, earth—of which all mundane bodies are composed. To these are added a fifth element, an ether, which fills supra-

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mundane space, of which little, it seems, is said, except that it is endowed with circular movement. Explanations are given of shooting stars, comets, and the Milky Way, the formation of rivers, the saltness of the sea, clouds, fogs, dew, the winds, and other phenomena which we more distinctly recognise as meteorological. It is worth noticing, that although Democritus had already asserted of the Milky Way that it was a cluster of stars, Aristotle prefers to regard it as an exhalation from the earth suspended in the air. We moderns, judging from our own position, are disposed, in a case like this, to give the palm of superior sagacity to Democritus. But, in fact, they were both mere guesses. The telescope has revealed to us that Democritus made the happier conjecture; but in the position which the two men occupied, one guess was as meritorious as the other.

"On these multifarious topics," Mr Lewes remarks, "his theories, as may be imagined, are mostly wide of the mark, but they often display remarkable sagacity, and bear the stamp of an earnest investigating mind. The large accumulation of facts is very noticeable; but rather, I think, on account of the attitude of mind which impelled him to make such an accumulation, and to insist with so much emphasis on the value of facts, than, as M. Barthélemy St Hilaire would have us believe, because the facts themselves display any noticeable sagacity. M. St Hilaire is at great pains, in his commentary, to point out every occasion on which his hero is correct, or approaches correctness in facts; but a little reflection reveals that in the majority of such cases the facts are such as lie open to universal observation, implying no merit, therefore, in the observer, while in no case have they quantitive precision. It is for its method rather than its results that this treatise is remarkable."

We pass on to the *Anatomy* and *Physiology* of the ancient sage. Here it will be new to many an English reader to learn that some eminent Frenchmen have discovered in Aristotle a quite surprising accuracy, and even a marvellous anticipation of modern science. For ourselves, we have been accustomed to regard such encomiums as a harmless display of eloquence, and perhaps of vanity — nothing better, nothing worse. The man of science loves occasionally to add to his own proper honours the graceful plume of scholarship. With a cheap magnanimity he exalts the dead. He varies his lecture, or enlivens his page, with a burst of classical enthusiasm. It rings hollow to our ear—fictitious or pedantic—but it is harmless enough. No men of science now dream of reviving the authority of Aristotle; that is, of taking any of their facts out of his pages, or any one of their opinions. Nevertheless, by those who, like the author before us, are bent on framing an accurate estimate of what a great man of past times really accomplished, such exaggerations cannot be contemplated with perfect indifference. Mr Lewes undertakes the rather ungracious task of reducing this applause to its due proportions.

"The eulogies," he observes, "lavished on Aristotle as a biologist, even by men whose own special knowledge might have made them the severest critics, remind us rather of the tone adopted in the middle ages than of the more circumspect and critical language of our own age. 'In Aristotle,' says Cuvier, 'everything amazes, everything is prodigious, everything is colossal. He lived but sixty-two years, and he was able to make thousands of observations of extreme delicacy, the accuracy of which the most rigorous criticism has never been able to impeach.' This rhetorical exaggeration is painfully insincere; no one better than Cuvier could have known the worthlessness of Aristotle's observations on all points which were not open to the common eye; but that servility, too common amongst Frenchmen, which makes them eager to do homage to every established reputation, made Cuvier forget his own knowledge, and bow his head before the blinding splendour of a great renown.

"Little less rhetorical is De Blainville, who, though notorious for his love of contradiction, dared not whisper a word against 'le grand Stagirite.' 'It is the natural sciences,' he says, 'which

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owe the most to Aristotle. His plan was vast and luminous; he laid the basis of science, which will never perish.'

"Isidore Geoffrey St Hilaire, speaking from less acquaintance with Aristotle's writings, is splendid in eulogy. 'He is in every branch of knowledge like a master who cultivated that one only. He reaches, he extends the limits of all the sciences, and penetrates to their very depths.'"

Now, if we reflect for a moment on what minute and laborious dissections our present knowledge of anatomy depends—which again is the foundation of our knowledge of physiology—it is simply impossible that Aristotle, of whom it has been disputed whether he ever dissected the human body, could have laid a sound foundation for these sciences. The knowledge of the structure and functions of our several organs has been the result of repeated examinations conducted under successive conjectures, each of which had become more and more probable, as it was founded on additional information. As Mr Lewes observes, we *read into* Aristotle the results of a later science, and we gladly blind ourselves to many a confused description, or pass very rapidly over physiological statements which to us are scarcely intelligible, and thus construct for ourselves a text which seems to justify any amount of applause.

"The extent of his survey," Mr Lewes admits, "is amazing, embracing the whole animal kingdom, from sea-anemones to man. But of the accuracy of his knowledge," he adds, "I am compelled, after long and minute study, to form a very different estimate from what is current amongst critics and historians. Reading his works by the light of modern discovery, we are apt to credit him with all that his words suggest to us: we come indeed upon numerous inaccuracies, and on many statements which imply gross carelessness; but whenever his language does not palpably betray him, modern readers insensibly fill out his hints with details from their fuller store. On a superficial examination, therefore, he will seem to have given tolerable descriptions, especially if approached with that disposition to discover marvels which unconsciously determines us in our study of ancient writers. But a more unbiassed and impartial criticism will disclose that he has given no single anatomical description of the least value. All that he knew may have been known, and probably was known, without dissection. The casual revelations of the slaughter-house and battle-field, together with the intimations gathered from auguries and embalmments, probably furnished his knowledge of man and the larger animals. I do not assert that he never opened an animal; on the contrary, it seems highly probable that he had opened many. But I am persuaded that he never *dissected* one in the careful systematic style necessary for more than a general acquaintance with the positions of the chief organs. He never followed the course of a vessel or a nerve; never laid bare the origin and insertion of a muscle; never discriminated the component parts of organs; never made clear to himself the connection of organs with systems."

This judgment Mr Lewes has fully established by the examples he has given. Aristotle places the heart higher than the lungs; he describes the human kidney as *lobed* like that of the ox; and when he passes to the functions of the heart, he determines it to be the seat of sensation, on the ground that it is the centre of the body. He also disputes the claim of the brain, because it is insensible. He says of the brain that it is *bloodless*, and that it does not extend to the back part of the skull, *which is quite empty*. He assigned to the brain the function of *moderator*, its coolness serving to temper the great heat of the heart region. Believing that there was no blood in it (probably from the appearance of the brains of animals cooked for eating), he naturally concluded that it was cold. Credit has been given to Aristotle for the discovery of nerves; but the nerve with him was a duct, and the optic nerve was a duct *to nourish the eye*. He says nothing of a nervous system forming the mechanisms of sensation and motion.

With regard to those anticipations of some of the latest discoveries of the zoologists, which have made some noise amongst us, they shrink into the fact, curious

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or not as you choose to look at it, that certain animals only lately known to naturalists, or certain of their habits or functions but lately recognised, had come before the inspection of Aristotle, or had been heard of by him. The *Hectorotylus of the Argonaut*, an anomalous member which he who is anxious to understand will find accurately described in the present work; the *Parthenogenesis of Bees; a Placental Fish*—these curiosities had arrested the attention of this wide-surveying naturalist. But they were with him merely isolated facts, they were not wrought into any physiological theory, neither did they conflict with any such theory; they had not the same significance to him as they have to Richard Owen. Inasmuch as they are observations of nature, and not mere guesses at the causes of things, they may have some value, and certainly redound to the credit of this early sage, so avaricious of all knowledge. But isolated observations of this kind, though valuable as materials of science, cannot be designated as "anticipations of the discoveries of modern science," because in reality they do not constitute a part of science till they are harmonised with other facts into a consistent scheme of things.

We come next upon a chapter in which Mr Lewes plays himself the part of admirer; not extravagantly or incautiously, but, tired apparently with the task of moderating the praises of others, he takes the more generous office of sounding a hearty note of laudation. We are bound to say that he succeeds better as the accusing spirit, than as the angel of the silver trumpet. But we should be unfair both to Aristotle and his critic if we did not follow him, so far as we are able, now that he puts on the herald's tabard, and proclaims the true style and dignity of one whom all agree to describe, on some ground or other, as the great Stagirite.

"I have indicated the reason," he says, "why Aristotle could not have made a discovery when it involved a precise appreciation of delicate or complex phenomena; but in cases where the phenomena are not too remote or too complex for the unassisted senses, where the intellect is chiefly tasked, he is no longer under the same disadvantage as when having to deal with data discernible only through the arduous research of ages. Here the mighty intellect displays itself; here the mind which could not avoid falling into absurdities when theorising about Heat without the aid of a thermometer, and about Physics without knowledge of the laws of motions, rises into admirable eminence when treating of the higher generalities of Life and Mind."

It is the treatise 'De Animâ' which calls forth this ardent praise. "The extreme interest of its problems," he says, "and the profundity of its views, render it the most valuable and valued of ancient attempts to bring the facts of life and mind into scientific order." Aristotle here, he adds farther on, "stands at the point of view now generally occupied by the most advanced thinkers."

Aristotle is applauded for the wide generalisation which embraces the plant and the animal under the one great class of living things, and regards the mind of man itself as only the highest development of life. He did not hold with Stahl that mind was the agent in all *vital* functions as well as the *intelligential*, but, on the contrary, taught that "mind is only the highest development of life." Now, in the first place, it is difficult to determine on a subject of this kind—still so open to mere speculation—what is the point of view now generally occupied by advanced thinkers. And presuming this established, we doubt if *any* point of view which a modern thinker adopts would find itself represented in Aristotle's writings. Judging only by the analysis of this treatise given here by its admirer, we find ourselves baffled by its inconsistencies and its peculiar modes of metaphysical thought, and altogether unable to detect the identity of Aristotle's doctrines, and what Mr Lewes represents as the advanced views of modern physiologists.

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"Life," according to the definition Mr Lewes proposes, "is the dynamical condition of the organism." And he describes Mind as the highest development of Life, the highest dynamical condition, therefore, of the organism. But, 1. Is this accepted as the *last word* of science? and, 2. Does it really accord with what Aristotle taught? It is this second question with which we are chiefly concerned, and to which we shall first apply ourselves.

"One great source of confusion," Mr Lewes observe, "has been the radical error of conceiving Life to be an entity apart from, and only *inhabiting*, the organism; just as the several forces were for centuries conceived to be independent of matter, instead of being regarded as matter in dynamic conditions. To escape from such a confusion, and to have seen thus early the *positive solution* of the difficulty, implies immense intellectual force." But, as we read the extracts given us in this very chapter from Aristotle, we are unable to see in the old Greek a representative of the positive philosophy. We find him constantly speaking of a Vital Principle, which is the source of all vital phenomena, and discussing whether there is more than one such Vital Principle. "The vitality of plants," he says, "is due to a kind of soul." This is surely what the positivist describes and condemns as the metaphysical stage in the development of science. Sometimes the vital principle is said to be essentially one in plants, in animals, and in man. But Mr Lewes has himself furnished us with a passage in which Aristotle also speaks of mind "as another kind of soul, alone capable of separation, as the everlasting from the perishable." It is impossible to reconcile all the statements of Aristotle with each other. And besides this, there is, as we have intimated, a mode of thinking, running through the whole treatise, so peculiarly *Greek*, that it is equally impossible to fix Aristotle, at any moment, in an attitude of thought identical with that of the advanced modern thinker to whom he is assimilated.

It is true that this vital principle, this ψυχή, is again and again asserted to be inseparable from the animal body. It *is* an animal body because it has this ψυχή. The Greek philosopher defined all things as consisting of Matter and Form. In many cases we can translate Form by our word Property. Matter, we say, is endowed with certain *properties*. These we do not consider as having a separate existence from matter. Their union with matter makes the thing to be what it is. This use of the word Property leads to some misunderstandings. But the old word Form was constantly assuming a vague independence, and if at one time we translate it by the word property, at another time we are compelled to translate it by the word *essence*, or some term that vaguely suggests a species of reality in itself. Life is the *entelechie*—that reality which, being added to body, makes it a living organism. "Therefore it follows," we quote from Mr Lewes's Analysis, "that the Vital Principle must be an essence, as being the *form* of a natural body holding life in *potentiality*; but essence is a reality (*entelechie*). The vital principle is the original reality of a natural body endowed with potential life; this, however, is to be understood only of a body which may be organised. Thus the parts even of plants are organs, but they are organs that are altogether simple, as the leaf which is the covering of the pericarp, the pericarp of the fruit. If, then, there be any general formula for any kind of Vital Principle, it is *the primary reality of an organism.*"

A Positive philosopher may *read into* this his theory that Life is the dynamical condition of the organism; or, if he were so disposed, he might detect in it a constant tendency to fall "into the radical error of conceiving life to be an entity."

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As to the definition which Mr Lewes, or the positive philosopher, offers to us of Life and Mind, our observations must necessarily be very brief. Without dispute, the phenomena of mere Life are inseparable from those of Mind, as developed in the human being. What would be the *will*, or all that region of thought which deals with *action*, if you were to separate the faculty of thinking and feeling from the contractility of a muscle? So neither could we separate Life from the activity of inorganic matter. We say, something new comes in with organic life, with the germ that grows, but it would be utterly impossible to conceive the Organic as existing or developing itself without the Inorganic. But it appears to us that if anywhere a line of demarcation can be drawn of this kind—namely, here, at this point, in a world, in an organism previously prepared for it, enters a quite new property —it is precisely a line drawn between Life and Mind. All phenomena in this world, including those of organic life—all phenomena except those of mind—resolve themselves into the laws of motion. Atoms in motion or rest (that cohesion or reciprocal pressure we call rest) represent for us all we can know of physical phenomena. But here, at the first dawn of sensation or consciousness, at the first wince that an animal makes, in whom contact brings this newcomer pain, and in whom pain (another surprising novelty) causes motion, there is that introduced which is quite as original in its nature as motion itself. If motion produces *it*, it again produces motion. It cannot, like all previous phenomena, be conceived of under formula of matter and motion.

Growth is but a new arrangement of particles of matter which we are already able to trace in part to the known laws of chemistry; and those unconscious movements in animals (if any such there be) which are unconnected with sensation, and due to what some physiologists have called mere irritability, may admit, perhaps, of being classed amongst electrical phenomena. The *periodicity* which distinguishes muscular or nervous action, suggests the analogy of the collection and discharge of electrical force; and the muscle seen under a powerful microscope reveals a structure — an arrangement of discs, approaching and receding from each other—which gives countenance to the supposition that its contractility is due to electrical action. If we could thoroughly understand what takes place when a Leyden jar is charged, we feel that we should be nearer than we are to the explanation of muscular action, so far as such action takes place independently of sensation. But we and all men feel convinced that no advance in physical science could in any way explain the quite original fact, that motion produces, *somewhere* in *something*, not motion, but sensation, and that this sensation again produces motion. Vegetable life and the first stages of animal life belong to physics; with sensibility enters a new class of phenomena. Hitherto the particles of matter have but two properties, motion and pressure (which is arrested motion, and gives the shape or form of things). At this point an altogether new property comes into play, or else an altogether new substance, marked by this wonderful property, enters into combination with the material organism. There is, some would say, a sensitive substance and a moving substance—one whose property is feeling in all its varieties, one whose property is motion in all its varieties—and these together form the sensitive and conscious creature. Those who adopt this view would probably add, that in man the spiritual substance which mingles with the vital organism is of a class apart and distinct from that which animates the rest of the sensitive creature.

But our business is not to discuss the question of materialism or im-

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materialism. We have to decide upon the opinion of Aristotle; and Mr Lewes himself teaches us what our verdict should be—namely, that it is impossible to classify him either with the materialist or immaterialist of modern times. Not with the materialist—not with him who looks upon thought simply as the function of the brain; for Aristotle is constantly introducing his ψυχή, which, whatever else it may be, is at least a cause for our consciousness *other* than the brain; and not with the immaterialist, for this ψυχή embraces what we understand by vital as well as mental function, and by no means responds to our intellect or soul.

The allusions we have incidentally encountered here to the *Positive* school of philosophy remind us of an omission we have made. Our author, dealing as he does with the development of science, could not fail to present us with some general ideas of the nature of that development. This he does in an early part of the work, entitled "The Dawn of Science." This chapter is certainly not the least interesting in a work which throughout, even where the subject is least attractive, keeps the attention awake. It ought not to have been passed over without some especial notice; but this perhaps is as good a place as any other to introduce the few observations which it suggests to us. Dropping, therefore, any further attempt to follow the analysis of Aristotle, of which we have given perhaps a sufficient specimen, we shall occupy the rest of our space with an examination of the theory of the development of science which we find laid down in this chapter.

That theory is the one which bears the name of Auguste Comte. It is thus briefly stated:—

"The history of human development shows that there are three modes by which we conceive phenomena; and there are only three. The second being a transition from the first to the third, we might in strictness admit of only two distinct modes of conception. The first of these supposes that the order and succession observed in phenomena are due to the influence of *outlying agencies*—powers which are *super*-natural—above the objects, not belonging to them. The second supposes that the order of phenomena is due simply to properties inherent in the objects themselves, which properties are realities, and form part of the *nature* of the objects. Obviously, things must either be conceived as by nature passive or active; if passive, they can only be moved by superior power independent of them; if active, they possess in themselves the conditions of their activity. Thus, on one of two fundamental assumptions respecting the activity of objects rests every possible explanation we can frame of the mysteries around us.

"The attitude of mind which is based on the first of these assumptions is that which is common to all primitive theories. It characterises what Auguste Comte names the theological stage in human development. On this assumption all phenomena not of the simplest and most familiar kind are referred to the agency of invisible powers, spirits, deities, or demons. To these powers, and not to any activity inherent in the objects themselves, the changes in the phenomena are assigned. It is the will of some spirit which moves the objects."

We pause here to remark, that this belief in gods and demons afflicting or preserving us through the agencies or events of nature does not originate in any desire to *explain* these events. It can hardly, therefore, be called the first stage in the development of science, although such a belief plays a very conspicuous part in the subsequent history of science. It is a much stronger passion than curiosity; it is the passion of fear or of hope that gives origin to the belief that some god either flashes out in anger on us in the lightning, or beams beneficently in the sun. It is not to *explain* the uncertainty of events that a power which can hear prayers or be propitiated in some way is imagined. The uncertainty of events and the terrible anxieties of men have kindled this imagination. And such imagination, we freely admit, is the first outbreak of thought (of any other thought than that which had for its end the immediate gratification of

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our wants); but it is the first stage of religion rather than of science. It promotes science chiefly by its *opposition* to science. This is no paradox. It fills the mind with vague terrors, which it becomes the effort of a few bolder spirits to disperse or to inquire into. It presents to the thinker that contrast —that something to oppose—without which there is no energy of thinking. But it does not itself initiate science; the explanation of science grows up in antagonism to it, and out of the noble desire of knowledge. We proceed with the exposition:—

"In direct contrast to this is the scientific attitude, based upon the second of the two assumptions just rehearsed. It never could have obtained acceptance in the early stages of our development. It implies a certain advance of culture and great familiarity with the orderliness of nature. Before men could refer the changes they observed to the influence of properties inherent in the objects, a strong conviction must have arisen that the order of succession in phenomena was *not* variable, but fixed. *Invariableness* would inevitably lead to the conception of all changes being due to the relations between the various properties of objects—first, by discrediting the interference of an external will, which is essentially incalculable; next, by disclosing that there was really no need of anything but the recognised or recognisable properties of objects to account for all changes. . . .

"These two sharply-opposed modes of conceiving phenomena—one of which aims at penetrating the mysteries of existence, and explaining the external order by knowledge of the ultimate causes, the other of which aims only at detecting the exact relations of coexistence and succession which determine that order, without any hope of knowing the ultimate causes—*these two modes require some intermediate transitional mode, which will enable the mind to pass from one to the other.* Such a transition is effected in the metaphysical stage, which agrees with the theological, inasmuch as it also assumes a knowledge of the ultimate causes, and assumes that these causes are in *essence* independent of the objects. But it differs from the theological in discarding the idea of these agencies being *variable;* by this it forms the passage to a scientific conception. In the place of deities it assumes abstract entities. Thus by gradual modifications the personal agency becomes an impersonal agency, the deity an abstraction, and this in turn becomes more and more material, as we see in the succession of—1*st*, Spirit; 2*d*, Entity; and, 3*d*, Fluid, or ether."

We cannot but think that, if Mr Lewes had left himself free and unhampered with Comte's law of development, he would have given us a clearer account of the progress of the mind in science than he has done here. We will not further discuss Comte's *theological* stage; as to his *metaphysical*, it is an assemblage of several different modes of thinking, which only, in a few instances, can be traced back to the theological. Our *essences*, or the ancient *forms* of things, were never gods or goddesses. There was no necessity to distil a deity down into an essence. Sometimes the imagination infuses into inanimate objects a power or effort analogous to human will without passing through any intermediate theological stage—that is, without first inventing a personal demon external to the thing itself. Sometimes these supernumerary entities, which the earliest stage of science (and also the latest) introduces to explain phenomena, are quite *objective* in their character, and are due to the first impression external objects make upon us. Fire starts, on collision, from a stone. How almost inevitable the process of thought which supposes the fire to exist in some latent state in the stone, ready to dart forth, as a serpent's tongue darts forth when the animal is trodden on! It is but very lately that the idea of latent heat has been discarded from modern science.

The metaphysical stage, we are told, "differs from the theological in discarding the idea of these agencies being *variable;* by this it forms the passage to a scientific conception." But no such transitional mode of thinking is at all necessary towards attaining the con-

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ception of *invariableness*. This is at once established in certain familiar cases by the daily use of our senses. A more subtle and extensive observation of phenomena enlarges from time to time the number of those cases in which the invariableness of the order of nature is established, till at length the conviction flashes on us, and becomes more and more confirmed, that *all* the phenomena of external nature are linked in some invariable order. The growth of this conviction has nothing to do with the introduction of animal spirits, or essences, or other subtle entities to explain phenomena.

Apparently dissatisfied himself with this *passage* from the theological to the metaphysical, and again from the metaphysical to the positive or purely scientific, Mr Lewes, a few pages further on, proposes another classification of our modes or methods of thinking.

"To get rid," he says, "of the equivoque which lies in the phrases theological and metaphysical, he may grasp all three under the subjective and objective methods, their tendencies being thus characterised: the subjective draws all explanations of external phenomena from premises directly suggested by consciousness; it identifies the external order with the internal order. Obviously this is the primitive method. When, in the early days of our development, we find ourselves face to face with phenomena the order of which we do not understand, we satisfy the irresistible impatience which demands an immediate explanation by assuming that the objects are moved as we are moved. We feel that our own actions are determined by our volitions, by the mysterious something within us; and we assign a similar cause to the motions of external objects. Quite otherwise is it with the objective method. This arises out of a more extensive and precise knowledge of the objects, familiarity with which gradually reveals something of their order of co-existence and succession. As such knowledge accumulates, it irresistibly pushes aside the interpretation which was originally drawn from consciousness. It reveals cosmical order more and more as a system not measurable by the analogies of human personality."

This is clearer; but it is hardly satisfactory. If *objective* stands here for the correct method, then every kind of incorrect method must fall under the head of *subjective;* but, as we have already shown, the imagination may set to work in an objective as well as a subjective method. And, again, what precisely is the meaning of *subjective?* * If it is limited to the cases where we directly infuse into inanimate nature a will or passion like our own, as when we contemplate the forces of nature as having an analogy to *effort* (a mode of thinking at all times very prevalent), the meaning of the word is distinct, and we understand it as denoting a well-known erroneous method. But if every mode of reasoning in which a power analogous to the human mind is called in to explain, not individual phenomenon, let us say, but that "cosmical order" which it is the work of science to elucidate—is to be called *subjec-*

* Mr Lewes has in a note used the word *subjective* in a sense which leads us to suspect that he has not exercised on this occasion his usual watchfulness over his abstract terms, and that he had not rigidly defined to himself the meaning he intended to affix to the word. He says:—"The influence *of the subjective method* is constantly traceable in commercial and other enterprises rashly undertaken by men in the confidence that facts will bend to their desires. A man sees great advantage to himself if events take a certain direction; and he believes that this direction will be taken because he greatly desires it. The more objective mind sets aside its wishes, and tries to calculate the chances of the direction from a knowledge of the external condition." Here the subjective method stands for the well-known influence of our desires over our judgments. The sanguine speculator who sees tallow rise, or hops fall, according to his own interest in the market, does not infuse his own personality into tallow or hops, or the incidents of the market. Tallow and hops are as thoroughly *objective* to him as to the coolest calculator who does not allow his own wishes to bias his estimate of probabilities.

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tive, then the word seems to us misplaced; it is misplaced as a term of reprehension, and has lost its strict contrast to the term *objective*. Mind is known to us, in the first instance, from our own consciousness; but when we infer from his actions that a fellow human being has the same mind or consciousness as ourselves, mind then becomes, in our thoughts, as objective a reality as motion. It is as distinct an object of thought. And if, further, we reason from the relation of all the parts of the world to each other that an intelligent power is here the great Harmoniser, we do not, each of us, place his own mind in the centre of the universe; but, treating Intelligence as an objective reality, we endeavour to conceive some kind of intelligence corresponding to this cosmos. When Anaxagoras reduced all things to his atoms and his νους, his νους was as much an objective reality as his atoms.

There is a manifest truth in Comte's law of development; but his determination to treat the religious element as a mere passing error of the human mind, marred and confused his statement of it. The time which sees a rude science, sees also a rude theology. The same unchecked imagination presides over both fields of thought. With a rational science comes in a rational theology. This Comte thought fit to deny; hence the theological stage was transferred into a sort of temporary provisional epoch, altogether to disappear in the scientific; whereas the history of the human mind distinctly proves that science and theology have both advanced together—science modifying theology, and an advanced theology reacting upon science.

This last, we believe, is an assertion peculiarly distasteful to the Positivist, who has a violent objection to all reasoning upon final causes. But his objection may not be so well founded, even on his own principles, as he supposes. Why does he venture to reason on the constancy of the order of nature? Because experience or enlarged observation has taught him this great truth. And if the same ever-widening experience has taught us that everything in nature subserves a purpose, it becomes as impossible to think things *purposeless* as to think them *inconstant*. It is as legitimate to expect purpose as to expect constancy in phenomena not yet thoroughly investigated; and thus we may as fairly reason from the one expectation as from the other.

We quite agree with Mr Lewes in the account he gives of what is, at this present moment, the precise work of the man of science: it is to set before us the real order of events. By his labours, should they ever prove successful, this whole world would appear to the mind's eye in its true and full reality:—such reality as the senses are cognisant of. We should see it clearly. To earn for us this intellectual perception is the great but yet limited task of the man of science.

Our senses, aided by memory, give to us a representation of the world which is neither deceptive nor chaotic (as some have ventured to call it), which is both a beautiful and orderly representation, affording sufficient basis for active and pleasurable life; but which still leaves the mind exposed to many errors, and, let us add, stimulates it to many imaginations. The order of causation is not at once revealed to the senses, except in some simple cases. Those various trains of events, linked each to each in inevitable sequence, which compose our world, cross and intermingle, or else the senses fail altogether to detect the more subtle events in the series. It is the task of science to rectify this partial confusion, and to present the world to the eye of intellect in its completeness of order, the various trains all disentangled from each other.

It is not at first that science limits itself to its real task, or sets about this task in the best or legiti-

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mate method. And the history of its preliminary tentatives and curious deviations from the right path becomes a subject of interesting study to those who would trace the development of the human mind. But we would observe that the true method differs from the false, not in introducing any absolutely new rules or practices, but in adhering to good practices and refraining from bad. At no era, when men were sufficiently intelligent to occupy themselves with the pursuit of knowledge for the sake of knowledge, was the paramount necessity of the observation of facts for a moment denied; at no time would experiment or verification be otherwise than highly valued; at no time would a "generalisation, based upon induction," fail to be appreciated. But such generalisations are of slow growth, and meanwhile one *must* reason on things around us; and something is seized upon and called a principle, and held up as a torch to try if nature can be seen thereby. Based on the first *data* of the senses, we have wrought out for ourselves certain *laws of motion*—but how slowly! Wanting these inductions, the active-minded man (and who will quarrel with his activity? stray as he will, he will find something, if not the thing he sought) conjures up some laws of motion out of fancied analogies between his own human movements and those he sees in the inanimate creation. The true method differs from the false in adhering more and more to the good practices and dropping the bad; and happily the adherence to the good practice becomes more easy at every advance in knowledge, till at length the deviation from it becomes the exception and the rarity.

Those who have read critically the works of Roger Bacon assure us that he occasionally lays down with as much precision as his successor Francis Bacon the true aims of science. He is energetic in discarding authority and fixing his eyes on the realities of nature. Yet, on other occasions, he relapses into a slavish respect for authority, or into vague and fanciful speculations.

No writer has more distinctly brought before us the inevitable disadvantages of "historical position" which the early prosecutor of science laboured under than Mr Lewes. Thus while he, with rigid impartiality, points out the defects of Aristotle, he at the same time furnishes the fullest excuse for them. We sincerely hope that this volume he has given us will be the precursor or instalment of a larger work unfolding the development of science. It will, if prosecuted in the same manner as the present specimen, be a work as instructive in modern science as in ancient or medieval. For this contrast between old mistake and latest discovery leads, as we have said, to perhaps the most attractive and impressive manner of expounding the truths of science. In this respect our space has not permitted us to do justice to the present volume. It is full of interesting views or glimpses of the last achievements of science; so that even he who is careless of Aristotle, or indifferent, or opposed to the abstract statements he may meet with about *induction*, or *causation*, and the like, will yet find the book entertaining from the choice illustrations drawn from the science of the day. Nor in these days of light reading, and easy writing, should the industry and laborious application involved in such a work as this be forgotten. Mr Lewes has not been contented with quotations or translations made by others: he has read extensively, and, above all, must have patiently made his way through those works of Aristotle which even scholars are contented to have glanced at.

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VICTOR HUGO ON SHAKESPEARE.

A WILD, disorderly, insane book! —so one critic might characterise this work of Victor Hugo's. A noble book, full of generous sentiments and bursts of audacious eloquence! —so might another critic, with equal justice, describe it. Both sentences would be just. Never were genius and madness brought so near together as in these pages of Victor Hugo; never, surely, did so much flagrant absurdity find itself side by side with what is truly admirable. Even in point of style the contradictions are unexampled. At one time coarse, and abrupt even to absurdity; it is, at another time, broad and massive as the sculpture of Michael Angelo: again, on other occasions, it will weary us with sentences made intolerably long by the mere enumeration of names or useless repetition of examples. Himself the greatest scourge of pedants, he is more open than any modern author we know to the charge of pedantry—if it be pedantry to rake together names of men and books for no apparent purpose but the display of extensive reading.

The English translator had a difficult task before him. It might well have thrown into despair the most consummate master of our language. Mr A. Baillot (such is the name on the title-page) evidently looked upon his undertaking, from the commencement, as a quite desperate affair. The difficulties were immense; therefore he resolved, once for all, to make no effort to encounter them. He starts off at once, and continues throughout his whole course with a dogged *literalism* such as we have never seen equalled; which at times reminds us of nothing so much as those translations of Virgil that schoolboys make, "I sing arms and a man." At times this literalism succeeds remarkably well; but it is a mere chance. Being, so far as we have examined, as accurate as he is literal, this dogged fidelity meets occasionally with its reward. He seems to have felt that no skilful treatment on his part, no delicate handling, no dexterous qualification or happy compromise, would avail to shield the fastidious reader from many a rude shock to his nerves. Therefore he declines to take upon himself the least feeling of responsibility. He plods on from word to word; it is the dictionary translates, not he. It is Victor Hugo who chooses the path; he follows step for step. Sometimes a reference to the original throws a light upon the translation,* but, in general, it must be confessed that the profound obscurity you occasionally meet with in the English is but a too faithful copy of the profound obscurity of the French.

As we have said, the work itself defies criticism. It is useless to raise objections or detect faults: absurdities are too numerous and glaring; they seem perfectly conscious of themselves, and defy you. Yet it would be a still greater mistake to adopt a tone of derision or of contempt. Ridicule is soon checked by some terrible earnestness, and by a display of power that forces respect. One cannot laugh comfortably at the gambols of a giant. What if he should come too near where we ourselves are standing?

'William Shakespeare:' par Victor Hugo. 'William Shakespeare:' by Victor Hugo: authorised English Translation.

* At p. 132 is an amusing illustration of the translator's very literal method. Victor Hugo, speaking of the ironical or burlesque in art, says, "Behind the grimace, philosophy makes its appearance. *A philosophy smooth*," &c. The word rendered "smooth" is "déridée." A cheerful philosophy would be the natural expression; but the translator went down to the *root*, so he wrote "a philosophy smooth." He might at least have smoothed the brow of his philosophy.

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If Achilles should issue from his tent and race madly about the field, going through his martial exercises in some wild maniacal fashion, yet now and then throwing his heavy spear with truest aim and marvellous power, we should look on with more of gravity than mirth. And some such impression is produced by this Titan amongst writers. There is no proposition so rash or monstrous that he fears to assert it; there is no word so harsh, rude, or grotesque that he will not use it. Sometimes this terrible rhetorician heaps word on word, adds name to name, till he leaves us stunned and senseless at the end of his lengthy paragraph. Sometimes he plays with the facts of history with all the petty dexterity of a conjuror, bringing them together from remote epochs for the sake of a little flash, a conceit, a contrast; as if the cloud-compelling Jove were to bring up his clouds from the north to the south merely to produce a faint electric spark. This man, as coarse as Swift, is as tricksy as Dumas. It would weary the most indefatigable critic to follow him through all his rhetorical offences. But then he is a Titan. You see that oak—he split it at one blow. After all the clang and discord and endless fugue of some distracted orchestra, there comes out a burst of music which reminds you of a chorus of Handel's.

It is to that foolish festival of the *Tercentenary*, of which we hope we shall hear nothing more, that we owe this book, or at least that we owe its dedication to England, and the precise form it has taken. It seems that the son of the author, M. François Victor Hugo, has translated, or is translating, into French the Dramas of Shakespeare; and the father prepared a preface, in which he discoursed of poetic genius in general, and that of Shakespeare in particular. Our "Grand National Festival" suggested the idea of publishing this preface—with some modifications, we presume—as a separate work, and laying it at the feet of that magnificent statue to Shakespeare which was to be unveiled to the public on this auspicious day. "I dedicate," he says, "to England this 'glorification of her poet.'" He, too, has been scandalised that Shakspeare should have no monument in our streets or squares. The fact is undeniable. Throughout all the length of Cheapside, before the Exchange, or the Lord Mayor's, in Piccadilly, in Rotten Row, no statue of the poet!—no monument against which some fellow-poet might lean in reverence!—no statue to teach aspiring youth whose dramas they should read, whose plays they should run to see acted! Woeful deficiency! Mark how he mourns it! and how generously he congratulates us on having at length wiped this stigma from our brow.

"When one arrives in England, the first thing he looks for is the statue of Shakespeare. He finds the statue of Wellington.

"Wellington is a general who gained a battle, with Chance for his partner.

"If you insist on seeing Shakespeare's statue, you are taken to a place called Westminster, where there are kings—a crowd of kings. There is also a corner called 'Poets' Corner.' There, in the shade of four or five magnificent monuments, where some royal nobodies shine in marble and bronze, is shown to you, on a small pedestal, a little figure, and under this little figure this name, 'WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.'

"In addition to this, statues everywhere. . . . Everywhere, in every street, in every square, at every step, gigantic notes of admiration in the shape of columns: a column to the Duke of York, which should, this one, take the form of a note of interrogation. . . . At Guernsey, by the seaside, on a promontory, there is a high column, similar to a lighthouse—almost a tower. Æschylus would have contented himself with it. For whom is this? For General Doyle. Who is General Doyle? A general. What has this general done? He has constructed roads. At his own expense? No; at the expense of the inhabitants. A column!"

If such is the fungus-growth of statues—if any one who, dying, leaves a regret behind him, and two

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or three busy, ostentatious friends who, by their importunities, are able to scrape together the necessary funds,—can *have* a statue, why should we be very anxious to claim the corners of our streets, or the dust of our park, for an effigy of Shakespeare? Why must Shakespeare compete with General Doyle? By all means let General Doyle have his tower. He was, in some fashion, the beneficent genius of Guernsey. He did not, indeed, make its roads with his own money, nor with his own hands; but he made them, nevertheless, by his energy, perseverance, public spirit. A statue might be an honour to him; what could it be to Shakespeare?

Nothing at all, you say; but it will be an honour to ourselves. For our own sakes we ought to cultivate the feelings of reverence and admiration for the great intellects that have lived amongst us. This is true; and if raising statues is one means of cultivating such feelings of reverence and admiration, raise the statue. We doubt the efficacy of the means; but, at all events, raise the statue where it has some chance of inspiring reverence. Build your temple to great men. Collect under its solemn roof *all* your great, all that have conspicuously helped to rear and nourish the *mind* of the nation. If a genuine national movement should arise, prompting honours to the dead for the sake of the living, for the sake of the present and future culture of England, it will not limit itself to one name, however great; it will, of necessity, from the very nature of the object proposed, embrace all that England has produced of eminence in poetry, science, or philosophy.

Victor Hugo, we may be sure, sees in the monument an honour which England pays to itself, not to Shakespeare. After describing an imaginary programme, in which the Commons, the Peers, and Queen Victoria, all take their several parts, he says, "It is honourable for England, indifferent to Shakespeare."

"A monument," he proceeds to say, "is an example. The lofty head of a great man is a light. Crowds, like the waves, require beacons above them. It is good that the passer-by should know there are great men. People may not have time to read; they are forced to see. People pass by that way, and stumble against the pedestal; they are almost obliged to raise the head and to glance a little at the inscription. Men escape a book, they cannot escape the statue. One day, on the bridge of Rouen, before the beautiful statue due to David d'Angers, a peasant, mounted on an ass, said to me, 'Do you know Pierre Corneille?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'So do I,' he rejoined. 'And do you know the Cid?' I resumed. 'No,' said he.

"To him Corneille was the statue."

An amusing anecdote, which does not, however, very happily illustrate the efficacy of teaching by statues. The peasant on his ass looked up at the statue, and made acquaintance with *it*, and knew Corneille quite satisfactorily. Corneille was to him that bronze or marble.

But England's disgrace is now at an end.

"At the very moment we finished writing the pages you have just read, was announced in London the formation of a committee for the solemn celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare. This committee will dedicate to Shakespeare, on the 23d April 1864, a monument and a festival, which will surpass, we doubt not, the incomplete programme we have just sketched out. They will spare nothing. The act of admiration will be a striking one. . . . Every confidence is due to the Jubilee Committee of Shakespeare—a committee composed of persons highly distinguished in the press, the peerage, literature, the stage, and the Church. Eminent men from all countries, representing intellect in France, in Germany, in Belgium, in Spain, in Italy, complete this committee, in all points of view excellent and competent. Another committee formed at Stratford-on-Avon seconds the London committee. We congratulate England."

The congratulation was a little premature. But pass we on to Victor Hugo's contribution to the "glorification" of our poet. It

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opens with a brief sketch of the life of Shakespeare, which we shall be readily excused from following. Victor Hugo seizes hold of the few traditional incidents which make up what is popularly called the life of Shakespeare. Of the man's life we really know nothing. That these materials are not submitted to much critical investigation, may be judged from the following instance:—

"Shakespeare's life was greatly embittered. He lived perpetually slighted; he states it himself. Shakespeare had permanently near him one envious person, Ben Jonson, an indifferent comic poet, whose *début* he assisted."

But the author soon quits Shakespeare to launch into general discussions upon men of genius, art and science, the aims of poetry, and the like, Shakespeare reappearing from time to time to receive his meed of praise. There is no apparent method in the book. We might begin at the end, or in the middle, read the chapters in what order we pleased, we should not find the confusion increased, nor the effect diminished of those admirable passages we should occasionally stumble on.

Here is a novel theory of criticism—

"Supreme art is the region of equals.

"The *chef-d'œuvre* is adequate to the *chef-d'œuvre*.

"As water when heated to 100° C. is incapable of calorific increase, and can rise no higher, so human thought attains in certain men its maximum intensity. Æschylus, Job, Phidias, Isaiah, St Paul, Juvenal, Dante, Michel Angelo, Rabelais, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Beethoven, with some others, mark the 100° of genius.

"The human mind has a summit.

"This summit is the Ideal.

"God descends, man rises to it."

You are a little surprised at the list presented to you of men of genius who have reached the summit, and sit each one on his own throne. You are told that there are men of genius of a secondary order ranging under these, Milton under Shakespeare, Horace under Juvenal, Molière under Rabelais; and you ask why, if there are degrees of merit between Molière and Rabelais, there are none between Rabelais and Juvenal, or Juvenal and Æschylus? What is it that constitutes these men of the first line a separate class, so that they are unapproachable, and not open to comparison even amongst themselves? The answer is, They possess the Infinite! They have attained the Absolute! Many distinguished men, Sophocles, Plato, Virgil, and others that he names, have excellences of their own, and may be free from the apparent blemishes of these giants of the human race, but they have not the Infinite.

"What fails them? *That* which the others have—

"*That* is the Unknown.

"*That* is the Infinite.

"If Corneille had 'that' he would be the equal of Æschylus. If Milton had 'that,' he would be the equal of Homer. If Molière had 'that,' he would be the equal of Shakespeare."

To reason against such *infinite nonsense* would be almost as absurd as to assert it. Some of our own writers are extremely fond of applying the word infinite to works of art. What they mean by it they have never taken the trouble to tell us. Perhaps they may gather a useful hint from the *reductio ad absurdum* which is here presented to them of their favourite mode of criticism. A sense of the infinite we can understand; but this belongs to the nature of the subject, and cannot be a test of the merit of the artist.

If a list were to be drawn up of the *equal chiefs* of literature, no two men would perhaps insert the same names in it; and certainly there is not another man living who would draw up the same list of these *Infinites* as Victor Hugo has done. Who but he would have picked out Juvenal from all the Romans, or Rabelais from all the Frenchmen? Who but he would have put these two on a line with Homer and Shakespeare? A curi-

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ous equity seems to have prevailed in the manifestations of these Infinites, since each modern nation has one, and only one. Germany, indeed, stands in a category apart. The Homer of Germany is Beethoven. The author of 'Faust,' it seems, is not thought so full or so exalted a representative of German literature as Rabelais is of French literature. We should have anticipated that 'Faust' would have won the sympathies and admiration of the author of 'Les Légendes.' Is it possible that a certain criticism which long ago issued from Weimar, and which was heard all over Europe, could have influenced him in this high office of filling the thrones of the Immortals? Further on there are some severe strictures on the *impassive Goethe*, as he is sometimes called, which might justify a passing suspicion of this kind. However that may be, he pronounces that "music is the verb of Germany;" an oracular sentence, which has at least all the mystery proper to an oracle.

We must leave untouched the several panegyrics written on these fourteen sublimities which Victor Hugo has selected out of all literature, ancient and modern. We proceed to the chapters entitled *Art and Science*. Here the leading idea is indisputably true. A cry of anguish or of joy shall go down through all the generations of mankind; the poet of the earliest age will be intelligible to the poet of the latest. But the science of one age may be unintelligible or nonsensical to succeeding ages. Our author scorns the notion that poetry is extinct. It is as if one said, "There are no more roses; spring has breathed its last; the sun has lost the habit of rising; roam about all the fields of the earth, you will not find a butterfly; there is no more light in the moon, and the nightingale sings no more; the Alps and the Pyrenees are gone; there are no more lovely girls and handsome youths; and no one thinks any more of the graves, and the mother no longer loves her child, and the human heart is dead." Not only poetry lives, but the poet is immortal; while the man of science who was an oracle in his own age, is thrown aside by that very advance of knowledge to which he himself perhaps contributed.

"We no longer teach" (we quote the following passage as an instance—and one such instance will suffice—of that outrageous prolixity and pedantry which our author can sometimes be guilty of) —"we no longer teach the astronomy of Ptolemy, the geography of Strabo, the climatology of Cleostratus, the zoology of Pliny, the algebra of Diophantus, the medicine of Tribunus, the surgery of Ronsil, the dialectics of Sphærus, the myology of Steno, the uranology of Tatius, the stenography of Trimethius, the pisciculture of Sebastien de Medici, the arithmetic of Stifels, the geometry of Tartaglia, the chronology of Scaliger, the meteorology of Stoffler, the anatomy of Gassendi, the pathology of Fernel, the jurisprudence of Robert Barmne, the agriculture of Quesnay, the hydrography of Bouguer, the nautics of Bourdé de Villehuet, the ballistics of Gribeauval, the veterinary practice of Garsault, the architectonics of Desgodets, the botany of Tournefort, the scholasticism of Abelard, the politics of Plato, the mechanics of Aristotle, the physics of Deseartes, the theology of Stillingfleet: we taught yesterday, we teach to-day, we shall teach to-morrow, we shall teach for ever, the *Sing, goddess, the anger of Achilles.*"

All these learned names and learned words to tell us that the knowledge of one age is not the knowledge of another! Gigantic prolixity! Does the reader wish an instance of that profound obscurity into which, we have said, our author also occasionally falls? we will take one from the same portion of the book. Here is something about the common origin of art and science. Profound obscurities are generally translatable, if translatable at all, into some bold commonplace. That may be the case in the present instance. But we will leave the passage to the ingenuity of our readers:

"There can be but one law; the unity of law results from the unity of essence; nature and art are the two sides of the same fact." (The starting-point seems

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clear and good; we prick up our ears to listen.) "And in principle, saving the restriction which we shall indicate very shortly, the law of one is the law of the other. The angle of reflection equals the angle of incidence" (we begin to grow giddy). "All being equity in the moral order and equilibrium in the material order, all is equation in the intellectual order" (we lose consciousness, and the reader must peruse by himself what follows). "The binomial theorem, that marvel fitting everything, is included in poetry not less than in algebra. Nature *plus* humanity, raised to the second power, gives art. That is the intellectual binomial theorem. Now explain this, $A + B$, by the number special to each great artist and each great poet, and you will have, in its multiple, physiognomy, and in its strict total, each of the creations of the human mind. What more beautiful than the variety of *chefs-d'œuvre* resulting from the unity of law! Poetry, like science, has an abstract root; science springs out of that, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of metal, wood, fire, or air, machine, ship, locomotive, aeroscaph; poetry springs out of that, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of flesh and blood, 'Iliad,' 'Canticle of Canticles,' 'Romance,' 'Divine Comedy,' 'Macbeth.'"

No great writer, we may remark *en passant*, whom we know anything of, seems to be so utterly destitute of the scientific spirit as Victor Hugo. From the relationship or contrast of art and science he proceeds to discourse of the generation of those *great souls* we distinguish as men of genius. Of course, in such a subject there is nothing to be done but to ask questions which no one can answer. But even in asking unanswerable questions there may be some method displayed. A man may, we know, discourse of souls and atoms very wildly, and yet pass for sane. Did any one, however, ever take such liberties with these obscure entities as Victor Hugo in the following passage?—

"The production of souls is the secret of the unfathomable depth. The innate, what a shadow! (*quelle ombre!*) What is that concentration of the unknown which takes place in the darkness, and where abruptly bursts forth that light, a genius? What is the law of these events? O Love! The human heart does its work on earth, and that moves the great deep. What is that incomprehensible meeting of material sublimation and moral sublimation in the atom, indivisible if looked at from life, incorruptible if looked at from death? The atom, what a marvel! No dimension, no extent, nor height, nor width, nor thickness, independent of every possible measure; and yet everything in this nothing! For algebra, the geometrical point. For philosophy, a soul. As a geometrical point, the basis of science; as a soul, the basis of faith. Such is the atom."

As bearing probably on the origin of great souls, he points to such coincidences as these—that Newton was born in the same year in which Galileo died, that Cervantes and Shakespeare died in the same year; he points to these as coincidences to be studied, in the hope of attaining from them some scientific law. He speaks of "men of genius communicating by their effluvia like the stars." He is fond of this effluvia, but whether it is a scientific or poetic expression we will not undertake to say. The method of induction is no great favourite of his; he has more faith in meditation or reverie. "Yes," he says, "let us meditate on these vast obscurities. The characteristic of reverie is, to gaze at darkness so intently that it brings light out of it."

After this investigation, or inquiry, about *souls*, Shakespeare again emerges on us, and we have a criticism on the poet. This criticism constitutes but a small portion of the work, and is not, we think, the most striking portion. The chapters where he discourses generally upon genius, and where the author gives scope to his eloquence on the general subject of the progress of mankind, are those to which we should look for specimens of his happier vein. But there is an ardent and generous admiration in this part of the book which pleases, even though it may be excessive and indiscriminating. Accept all! accept this great mind of Shakespeare!—it is "an ocean!" it is "a world!" Good. But if one knows that a world must have all sorts of disagreeable as well as agreeable

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things in it, this hinders not that we distinguish between them. The puddle, and the weed, and the rank swamp may form part of the sublimest scene one knows; they may even belong to that very wildness that charm us; but they cannot be individually attractive: one must wish they had not been there. No; we are not afraid, as M. Victor Hugo objects to the lovers of "sobriety," of too great a profusion of what is beautiful. "Henceforth," he says, "the rose-tree shall be compelled to count its roses. The prairie shall be requested not to be so prodigal of daisies; the spring shall be ordered to restrain itself. The nests are rather too prolific. The groves are too rich in songsters. The Milky Way must moderate the profusion of its stars—they are *very* numerous." Too many roses, too many stars, we know of no one who has complained of.

At such a time as this, when foreigners as well as natives are shouting a hymn of triumph to our great dramatist, it would be discordant, out of season, and altogether vain, to attempt a candid estimate of the defects as well as merits of Shakespeare. Indeed, we have felt, any time this last twenty years, that it was impossible to say a temperate word on our great national poet. It was not enough to admire all his well-known excellences, his fertility of invention, his powerful expression of the various passions of mankind, his tenderness and poetic imagination, which so often fling a lyric into the dialogue, and make of some single speech a perfect poem of itself. It was not enough to recognise the marvellous union of thought, passion, and imagination there was in this man. We were required to see the consummate artist in all he did, and a perfect consistency in all the characters he delineated, or at least in the characters of his chief plays. The English language reached its climax in the happiest efforts of Shakespeare; sentences more lucid, more melodious, more laden with meaning, direct and indirect, and yet more simple (flowing easily, like a river in the light), never were composed. But our Shakespeare had two styles, and, what is strange, he seems to have prided himself as much on one as the other. Such involved construction, such distraction of conflicting metaphors, such elaborate obscurity, such extravagant thought, as well as violent and distorted diction, as we sometimes meet with, has hardly a parallel in any other writer. This also is as peculiar to him as his exquisite transparency and purity of speech. Our Shakespeare revolves before us, like the earth itself, half in light, half in darkness. But we may say this of the earth, not of Shakespeare: in his case we must not admit the night.

There has been, in particular, a sort of study of the *characters* of Shakespeare, which appears to us quite preposterous; as if we had the facts of nature or history before us, and not the utterances of a dramatist on whom the exigencies of the stage, and the necessity to amuse an audience, were constantly pressing. Some of our most distinguished critics proceed on the supposition that Shakespeare, before writing his dialogue, formed for himself a complete conception of the character he was about to portray. It is this conception the critic has to seize upon and secure. Now, we venture to assert that it is very seldom that any dramatist has proceeded in this manner. We feel persuaded that Shakespeare did not. He took some well-known story, and the inevitable passions of the agents in it, and by developing these a character was necessarily developed also. But the character was the result of the story and the passion; it was no separate preconception. The story was not invented to display the character, but the story was there, and the character grew out of it, and was made to accommodate itself to all its turns and windings. Shakespeare never seems to have given himself the

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trouble to think whether the men and women he brought upon the stage, and to whom he gave his marvellous dialogue, or whether *any* human beings whatever, *could* have acted in the manner which his story says they did. He does not ask himself whether King Lear, unless he were already mad, could have made the distribution of his kingdom which the story relates, and, for no offence whatever, have banished his beloved Cordelia from his affections. He found all this in the story, adopts it without hesitation, and, starting from this gross improbability, he proceeds to throw his whole soul into the passion of Lear. And by so doing this master of human passion has produced a tragedy, or at least a tragic personage, of the very grandest order. We are all borne irresistibly away by the rage and anguish of Lear; but if we persist in the attempt to form some conception of a man who could have done and said all that King Lear said and did in the play, we shall never succeed. Shakespeare had troubled himself to form no such conception.

It sometimes happens that Shakespeare, by throwing the wealth of his own highly reflective mind on the characters he portrays, produces an incongruity between *them* and the actions which, according to the story, he has to ascribe to them. He takes up the story of a Moor who marries a Christian lady, and who puts her to death with his own hands in a fit of jealousy. There is nothing improbable in this. But as our poet proceeds to develop the plot, he gives to Othello so many noble sentiments, animates him with so pure and tender a love, approximates him so closely to the ideal standard of a high-minded European (who, if he is jealous, kills the man who has wronged him, but not the woman), that the *action* of Othello becomes as incongruous as it is revolting. So stately a form does Othello assume under the hands of Shakespeare, that some of our refining critics have determined that he was not even a jealous man—not jealous by temperament—that he yielded to overwhelming evidence. Coleridge, we believe, started this last subtlety of interpretation; so that Coleridge, and the critics who follow him, must have brought themselves to the conclusion that when, with this story before him, Shakespeare sat down to write his drama of 'Othello,' he intended to portray the character of a Moor *not* jealous by temperament!

Our most ingenious critics have differed in their interpretations of such characters as Othello, Macbeth, Hamlet, and others. Is it likely that this would be the case if the poet had formed for himself some one definite conception to which he had studiously adhered? But it is what would inevitably happen if the poet, starting from the point of view his story gave him, allowed himself afterwards full scope in expressing whatever passions or sentiments the various scenes or situations of the play suggested. The character being, as it were, the final *resumé* of all the eloquence, or wit, or pathos, which the poet had gathered round it during the five acts, could hardly fail to offer incongruities which ingenious men would explain or resolve each after his own fashion.

Was Macbeth a cruel man? Was he a tyrant by temperament? Was he superstitious? Had he that overweening pride which, in common parlance, is dignified with the name of ambition? How far was he led to the murder of Duncan by the prophecy of the witches?—how far by the incentives of his diabolical wife? Questions like these our analytic school of critics agitate, and on the solution of such questions they bring to bear those noble and pathetic speeches which, especially towards the close of the drama, Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Macbeth. But the almost tender eloquence which the poet takes this opportunity to utter, and the murder which only a savage

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could commit, are simply incompatible. Shift your point of view how you will, you can never get these in the same line of vision, so as to harmonise them together. The Macbeth of *the story*, and the Macbeth who utters Shakespeare's *thoughts*, are not to be reconciled. But the pleasure of the reader is, after all, very little disturbed by this incongruity, because, in fact, it is the Macbeth who *speaks and thinks* who absorbs our attention, and this to such a degree that it is the murderer, and not the sons of the murdered Duncan, to whom we give our sympathies: no one has a horror of Macbeth. We admit the justice of his fate, but regret it at the same time.

It is on the character of Hamlet above all that our subtilising critics have laboured most pertinaciously. Two men of pre-eminent genius, Coleridge and Goethe, have here set the example. "I set about," says Goethe, speaking through Wilhelm Meister—"I set about investigating every trace of Hamlet's character, as it had shown itself before his father's death. I endeavoured to distinguish what in it was independent of this mournful event; independent of the terrible events that followed; and what most probably the young man would have been had no such thing occurred." A very unprofitable mode of study, we should say. Goethe, who was himself a dramatist, must have very well known that Shakespeare never thought of any other Hamlet than the Hamlet who saw the ghost of his murdered father, and who undertook to revenge his death. Goethe's description of the character of Hamlet has been very generally received as accurate; it could not fail to be accurate in some points; it could not fail to be itself a vivid and interesting picture; but it will satisfy the reader only while he confines himself to just such recollections of Shakespeare's play as the critic skilfully awakens. Any one who, after some interval, takes down his Shakespeare from the shelf, and, without any preconception, reads through the play of 'Hamlet,' will have before him something very different from the pensive and refined portraitures of either Coleridge or Goethe. Both rest far too much on the indecision or want of will that so often accompanies the habit of meditative thought. Goethe says, "To me it is clear that Shakespeare meant, in the present case, to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it." Hamlet is no doubt the meditative man; he is a melancholy man. Shakespeare has clad him in the sombre garment of his own solitary thoughts; but he certainly does not represent him as a weak man, as one generally incapable of action. There is one conspicuous passage in which he chides himself for his delay, but procrastination of such an act as he had to perform is in itself no sign of habitual indecision or irresolution; on the contrary, a very resolute man as well as a very weak man might be found under such circumstances chiding himself for delay, and girding himself up for action. Hamlet is described throughout as very capable of action, of very violent action, and, what is more, of being very little troubled by delicate scruples of conscience. He sees the arras stir, and whips out his rapier and runs the king, as he thinks, through the body. The action is quick and decided enough, and when he drags forth the old Polonius and discovers his mistake, he has not a word of remorse.

"Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune!
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger."

Hamlet is sent to England in the company of Guldenstern and Rosencranz. Read the account which he gives to Horatio of the manner in which he extricated himself from his dangerous predicament: it was prompt enough, and unscrupulous

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enough. Guldenstern and Rosencranz were the mere tools of the king, and probably knew nothing of the object of their journey to England. Hamlet sends *them* to the fate which the king had destined for *him*—a wild sort of justice. He adds,

"They are not on my conscience."

This idea—that a meditative man is unfit for action—belongs more to the nineteenth century than it did to Shakespeare's time. He wrote at a time when the weakness of confirmed irresolution would hardly have been excused on the plea that the strength of the man had gone forth in thinking. He wrote in the times of Bacon and of Raleigh, when men were rather familiarised with the union of the contemplative and the active in life. Raleigh had a good deal of Hamlet in him; he could muse over the history of the world, and touch pathetically on human life and the usual themes of moralists, and he nevertheless had the bold spirit of the adventurer, the warrior, the discoverer. So far from Hamlet being the delicate and introspective spirit which a Coleridge or a Shelley would in their own poetry have been tempted to portray, he unites with his profound melancholy a most ferocious spirit of revenge. He lets pass the only opportunity which, so far as we know, is presented to him of killing the king—why? Because the king is at his prayers, and he will have a more terrible and complete revenge—

"Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent!
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
. . . . about some act
That has no relish of salvation in it."

This is so utterly revolting in its simple, straightforward meaning, that our more refined age has willingly followed Coleridge in his gloss upon the passage. According to our subtle critic, Hamlet, in this terrible speech, is in reality only deluding himself; he has not this motive of almost diabolical revenge; but in this soliloquy *he says and thinks he has it*, in order to frame for himself an excuse for his "reluctance and procrastination." So willingly has this gloss been received, that Mr Knight, in his edition of Shakespeare, speaks quite contemptuously of any one who could possibly understand the speech in its direct natural meaning. Of course, some such gloss must be accepted if we are to hold to Goethe's view—"a lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinking beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away."

Have we any new reading to offer of the character of Hamlet? None whatever. We are not blind, we hope, to the many exquisite and subtle observations to which the study of this play has given occasion. But to us it seems that a critic who should sit down to portray a *character* of Hamlet, which shall be in keeping with all Hamlet says and does in the play, will find that he has undertaken an impossible task. Shakespeare took up a well-known story of some prince of Denmark to whom his father's ghost had appeared. Some commentators think it clear that the subject had already been dramatised, and that there was an older play which Shakespeare used as a sort of skeleton; others refer us to an English translation of the story extracted from Saxo Grammaticus, as the direct source of Shakespeare's plot. However that may be, Shakespeare finds the story ready made to his hand, and proceeds to fashion it, or re-fashion it, for the stage. In doing this he throws his own meditative spirit into the part of Hamlet. He thus constructs a Hamlet quite his own, who has to move about and act in scenes already prescribed for him. What wonder that the melancholy, reflective Hamlet, that has grown up half out of the story and half out of the brooding thoughts of the poet, should be a somewhat incongruous result? The character is distorted by the

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necessity to accommodate it to the already determined plot, or by the necessity to retain much of the dialogue that belonged to the Hamlet of the story. The incongruities are there, and cannot be effaced. Shakespeare does not here work from "within to without," as it is said—from the *character* to the *conduct;* but the conduct is given, and the character on which he continues to refine must accommodate itself to the prescribed course of action how it can.

Bear in mind the exigencies of the theatre. They were never, we may be sure, out of the mind of Shakespeare. The ghost appears in the first act; the execution of the ghost's revenge is to be accomplished at the end of the fifth. How is the interval to be filled up? One expedient, and a very successful one, was the production of a play within the play—a play to be acted before the king, of such a nature that the king, in witnessing it, should betray his own guilt. But how could Hamlet, who had seen and heard his father's ghost, need any such expedient? How could it confirm his belief in the king's guilt? Besides, although the expedient *did* answer, it could not have been *expected* to answer. A man of any nerve would have quietly sat out the play, let the players have delivered their speeches with what pathos they might, without any self-betrayal. But the play was wanted; and Hamlet is made, after his solemn vows to his father's ghost, to suspect that ghost of being possibly a devil in disguise, coming "out of my weakness and my melancholy to damn me." Now we, in this age, are willing to believe Hamlet undecided and procrastinating, but we are not willing to attribute to him this vulgar superstition. We make the same sort of interpretation as on the occasion when Hamlet desires not only the death but the damnation of his uncle. The accepted gloss is, that Hamlet does not really think the ghost might have been the devil, but *he says this to himself* to give himself an excuse for his indecision and delay.

Hamlet is not an amiable man if we judge him by his conduct. His cruelty to Ophelia, after all the eloquent excuses that have been made for it, is felt to have been unnecessary. In fact, it did not grow out of Hamlet's character, it was there in the story. The story told "how Hamlet counterfeited the madman to escape the tyranny of his uncle, and how he was tempted by a woman (through his uncle's procurement), who thereby thought to undermine the prince, and by that means to find out whether he counterfeited madness or not." The "woman who tempted him" grew up, under the tender imagination of Shakespeare, into the lovely and loving Ophelia, whom her father Polonius and the king do make, in some way, subservient to their policy. She herself has no other policy but simply to love Hamlet. But Hamlet is still made, in his intercourse with Ophelia, to have no other object or anxiety than to sustain his counterfeit of madness. For he not only wipes out his love for Ophelia with other "fond records," but in her presence he is always the madman; acting, by the way, in this case, with decision enough. The poet again contrives, out of this desertion of Ophelia, to obtain the most touching episode in the piece. The plot prospers, but at some expense to the character of Hamlet.

This counterfeited madness is adopted from the story, and most skilfully used to keep up an interest in the piece, and more especially to vary the dialogue by the introduction of a most captivating wildness of speech; but no attempt is made to give it a rational place in Hamlet's designs. Dr Johnson long ago observed that he does nothing throughout the play which he might not have done as well with the reputation of sanity. Against this it has been urged, that it was not as part of any plan for the assassination of his uncle that he feigned madness; it was a measure of self-protection.

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The king had murdered his father, and might proceed to murder him as next heir to the throne. He might also think himself in danger from Hamlet, if he suspected that the prince knew of his guilt. By pretending lunacy Hamlet might allay all such fears. In the play the feigned insanity seems rather to have excited than to have calmed the suspicion of the king. Nevertheless, we may suppose him reasoning after this fashion; though, according to our notions, this feint of insanity would have thrown him at once into the power of the king, who would have been justified in the eyes of all Denmark in taking measures for his restraint and confinement. It would have doomed him to the keeper and the cell.

But of all this Shakespeare takes very little heed. This feigned madness was in the story. He does not consider himself responsible for it. Being there, he uses it to introduce, as we have said, a wild, pungent, half-rational, half-irrational dialogue, which has added incalculably to the charm of the play. So completely has he liberated himself from all responsibility to explain the *rationale* of this affected madness that no one knows precisely where it begins or where it ends. There is no trace of it at the time when the fencing-match is made with Laertes; in some unexplained way it has left the scene altogether. And where does it commence? Every one remembers those strange grotesque utterances which the poet has given to Hamlet immediately after the appearance of the ghost; "You hear this fellow in the cellarage," and the like. Here some commentators think that Hamlet already puts on a show of insanity; others have thought that his wish to avoid any further discourse with his friends about the awful apparition which they all had witnessed, is sufficient to explain this assumed levity. Coleridge, with his accustomed subtlety, sees in these wild and whirling words "the disposition to escape from his own feelings of the overwhelming and supernatural by a wild translation to the ludicrous, a sort of cunning bravado bordering on the flights of delirium."

How beautiful a dramatic poem we have in 'Hamlet' it is superfluous to say; but no ingenuity in the world can reconcile all its parts —what the poet *received*, and what he *brought*—so as to make a complete consistent representation of Hamlet's character. Each reader satisfies himself by taking what he pleases, and leaving what displeases, or by putting on the latter some fanciful interpretation. A sort of religious veneration steals over great poets as over great philosophers or great prophets: we no longer read all the text, or the text only; we read more and we read less; we read with preconceptions and predilections that disguise the literal meaning from us.

Of course Victor Hugo has his word to say on the character of Hamlet, and it is an eloquent word, it being understood always that the eloquence of Victor Hugo throughout this book is of a very fitful order—flashes of lightning, with much cloud and darkness. He starts well:—

"The characteristic of men of genius of the first order, is to produce each a peculiar model of man. All bestow on humanity its portrait; some laughing, some weeping, others pensive. These last are the greatest. Plautus laughs, and gives to man Amphitryon; Rabelais laughs, and gives to man Gargantua; Cervantes laughs, and gives to man Don Quixote; Beaumarchais laughs, and gives to man Figaro; Molière weeps, and gives to man Alceste; Shakespeare dreams, and gives to man Hamlet; Æschylus meditates, and gives to man Prometheus. The others are great; Æschylus and Shakespeare are immense."

We thought all men of great genius were equal. But let that pass. It would be idle to reason against what we never received as a proposition addressed to the reason.

"Let us continue," as Victor Hugo says.

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"So, each of the men of genius tries on in his turn this immense human mask; and such is the strength of the soul which they cause to pass through the mysterious aperture of the eyes, that this look changes the mask, and from terrible makes it comic, then pensive; and it is Job, Ajax, Priam, &c. &c. . . .

"Two marvellous Adams, we have just said, are the man of Æschylus, Prometheus, and the man of Shakespeare, Hamlet.

"Prometheus is action, Hamlet is hesitation.

"In Prometheus the obstacle is exterior; in Hamlet it is interior.

"In Prometheus the will is securely nailed down by nails of brass, and cannot get loose; besides, it has by its side two watchers, Force and Power. In Hamlet the will is more tied down yet; it is bound by previous meditation, the endless chain of the undecided. Try to get out of yourself if you can! What a Gordian knot is our reverie! Slavery from within, that is slavery indeed. Scale this enclosure 'to dream!' Escape, if you can, from this prison 'to love! The only dungeon is that which walls conscience in. Prometheus, in order to be free, has but a bronze collar to break and a god to conquer. Hamlet must break and conquer himself. Prometheus can raise himself upright if he only lifts a mountain; to raise himself up, Hamlet must lift his own thoughts. If Prometheus plucks the vulture from his breast, all is said; Hamlet must tear Hamlet from his breast."

It will be seen at once that it is the dreamy, undecided, meditative Hamlet, sketched by Coleridge and Goethe, that Victor Hugo adopts and exaggerates.

"Hamlet, appalling, unaccountable being, complete in the incomplete. All, in order to be nothing. He is prince and demagogue, sagacious and extravagant, profound and frivolous, man and neuter. He has but little faith in the sceptre, rails at the throne, has a student for his comrade, converses with any one passing by, argues with the first comer, understands the people, despises the mob, hates strength, suspects success, questions obscurity, and says 'thou' to mystery. . . .

"Hamlet, ever full of life, is not sure of his existence. In this tragedy, which is at the same time a philosophy, everything floats, hesitates, delays, staggers, becomes discomposed, scatters, and is dispersed. Thought is a cloud, will is a vapour, resolution is a crepuscule; the action blows each moment in an inverse direction, man is governed by the winds. . . .

"Doubt counselled by a ghost, that is Hamlet. Hamlet has seen his dead father, and has spoken to him. Is he convinced? No, he shakes his head. What shall he do? He does not know. His hands clench, then fall by his side. Livid hesitation is in his mind.

"Nevertheless, at least one half of Hamlet is anger, transport, outrage, hurricane, sarcasm to Ophelia, malediction on his mother, insult to himself. He talks with the grave-diggers, nearly laughs, then clutches Laertes by the hair in the very grave of Ophelia, and stamps furiously upon the coffin. Sword-thrusts at Polonius, sword-thrusts at Laertes, sword-thrusts at Claudius. From time to time his inaction is torn in twain, and from the rent comes forth thunder.

"He is tormented by that possible life, intermixed with reality and chimera, the anxiety of which is shared by all of us. There is in all his actions an expanded somnambulism. One might almost consider his brain as a formation; there is a layer of suffering, a layer of thought, then a layer of dreaminess. It is through this layer of dreaminess that he feels, comprehends, learns, perceives, drinks, eats, frets, mocks, weeps, and reasons. There is between life and him a transparency; it is the wall of dreams; one sees beyond, but one cannot step over it. A kind of cloudy obstacle everywhere surrounds Hamlet. Hamlet is not upon the spot where his life is. He has ever the appearance of a man who talks to you from the other side of a stream. He is at a distance from the catastrophe in which he takes part, from the passer-by whom he interrogates, from the thought that he carries, from the action that he performs. It is isolation in its highest degree. It is as if your own self was absent and had left you there."

We have selected the most intelligible parts of this elaborate description, and if our quotation is "garbled," it is the quite obscure or quite grotesque that we have omitted. Victor Hugo selects one phase of the character of Hamlet, and dwells upon it, in his exaggerating manner, till he has produced something not only unlike Shakespeare, but unlike anything in nature. Hamlet is a somnambulist, living in a perpetual nightmare; indeed, in a passage which space

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did not permit us to quote, he expressly compares Hamlet's habitual state of mind to the incapacity for movement we feel in a nightmare. As we have already said, Shakespeare makes the indecision or the delay of Hamlet one of the causes that postpone the act of revenge. Hamlet speaks of himself as hampered by doubts, and as sometimes shrinking from his purpose; but Shakespeare does not represent a morbid individual, generally incapable of action. Placed in Hamlet's position, who would not pause and hesitate? After all, it was the wild justice of revenge he was prosecuting. It was a deathblow he had to inflict. Who would not have paused? Macbeth pauses, and Othello hesitates. There are situations in which every rational, every reflective man, feels the torture of conflicting motives. When Victor Hugo describes this torture, as he does most forcibly in the hero of 'Les Misérables' (on an occasion which every one who has read the novel will remember), he does not therefore imply that Valjean is an undecided man. The indecision of Hamlet does in part belong to the man and in part to the situation; but Shakespeare assuredly never meant to portray a sort of Prince Athanase, a man in whom the nerve of action had been destroyed, a weak and morbid individual.

Victor Hugo's Hamlet is a favourable specimen of his manner of delineating the characters of Shakespeare. Macbeth, Othello, Lear, all sit for their portraits; but it is not so much as if they were drawn on the cloud, as if the cloud itself were the pencil that drew them, so vague is the outline presented to us. What could be more awfully indefinite than this of Othello, and more grotesque withal?

"What is Othello? He is Night. An immense fatal figure. Night is amorous of Day. Darkness loves the Dawn. The African adores the white woman. Desdemona is Othello's brightness and frenzy! And then how easy to him is jealousy! How speedily has night beckoned to death!

"Sound this profound thing. Othello is the night, and, being night, and wishing to kill, what does he take to slay with? Poison? The club? The axe? The knife? No, the pillow. To kill is to lull to sleep. Shakespeare himself perhaps did not take this into account. The creator sometimes, almost unknown to himself, yields to his type, so much is that type a power. And it is thus that Desdemona, spouse of the man Night, dies stifled by the pillow, which has had the first kiss, and which has the last sigh."

We can well believe that Shakespeare himself had not taken this into account. Othello—Night—Pillow—this association of ideas had probably never occurred to any one before. We suspect there is very little in any of these delineations of Victor Hugo that Shakespeare *had* taken into account. Our author succeeds better when he discourses in general terms of the genius of Shakespeare, commends its riotous fertility, rejoices in its untameable exuberance, its amazing prodigality:—

"Othello, Romeo, Iago, Macbeth, Shylock, Oberon, Puck, Ophelia, Desdemona, Juliet, Titania—men, women, witches, fairies, souls—Shakespeare is the grand distributor; take, take, take, all of you! Do you want more? Here is Ariel, Parolles, Macduff, Prospero, Viola, Miranda, Caliban. More yet? Here is Jessica, Cordelia, Portia, Polonius, Horatio, Mercutio, Imogene, Pandarus of Troy, Bottom, Theseus. *Ecce Deus*, it is the poet: he offers himself; who will have me? He gives, scatters, squanders himself; he is never empty. Why? He cannot be. Exhaustion with him is impossible. There is in him something of the fathomless."

"What then?" he says farther on, in a strain that, at all events, suits the present occasion. "No criticising? No. No blame? No. You explain everything? Yes. Genius is an entity like nature, and requires, like nature, to be accepted purely and simply. A mountain must be accepted as such, or left alone. There are men who would make a criticism on the Himalayas, pebble by pebble. Mount Etna blazes and slavers, throws out its glare, its wrath, its lava, and its ashes; these men take scales and weigh those ashes, pinch by pinch. Meanwhile genius continues its eruption. Everything in it has its reason for exist-

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ing. It is, because it is. Its shadow is the inverse of its light. Its smoke comes from its flame. Its depth is the result of its height. We love this more and that less, but we remain silent wherever we feel God. We are in the forest; the tortuosity of the tree is its secret. The sap knows what it is doing. The root knows its own business. We take things as they are; we are indulgent for that which is excellent, tender, or magnificent; we acquiesce in *chefs-d'œuvre;* we do not make use of one to find fault with the other; we do not insist upon Phidias sculpturing cathedrals, or upon Pinaigrier glazing temples; the temple is the harmony, the cathedral is the mystery; they are two different forms of the sublime: we do not claim for the minster the perfection of the Parthenon, or for the Parthenon the grandeur of the minster. We are so far whimsical as to be satisfied with both being beautiful. We do not reproach for its sting the insect that gives us honey. We renounce our right to criticise the feet of the peacock, the cry of the swan, the plumage of the nightingale, the butterfly for having been caterpillar, the thorn of the rose, the smell of the lion, the skin of the elephant, the din of the cascade, the immobility of the Milky Way, the saltness of the ocean, the spots on the sun.

"The *quandoque bonus dormitat* is permitted to Horace. We raise no objection. What is certain is, that Homer would not say it of Horace. He would not take the trouble. Himself the eagle, he would find charming, indeed, Horace the chattering humming-bird. I grant it is pleasant for a man to feel himself superior, and say, 'Homer is puerile, Dante is childish.' It is indulging in a pretty smile. To crush these poor geniuses a little, why not? To be the Abbé Trublet, and say, 'Milton is a schoolboy,' it is pleasing. How witty is the man who finds that Shakespeare has no wit! That man is La Harpe, Delandine, Auger; he is, was, or shall be an academician. *All these great men are made up of extravagance, bad taste, and childishness.* What a fine decree to issue! These fashions tickle voluptuously those who have them; and, indeed, when one has said, 'This giant is small,' one fancies one is great. Every man has his own way. As for myself, the writer of these lines, I admire everything like a simpleton.

"That is why I have written this book.

"To admire. To be an enthusiast. It has struck me that it was right to give to our century this example of folly."

Victor Hugo strikes a chord here to which every generous spirit will respond. It is good to admire, heartily, enthusiastically, and sometimes to insist on doing nothing but admire.

There is another chord on which he strikes, where also he will find, in this country at least, a cordial response. It is when he insists upon it, that Art is not its own end or aim; it is not Art for art's sake; it is Art for the sake of Humanity, that we admire and should cultivate.

There appears to be in some critics, and in some authors who have written in their prefaces criticisms of their own works, some confusion of ideas on this subject. Impatient and irritated at that formal requisition which we suppose it was the custom at one time to make, of a distinct specific *moral*—what is sometimes called poetical justice; as if a whole drama or novel were written, like a fable in Æsop, for no other purpose than to illustrate some virtuous precept or maxim of prudence;—irritated, we say, at this narrow method of estimating the morality of art, they seem to have thrown themselves into the quite opposite and untenable doctrine, that art was to find its end in itself. In other words, art was to be cultivated solely for the pleasure which it gives. Truth of imitation is the only truth to be required from it. Like nature or like history, it is there, a positive fact. Like nature and like history, you may study it, and derive what good lesson you can from it. But this is no affair of the artist. He is not responsible for the lessons you extract; he gives you *a* truth, and because he has to please, it must be a truth that shall not shock, or disgust, or scandalise you: but beyond this he has no concern with your beliefs or your moralities.

Now this, which seems to give to art an enviable freedom, really robs art of all its greatness. If the poet no longer feels that he is ministering to the greatness of man, to his moral elevation, to his tenderness—to his highest cultivation, in short—

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what is he better than any fiddler that stands upon the green, and collects the crowd around him for half an hour? His high occupation is gone. We do not ask the poet or the novelist to mould his incidents after some ideal of retributive justice; let him rather fashion them with all the licence and variety that he finds in real life: but he, the narrator—he is there—he cannot efface himself—he must know what passions, what sentiments, he is waking out of the human heart. He is there to please, but he is there also to move and elevate this human heart. He cannot throw aside his responsibility, or if he does, he throws aside his own greatness and the greatness of his art, and all its high aspirations.

It is now generally understood that the lesson to be learned when the curtain falls at the last act of the drama, and not till then, or at the last page of the last volume of the novel, is of the least possible importance. But whether, through the drama or the novel, we have been raised to a high level of thought and sentiment, or sunk to a very low level, is a question which the critic still asks. And he only ceases to ask it, when the drama or the novel is beneath his serious notice altogether—is evidently powerless for good or for evil. Victor Hugo does well, therefore, when he links the great fact of human genius to the great fact of human progress, and insists that our admiration of the one and our faith in the other shall be indissolubly connected. The literature of mere *literati*—the literature of a caste—where "to be a poet was something like being a mandarin,"—he holds in slight estimation. He calls on minds of the highest power, to be also of the highest utility.

"Be useful! Be of some service. Do not be fastidious when it is necessary to be efficient and good. Art for art may be beautiful, but art for progress is more beautiful yet. Ah! you must think? Then think of making man better. You must dream? Here is the dream for you: the ideal of humanity.

"The prophet seeks solitude, but not isolation. He goes into the desert to think—of whom? Of the multitude. It is not to the forests that he speaks, it is to the cities. . . .

"He does not belong to himself, he belongs to his apostolate. He is intrusted with that immense care, the progress of the human race. Genius is not made for genius, it is made for man."

"That the poet should be beyond humanity in one way, by the wings, by the immense flight, by the sudden possible disappearance in the fathomless, it is well, it must be so, but on condition of reappearance. He may depart, but he must return. Let him have wings for the infinite, provided he has feet for the earth, and that, after having been seen flying, he is seen walking. Let him become man again, after he has gone out of humanity. After he has been seen an archangel, let him be once more a brother. Let the star which is in that eye weep a tear, and that tear be the human tear. Thus, human and superhuman, he shall be the poet. But to be altogether beyond man is not to be. Show me thy foot, genius, and let me see if, like myself, thou hast earthly dust in thy heel.

"If thou hast not some of that dust, if thou hast never walked in my pathway, thou dost not know me and I do not know thee. Go away. Thou believest thyself an angel, thou art but a bird.

"Aid from the strong for the weak, help from the great for the small, help from the free for the slaves, help from the thinkers for the ignorant, help *from the solitary for the multitude.* Such is the law."

At first approach to the subject, one would say of Shakespeare that he had pre-eminently followed art for art. His object was to amuse, and sway, and agitate with tears and laughter the pit of a theatre. All varieties of *passion* he brought before them, leaving the multitude, if it pleased, to make selection—to approve or disapprove. But, in reality, no writer has been more frequently recognised amongst the people as "guide, philosopher, and friend," and this owing to the genuine human sympathy he has with all those very passions he gives utterance to. In his dramas we see ourselves; we watch, we

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warn ourselves. It is Humanity in the confessional. He, too, understood, what Victor Hugo so eloquently describes, the sensitiveness of a multitude—the readiness of untutored or unscholarly mobs to entertain the sublime and the beautiful.

"Have you ever gone," says Victor Hugo, who must have known well what he was here describing, "on a fête-day to a theatre open gratuitously to all? What do you think of that auditory? Do you know of any other more spontaneous and intelligent? The court of Versailles admires like a well-drilled regiment; the people throw themselves passionately into the beautiful. They pack together, crowd, amalgamate, combine, and knead themselves in the theatre; a living paste that the poet is about to mould. The powerful thumb of Molière will presently make its mark upon it. . . . The house is crowded; the vast multitude lurks, listens, loves; all consciences, deeply moved, throw off their inner fire; all eyes glisten; the huge beast with a thousand heads is there, the *Mob* of Burke, the *Plebs* of Titus Livius, the *Fex urbis* of Cicero; it caresses the beautiful; it smiles at it with the grace of a woman; it is literary in the most refined sense of the word; nothing equals the delicacy of this monster. All at once the sublime passes, and the sombre electricity of the abyss heaves up suddenly all this pile of hearts."

Victor Hugo is great upon this *mob*. We must find room for another quotation. There are many from this part of the book we should like to fill our pages with; it being understood that we should take the liberty of abridging our quotations where and how we pleased —a liberty we have already taken.

"Sacrifice to 'the mob,' O poet! Sacrifice to that unfortunate, disinherited, vanquished, vagabond, shoeless, famished, repudiated, despairing mob; sacrifice to it, if it must be and when it must be, thy repose, thy fortune, thy joy, thy country, thy liberty, thy life. The mob is the human race in misery. The mob is the mournful commencement of the people. The mob is the great victim of darkness. Sacrifice to it! Sacrifice thyself! Let thyself be hunted; let thyself be exiled as Voltaire to Ferney, as D'Aubigné to Geneva, as Dante to Verona, as Juvenal to Syene, as Æschylus to Gela, as John to Patmos, as Elias to Horeb, as Thucydides to Thrace. Sacrifice to the mob. Sacrifice to it thy gold, and thy blood, which is more than thy gold, and thy thought, which is more than thy blood, and thy love, which is more than thy thought; sacrifice to it everything except justice. Receive its complaint; listen to its faults and the faults of others. Listen to what it has to confess and to denounce to thee. Stretch forth to it the ear, the hand, the arm, the heart. Do everything for it, excepting evil. Alas! it suffers so much and it knows nothing. Correct it, warn it, instruct it, guide it. Put it to the school of honesty. Make it spell truth; teach it to read virtue, probity, generosity, mercy. Hold thy book wide open. Be there, attentive, vigilant, kind, faithful, humble. Light up the brain, inflame the mind, extinguish egotism, show good example. Poverty is privation; be thou abnegation. Teach! Irradiate! They need thee; thou art their great thirst. To learn is the first necessity; to live is but the second."

In sentiments of this kind we shall all sympathise. Here perhaps is the best of all opportunities for gracefully closing this marvellously strange book of Victor Hugo's.

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CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART VII.

MORAL AID.

I WAS just preparing for a day's fly-fishing, had sent off rods and nets and tackle to my boat, when my friend arrived, as breathless as a man might after some hundred miles' railroading, to tell me he had heard a great part of the debate on Disraeli's motion, and to impart to me his impressions of the various speakers.

"Corny," said he, "I wish you had been there. These fellows are too long-winded, and they are marvellously given to saying what has just been said by some one else on their own side a short time before."

I agreed with him perfectly. The summary in the 'Times' is as good as the whole debate. We all of us knew, besides, pretty much what each speaker would say, and how he would say it; still it was a little strange to see Gladstone, at the very moment that he is bidding, and bidding high, for popular favour, assail those organs of public opinion —the newspapers—so universally regarded as the especial defence of democracy.

For my own part I liked Seymour Fitzgerald best; he came nearer to the true issue than any one else. As to the challenge, What is your own policy? it was too grossly absurd to be listened to. What would be said of the doctor who had destroyed his patient's chance of recovery, saying to the newly-called-in physician, "What is it that you advise? let us see if you can save him"?

This was all that the Ministry were able to say: Don't talk of *our* blunders, but tell us how will *you* cure the patient? Give him to *me*, as he was given to *you*. Call me in at the first seizure—not at his agony—and I will answer you. First of all, I would never have either ignored at first, or subsequently insulted, the public opinion of a great nation, even though that great nation was in a passion, and not talking the soundest good sense; secondly, I would never have suggested to a weak but proud people, that the price of any assistance to them must be certain concessions, which, when made, were left totally unrecognised and unrewarded; and, lastly, I would no more have gone to France for aid, than I would ask a man to back my bill, who knew, by refusing his name, he could smash *my* credit, and whose manifest interest it was to impugn *my* solvency and elevate his own. But certainly, above all things, and to my amazement, no speaker on the Opposition side alluded to this. I never would have so mystified the whole British nation—exciting a sympathy for Denmark, subscriptions for her wounded, and aid for her destitute—with abuse of an ancient ally; and a cowering, craven, helpless dread of what France might and could, and possibly would, do; till, in the conflict of our feelings—some of them honourable enough, others just the opposite—we have presented ourselves before Europe in a light, that only by remembering what we once were rescues us from being despicable.

It is not very easy to say how the Danes would have fared if, instead of depending on England, they had addressed themselves originally to France. From a variety of causes —some creditable enough to her, others less meritorious—France is fond of these "missions." They redound usually to her influence in Europe; they raise her prestige as a great military power, and occa-

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sionally too they pay in a more commercial and palpable manner; so that, like the Irishman who "married for love and a trifle of money," she has the pleasure of feeling that even her generosity has not been bad as a speculation.

I really do not see why the Danes did not think of this. They knew —all the world knows—that of the two sorts of aid one is patented by France, and is called "material aid," being an efficient, active, and able support, to distinguish it from the English article, called "moral aid," which it is perfectly *immaterial* to any one whether he has it or not.

Now there is no doubt the Danes were perfectly well aware which of these two they wanted; but the misfortune was, they did not hit upon the right road. They wanted a strong "pick-me-up," but they turned the wrong corner, and got into the Temperance Hotel! Had they had the time and the temper for it, it would have done them good to have heard our praises of our own tap, and how superior in all invigorating properties the fresh, sparkling fluid from our pump was, to the hot, stimulating, exciting liquor of the "man over the way."

They would have heard, too, how, though we once were licensed for strong drink, and had a roaring trade, yet we gradually had gone on diluting and diluting, till we arrived at last at the pure element, which, strange to say, a few old customers of the house still continued to believe to be spirit; though, whenever a new-comer dropped in, he left it there untasted, and went over to the other establishment.

The mistake of the poor Danes was irreparable. They drank such gallons of our well, that they had no stomach for anything after it.

But, in all sober seriousness, when shall we have heard the last of this rotten cant, "moral aid" — own brother, I believe, of that other humbug, "masterly inactivity"? Moral aid is the bread-pill of the quack doctor — efficacious only when there's nothing the matter with you.

Had the good Samaritan been one of the moral-aid disciples, he would have given the sick man an eloquent lecture on wounds, punctured and incised. He would have explained the dangers of hæmorrhage, primary and secondary; he would have expatiated on reparation by first intention and by granulation; and, lastly, he would have assured the sufferer that it was by a special Providence that he himself had come by, otherwise the other would have died without ever hearing one of these valuable truths. Not a drop of wine and oil, no bandaging, no mere "material aid," would he have descended to: these are the appliances of a very inferior philanthropy.

Will nobody give us a tabular view of the working results of the two systems? Perhaps, indeed, they would tell us that it was moral aid drove the French out of the Peninsula, and moral aid was the support we lent to Europe on the field of Waterloo. Do not for a moment mistake me. I neither disparage sympathy nor despise advice. I have seen far too much of life not to prize both highly; but give them to me for what they are, and not as substitutes for something with no affinity to them. I can be very grateful for a drink of butter-milk when I am thirsty; but don't say to me, "Isn't that better and more wholesome than all the claret that ever was bottled? Thank your stars that you came in here, for my neighbour yonder would have plied you with La Rose and Margaux, and they ruin a man's stomach."

I know of no national practice so universal in England as "advice-giving." It is a mania of our people, growing out of the combined result of parliamentary government and immense national prosperity. Every one in Great Britain who is richer than his neighbour has a prescriptive right to advise him. I never knew the man who dared to dispute that privilege; hence, as we

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regard ourselves so much wealthier than the "beggarly foreigner," we have caught the habit of imposing our opinion at all times and places, and for the life of us we cannot see how any should oppose it. The self-conceit engendered by this process has made us something little short of detestable abroad! What lectures have I not heard Brown and Jones administer to foreigners of real distinction! What sage suggestions to imitate this or that custom of England! totally ignorant, as they might be, of some insuperable obstacle to their suggested improvement.

In the old days of the Peninsular war, we were pretty much like our neighbours. What we could not do by men, we did by money. Now, however, we have grown wiser, and will not spend either. This universal medicine, "moral aid," moral co-operation, or whatever it be called, is the cheap panacea for all troubles. Not but it has met a rather rough experience lately. The Germans wouldn't taste it at all; and I doubt greatly if the Danes will ask for another dose of it.

We may try to laugh at it, but it's too sore to be a joke. One would like, if he could, to take the jest in good part, and show no ill-temper; but it pushes patience too hard to see the hard-won glories of Old England so frittered away and dissipated, that every trait by which our fathers stamped manhood on the nation is now insolently denied us, and we are told to go back to our cotton-mills and coal-mines, and leave the game of war and its ambitions to others.

They have a saying in Italy, that there are two things no man ever asks for in vain there—light for his cigar, or the Cross of St Maurice and St Lazaro. So in England we are splendidly lavish of our good advice. Would that we could practise a little parsimony!

For many reasons we ought not to have taken the German vapour and bluster so ill. It is very rarely these dull folk indulge themselves with the luxury of being angry. And as for the various modes in which they were to wreak a vengeance on England, they were simply laughable. Perhaps it may proceed from our very affinity—but strange it is, there are few nations have commercially less need of each other than Germany and England.

That Prussian threat t'other day, that if England moved hand or foot, they'd march down and take Hanover! By what confusion of even Berlin brains they imagined this could affect England, is hard to say. They evidently never heard of the remark of the absentee Irish landlord, when he was told that the people had shot his agent. "Strange nation the Irish! What an extraordinary notion it was to imagine that by shooting my agent they could possibly intimidate *me!*"

To conclude, if we are never to deal in any other ware than "moral aid," let us be frank and open about it. Let us dress the army in drab, and put broad-brims on the navy. Above all, let not our newspapers be filled with target-practice, and the relative merits of Armstrong and Whitworth. The neatest duelling-pistols in the world would never get the owner a character for courage after he refused to fight. I say over and over again, we ought not to go to war. Some hundreds of savages at the end of the earth are giving us quite as much war as we want; and to face armies raised by conscription, with an army supplied by voluntary enlistment, is as rank nonsense as to assert that the financial burdens of a nation could be as easily met by voluntary contributions as by enforced taxation. And let any one imagine Mr Gladstone standing with a plate at Whitehall, and, even with all the courteous persuasiveness for which he is known, saying to the passers-by, "You are requested to leave something for the support of the institution," and is it likely that

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the results would bear comparison with the income-tax? Conceive the impatient anxiety with which we should await the financial statement! Picture to your mind how eagerly we should look out for a captivating manner and a seductive address in our Chancellor of the Exchequer! Ay, and imagine the scores of letters in the 'Times' from indignant citizens, who "were really anxious to contribute their mite towards relieving the burdens of the State, but who were deterred by the stern aspect and forbidding exterior of this or that Right Hon. Gentleman, and who now ask, Can nothing be devised less offensive to public feeling than this? Is it not possible, in this great nation of thirty millions, to assess the revenue in some mode less insulting to the sympathies of Englishmen?"

Whatever is voluntary will very seldom be general, and never will be universal. We want soldiers pretty much as we want money; and if it should happen that we need either in large quantities, I am pretty certain we must not depend on Volition for the supply.

SERIALS AND THREE VOLUMES.

I like what in our modern slang are called serial stories. The writers understand one requirement at least of their trade—they do not give too much at a time; and in so far they resemble the heads of the profession, the old Eastern story-tellers, who only told the Calif each evening enough to set him asleep. Now this alone is a great point.

Another advantage is this—they cannot cram into their limited space any of those long-winded descriptions, especially of scenery, which the three-volume people are so prone to inflict; neither have they so much of the page open to emotional expatiation. They are bound by their very limits to be more short, sharp, and decisive.

Lastly, they must endeavour to interest by something else than story—that is, they must try what can be done to amuse by humoristic views of life, shrewd touches of character, quaint pictures of people not the less recognisable that they are not met with every day, and occasionally—which Three Volume probably thinks beneath him—they must make us laugh.

In the very fact that the reader is not bound to them beyond the monthly part before him, lies their heaviest obligation to interest him. It is like a shilling stage, and if you dislike the conveyance, or feel tired of the company, you can get out and walk home. For all these reasons I incline much to the serial.

I do not know how it may be with others, but for myself I am not over-grateful to the man who invests his story with that amount of interest that engrosses my attention too far, and in this way turns me from the real business of life to involve me in cares and sorrows that have no reality. I want to be amused by the novel pretty much as I feel amused by the play—that is, I want what will present a certain number of pictures to my mind without the cost of being obliged to retain them thereafter. If I be obliged to do this, the novel becomes a burthen, not a relaxation. I want, besides, the writer to let me so far into his mind that I may know what *he* thinks is droll, what strange, what picturesque, what attractive, what ridiculous. When I have arrived at that understanding—any one number will suffice for so much—I am able to guess if I should care for more of his company. The three-volume man affords me no such clue as this. All he is thinking of is his wind-up in the last volume. It is for the grand finish alone he cares; his heart, like the Irish postilion's, is

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fixed on keeping a "trot for the town." No matter how he stumbled and staggered during the stage, so that he comes up to the door at last with whip-cracking, and the jaded team spirited up to a lively tramp.

The serial writer, too, performs usually to a larger public, and, consequently, is less addicted to conventionalities than Three Volume, who has a more select few for his audience, and who could not so easily stoop to the vulgarity of common people, and their ways and doings. But, as I have said already, the serial is more prone to make me laugh, and for this great gift I prize him most of all. I have very grave doubts if age has anything heavier in all its inflictions than in the difficulty—yearly increasing in a terrific ratio—the difficulty of enjoying a good laugh. For my own part, baldness, adiposity, and suchlike, are all lighter evils to me than the gravity I feel stealing over me, the little tolerance I have for small fun, and the growing conviction that the pleasant people have gone home, and that *I* am left to walk back with the dreary ones.

That my own capacity for the enjoyment is not totally blunted, I can test by seeing how the old racy humour of Molière and Cervantes—how Scott, too, and Sydney Smith—continue to amuse me. What has become of this gift? is it gone and lost, like the art of painting on glass, like the glaze of Luca della Robbia, or the wonderful pottery-paste of Maestro Giorgio? One thing is certain, Three Volume has none of it; and, latterly, the serial has not more than enough to season his quality and remind you of bygones. As nothing so much disgusts a man with wine-drinking as plying him for a while with bad liquor, so there is no such certain death to the appreciation of real humour as in the race of small jokers perpetually letting off a fire of petty drolleries suggested by the passing events of the hour. If there be a public for these, heaven help the real humorist when he craves an audience! That there *is* a public for them he would be a bold man that should deny, and a very large and a very faithful public, too!

I do not make a great demand on my novelist. I ask him to help me through a stray hour of *ennui*, a dreary half-day of rainy weather in a dull house, the time I have to wait for my train, or the morning in which the post has either failed or brought nothing of any interest. I protest loudly and *in toto* against accepting the story-teller as either preacher or teacher. I will neither listen to him about law reform, nor prison discipline, nor madhouses, nor public schools. Let him, if he must, season his pages by the introduction of these institutions; but let him not insinuate his own theories about their management, or pretend to tell me how much more smoothly would suits in Equity go were he the Chancellor, or what a happy day would it be for the lunatics did the writer sit in Whitehall with the dignity of a Commissioner. I never heard an amateur fiddler that one would have given a sixpence to; and I have rarely seen one of those would-be reformers in fiction who approached his subject with even the vaguest knowledge of its details, or any conception of its difficulties. "Mark me, Mr Vagabond," said Junius to Garrick, when the actor, forgetting his real province, had attempted a negotiation with the publisher to betray the name of the great satirist—"mark me, Mr Vagabond; stick to your pantomimes."

I do not think there is anything so good in Alexandre Dumas as his total exemption from this vice. He never tries the didactic, and I respect him for his abstinence. Let not the clown, when he casts a somersault in the circus, tell me that he means to emblematise the motion of the earth! *Suum cuique.* Let the story-teller understand that his mission is simply to amuse without any outrage to good manners,

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or any offence to good morals. Let him be as pleasant as he can, and leave the task of making the world better and wiser to men who have to accept the charge with heavier responsibilities than attach to tale-writing.

Scott understood something about his craft, and something about the world too. Had he deemed that fiction was the proper channel to instil correct notions about hospitals for the blind, drainage of towns, ragged schools, or reformatories, we should doubtless have had these and suchlike discussed, though, perhaps, we might have lost something in not having the 'Antiquary,' 'Ivanhoe,' and a score more as good.

Balzac, also, wrote indifferent good novels, and knew one sort of life as few others ever did, and yet he never addressed himself to assail some institution or attack some system. He knew well that no group of people ever yet lived who revolved round *one* grievance; that life is a very particoloured affair, and, however a particular wrong may tinge existence, that the daily business of the world goes on amidst innumerable cares and troubles and joys and anxieties, and it is of these fiction ought to treat, showing as truthfully as she can what human nature does, says, thinks, and endures, with very little reference to some great stumbling-block, which, after all, has hurt the shins of only one, perhaps, in the company.

That the ordinary business of life can go on amidst the most terrible convulsions, and men follow the pursuits of ambition, of pleasure, or of money-getting, unaffected by that great event which in history will absorb the whole page, will be readily acknowledged by any one who will turn to the memoirs of the years of the French Revolution, or the Magazines of Ireland during '98. Jeffrey, in one of his essays, remarks on this, and says, that while posterity will be entirely occupied by the dreadful phantom of the Reign of Terror, nothing in the actual records of the time will recall it.

It is hard to believe or to understand it, but the literature of France in those dreadful years ran upon idylls and odes and pastorals. Pastorals, when the creak of the *charrette* that carried the victims to the scaffold was the one sound heard in the streets! when the channels ran with blood, amidst the carnage of helpless women, and the *noyades* of the Loire! Pastorals! One is inclined to ask, Is it in ethics as in optics, and does the eye, gorged and inflamed by red, turn to seek repose, to rest upon green?

Now, if Fiction had to deal with this era, we should find the guillotine in every page. Every event and every action would revolve around the scaffold; the headsman everywhere—everywhere the axe: and what truth would there be in such a portraiture?

The Irish rebellion of '98 was, while it lasted, a dreadful scene of cruelty and carnage on all sides; and yet I have heard more stories of convivial gaiety, more narratives of country-house life and hospitality, of that period, than of all I ever remember to have heard of any other time of Irish history.

Of what is now going on in America, let Wall Street and Fifth Avenue, in their respective spheres, tell how much sympathy is felt for the countless thousands dying in every form of agony, or coming back, pitiably maimed and crippled, to drag out lives of suffering and penury! Fiction would doubtless paint New York breathless for the last news from the battle-field; and so it might, but not for the record of victory or defeat as a source of triumph or sorrow, but simply to know how it would affect the exchanges, or react on the price of gold.

To my thinking, 'Les Misérables' is only a blue-book gone mad; and a census return done by a sensational hand would be just as amusing reading as any of this school.

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There is another practice of certain novelists which annoys me not a little—that is, to dish up the same characters either as principals or secondaries in every story. It is not merely objectionable on the ground that character-drawing is almost the best part of fiction, as it is certainly the most instructive; but there is such poverty in invention, or such inveterate indolence implied in the practice. It is bad enough if a strolling company must perform 'Coriolanus' with the same corps that gave the 'Road to Ruin;' and it is hard to surrender one's sympathy to Romeo, when he perpetually recalls Jeremy Diddler: still, these poor creatures do their utmost so to disguise their identities that you shall not detect them. Whereas, in the novel, it is the same dreary personage that broke your heart in the 'Three Crows,' that is now dogging your steps in 'Drivelling Manor;' and the Bore that cost you the thread of one story by your efforts to skip him, turns up in a totally different book to be your misery once more.

When Sancho was relating the memorable story of the shepherd to his master, he found himself suddenly arrested in his narrative by Don Quixote's inability to tell how many sheep had been ferried over the stream. "'Fore God," said he, "if you have forgotten the score, it is impossible for me to continue the story." These people are, however, more exacting still, for they call on you to bear in mind who was each person's father and mother, who their uncles and aunts and good friends. A name turns up suddenly in the story without any intimation who he is and whence he comes. You turn back to trace him; alas! it is to a story published the year before, and nine others dating successively as many years back, you must go—a labour that may possibly not be requited by any interest intended to surround him. In the reading of these books, if not well "posted" in all by the same author, and gifted with a retentive memory besides, a man feels like a *parvenu* suddenly introduced into a society where, except himself, each knows and is known to his neighbour. He has the humiliating consciousness that in a company so intimately united, he himself, the intruder, is *de trop*. He sees that every one knows the Duke of Allsorts, and that nobody is surprised when Lady Mumford appears, and he naturally concludes that he has no business in a society where he is the only one who has to inquire who are those around him. Why will not these writers give us with a new book a chronological table, and let us learn who begat whom?

But, in point of fact, the thing is harder than mere chronology—it is far more; it is the Darwinian theory applied to fiction, and the law of development introduced into tale-writing. The *homunculus* of some book of ten years ago may be the foreground figure of a later work; and the child you have scarcely noticed at one time, may have been developed into the grandmother of a present heroine.

This is simply intolerable. I ask for a story, and you give me a census return; I want a tale, and I get an extract from a baptismal registry.

There are a few characters of fiction, and really they are very few, that could not recur too often. It would be difficult to shut the door against Sancho, or Falstaff, or perhaps Dugald Dalgetty; but have the writers I have just been speaking of given us any creations like these? or are not their personages only real in the one respect, that they are as tiresome as living men?

Let me record one splendid exception from this judgment in him who has given to our fiction-literature a racy vigour and a freshness which only genius can give. With Charles Dickens we encounter no repetitions; all is varied, novel, and interesting as na-

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ture herself; and this great master of humour moves us to tears or laughter without the semblance of an effort on his part; and as for those "inexpensive guests" that sit beside our fireplaces at lone hours, or stroll with us in our solitary rambles, we owe more of them to him than to any other writer of the century.

ABUSE OF IRELAND.

Daniel O'Connell used to say that he was the best abused man in Europe; had he only lived till now he would have seen that the practice has been extended to all his countrymen of every class and condition, of every shade of politics, and every section of opinion. The leading journal especially has adopted this line, and the adjective Irish has been assumed as a disqualifier to all and everything it can be applied to. I am sure that this is not generous—I have my doubts if it be just.

First of all, we are abused too indiscriminately, and for faults diametrically the opposite of each other; secondly, we are sneered at for qualities which the greater nation is not sorry to utilise; and, last of all, we are treated as such acknowledged admitted inferiors as makes it a very polite piece of condescension for Englishmen to occupy themselves, even in their leisure hours, by admonishing us of our faults, and reminding us of our shortcomings. Our unhappy country, too, whose greatest crime we used to think was the being our birthplace, is now discovered to be a damp tract of dreary bog—unfruitful, unwholesome, and unpleasant—without a soil to grow corn, or a sun to ripen it; spongy if undrained, and if drained, a "parched expanse of arid limestone." This is not cheerful, any more than to hear that it rains ten months in the year, and that if it only rained nine we should have no grass, and without grass could no longer fatten beeves for Britons to feed on, that being the last resource left us in our destitution.

Whatever we do, or attempt to do, by some unhappy fatality seems wrong. If we stay at home, we are told that we are a poor-spirited set of creatures, satisfied with mere subsistence, and content to grovel on in our poverty. If we emigrate, we are reproached as people who have no loyalty, nor any attachment to the land of their birth.

One great authority declared that Ireland could never grow wheat, and yet Mr Whiteside t'other day assured us that we were ruined by the corn-laws. This is mighty hard to understand, and I own it puzzles me considerably.

"They've raised the price of malt, I hear;
But what has malt to do with table-beer?"

Surely if the country was unsuited to the grape, it could scarcely be injured by a tax on the exportation of wine!

Again, we are over-populated. The fatal tendency of the Irish to be venturous led to early marriages and large families; and it was a mercy to think that some had taken courage and gone off to America.

Then came another with 'Adam Smith' in his hand, to protest that population meant riches—even a population of Irishmen; and, last of all, an indignant patriot declared that the day was not perhaps very distant, when Ireland should be peopled by Scotchmen.

The 'Times,' however, capped all. It explained that Ireland must abandon tillage and forego manufactures—that her climate was unstable, her soil unfruitful, and her people lazy. She had, however, here and there, principally on the seaboard, some spots of picturesque beauty; and that Englishmen, partly out of a liking for scenery,

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partly from pity, might occasionally come over and look at these, the duties of guide and cicerone being assigned to the native—who thus at last would have found an employment up to the level of his capacity and his inclination. This is no exaggeration of mine—I am inventing nothing—I read, twice over too, the article that contained this suggestion. It was made in perfect good faith, just as the writer might have counselled a North American savage to limit himself to the manufacture of mocassins, and not take to regular shoemaking.

Irishmen were deliberately told, by an authority that assumes to be not only the political director, but the moral arbiter of the nation, that there was nothing better for them to do than turn guides to Cockney tourists.

If poor Paddy's circumstances were such as to permit his having some leisure time at his disposal, I can easily believe what amusement he might obtain from the occupation recommended—what food for laughter he would derive from town-bred ignorance and moneyed self-sufficiency—what stores of fun he would lay by from the crude remarks and stupid commentaries of wandering bagmen and the like; but the fact of reducing to a profession what ought only to be a pastime, gives a very different colour to the career.

The writer of this suggestion may not, however, have seen, as I have, a heavy traveller from the manufacturing districts gaining his Irish experiences from a bare-footed, ragged, half-famished native; and it is such an exhibition of intense drollery and sly raillery as one cannot readily forget: the quick instinct as to the nature of the stranger, his class and his habits—the subtle appreciation of the amount of his credulity—the racy enjoyment of his manifold blunders, and the thorough zest felt by a poor, half-naked, potato-fed creature for his mental superiority over well-clad, well-to-do "Manchester"—made up elements that worked into something highly dramatic.

Let me assure the happy discoverer of this theory for Ireland that, so far from increasing the opportunities to Paddy to measure his native quickness with Saxon stolidity, he would be wiser not to give heedless occasion for the comparison.

Now, these slights are not peacemakers, and we, the poorer and the more helpless people, ought at least to have kind words; and yet there is one more grievance which, I own, is, to my own feeling, harder to bear than even these. It is the assertion—made so frequently, declared so roundly, and proclaimed so unblushingly, that it has passed into a popular belief—that any Irishman who has ever risen to high honours and great renown, will be found, on examination, to possess traits and characteristics the very opposite to those that distinguish his countrymen—being, in short, a sort of *lusus naturæ* Paddy—who knows if not a Saxon egg, surreptitiously stolen, and placed in the Celtic nest! Sterne they only half give us. Swift some deny us altogether; for my own part, I'd not fight for him. Goldsmith they only concede to us whenever they disparage him. As for Edmund Burke, he puzzles them sorely. Burke, the great orator, the master of every form of eloquence, we might be permitted to claim, because, by calling it Irish eloquence, its condemnation was fixed for ever. But Burke the logician—Burke the statesman—Burke the philosopher—the man who foresaw more in the working out of events than any man of his age, who could trace effects to their causes, and predicate from the actual what must be the future—him they deny us, and declare that all these gifts were English. There was an Irishman, too, who called himself Arthur Wellesley, and what an amount of ingenuity was expended to show that his origin was

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a mistake, and that he was only Irish in so far that his birth was a bull!

Now, I am no Repealer—no Young-Ireland man—no Feenian—no Erin-go-braghite; but I am downright weary, heart-sick of that everlasting depreciation of Ireland which is the stock theme of newspapers. When the House is up, and nothing of interest before the public, why not take a turn at Scotland, or even the Isle of Man? I'm sure, for a diversion, one might be able to find out something ill to allege of the Channel Islands. I'll look up something against Sark myself before the autumn is over.

BE ALWAYS READY WITH THE PISTOL.

"Be always ready with the pistol," were amongst the last, if not the very last, words of counsel spoken by Henry Grattan to his son, and if they be read aright, are words of deep knowledge and wisdom, and not the expressions of malevolence or of passion.

No man of his age—very few men of any age—was ever more exempted by the happy accidents of his nature from reliance on mere force than Henry Grattan. He combined within his character almost every attribute that gives a man power over his fellows. With the vigour and energy of a lion he had an almost womanly gentleness. There was a charm in his manner, and a persuasiveness in his address, that the most prejudiced of his political enemies were the first to acknowledge. It was the temperament of an ancient Roman in all that regarded dignity, unswerving purpose, and high devotion to country, blended with a far nobler and purer patriotism than ever Roman knew; and yet this man, armed with these great gifts, endowed with a superiority so unquestionable, had to own that there were not only occasions in life in which all individual supremacy must be merged that a man may measure himself with another vastly his inferior in intellect, but that it is a positive duty not to decline, but actually to welcome, the occasion that may prove how ready the ablest man is to accept the arbitrament of the most vulgar-minded.

When Dr Johnson stamped in a discussion because his adversary had done so, saying, "Sir, I will not concede to you the advantage of even a stamp!" he completely expressed this principle, and showed how essential it is that high intellect should not show itself deficient in whatever constitutes the strength of an inferior order of men.

In Grattan's day a duel was a common occurrence; almost every man in public life had fought more than once. Indeed, it was deemed a very doubtful sincerity that hesitated to stake life on the assertion of any line of action; and he who declined a provocation was as irretrievably ruined as if he had been convicted of forgery. In fact, it was almost in this light it was regarded. Courage being deemed so essentially part of a gentleman's nature, the discovery that it was wanting implied that degree of falsehood and deception that amounted to dishonour.

Rude as this chivalry was, it reacted most favourably on manners; the courtesy of debate was never violated by any of those coarse contradictions and unseemly denials which lower parliamentary habits. Men knew well that the questions which touched personal honour were to be settled in another place, and that he who transgressed the limits of a certain reserve did so with the full consciousness of all that might come of it.

It was rare, too, to find that anything like bitterness survived the "meeting." The quarrel once decided, men returned to the daily business of life without a particle of animosity towards each other. They had settled their difference, and there was an end of it. When Mr Corry was lying ill of his wound

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after his duel with Grattan, a friend came to sit with him one day, and after talking some time in the darkened room, let fall some remark reflecting on the conduct of the other's late antagonist, — "Hist!" cried Corry, "there's a little fellow asleep at the foot of the bed would send a ball through you if he heard that," — the little fellow being Henry Grattan himself, who had never quitted the bedside of the wounded man, and who had just dropped off asleep from over-fatigue and watching.

Now, to compass generosity like this was surely worth something; and I am by no means so certain that an equal degree of kind feeling would follow on one of our present-day altercations, when right honourable and honourable gentlemen are led to the interchange of courtesies more parliamentary than polite; nay, I am perfectly convinced that the good-fellowship of that time, confessedly greater than now, was mainly owing to the widely-spread respect for personal courage which pervaded public life.

I think I hear some one say, "This bloodthirsty Irishman wants to throw us all back into the barbarism that prevailed in the days before the Union;" but I want nothing of the kind. I think that, at the period referred to, the point of honour was too pedantically upheld; I think men resigned life on grounds totally unequal to such an appeal; I think there was an undue touchiness, an over-tensity, in the intercourse of the time that was neither wholesome nor beneficial; but I will by no means concede that all the advantage is on one side, because we have decreed that a duel is a disgrace, and that the man who fights one is disqualified for everything.

Of the consequences that have followed on the severe penalties against duelling in the service, I own frankly I cannot venture to speak, and for this reason I cannot trust my temper to speak calmly. The gross insults, the cruel wrongs, the insufferable outrages passed on men who, to resent them, must have accepted their own irretrievable ruin, are themes I dare not permit myself to discuss. Neither will I suffer myself to say one word in disparagement of a system which honourable men are daily submitting to, with what heart-burning and indignation Heaven alone could tell us! but, writing as I do in these sketches fully as much with reference to a public opinion outside Great Britain as within her limits, I desire to say that this legislation of ours about duelling, and the whole tone of our public opinion on the subject, has severely damaged us in Continental estimation. In the first place, no foreigner can possibly understand an Englishman's unwillingness to "go out," except on grounds that would impeach personal courage, because no foreigner knows enough of our public feeling to comprehend the fatal injury inflicted on a man's career in England, by the repute of his having fought a duel. There is not a section in all the complex machinery of our society against which the delinquent does not hurl his defiance. As an eminent Irish judge, more remarkable for the bathos than the accuracy of his eloquence, once said, "The practice is inhuman, it is uncivilised, it is unchristian; nay, gentlemen of the jury, I will go further—it is illegal!"

Now, what man has the courage to face not merely the chance of being shot, but the certainty of being stigmatised? I desire to declare here that I am not speaking vaguely or from hearsay. So far as a long residence amongst foreigners in nearly all parts of Europe enables a man to pronounce, I claim the right to declare that I know something about them; and I know of nothing that seems, through every separate people of the Continent, so universal as the belief that Englishmen do not like to "go out."

If a Frenchman or an Italian accept a challenge to a duel, it is a sort of brevet of bravery; wounded

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or unwounded, he comes home from the field a hero. The newspapers record the achievement as something glorious, and his friends call to see him as a species of Paladin. If he can but drive out with his arm in a sling, his fortune is made; and his recognition in a café, his smile of bland and triumphant heroism, is a thing to be accepted with gratitude. Contrast this with the Englishman, hiding not alone from the law, but from public opinion; not merely dreading the Attorney-General, but far more fearing his aunt in Cheltenham, whose heir he was to have been, but who, being "a Christian woman," will certainly have nothing to do with one who sought the blood of a fellow-creature—albeit a fellow-creature who had inflicted the deepest wound on his honour.

Think of *him*, I say, neither backed by the press, nor sustained by his friends, but nursing his fractured femur in solitude, with the consciousness that he has ruined his fortune and done for his character—that all the moments he can spare from his poultices must be passed in apologies to his friends, and reiterated assurances that he only accepted the issue of arms after an amount of provocation that almost brought on an apoplexy! And, last of all, imagine all the ridicule that awaits him—the pasquinades in the 'Saturday,' and the caricatures in 'Punch;' and while the noble Count, his antagonist, struts the "Bois" as a Bayard, *he* must skulk about like a felon that has escaped by a flaw in the indictment; a creature of whom the world must be cautious, as of a dog that was once mad, and that no one will guarantee against a return of hydrophobia!

They say no man would ever wish to be rescued from drowning if he only knew the tortures that awaited him from what is called the Humane Society. Indeed, the very description of them makes the guillotine or the garrotte seem in comparison like a mild anodyne; but is not this exactly the position of the unfortunate man in question? Be ready with the pistol indeed! Be ready to accept loss of station, loss of respect, disinheritance, estrangement of friends, coldness of every one — not because you were quarrelsome or contentious—not because, being steady of hand and unerring of eye, you could venture to assume a tone that was likely to be resented—but simply because, with such French as they taught you at Rugby, you would not permit the Count Hyppolite de Coupegorge to revile your nation and defame your countrywomen in an open café, but threatened to throw him and his shako into the street.

Turn for a moment from the individual to the nation, and see if this damaging conviction has not a great deal to do with the estimate of our country now formed by all foreigners. We have not, it is true, any enemy so grossly unjust as to deny courage to our nation; but there is a current belief fast settling into a conviction that we are not "ready with the pistol"—that we require more provocation, and endure more outrage, than any one else; and that it is always safe to assume that we will never fight if we can possibly help it.

The sarcasm of the first Napoleon, when he called us a nation of shopkeepers, had a far deeper and broader significance than a reference to our trading propensities. It went to imply, that in cultivating a spirit of gain, we had sacrificed the sentiment of glory; and that the lower ambition of money-getting had usurped the place that should be occupied by a high and noble chivalry. It was a very good thing to teach Frenchmen this; no better lesson could have been inculcated than a contempt for a people who had always beaten them. Still, as a mere measure of convenience, it is rather hard on us that we must be reduced to maintain our character for courage by far more daring feats—by bolder deeds and more enduring efforts, than are called for from any other people. The man who is ready with the pistol goes

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out on the first legitimate provocation, and, whether he shoots his man or is shot, the affair ends; but he who declines and hesitates generally ends by such a disparagement of his courage, that he must fight some half-dozen times to set himself right with the world.

Why is France at the head of Europe? Simply because she is ready with the pistol. War may be all that you like to say of it. The Quakers have done the vituperation so perfectly that I need not repeat it; but there have always been wars, and there will always be wars in the world; and a drab-coated broad-brimmed thee-and-thou planet would be as dreary and tasteless as a ball in a counting-house. So long as England was ready with the pistol, there was not a nation in Europe dared to insult her. The men who guided our destinies through all the great wars of the First Empire were certainly not heaven-born statesmen in point of ability to devise, or eloquence to support, their measures—they were possibly very inferior to those who now sit on the Treasury benches.

In the Liverpool Cabinet were no such really professional statesmen as we see in the present Ministry; and yet, compare the England of that day—one-eighth less in population, scarcely much more than half as rich, as at present—compare that England with this, and will all the boastful leaders of the 'Times' reconcile you to the difference? We were ready with the pistol in 1808; we were ready with it, also, after the rupture of the peace at Amiens; and ready enough in 1815, too, when we played for the heaviest stake we had ever ventured.

For myself, I'd rather have seen Napier's fleet come back from the Baltic, shot-struck and disabled, with damaged rigging and smashed bulwarks, to tell that they had found the Russians tough customers—able to give as good as they took—than see them sail into the Downs without a spar injured or a block missing, and hear that the channels were intricate and the forts ugly, and that, all things considered, it was just as well to have nothing to do with them. Nelson found his way through more tortuous windings, in that self-same sea, to find at the end very different batteries from those of Sweborg or Bommersund; but he was one of those who were "ready with the pistol."

I do not believe that the Nation at large is anything but what it always was. I am convinced that to-morrow we could count upon every great quality of noble heroism and daring that have given us our name in history.

But we want a little of that indiscipline of our fathers—that resistance to dictation, let it come from press or public—that haughty spirit which did not stop to count the cost when an insult was to be wiped out, and which, if it occasionally led us into embarrassments, ended by making our nation the freest and the foremost of Europe. Say what we may, we are not a military people, and the best proof of it is this—that we never can fight unless we are angry. I half wish that we were a little angry now, if only that one result should follow, and that we could show the world that the time is not gone by when we could be "ready with the pistol."

But one word more. I am not indifferent to—I am deeply grateful for—the improved tone of our civilisation, by which we have suppressed the fire-eater and put down the bully. I know of nothing so creditable to our manners, as that tacit understanding amongst all gentlemen, that the ruffian is not to be tolerated who, on the strength of his skill with a pistol, presumes to lord it over society. I think that by this step alone we have established an indisputable right to declare that we have made some progress in civilisation.

I think, too, it is an immense gain to good breeding, and consequently to the enjoyment of all

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social intercourse, that, instead of, as formerly, merging all question of right and wrong in a hostile meeting, men are obliged nowadays to stand forth before the world—not alone to vindicate their characters for honour and honesty, but for good temper and for forbearance.

We have got thus far in England, and I would only say, let us not imperil this immense boon by presuming too far on its benefits; and, above all, let us not forget that this great change in manners has made but little progress beyond the limits of our own country, and is still as essentially English as our Habeas Corpus, our bitter beer, or our beef. Foreigners, let it be remembered, will neither understand nor give us credit for it. If there is anything in our ways and habits totally above their comprehension, it is our system—whether in political or social life—of dispensing with checks. That public opinion can keep the peace in the street and in the *salon* is a hopeless riddle to them. And now I have done, I trust not to be misunderstood, and that they who have had the patience to follow me, will see when and why I deem a "man should be ready with the pistol."

THE UNLUCKY NUMBER.

There are certain "Shams"—I hate the word, for it is a pet one of the greatest of all shams—which the world is at last getting weary of. Diplomatic councils! The veriest tyro in the study of human nature must know the hopelessness of bringing men to discuss a subject of direct interest to themselves. Of the thirteen wise men who formed the late Conference, each had a distinct and separate object to attain. To take the principals: Denmark desired not to be dismembered; Prussia wished not only to dismember, but to absorb a large proportion of the fragments; Austria had assisted at the dismemberment only to show the rest of Germany that she was as patriotic as Prussia, and could be as brutal, as unjust, and as fond of pillage, as if she had been a Lutheran state; England endeavoured to keep the peace, because in no possible eventuality could war give her anything except an increase to her debt; while France, whose whole object has been for years past the spread of distrust through Europe, the rupture of the ties that once bound nations together, and more especially the complete isolation of England—France looked on delighted at the grand imbroglio, well knowing that the time of anarchy was coming, when she could seize on the spoils. Her "dignified reserve," as the 'Moniteur' so beautifully styles it, reminds me of a scene I once witnessed in a Mississippi steamer. There was, as is usual, a large party engaged at play in the cabin—very high play—stimulated by strong passion and strong drink; and a dispute arose as to the rightful winner of the pool. The discussion was very violent, the language used of the strongest, and intimations were exchanged that when once on shore the matter should be determined by an appeal to something besides words—when suddenly an immensely large man, so tall that he towered by a head above his fellows, arose, and, drawing himself up to his full height, cried out, "I'll have none of this! Here's how it's to be;" and he struck the table with his fist a blow that made it resound. "Every gentleman in this cabin has his revolver and his bowie-knife: let us put out the lights, and see who'll have the money!" It is needless to say how quickly the proposal scattered the company.

Now, the Conference we have just witnessed did not end without results because the Danes were obstinate, or the Prussians inordinate in their demands, or the Austrians undecided whether to out-

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rage England or the "Bund." The Conference was a failure simply because France would take no part in its deliberations. France was there to be the dignified spectator of an unruly discussion—the one calm, well-bred individual in a brawling company. While one screamed the "Schlei!" and another yelled the "Dannewerk!" France only smiled blandly on each, gently hinting how honourable were all strong convictions, and how refreshing it was to witness such ardour in an age that had been reproached with its cold infidelity. She saw, in fact, that by simply waiting "the lights would be put out," and she knew who'd get the money.

The "power of the unknown number is incommensurable," was a maxim of the First Napoleon, and in the reserve—in the unexpressed determination—of the present Emperor, lies all his weight at this moment. The press of Germany assures him that the hour is coming in which he will destroy for ever the boasted maritime supremacy of England, and humble the Power that has so long been mistress of the seas. The English papers assure him that he may have the Rhine for the asking! and thus this accident of an accident, by our unstatesmanlike courses, by our want of foresight, and our utter forgetfulness of even late history, is now the master of Europe.

We have done for this man all that genius, which he has not, and all that craft, which he has, could possibly have done for him. We have broken up all the coalitions which years of common danger had cemented, and the friendships we had pledged when fighting side by side for the same cause; we have made him great, not from any qualities of greatness in himself, but because we brought ourselves so low that we stand humbled before him.

All that the great Emperor could not do with his genius, the little Emperor has done by our folly. What the grandest conceptions and the greatest calculations failed to accomplish, we have brought about by the insensate stupidity of not believing that an insignificant intellect may become dominant in an age of mediocrity, and that there are eras in life in which the craft of a conspirator can take the place of the statesman. I am quite sure we ought never to have gone to war about Denmark. Her cause was not at any time one of that clear, palpable, unmistakable nature that justifies going to war for. It would have been like trying to settle a case in equity by a duel! The Danish question was precisely one for a Chancery suit, and it might have followed the fortunes of one if it had not been that a very small Prussian, M. Bismarck, had got into his head the ambition of being a great Minister. To turn off the attention of the Radicals at home he got up the row abroad; and *we*, instead of aiding the Liberal party, as we might and ought to have done, by unmasking his roguery, and showing that the attack on Denmark was a mere fraud,—we actually took him at his word, and affected to believe him to be the advanced-guard of German Liberalism, the herald of that mighty spirit that comes out every fifty years or so, to sing, "Wo ist das Deutsches Vaterland?" Dumas tells us somewhere of a mayor in France that endowed his native town with a lake, but which, as it was only three inches deep at its deepest part, nobody would accept as a real piece of water, till one day, by some accident, a wild duck, a solitary bird of eccentric taste, actually descended and alighted on the pond; taking it, as he quaintly says, "au sérieux." From that hour the mayor's triumph was assured. Now Lord Russell performed the wild duck to M. Bismarck's lake; and had he never gone paddling there, the water would have dried up long ago, and the stench of the swamp would have kept off all invaders.

Bismarck never believed in Schleswig-Holstein any more than the

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mayor believed in the water. It was that "Duck" of ours did it all. Why won't he keep to his own puddles, where he can do no mischief?

"I told you it was water," screams Bismarck; "and you see I was right. Look at Russell: he is come down to bathe in it." This was the beginning of the mess. The second stage was a speech—an extra-parliamentary utterance, as the 'Times,' with a superfetation of bad phraseology, styles it. Now, whether it be some old remnant of the public school that survives in our statesmen or not, I cannot say, but certainly vacation always seems too much for them; and when the parliamentary "half" is over, they appear to take leave of their wits. It was at such a moment as this the Foreign Secretary told Russia she had forfeited her claim to Poland, and also informed Germany that on the day she attacked Denmark, she'd find somebody else in the Baltic that she didn't look for.

Now, this was all Bismarck wanted. To make Germany believe that his little war was a great national movement, was his real difficulty. To persuade the forty millions of beer-drinking dreamers that somebody had said something disrespectful of *sauer kraut* was not an easy task. No one in Europe troubles his head much about Germany in ordinary times, and to imagine that they would get up a fervour about freedom, and lash themselves into an ecstasy on the subject of liberty, seemed as likely as that the hippopotamus in the Zoological Gardens should insist on being permitted to dance on the tight-rope.

The German devotion to liberty —this sudden uprising in favour of freedom—is somewhat droll; but Alphonse Karr says that "the liberty of the press is indescribably dear to that interesting portion of the population who can't read;" so, possibly, it is the unknown that gives the charm to this German infatuation, as "distance lends enchantment to the view."

At all events, they got up a white-heat patriotism. It glowed, it flared, and it sputtered all the more vigorously, perhaps, that France only smiled and said, "How picturesque!" When one of the minor theatres parodied the Italian drama, it was Paul Bedford performed the part of Medea. It is needless to say what a shock such a travestie gave to all who really enjoyed the great personation of Ristori. In exactly the same taste and spirit do we see the new piece, the regeneration of Germany, announced—the part of Garibaldi by M. Bismarck.

Now to give an illustration. If the late Mr Palmer of Rugely, some days after his conviction, had expressed a strong desire to be elected President of the Humane Society, would not the ambition have excited some question at least as to his motives? And in the name of all common sense, was not Bismarck just as notorious as Palmer? was there anything that the one had not done to extinguish life that the other had not tried to stifle liberty? Palmer laughed at and derided the tests employed to unmask him; so did Bismarck. Palmer made "his book" to win by putting his antagonist out of the way—so did Bismarck. I only wish I could carry my comparison farther. At all events, would it not have been possible to show the German people—I don't mean the narrow-minded Berlin folk, the smallest, meanest, most poor-spirited population I ever encountered, but the great kraut-eating, solid, and, in the main, right-hearted German nation—that this man Bismarck meant no good by them? He was like a man encouraging a mob to attack a smith's shop that he might obtain the handcuffs to put on his followers afterwards. By what freak of imagination could any one convert him who had defied the Parliament, and threatened to impose taxation by a royal edict, into an apostle of Liberty?

What were our Ministers and

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envoys doing in Germany not to have shown our Foreign Office the danger that was impending, and the urgent necessity there existed for promptly unmasking this man's designs, and showing the great German people that he could never be taken as the exponent of their wishes—the representative of their hopes?

It must be owned that the Whigs have a sort of knack of this kind of bungling. When Daniel O'Connell had stamped himself as a rebel, the Whig Government of the day whitewashed him into a patriot; and now that Bismarck has outraged the Chamber and denounced the Constitution, our Ministers have stepped in with a bill of indemnity, and agreed to regard him as the incarnate soul of an awakened Germany. And as if this was not enough, they have, by holding out false hopes to Denmark, encouraged a resistance, to overcome which, has converted Bismarck into a hero!

When the history of our time shall be written, it will puzzle posterity to account for the amount of influence wielded in it by men so palpably third-rate in ability, nor will the riddle be explained without adverting to the calibre of those who opposed them. Then will it be seen how small was the stature that ranked as a giant amongst pigmies.

Still, no great cleverness was needed either to detect this fraud or unmask it; and I would ask, What were our envoys doing in Germany? Why did they not neutralise this man's influence? Why not expose the rotten treachery by which he was entrapping the nation into a war whose only issue must be its own subjugation? And why did our own Foreign Office accept him in the character of a liberator?

The simple truth is, we were out-manœuvred and jockeyed. We wanted to bully the Diet, and called in the assistance of Prussia; but "the man in blue" was not a policeman, as we believed, but the chief of the gang, and the very first to rob the premises.

Having told the Danes that they should not be left to themselves, it was somewhat difficult to get out of our scrape when the time of trial approached. We did this, however, ingeniously. We made proposals to them, as the price of our friendship, so humiliating that we deemed them impossible of acceptance. They disappointed us; they agreed to everything. The Allies, however, seeing that Denmark was to be disposed of by auction, outbid us, and we gave up the lot that had been actually knocked down to us.

We then called for a Conference. The word Congress was not palatable; and as modest people put "tea" on their cards when they mean an evening party, we only said Conference, not Congress.

Let any one imagine thirteen men, quibblers by profession, and obstructive through the force of habit, met together to agree on a question where each had a strong interest in differing from all the rest, and where any possible plan could never have the approval of more than the man who proposed it. Let him figure to his mind thirteen nationalities stimulated by all their characteristic prejudices, and goaded on by the language, more or less inflammatory, of their respective newspapers, and say whether these deliberations were likely to lead to peace.

Through the fragments that have reached us we can form some notion of the task of him whose doings most nearly concern us — our Foreign Secretary; and certainly no man ever seemed more inexhaustible in resources of which nobody cared to avail himself. Whatever he proposed was immediately scouted. He recommended a line of demarcation—neither side would hear of it; he suggested another—they got sulky and refused it; he counselled an arbitration, and named the arbiter—and immediately the company got up and walked home.

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Now, while all this was going on—and remember, it was not our quarrel at all; we had only lent our front parlour to the gentlemen who were to settle it — we were made the mark of all the abuse and vituperation of Europe. For a while, indeed, it startled us to be called braggarts and bullies, faithless allies and treacherous friends; but we got accustomed to even worse, and grew to see ourselves written down cowards in that guttural language whose most endearing word sounds like an imprecation.

If we burned and destroyed every old rotten Prussian town in the Baltic to-morrow — no very great achievement—it would no more repay us for all the insolence that we have put up with, than does the infliction of a forty-shilling fine on the cabman recompense the gentleman whom he has blackguarded for an hour in a crowded thoroughfare.

The Germans are not bad people, but they are *grob*, which is something more than rude, something compounded of insolence and stupidity. The fraction of right they had in this quarrel excited their imaginations; their success in arms, like all unaccustomed sensations, turned their heads completely, for though Döppel was on a hill, it was so unlike Jena!

We fared badly in the negotiations, and came ill out of the Conference. We are insulted, outraged, and reviled from one end of the Continent to the other. We are told that our influence is ended in Europe, and that the sooner we recognise our position as a fourth-rate Power the happier will it be for us. Our fair-spoken ally, France, too, who has had good words for everybody—pity for the Danes and praise for the Prussians—tells us that in our aquatic capacity we may make some noise, but as a terrestrial people we are nothing, and that in our "little war," if we make one, nobody need be inconvenienced; and yet with all this—not very pleasant to bear—I agree, provided we do not go to war against Germany, and thus offer our open flank to the assault of an ally far more dangerous than all our enemies. The Germans will one day get over their indigestion. Much ought to be forgiven to the eaters of *sauer kraut*. They will recover, not their good manners, for they have lost none, but their good-humour, which they once had; they will see that they have been cheated by their own leaders, and will make a sort of *amende* to us in some stupid way of their own. But the French will hate as they have always hated us; and their Emperor, if the hour comes that he can slip his bloodhounds against us, will attach to his name and his dynasty a loyalty that all the conquests of the Continent would never bring him.

If the fight is to come, let it be a fair one; let us not come into the ring with an arm tied; and for this reason I say, No war with Germany, nor any Continental war in which France has not pronounced the side she takes.

Above all, no little wars; and the best way to avoid them is, no Conferences. I know something of the sort of people who assemble at these councils; and I declare solemnly, I do not think there is a question in religion, ethics, or even art, that thirteen diplomatists could discuss without thirteen separate and divergent opinions.

Their profession, if we may dignify their calling by the name, teaches little beyond hair-splitting; and the highest ambition of any is, to connect his name with some treaty or some convention that may hand him down, in connection with another like himself, to a posterity that in all likelihood will be grateful to neither of them. Imagine thirteen doctors consulting over a patient, of whom a large majority would rather that the sick man should die, and you have some idea of the late Conference at London.

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CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

PART XIV.—CHAPTER XLIII.

THESE were eventful days in Grange Lane, when gossip was not nearly rapid enough to follow the march of events. When Mr Wentworth went to lunch with his family, the two sisters kept together in the drawing-room, which seemed again re-consecrated to the purposes of life. Lucy had not much inclination just at that moment to move out of her chair; she was not sociable, to tell the truth, nor disposed to talk even about the new prospects which were brightening over both. She even took out her needlework, to the disgust of her sister. "When there are so many things to talk about, and so much to be considered," Miss Wodehouse said, with a little indignation; and wondered within herself whether Lucy was really insensible to "what had happened," or whether the sense of duty was strong upon her little sister even in the height of her happiness. A woman of greater experience or discrimination might have perceived that Lucy had retired into that sacred silence, sweetest of all youthful privileges, in which she could dream over to herself the wonderful hour which had just come to an end, and the fair future of which it was the gateway. As for Miss Wodehouse herself, she was in a flutter, and could not get over the sense of haste and confusion which this last new incident had brought upon her. Things were going too fast around her, and the timid woman was out of breath. Lucy's composure at such a moment, and, above all, the production of her needlework, was beyond the comprehension of the elder sister.

"My dear," said Miss Wodehouse, with an effort, "I don't doubt that these poor people are badly off, and I am sure it is very good of you to work for them; but if you will only think how many things there are to do! My darling, I am afraid you will have to—to make your own dresses in future, which is what I never thought to see," she said, putting her handkerchief to her eyes; "and we have not had any talk about anything, Lucy, and there are so many things to think of!" Miss Wodehouse, who was moving about the room as she spoke, began to lift her own books and special property off the centre table. The books were principally ancient Annuals in pretty bindings, which no representation on Lucy's part could induce her to think out of date; and among her other possessions was a little desk in Indian mosaic, of ivory, which had been an institution in the house from Lucy's earliest recollection. "And these are yours, Lucy dear," said Miss Wodehouse, standing up on a chair to take down from the wall two little pictures which hung side by side. They were copies both, and neither of great value; one representing the San Sisto Madonna, and the other a sweet St Agnes, whom Lucy had in her earlier days taken to her heart. Lucy's slumbering attention was roused by this sacrilegious act. She gave a little scream, and dropped her work out of her hands.

"What do I mean?" said Miss Wodehouse; "indeed, Lucy dear, we must look it in the face. It is not our drawing-room any longer, you know." Here she made a pause, and sighed; but somehow a vision of the other drawing-room which was awaiting her in the new rectory, made the prospect less doleful than it might have been. She cleared up in a surprising way as she turned to look at her own property on the table. "My cousin Jack gave me this," said the gentle woman, brushing a little dust off her pretty desk. "When it came

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first, there was nothing like it in Carlingford, for that was before Colonel Chiley and those other Indian people had settled here. Jack was rather fond of me in those days, you know, though I never cared for him," the elder sister continued, with a smile. "Poor fellow! they said he was not very happy when he married." Though this was rather a sad fact, Miss Wodehouse announced it not without a certain gentle satisfaction. "And, Lucy dear, it is our duty to put aside our own things; they were all presents, you know," she said, standing up on the chair again to reach down the St Agnes, which, ever since Lucy had been confirmed, had hung opposite to her on the wall.

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried Lucy. In that little bit of time, not more than five minutes as it appeared, the familiar room, which had just heard the romance of her youth, had come to have a dismantled and desolated look. The agent of this destruction, who saw in her mind's eye a new scene, altogether surpassing the old, looked complacently upon her work, and piled the abstracted articles on the top of each other, with a pleasant sense of property.

"And your little chair and work-table are yours," said Miss Wodehouse; "they were always considered yours. You worked the chair yourself, though perhaps Miss Gibbons helped you a little; and the table, you know, was sent home the day you were eighteen. It was —a present, you remember. Don't cry, my darling, don't cry; oh, I am sure I did not mean anything!" cried Miss Wodehouse, putting down the St Agnes and flying to her sister, about whom she threw her arms. "My hands are all dusty, dear," said the repentant woman; "but you know, Lucy, we must look it in the face, for it is not our drawing-room now. Tom may come in any day and say—oh, dear, dear, here is some one coming upstairs!"

Lucy extricated herself from her sister's arms when she heard footsteps outside. "If it is anybody who has a right to come, I suppose we are able to receive them," she said, and sat erect over her needlework, with a changed countenance, not condescending so much as to look towards the door.

"But what if it should be Tom? Oh, Lucy dear, don't be uncivil to him," said the elder sister. Miss Wodehouse even made a furtive attempt to replace the things, in which she was indignantly stopped by Lucy. "But, my dear, perhaps it is Tom," said the alarmed woman, and sank trembling into a chair against the St Agnes, which had just been deposited there.

"It does not matter who it is," said Lucy, with dignity. For her own part, she felt too much aggrieved to mention his name—aggrieved by her own ignorance, by the deception that had been practised upon her, by the character of the man whom she was obliged to call her brother, and chiefly by his existence, which was the principal grievance of all. Lucy's brief life had been embellished, almost ever since she had been capable of independent action, by deeds and thoughts of mercy. With her whole heart she was a disciple of Him who came to seek the lost; notwithstanding, a natural human sentiment in her heart protested against the existence of this man, who had brought shame and distress into the family without any act of theirs, and who injured everybody he came in contact with. When the thought of Rosa Elsworthy occurred to her, a burning blush came upon Lucy's cheek — why were such men permitted in God's world? To be sure, when she came to be aware of what she was thinking, Lucy felt guilty, and called herself a Pharisee, and said a prayer in her heart for the man who had upset all her cherished ideas of her family and home; but, after all, *that* was an afterthought, and did not alter her instinctive sense of repulsion and indignation. All this swept rapidly through her

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mind while she sat awaiting the entrance of the person or persons who were approaching the door. "If it is the—the owner of the house, it will be best to tell him what things you mean to remove," said Lucy; and before Miss Wodehouse could answer, the door was opened. They started, however, to perceive not Wodehouse, but a personage of very different appearance, who came in with an easy air of polite apology, and looked at them with eyes which recalled to Lucy the eyes which had been gazing into her own scarcely an hour ago. "Pardon me," said this unlooked-for visitor; "your brother, Miss Wodehouse, finds some difficulty in explaining himself to relations from whom he has been separated so long. Not to interfere with family privacy, will you let me assist at the conference?" said Jack Wentworth. "My brother, I understand, is a friend of yours, and your brother—is a—hem—a friend of mine," the diplomatist added, scarcely able to avoid making a wry face over the statement. Wodehouse came in behind, looking an inch or two taller for that acknowledgment, and sat down, confronting his sisters, who were standing on the defensive. The heir, too, had a strong sense of property, as was natural, and the disarrangement of the room struck him in that point of view, especially as Miss Wodehouse continued to prop herself up against the St Agnes in the back of her chair. Wodehouse looked from the wall to the table, and saw what appeared to him a clear case of intended spoliation. "By Jove, they didn't mean to go empty-handed," said the vagabond, who naturally judged according to his own standard, and knew no better. Upon which Lucy, rising with youthful state and dignity, took the explanation upon herself.

"I do not see why we should have the mortification of a spectator," said Lucy, who already, having been engaged three-quarters of an hour, felt deeply disinclined to reveal the weak points of her own family to the inspection of the Wentworths. "All that there is to explain can be done very simply. Thank you, I will not sit down. Up to this time we may be allowed to imagine ourselves in our own —in our father's house. What we have to say is simple enough."

"But pardon me, my dear Miss Wodehouse——" said Jack Wentworth.

"My sister is Miss Wodehouse," said Lucy. "What there is to settle had better be arranged with our —our brother. If he will tell us precisely when he wishes us to go away, we shall be ready. Mary is going to be married," she went on, turning round so as to face Wodehouse, and addressing him pointedly, though she did not look at him—to the exclusion of Jack, who, experienced man as he was, felt disconcerted, and addressed himself with more precaution to a task which was less easy than he supposed.

"Oh, Lucy!" cried Miss Wodehouse, with a blush worthy of eighteen. It was perhaps the first time that the fact had been so broadly stated, and the sudden announcement made before two men overwhelmed the timid woman. Then she was older than Lucy, and had picked up in the course of her career one or two inevitable scraps of experience, and she could not but wonder with a momentary qualm what Mr Proctor might think of his brother-in-law. Lucy, who thought Mr Proctor only too well off, went on without regarding her sister's exclamation.

"I do not know when the marriage is to be—I don't suppose they have fixed it yet," said Lucy; "but it appears to me that it would save us all some trouble if we were allowed to remain until that time. I do not mean to ask any favour," she said, with a little more sharpness and less dignity. "We could pay rent for that matter, if—if it were desired. She is your sister,"

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said Lucy, suddenly looking Wodehouse in the face, "as well as mine. I daresay she has done as much for you as she has for me. I don't ask any favour for her—but I would cut off my little finger if that would please her," cried the excited young woman, with a wildness of illustration so totally out of keeping with the matter referred to, that Miss Wodehouse, in the midst of her emotion, could scarcely restrain a scream of terror; "and you too might be willing to do something; you cannot have any kind of feeling for me," Lucy continued, recovering herself; "but you might perhaps have some feeling for Mary. If we can be permitted to remain until her marriage takes place, it may perhaps bring about—a feeling—more like—relations; and I shall be able to——"

"Forgive you," Lucy was about to say, but fortunately stopped herself in time; for it was the fact of his existence that she had to forgive, and naturally such an amount of toleration was difficult to explain. As for Wodehouse himself, he listened to this appeal with very mingled feelings. Some natural admiration and liking woke in his dull mind as Lucy spoke. He was not destitute of good impulses, nor of the ordinary human affections. His little sister was pretty, and a lady, and clever enough to put Jack Wentworth much more in the background than usual. He said "By Jove" to himself three or four times over in his beard, and showed a little emotion when she said he could have no feeling for her. At that point of Lucy's address he moved about uneasily in his chair, and plucked at his beard, and felt himself anything but comfortable. "By Jove, I never had a chance," the prodigal said, in his undertone. "I might have cared a deal for her if I had had a chance. She might have done a fellow good, by Jove," mutterings of which Lucy took no manner of notice, but proceeded with her speech. When she had ended, and it became apparent that an answer was expected of him, Wodehouse flushed all over with the embarrassment of the position. He cleared his throat, he shifted his eyes, which were embarrassed by Lucy's gaze, he pushed his chair from the table, and made various attempts to collect himself, but at last ended by a pitiful appeal to Jack Wentworth, who had been looking seriously on. "You might come to a fellow's assistance!" cried Wodehouse. "By Jove, it was for that you came here."

"The Miss Wodehouses evidently prefer to communicate with their brother direct," said Jack Wentworth, "which is a very natural sentiment. If I interfere, it is simply because I have had the advantage of talking the matter over, and understanding a little what you mean. Miss Wodehouse, your brother is not disposed to act the part of a domestic tyrant. He has come here to offer you the house, which must have so many tender associations for you, not for a short period, as you wish, but for——"

"I didn't know she was going to be married," exclaimed Wodehouse—"that makes all the difference, by Jove. Lucy will marry fast enough; but as for Mary, I never thought she would hook any one at her time of life," said the vagabond, with a rude laugh. He turned to Lucy, not knowing any better, and with some intention of pleasing her; but being met by a look of indignation under which he faltered, he went back to his natural rôle of sulky insolence. "By Jove, when I gave in to make such an offer, I never thought she had a chance of getting married," said the heir. "I ain't going to give what belongs to me to another man——"

"Your brother wishes," said Jack Wentworth, calmly, "to make over the house and furniture as it stands to you and your sister, Miss Wodehouse. Of course it is not to be expected that he should be sorry to get his father's property; but he is sorry that there should be no—no

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provision for you. He means that you should have the house——"

"But I never thought she was going to be married, by Jove," protested the rightful owner. "Look here, Molly; you shall have the furniture. The house would sell for a good bit of money. I tell you, Wentworth——"

Jack Wentworth did not move from the mantelpiece where he was standing, but he cast a glance upon his unlucky follower which froze the words on his lips. "My good fellow, you are quite at liberty to decline my mediation in your affairs. Probably you can manage them better your own way," said Wodehouse's hero. "I can only beg the Miss Wodehouses to pardon my intrusion." Jack Wentworth's first step towards the door let loose a flood of nameless terrors upon the soul of his victim. If he were abandoned by his powerful protector, what would become of him? His very desire of money, and the avarice which prompted him to grudge making any provision for his sisters, was, after all, not real avarice, but the spendthrift's longing for more to spend. The house which he was sentenced to give up represented not so much gold and silver, but so many pleasures, fine dinners, and bad company. He could order the dinners by himself, it is true, and get men like himself to eat them; but the fine people—the men who had once been fine, and who still retained a certain tarnished glory—were, so far as Wodehouse was concerned, entirely in Jack Wentworth's keeping. He made a piteous appeal to his patron as the great man turned to go away.

"I don't see what good it can do *you* to rob a poor fellow!" cried Wodehouse. "But look here, I ain't going to turn against your advice. I'll give it them, by Jove, for life—that is, for Mary's life," said the munificent brother. "She's twenty years older than Lucy——"

"How do you dare to subject us to such insults?" cried the indignant Lucy, whose little hand clenched involuntarily in her passion. She had a great deal of self-control, but she was not quite equal to such an emergency; and it was all she could do to keep from stamping her foot, which was the only utterance of rage possible to a gentlewoman in her position. "I would rather see my father's house desecrated by you living in it," she cried, passionately, "than accept it as a gift from your hands. Mary, we are not obliged to submit to this. Let us rather go away at once. I will not remain in the same room with this man!" cried Lucy. She was so overwhelmed with her unwonted passion that she lost all command of the position, and even of herself, and was false for the moment to all her sweet codes of womanly behaviour. "How dare you, sir!" she cried, in the sudden storm, for which nobody was prepared. "We will remove the things belonging to us, with which nobody has any right to interfere, and we will leave immediately. Mary, come with me!" When she had said this, Lucy swept out of the room, pale as a little fury, and feeling in her heart a savage female inclination to strike Jack Wentworth, who opened the door for her, with her little white clenched hand. Too much excited to remark whether her sister had followed her, Lucy ran up-stairs to her room, and there gave way to the inevitable tears. Coming to herself after that was a terribly humbling process to the little Anglican. She had never fallen into "a passion" before that she knew of, certainly never since nursery times; and often enough her severe serene girlhood had looked reproving and surprised upon the tumults of Prickett's Lane, awing the belligerents into at least temporary silence. Now poor Lucy sat and cried over her downfall; she had forgotten herself; she had been conscious of an inclination to stamp, to scold, even to strike, in the vehemence of her indignation;

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and she was utterly overpowered by the thought of her guiltiness. "The very first temptation!" she said to herself; and made terrible reflections upon her own want of strength and endurance. To-day, too, of all days, when God had been so good to her! "If I yield to the first temptation like this, how shall I ever endure to the end?" cried Lucy, and in her heart thought, with a certain longing, of the sacrament of penance, and tried to think what she could do that would be most disagreeable—to the mortifying of the flesh. Perhaps if she had possessed a more lively sense of humour, another view of the subject might have struck Lucy; but humour, fortunately for the unity of human sentiment, is generally developed at a later period of life, and Lucy's fit of passion only made her think with greater tenderness and toleration of her termagants in Prickett's Lane.

The three who were left downstairs were in their different ways impressed by Lucy's passion. Jack Wentworth, being a man of humour and cultivation, was amused, but respectful, as having still a certain faculty of appreciating absolute purity when he saw it. As for Wodehouse, he gave another rude laugh, but was cowed in spite of himself, and felt involuntarily what a shabby wretch he was, recognising that fact more impressively from the contempt of Lucy's pale face than he could have done through hours of argument. Miss Wodehouse, for her part, though very anxious and nervous, was not without an interest in the question under discussion. *She* was not specially horrified by her brother, or anything he could say or do. He was Tom to her—a boy with whom she had once played, and whom she had shielded with all her sisterly might in his first transgressions. She had suffered a great deal more by his means than Lucy could ever suffer, and consequently was more tolerant of him. She kept her seat with the St Agnes in the chair behind, and watched the course of events with anxious steadiness. She did not care for money any more than Lucy did; but she could not help thinking it would be very pleasant if she could produce one good action on "poor Tom's" part to plead for him against any possible criticisms of the future. Miss Wodehouse was old enough to know that her Rector was not an ideal hero, but an ordinary man, and it was quite possible that he might point a future moral now and then with "that brother of yours, my dear." The elder sister waited accordingly, with her heart beating quick, to know the decision, very anxious that she might have at least one generous deed to record to the advantage of poor Tom.

"I think we are quite decided on the point," said Jack Wentworth. "Knowing your sentiments, Wodehouse, I left directions with Waters about the papers. I think you will find him quite to be trusted, Miss Wodehouse, if you wish to consult him about letting or selling——"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Wodehouse, under his breath.

"Which, I suppose," continued the superb Jack, "you will wish to do under the pleasant circumstances, upon which I beg to offer you my congratulations. Now, Tom, my good fellow, I am at your service. I think we have done our business here."

Wodehouse got up in his sulking reluctant way like a lazy dog. "I suppose you won't try to move the furniture now?" he said. These were the only adieux he intended to make, and perhaps they might have been expressed with still less civility, had not Jack Wentworth been standing waiting for him at the door.

"Oh, Tom! I am so thankful you have done it," cried Miss Wodehouse. "It is not that I care for the money; but oh, Tom, I am so glad to think nobody can say anything now." She followed them

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wistfully to the door, not giving up hopes of a kinder parting. "I think it is very kind and nice of you, and what dear papa would have wished," said the elder sister, forgetting how all her father's plans had been brought to nothing; "and of course you will live here all the same?" she said, with a little eagerness, "that is till—till—as long as we are here——"

"Good-bye, Miss Wodehouse," said Jack Wentworth. "I don't think either your brother or I will stay much longer in Carlingford. You must accept my best wishes for your happiness all the same."

"You are very kind, I am sure," said the embarrassed bride; "and oh, Tom, you will surely say good-bye? Say good-bye once as if you meant it; don't go away as if you did not care. Tom, I always was very fond of you; and don't you feel a little different to us, now you've done us a kindness?" cried Miss Wodehouse, going out after him to the landing-place. But Wodehouse was in no humour to be gracious. Instead of paying any attention to her, he looked regretfully at the property he had lost.

"Good-bye," he said, vaguely. "By Jove! I know better than Jack Wentworth does the value of property. We might have had a jolly month at Homburg out of that old place," said the prodigal, with regret, as he went down the old-fashioned oak stair. That was his farewell to the house which he had entered so disastrously on the day of his father's funeral. He followed his leader with a sulky aspect through the garden, not venturing to disobey, but yet feeling the weight of his chains. And this was how Wodehouse accomplished his personal share in the gift to his sisters, of which Miss Wodehouse told everybody that it was "so good of Tom!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

"Going to be married!" said the Squire; "and to a sister of ——. I thought you told me she was as old as Dora, Frank? I did not expect to meet with any further complications," the old man said, plaintively; "of course you know very well I don't object to your marrying; but why on earth did you let me speak of Wentworth Rectory to Huxtable?" cried Mr Wentworth. He was almost more impatient about this new variety in the family circumstances than he had been of more serious distresses. "God bless me, sir," said the Squire, "what do you mean by it? You take means to affront your aunts and lose Skelmersdale; and then you put it into my head to have Mary at Wentworth; and then you quarrel with the Rector, and get into hot water in Carlingford; and, to make an end of all, you coolly propose to an innocent young woman, and tell me you are going to marry—what on earth do you mean?"

"I am going to marry some time, sir, I hope," said the Perpetual Curate, with more cheerfulness than he felt; "but not at the present moment. Of course we both know that is impossible. I should like you to come with me and see her before you leave Carlingford. She would like it, and so should I."

"Well, well," said the Squire. Naturally, having been married so often himself, he could not refuse a certain response to such a call upon his sympathy. "I hope you have made a wise choice," said the experienced father, not without a sigh; "a great deal depends upon that—not only your own comfort, sir, but very often the character of your children and the credit of the family. You may laugh," said Mr Wentworth, to whom it was no laughing matter; "but long before you are as old as I am, you will know the truth of what I say. Your mother, Frank, was a specimen of what a woman ought to be

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—not to speak of her own children, there was nobody else who ever knew how to manage Gerald and Jack. Of course I am not speaking of Mrs Wentworth, who has her nursery to occupy her," said the Squire, apologetically. "I hope you have made a judicious choice."

"I hope so too," said Frank, who was somewhat amused by this view of the question—"though I am not aware of having exercised any special choice in the matter," he added, with a laugh. "However, I want you to come with me and see her, and then you will be able to judge for yourself."

The Squire shook his head, and looked as if he had travelled back into the heavy roll of family distresses. "I don't mean to upbraid you, Frank," he said—"I daresay you have done what you thought was your duty—but I think you might have taken a little pains to satisfy your aunt Leonora. You see what Gerald has made of it, with all his decorations and nonsense. That is a dreadful drawback with you clergymen. You fix your eyes so on one point that you get to think things important that are not in the least important. Could you imagine a man of the world like Jack—he is not what I could wish, but still he is a man of the world," said the Squire, who was capable of contradicting himself with perfect composure without knowing it. "Can you imagine *him* risking his prospects for a bit of external decoration? I don't mind it myself," said Mr Wentworth, impartially—"I don't pretend to see, for my own part, why flowers at Easter should be considered more superstitious than holly at Christmas; but, bless my soul, sir, when your aunt thought so, what was the good of running right in her face for such a trifle? I never could understand you parsons," the Squire said, with an impatient sigh—"nobody, that I know of, ever considered me mercenary; but to ruin your own prospects, all for a trumpery bunch of flowers, and then to come and tell me you want to marry——"

This was before luncheon, when Frank and his father were together in the dining-room waiting for the other members of the family, who began to arrive at this moment, and prevented any farther discussion. After all, perhaps, it was a little ungenerous of the Squire to press his son so hard on the subject of those innocent Easter lilies, long ago withered, which certainly, looked at from this distance, did not appear important enough to sacrifice any prospects for. This was all the harder upon the unfortunate Curate, as even at the time his conviction of their necessity had not proved equal to the satisfactory settlement of the question. Miss Wentworth's cook was an *artiste* so irreproachable that the luncheon provided was in itself perfect; but notwithstanding it was an uncomfortable meal. Miss Leonora, in consequence of the contest going on in her own mind, was in an explosive and highly dangerous condition, not safe to be spoken to; and as for the Squire, he could not restrain the chance utterances of his impatience. Frank, who did his best to make himself agreeable as magnanimity required, had the mortification of hearing himself discussed in different tones of disapprobation while he ate his cold beef; for Mr Wentworth's broken sentences were not long of putting the party in possession of the new event, and the Perpetual Curate found himself the object of many wondering and pitying glances, in none of which could he read pure sympathy, much less congratulation. Even Gerald looked at him with a little elevation of his eyebrows, as if wondering how anybody could take the trouble to occupy his mind with such trifling temporal affairs as love and marriage. It was a wonderful relief to the unfortunate Curate when Miss Leonora had finished her glass of madeira, and rose from the table. He had no inclination to go upstairs, for his own part. "When you are ready, sir, you will find me in

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the garden," he said to his father, who was to leave Carlingford next morning, and whom he had set his heart on taking to see Lucy. But his walk in the garden was far from being delightful to Frank. It even occurred to him, for a moment, that it would be a very good thing if a man could cut himself adrift from his relations at such a crisis of his life. After all, it was his own business—the act most essentially personal of his entire existence; and then, with a little softening, he began to think of the girls at home—of the little sister, who had a love-story of her own; and of Letty, who was Frank's favourite, and had often confided to him the enthusiasm she would feel for his bride. "If she is nice," Letty was in the habit of adding, "and of course she will be nice,"—and at that thought the heart of the young lover escaped, and put forth its wings, and went off into that heaven of ideal excellence and beauty, more sweet, because more vague, than anything real, which stands instead of the old working-day skies and clouds at such a period of life. He had to drop down from a great height, and get rid in all haste of his celestial pinions, when he heard his aunt Dora calling him; and his self-command was not sufficient to conceal, as he obeyed that summons, a certain annoyed expression in his face.

"Frank," said Miss Dora, coming softly after him with her handkerchief held over her head as a defence from the sun—"oh, Frank, I want to speak to you. I couldn't say anything at lunch because of everybody being there. If you would only stop a moment till I get my breath. Frank, my dear boy, I wish you joy. I do wish you joy with all my heart. I should so like just to go and kiss her, and tell her I shall love her for your sake."

"You will soon love her for her own sake," said Frank, to whom even this simple-minded sympathy was very grateful; "she is a great deal better than I am."

"There is just one thing," said Miss Dora. "Oh, Frank, my dear, you know I don't pretend to be clever, like Leonora, or able to give you advice; but there *is* one thing. You know you have nothing to marry upon, and all has gone wrong. You are not to have Wentworth, and you are not to have Skelmersdale, and I think the family is going out of its senses not to see who is the most worthy. You have got nothing to live upon, my dear, dear boy!" said Miss Dora, withdrawing the handkerchief from her head in the excitement of the moment to apply it to her eyes.

"That is true enough," said the Perpetual Curate; "but then we have not made up our minds that we must marry immediately——"

"Frank," said aunt Dora, with solemnity, breaking into his speech, "there is just *one* thing; and I can't hold my tongue, though it may be very foolish, and they will all say it is my fault." It was a very quiet summer-day, but still there was a faint rustle in the branches which alarmed the timid woman. She put her hand upon her nephew's arm, and hastened him on to the little summer-house in the wall, which was her special retirement. "Nobody ever comes here," said Miss Dora; "they will never think of looking for us here. I am sure I never interfere with Leonora's arrangements, nor take anything upon myself; but there is one thing, Frank——"

"Yes," said the Curate, "I understand what you mean: you are going to warn me about love in a cottage, and how foolish it would be to marry upon nothing; but, my dear aunt, we are not going to do anything rash; there is no such dreadful haste; don't be agitated about it," said the young man, with a smile. He was half amused and half irritated by the earnestness which almost took away the poor lady's breath.

"You *don't* know what I mean," said aunt Dora. "Frank, you know very well I never interfere; but I can't help being agitated when I see

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you on the brink of such a precipice. Oh, my dear boy, don't be over-persuaded. There *is* one thing, and I must say it if I should die." She had to pause a little to recover her voice, for haste and excitement had a tendency to make her inarticulate. "Frank," said Miss Dora again, more solemnly than ever, "whatever you may be obliged to do—though you were to write novels, or take pupils, or do translations—oh, Frank, don't look at me like that, as if I was going crazy. Whatever you may have to do, oh, my dear, there is one thing—don't go and break people's hearts, and put it off, and put it off, till it never happens!" cried the trembling little woman, with a sudden burst of tears. "Don't say you can wait, for you can't wait, and you oughtn't to!" sobbed Miss Dora. She subsided altogether into her handkerchief and her chair as she uttered this startling and wholly unexpected piece of advice, and lay there in a little heap, all dissolving and floating away, overcome with her great effort, while her nephew stood looking at her from a height of astonishment almost too extreme for wondering. If the trees could have found a voice and counselled his immediate marriage, he could scarcely have been more surprised.

"You think I am losing my senses too," said aunt Dora; "but that is because you don't understand me. Oh Frank, my dear boy, there was once a time!—perhaps everybody has forgotten it except me, but I have not forgotten it. They treated me like a baby, and Leonora had everything her own way. I don't mean to say it was not for the best," said the aggrieved woman. "I know everything is for the best, if we could but see it; and perhaps Leonora was right when she said I never could have struggled with—with a family, nor lived on a poor man's income. My dear, it was before your uncle Charley died; and when we became rich, it—didn't matter," said Miss Dora; "it was all over before then. Oh Frank! if I hadn't experience I wouldn't say a word. I don't interfere about your opinions, like Leonora. There is just *one* thing," cried the poor lady through her tears. Perhaps it was the recollection of the past which overcame Miss Dora, perhaps the force of habit which had made it natural for her to cry when she was much moved; but the fact is certain, that the Squire, when he came to the door of the summer-house in search of Frank, found his sister weeping bitterly, and his son making efforts to console her, in which some sympathy was mingled with a certain half-amusement. Frank, like Lucy, felt tempted to laugh at the elderly romance; and yet his heart expanded warmly to his tender little foolish aunt, who, after all, might once have been young and in love like himself, though it was so odd to realise it. Mr Wentworth, for his part, saw no humour whatever in the scene. He thought nothing less than that some fresh complication had taken place. Jack had committed some new enormity, or there was bad news from Charley in Malta, or unpleasant letters had come from home. "Bless my soul, sir, something new has happened," said the Squire; and he was scarcely reassured, when Miss Dora stumbled up from her chair in great confusion, and wiped the tears from her eyes. He was suspicious of this meeting in the summer-house, which seemed a quite unnecessary proceeding to Mr Wentworth; and though he flattered himself he understood women, he could not give any reasonable explanation to himself of Dora's tears.

"It is nothing, nothing at all," said Miss Dora: "it was not Frank's doing in the least; he is always so considerate, and such a dear fellow. Thank you, my dear boy; my head is a little better; I think I will go in and lie down," said the unlucky aunt. "You are not to mind me now, for I have quite got over my little attack; I always was so nervous," said Miss Dora; "and I sometimes wonder

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whether it isn't the Wentworth complaint coming on," she added, with a natural female artifice which was not without its effect.

"I wish you would not talk nonsense," said the Squire. "The Wentworth complaint is nothing to laugh at, but you are perfectly aware that it never attacks women." Mr Wentworth spoke with a little natural irritation, displeased to have his prerogative interfered with. When a man has all the suffering attendant upon a special complaint, it is hard not to have all the dignity. He felt so much and so justly annoyed by Miss Dora's vain pretensions, that he forgot his anxiety about the secret conference in the summer-house. "Women take such fantastic ideas into their heads," he said to his son as they went away together. "Your aunt Dora is the kindest soul in the world; but now and then, sir, she is very absurd," said the Squire. He could not get this presumptuous notion out of his head, but returned to it again and again, even after they had got into Grange Lane. "It has been in our family for two hundred years," said Mr Wentworth; "and I don't think there is a single instance of its attacking a woman—not even slightly, sir," the Squire added, with irritation, as if Frank had taken the part of the female members of the family, which indeed the Curate had no thought of doing.

Miss Dora, for her part, having made this very successful diversion, escaped to the house, and to her own room, where she indulged in a headache all the afternoon, and certain tender recollections which were a wonderful resource at all times to the soft-hearted woman. "Oh, my dear boy, don't be over-persuaded," she had whispered into Frank's ear as she left him; and her remonstrance, simple as it was, had no doubt produced a considerable effect upon the mind of the Perpetual Curate. He could not help thinking, as they emerged into the road, that it was chiefly the impatient and undutiful who secured their own happiness, or what they imagined to be their happiness. Those who were constant and patient, and able to deny themselves, instead of being rewarded for their higher qualities, were, on the contrary, put to the full test of the strength that was in them; while those who would not wait attained what they wanted, and on the whole, as to other matters, got on just as well as their stronger-minded neighbours. This germ of thought, it may be supposed, was stimulated into very warm life by the reflection that Lucy would have to leave Carlingford with her sister, without any definite prospect of returning again; and a certain flush of impatience came over the young man, not unnatural in the circumstances. It seemed to him that everybody else took their own way without waiting; and why should it be so certain that he alone, whose "way" implied harm to no one, should be the only man condemned to wait? Thus it will be seen that the "just one thing" insisted on by Miss Dora was far from being without effect on the mind of her nephew; upon whom, indeed, the events of the morning had wrought various changes of sentiment. When he walked up Grange Lane for the first time, it had been without any acknowledged intention of opening his mind to Lucy, and yet he had returned along the same prosaic and unsympathetic line of road her accepted lover; her accepted lover, triumphant in that fact, but without the least opening of any hope before him as to the conclusion of the engagement, which prudence had no hand in making. Now the footsteps of the Perpetual Curate fell firmly, not to say a little impatiently, upon the road over which he had carried so many varying thoughts. He was as penniless as ever, and as prospectless; but in the tossings of his natural impatience the young man had felt the reins hang loosely about his head, and knew that he was no more re-

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strained than other men, but might, if he chose it, have his way like the rest of the world. It was true enough that he might have to pay for it after, as other people had done; but in the mean time the sense that he was his own master was sweet, and to have his will for once seemed no more than his right in the world. While these rebellious thoughts were going on in the Curate's mind, his father, who suspected nothing, went steadily by his side, not without a little reluctance at thought of the errand on which he was bound. "But they can't marry for years, and nobody can tell what may happen in that time," Mr Wentworth said to himself, with the callousness of mature age, not suspecting the different ideas that were atloat in the mind of his son. Perhaps, on the whole, he was not sorry that Skelmersdale was destined otherwise, and that Huxtable had been spoken to about Wentworth Rectory; for, of course, Frank would have plunged into marriage at once if he had been possessed of anything to marry on; and it looked providential under the circumstances, as the Squire argued with himself privately, that at such a crisis the Perpetual Curate should have fallen between the two stools of possible preferment, and should be still obliged to content himself with St Roque's. It was hard for Mr Wentworth to reconcile himself to the idea that the wife of his favourite son should be the sister of ——; for the Squire forgot that his own girls were Jack Wentworth's sisters, and as such might be objected to in their turn by some other father. So the two gentlemen went to see Lucy, who was then in a very humble frame of mind, just recovered from her passion—one of them rather congratulating himself on the obstacles which lay before the young couple, the other tossing his youthful head a little in the first impulses of self-will, feeling the reins lie loose upon him, and making up his mind to have his own way.

CHAPTER XLV.

While Mr Frank Wentworth's affairs were thus gathering to a crisis, other events likely to influence his fate were also taking place in Carlingford. Breakfast had been served a full half-hour later than usual in the Rectory, which had not improved the temper of the household. Everything was going on with the most wonderful quietness in that well-arranged house; but it was a quietness which would have made a sensitive visitor uncomfortable, and which woke horrible private qualms in the mind of the Rector. As for Mrs Morgan, she fulfilled all her duties with a precision which was terrible to behold: instead of taking part in the conversation as usual, and having her own opinion, she had suddenly become possessed of such a spirit of meekness and acquiescence as filled her husband with dismay. The Rector was fond of his wife, and proud of her good sense, and her judgment, and powers of conversation. If she had been angry and found fault with him, he might have understood that mode of procedure; but as she was not angry, but only silent, the excellent man was terribly disconcerted, and could not tell what to do. He had done all he could to be conciliatory, and had already entered upon a great many explanations which had come to nothing for want of any response; and now she sat at the head of the table making tea with an imperturbable countenance, sometimes making little observations about the news, perfectly calm and dignified, but taking no part in anything more interesting, and turning off any reference that was made to her in the most skilful manner. "Mr Morgan knows I never take any part in the gossip of Carlingford," she said to Mr Proctor, with-

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out any intention of wounding that good man; and he who had been in the midst of something about Mr Wentworth came to an abrupt stop with a sense of having shown himself a gossip, which was very injurious to his dignity. The late Rector, indeed, occupied a very uncomfortable position between the married people thus engaged in the absorbing excitement of their first quarrel. The quiet little arrows, which Mrs Morgan intended only for her husband, grazed and stung him as they passed, without missing at the same time their intended aim; and he was the auditor, besides, of a great deal of information intended by the Rector for his wife's benefit, to which Mrs Morgan paid no manner of attention. Mr Proctor was not a man of very lively observation, but he could not quite shut his eyes to the position of affairs; and the natural effect upon his mind, in the circumstances, was to turn his thoughts towards his mild Mary, whom he did not quite recognise as yet under her Christian name. He called her Miss Wodehouse in his heart even while in the act of making comparisons very unfavourable to the Rector's wife, and then he introduced benevolently the subject of his new Rectory, which surely must be safe ground.

"It is a pretty little place," Mr Proctor said, with satisfaction: "of course it is but a small living compared to Carlingford. I hope you will come and see me, after—it is furnished," said the bashful bridegroom: "it is a nuisance to have all that to look after for one's self——"

"I hope you will have somebody to help you," said Mrs Morgan, with a little earnestness; "gentlemen don't understand about such things. When you have one piece of furniture in bad taste, it spoils a whole room—carpets, for instance——" said the Rector's wife. She looked at Mr Proctor so severely that the good man faltered, though he was not aware of the full extent of his guiltiness.

"I am sure I don't know," he said: "I told the man here to provide everything as it ought to be; and I think we were very successful," continued Mr Proctor, with a little complacency: to be sure, they were in the dining-room at the moment, being still at the breakfast-table. "Buller knows a great deal about that sort of thing, but then he is too ecclesiological for my taste. I like things to look cheerful," said the unsuspicious man. "Buller is the only man that could be reckoned on if any living were to fall vacant. It is very odd nowadays how indifferent men are about the Church. I don't say that it is not very pleasant at All-Souls; but a house of one's own, you know——" said Mr Proctor, looking with a little awkward enthusiasm at his recently married brother, "of course I mean a sphere—a career——"

"Oh, ah, yes," said Mr Morgan, with momentary gruffnesss; "but everything has its drawbacks. I don't think Buller would take a living. He knows too well what's comfortable," said the suffering man. "The next living that falls will have to go to some one out of the College," said Mr Morgan. He spoke with a tone of importance and significance which moved Mr Proctor, though he was not very rapid in his perceptions, to look across at him for further information.

"Most people have some crotchet or other," said the Rector. "When a man's views are clear about subscription, and that sort of thing, he generally goes as far wrong the other way. Buller might go out to Central Africa, perhaps, if there was a bishopric of Wahuma—or what is the name, my dear, in that Nile book?"

"I have not read it," said Mrs Morgan, and she made no further remark.

Thus discouraged in his little attempt at amity, the Rector resumed after a moment, "Wentworth's brother has sent in his resignation to his bishop. There is no doubt about it any longer. I thought

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that delusion had been over, at all events; and I suppose now Wentworth will be provided for," said Mr Morgan, not without a little anxiety.

"No; they are all equally crotchety, I think," said Mr Proctor. "I know about them, through my—my connection with the Wodehouses, you know. I should not wonder, for my own part, if he went after his brother, who is a very intelligent man, though mistaken," the late Rector added, with respect. "As for Frank Wentworth, he is a little hot-headed. I had a long conversation the other night with the elder brother. I tried to draw him out about Burgon's book, but he declined to enter into the question. Frank has made up his mind to stay in Carlingford. I understand he thinks it right on account of his character being called in question here; though, of course, no one in his senses could have had any doubt how *that* would turn out," said Mr Proctor, forgetting that he himself had been very doubtful about the Curate. "From what I hear, they are all very crotchety," he continued, and finished his breakfast calmly, as if that settled the question. As for Mrs Morgan, even this interesting statement had no effect upon her. She looked up suddenly at one moment, as if intending to dart a reproachful glance at her husband, but bethought herself in time, and remained passive as before; not the less, however, was she moved by what she had just heard. It was not Mr Wentworth she was thinking of, except in a very secondary degree. What occupied her, and made her reflections bitter, was the thought that her husband—the man to whom she had been faithful for ten weary years—had taken himself down off the pedestal on which she had placed him. "To make idols, and to find them clay," she said plaintively in her own mind. Women were all fools to spend their time and strength in constructing such pedestals, Mrs Morgan thought to herself with bitterness; and as to the men who were so perpetually dethroning themselves, how were they to be designated? To think of her William, of whom she had once made a hero, ruining thus, for a little petty malice and rivalry, the prospects of another man! While these painful reflections were going through her mind, she was putting away her tea-caddy, and preparing to leave the gentlemen to their own affairs. "We shall see you at dinner at six," she said, with a constrained little smile, to Mr Proctor, and went up-stairs with her key-basket in her hand without taking any special notice of the Rector. Mr Leeson was to come to dinner that day legitimately by invitation, and Mrs Morgan, who felt it would be a little consolation to disappoint the hungry Curate for once, was making up her mind, as she went up-stairs, not to have the All-Souls pudding, of which he showed so high an appreciation. It almost seemed to her as if this spark of ill-nature was receiving a summary chastisement, when she heard steps ascending behind her. Mrs Morgan objected to have men lounging about her drawing-room in the morning. She thought Mr Proctor was coming to bestow a little more of his confidence upon her, and perhaps to consult her about his furnishing; and being occupied by her own troubles, she had no patience for a tiresome, middle-aged lover, who no doubt was going to disappoint and disenchant another woman. She sat down, accordingly, with a sigh of impatience at her work-table, turning her back to the door. Perhaps, when he saw her inhospitable attitude, he might go away and not bother her. And Mrs Morgan took out some stockings to darn, as being a discontented occupation, and was considering within herself what simple preparation she could have instead of the All-Souls pudding, when, looking up suddenly, she saw, not Mr Proctor, but the Rector, standing looking down upon her within a few steps of her chair.

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When she perceived him, it was not in nature to refrain from certain symptoms of agitation. The thoughts she had been indulging in brought suddenly a rush of guilty colour to her face; but she commanded herself as well as she could, and went on darning her stockings, with her heart beating very loud in her breast.

"My dear," said the Rector, taking a seat near her, "I don't know what it is that has risen up between us. We look as if we had quarrelled; and I thought we had made up our minds never to quarrel." The words were rather soft in their signification, but Mr Morgan could not help speaking severely, as was natural to his voice; which was perhaps, in the present case, all the better for his wife.

"I don't know what you may consider quarrelling, William," said Mrs Morgan, "but I am sure I have never made any complaint."

"No," said the Rector; "I have seen women do that before. You don't make any complaint, but you look as if you disapproved of everything. I feel it all the more just now because I want to consult you; and, after all, the occasion was no such——"

"I never said there was any occasion. I am sure I never made any complaint. You said you wanted to consult me, William?" Mrs Morgan went on darning her stockings while she was speaking, and the Rector, like most other men, objected to be spoken to by the lips only. He would have liked to toss the stocking out of the window, though it was his own, and the task of repairing it was one of a devoted wife's first duties, according to the code of female proprieties in which both the husband and wife had been brought up.

"Yes," said the Rector, with a sigh. "The truth is, I have just got a letter from Harry Scarsfield, who was my pet pupil long ago. He tells me my father's old rectory is vacant, where we were all brought up. There used to be constant intercourse between the Hall and the Rectory when I was a lad. They are very nice people the Scarsfields—at least they used to be very nice people; and Harry has his mother living with him, and the family has never been broken up, I believe. We used to know everybody about there," said Mr Morgan, abandoning himself to recollections in a manner most mysterious to his wife. "There is the letter, my dear," and he put it down upon her table, and began to play with the reels of cotton in her workbox unconsciously, as he had not done for a long time; which, unawares to herself, had a softening influence upon Mrs Morgan's heart.

"I do not know anything about the Scarsfields," she said, without taking up the letter, "and I cannot see what you have to do with this. Does he wish you to recommend some one?" Mrs Morgan added, with a momentary interest; for she had, of course, like other people, a relation in a poor living, whom it would have been satisfactory to recommend.

"He says I may have it if I have a mind," said the Rector, curtly, betraying a little aggravation in his tone.

"You, William?" said Mrs Morgan. She was so much surprised that she laid down her stocking and looked him straight in the face, which she had not done for many days; and it was wonderful how hard she found it to keep up her reserve, after having once looked her husband in the eyes. "But it is not much more than six months since you were settled in Carlingford," she said, still lost in amazement. "You cannot possibly mean to make a change so soon? and then the difference of the position," said the Rector's wife. As she looked at him, she became more and more aware of some meaning in his face which she did not understand; and more and more, as it became necessary to understand him, the reserves and self-defences of the first quarrel gave way

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and dispersed. "I don't think I quite know what you mean," she said, faltering a little. "I don't understand why you should think of a change."

"A good country living is a very good position," said the Rector; "it is not nearly so troublesome as a town like Carlingford. There is no Dissent that I know of, and no——" (here Mr Morgan paused for a moment, not knowing what word to use)—"no disturbing influences: of course I would not take such a step without your concurrence, my dear," the Rector continued; and then there followed a bewildering pause. Mrs Morgan's first sensation after the astonishment with which she heard this strange proposal was mortification—the vivid shame and vexation of a woman when she is obliged to own to herself that her husband has been worsted, and is retiring from the field.

"If you think it right—if you think it best—of course I can have nothing to say," said the Rector's wife; and she took up her stocking with a stinging sense of discomfiture. She had meant that her husband should be the first man in Carlingford—that he should gain everybody's respect and veneration, and become the ideal parish-priest of that favoured and fortunate place. Every kind of good work and benevolent undertaking was to be connected with his name, according to the visions which Mrs Morgan had framed when she came first to Carlingford, not without such a participation on her own part as should entitle her to the milder glory appertaining to the good Rector's wife. All these hopes were now to be blotted out ignominiously. Defeat and retreat and failure were to be the conclusion of their first essay at life. "You are the best judge of what you ought to do," she said, with as much calmness as she could muster, but she could have dropped bitter tears upon the stocking she was mending if that would have done any good.

"I will do nothing without your consent," said the Rector. "Young Wentworth is going to stay in Carlingford. You need not look up so sharply, as if you were vexed to think *that* had anything to do with it. If he had not behaved like a fool, I never could have been led into such a mistake," said Mr Morgan, with indignation, taking a little walk to the other end of the room to refresh himself. "At the same time," said the Rector, severely, coming back after a pause, "to show any ill-feeling would be very unchristian either on your side or mine. If I were to accept Harry Scarsfield's offer, Proctor and I would do all we could to have young Wentworth appointed to Carlingford. There is nobody just now at All-Souls to take the living; and however much you may disapprove of him, my dear," said Mr Morgan, with increasing severity, "there is nothing that I know of to be said against him as a clergyman. If you can make up your mind to consent to it, and can see affairs in the same light as they appear to me, that is what I intend to do——"

Mrs Morgan's stocking had dropped on her knees as she listened; then it dropped on the floor, and she took no notice of it. When the Rector had finally delivered himself of his sentiments, which he did in the voice of a judge who was condemning some unfortunate to the utmost penalties of the law, his wife marked the conclusion of the sentence by a sob of strange excitement. She kept gazing at him for a few moments without feeling able to speak, and then she put down her face into her hands. Words were too feeble to give utterance to her feelings at such a supreme moment. "Oh, William, I wonder if you ever can forgive me," sobbed the Rector's wife, with a depth of compunction which he, good man, was totally unprepared to meet, and knew no occasion for. He was even at the moment a little puzzled to have such

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a despairing petition addressed to him. "I hope so, my dear," he said, very sedately, as he came and sat down beside her, and could not refrain from uttering a little lecture upon temper, which fortunately Mrs Morgan was too much excited to pay any attention to. "It would be a great deal better if you did not give way to your feelings," said the Rector; "but in the mean time, my dear, it is your advice I want, for we must not take such a step unadvisedly," and he lifted up the stocking that had fallen, and contemplated, not without surprise, the emotion of his wife. The excellent man was as entirely unconscious that he was being put up again at that moment with acclamations upon his pedestal, as that he had at a former time been violently displaced from it, and thrown into the category of broken idols. All this would have been as Sanscrit to the Rector of Carlingford; and the only resource he had was to make in his own mind certain half-pitying, half-affectionate remarks upon the inexplicable weakness of women, and to pick up the stocking which his wife was darning, and finally to stroke her hair, which was still as pretty and soft and brown as it had been ten years ago. Under such circumstances a man does not object to feel himself on a platform of moral superiority. He even began to pet her a little, with a pleasant sense of forgiveness and forbearance. "You were perhaps a little cross, my love, but you don't think I am a man to be hard upon you," said the Rector. "Now you must dry your eyes and give me your advice—you know how much confidence I have always had in your advice——"

"Forgive me, William. I don't think there is any one so good as you are; and as long as we are together it does not matter to me where we are," said the repentant woman. But as she lifted up her head, her eye fell on the carpet, and a gleam of sudden delight passed through Mrs Morgan's mind. To be delivered from all her suspicions and injurious thoughts about her husband would have been a deliverance great enough for one day; but at the same happy moment to see a means of deliverance from the smaller as well as the greater cross of her existence seemed almost too good to be credible. She brightened up immediately when that thought occurred to her. "I think it is the very best thing you could do," she said. "We are both so fond of the country, and it is so much nicer to manage a country parish than a town one. We might have lived all our lives in Carlingford without knowing above half of the poor people," said Mrs Morgan, growing in warmth as she went on; "it is so different in a country parish. I never liked to say anything," she continued, with subtle feminine policy, "but I never—much—cared for Carlingford." She gave a sigh as she spoke, for she thought of the Virginian creeper and the five feet of new wall at that side of the garden, which had just been completed, to shut out the view of the train. Life does not contain any perfect pleasure. But when Mrs Morgan stooped to lift up some stray reels of cotton which the Rector's clumsy male fingers had dropped out of her workbox, her eye was again attracted by the gigantic roses and tulips on the carpet, and content and satisfaction filled her heart.

"I have felt the same thing, my dear," said Mr Morgan. "I don't say anything against Mr Finial as an architect, but Scott himself could make nothing of such a hideous church. I don't suppose Wentworth will mind," said the Rector, with a curious sense of superiority. He felt his own magnanimous conduct at the moment almost as much as his wife had done, and could not help regarding Carlingford Church as the gift-horse which was not to be examined too closely in the mouth.

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"No," said Mrs Morgan, not without a passing sensation of doubt on this point; "if he had only been frank and explained everything, there never could have been any mistake; but I am glad it has all happened," said the Rector's wife, with a little enthusiasm. "Oh, William, I have been such a wretch —I have been thinking—but now you are heaping coals of fire on his head," she cried, with a hysterical sound in her throat. It was no matter to her that she herself scarcely knew what she meant, and that the good Rector had not the faintest understanding of it. She was so glad, that it was almost necessary to be guilty of some extravagance by way of relieving her mind. "After all Mr Proctor's care in fitting the furniture, you would not, of course, think of removing it," said Mrs Morgan; "Mr Wentworth will take it as we did; and as for Mrs Scarsfield, if you like her, William, you may be sure I shall," the penitent wife said softly in the flutter and tremor of her agitation; as he saw himself reflected in her eyes, the Rector could not but feel himself a superior person, elevated over other men's shoulders. Such a sense of goodness promotes the amiability from which it springs. The Rector kissed his wife as he got up from his seat beside her, and once more smoothed down, with a touch which made her feel like a girl again, her pretty brown hair.

"That is all settled satisfactorily," said Mr Morgan, "and now I must go to my work again. I thought, if you approved of it, I would write at once to Scarsfield, and also to Buller of All-Souls."

"Do," said the Rector's wife—and she too bestowed, in her middle-aged way, a little caress, which was far from being unpleasant to the sober-minded man. He went down-stairs in a more agreeable frame of mind than he had known for a long time back. Not that he understood why she had cried about it when he laid his intentions before her. Had Mr Morgan been a Frenchman, he probably would have imagined his wife's heart to be touched by the graces of the Perpetual Curate; but being an Englishman, and rather more certain, on the whole, of her than of himself, it did not occur to him to speculate on the subject. He was quite able to content himself with the thought that women were incomprehensible, as he went back to his study. To be sure, it was best to understand them, if you could; but if not, it did not so very much matter, Mr Morgan thought; and in this pleasant condition of mind he went down-stairs and wrote a little sermon, which ever after was a great favourite, preached upon all special occasions, and always listened to with satisfaction, especially by the Rector's wife.

When Mrs Morgan was left alone she sat doing nothing for an entire half-hour, thinking of the strange and unhoped-for change that in a moment had occurred to her. Though she was not young, she had that sense of the grievousness, the unbearableness of trouble, which belongs to youth; for, after all, whatever female moralists may say on the subject, the patience of an unmarried woman wearing out her youth in the harassments of a long engagement, is something very different from the hard and many-sided experience of actual life. She had been accustomed for years to think that her troubles would be over when the long-expected event arrived; and when new and more vexatious troubles still sprang up after that event, the woman of one idea was not much better fitted to meet them than if she had been a girl. Now that the momentary cloud had been driven off, Mrs Morgan's heart rose more warmly than ever. She changed her mind in a moment about the All-Souls pudding, and even added, in her imagination, another dish to the dinner, without pausing to think that *that* also was much approved by Mr Leeson; and then her

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thoughts took another turn, and such a vision of a perfect carpet for a drawing-room — something softer and more exquisite than ever came out of mortal loom; full of repose and tranquillity, yet not without seducing beauties of design; a carpet which would never obtrude itself, but yet would catch the eye by dreamy moments in the summer twilight or over the winter fire—flashed upon the imagination of the Rector's wife. It would be sweet to have a house of one's own arranging, where everything would be in harmony; and though this sweetness was very secondary to the other satisfaction of having a husband who was not a clay idol, but really deserved his pedestal, it yet supplemented the larger delight, and rounded off all the corners of Mrs Morgan's present desires. She wished everybody as happy as herself, in the effusion of the moment, and thought of Lucy Wodehouse, with a little glow of friendliness in which there was still a tincture of admiring envy. All this that happy girl would have without the necessity of waiting for it; but then was it not the Rector, the rehabilitated husband, who would be the means of producing so much happiness? Mrs Morgan rose up as lightly as a girl when she had reached this stage, and opened her writing-desk, which was one of her wedding-presents, and too fine to be used on common occasions. She took out her prettiest paper with her monogram in violet, which was her favourite colour. One of those kind impulses which are born of happiness moved her relieved spirit. To give to another the consolation of a brighter hope seemed at the moment the most natural way of expressing her own thankful feelings. Instead of going down-stairs immediately to order dinner, she sat down instead at the table, and wrote the following note:—

"My Dear Mr Wentworth,—I don't know whether you will think me a fairweather friend seeking you only when everybody else is seeking you, and when you are no longer in want of support and sympathy. Perhaps you will exculpate me when you remember the last conversation we had; but what I write for at present is to ask if you would waive ceremony, and come to dinner with us to-night. I am aware that your family are still in Carlingford, and of course I don't know what engagements you may have; but if you are at liberty, pray come. If Mr Morgan and you had but known each other a little better, things could never have happened which have been a great grief and vexation to me; and I know the Rector *wishes very much* to have a little conversation with you, and has something to speak of in which you would be interested. Perhaps my husband might feel a little strange in asking you to overstep the barrier which somehow has been raised between you two; but I am sure if you knew each other better you would understand each other, and this is one of the things we women ought to be good for. I will take it as a proof that you consider me a friend if you accept my invitation. Our hour is half-past six. — Believe me, very sincerely, yours, M. Morgan."

When she had written this note Mrs Morgan went down-stairs, stopping at the library-door in passing. "I thought I might as well ask Mr Wentworth to come to us to-night, as we are to have some people to dinner," she said, looking in at the door. "I thought you might like to talk to him, William; and if his people are going away to-day, I daresay he will feel rather lonely to-night." Such was the Jesuitical aspect in which she represented the flag of truce she was sending. Mr Morgan was a little startled by action so prompt.

"I should like to hear from Buller first," said the Rector; "he might like to come to Carlingford himself, for anything I can tell;

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but, to be sure, it can do no harm to have Wentworth to dinner," said Mr Morgan, doubtfully; "only Buller, you know, might wish—and in that case it might not be worth our trouble to make any change."

In spite of herself, Mrs Morgan's countenance fell; her pretty scheme of poetic justice, her vision of tasteful and appropriate furniture, became obscured by a momentary mist. "At least it is only right to ask him to dinner," she said, in subdued tones, and went to speak to the cook in a frame of mind more like the common level of human satisfaction than that exultant and exalted strain to which she had risen at the first moment. Then she put on a black dress, and went to call on the Miss Wodehouses, who naturally came into her mind when she thought of the Perpetual Curate. As she went along Grange Lane she could not but observe a hackney cab, one of those which belonged to the railway station, lounging—if a cab could ever be said to lounge—in the direction of Wharfside. Its appearance specially attracted Mrs Morgan's attention in consequence of the apparition of Elsworthy's favourite errand-boy, who now and then poked his head furtively through the window, and seemed to be sitting in state inside. When she had gone a little farther she encountered Wodehouse and Jack Wentworth, who had just come from paying their visit to the sisters. The sight of these two revived her sympathies for the lonely women who had fallen so unexpectedly out of wealth into poverty; but yet she felt a little difficulty in framing her countenance to be partly sorrowful and partly congratulatory, as was necessary under these circumstances; for though she knew nothing of the accident which had happened that morning, when Lucy and the Perpetual Curate saw each other alone, she was aware of Miss Wodehouse's special position, and was sympathetic as became a woman who had "gone through" similar experiences. When she had got through her visit and was going home, it struck her with considerable surprise to see the cab still lingering about the corner of Prickett's Lane. Was Elsworthy's pet boy delivering his newspapers from that dignified elevation? or were they seizing the opportunity of conveying away the unfortunate little girl who had caused so much annoyance to everybody? When she went closer, with a little natural curiosity to see what else might be inside besides the furtive errand-boy, the cab made a little rush away from her, and the blinds were drawn down. Mrs Morgan smiled a little to herself with dignified calm. "As if it was anything to me!" she said to herself; and so went home to put out the dessert with her own hands. She even cut a few fronds of her favourite maiden-hair to decorate the peaches, of which she could not help being a little proud. "I must speak to Mr Wentworth, if he comes, to keep on Thompson," she said to herself, and then gave a momentary sigh at thought of the new flue, which was as good as her own invention, and which it had cost her both time and money to arrange to her satisfaction. The peaches were lovely, but who could tell what they might be next year if a new Rector came who took no interest in the garden?—for Thompson, though he was a very good servant, required to be looked after, as indeed most good servants do. Mrs Morgan sighed a little when she thought of all her past exertions and the pains, of which she was scarcely yet beginning to reap the fruit. One man labours, and another enters into his labours. One thing, however, was a little consolatory, that she could take her ferns with her. But on the whole, after the first outburst of feeling, the idea of change, notwithstanding all its advantages, was in itself, like most human things, a doubtful pleasure. To be sure, it was only through its products that

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her feelings were interested about the new flue, whereas the drawing-room carpet was a standing grievance. When it was time to dress for dinner, the Rector's wife was not nearly so sure as before that she had never liked Carlingford. She began to forget the thoughts she had entertained about broken idols, and to remember a number of inconveniences attending a removal. Who would guarantee the safe transit of the china, not to speak of the *old* china, which was one of the most valuable decorations of the Rectory? This kind of breakage, if not more real, was at least likely to force itself more upon the senses than the other kind of fracture which this morning's explanation had happily averted; and altogether it was with mingled feeling that Mrs Morgan entered the drawing-room, and found it occupied by Mr Leeson, who always came too early, and who, on the present occasion, had some sufficiently strange news to tell.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS REPORT—

II. HARROW AND RUGBY.

THE two public schools which stand next after Eton, in the present day, in point of reputation and numbers, are Harrow and Rugby. They offer many convenient points of comparison. Their history has been remarkably similar. Founded within a very few years of each other, early in the reign of Elizabeth, both by private individuals of the middle class, they have both risen, by a combination of circumstances which their founders could never have foreseen, from the position of mere small town or village grammar-schools to be the public training-ground of English gentlemen, second only, even as far as name and fashion are concerned, to Henry VII.'s "antique towers;" and in the more important matter of distinguished scholarship and liberal training, claiming each for themselves, and with some justice, to be second to none. The searching ordeal of a Royal Commission, if it has disclosed some shortcomings common to public-school education generally—in some degree almost inseparable from the system—has brought out a body of evidence which forms the strongest plea ever put on record in favour of the system itself, and which, in all its main bearings, must strike every impartial reader with admiration at the energy and ability with which these great schools are administered. No Rugby or Harrow man, at all events, will endorse Lord Malmesbury's strange protest against telling the whole truth, or suggest, as he does, that a little cooking of the accounts for the public eye would have made things more pleasant. That the tangible results of the education in both schools, so far as the mass of the boys is concerned, is to a certain extent disappointing — that they share in common with others, more or less, in that failure which the Commissioners note in their Report, and which has been so largely discussed in every quarter since,—this is a fact of which none are more painfully conscious than the most devoted teachers on their staff; it is a failure which these are the first to confess and lament, which they are making exertions year after year to meet by some new adaptation of their work, and for which they would be only too thankful if any Royal Commission were omnipotent enough to find a remedy. It is the failure common to all lofty aims which are directed at elevating a large aggregate of human minds; the ideal, or even any reasonable approach to it, is only realised here and there. It is a disappoint-

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ment which must meet the pastor of every large parish, however able and conscientious, in far larger degree than even the public-school-master; he may number his disciples by thousands, but he must be content to trace his successful efforts by units and tens. And one very serious answer which may be urged in reply to the charge of failure in the education of the mass of those who leave our public schools is, that we are no more justified in narrowing the basis of an English gentleman's education, for the minority who gladly profit by it, in the hope of securing some supposed advantage for the majority who abuse or neglect their opportunities, than in narrowing or diluting the grand principles of Christianity because the ideal which they are to form seems unattainable by the mass of nominal Christians. In neither case are the results to be fairly measured by numbers. The influence of one thoroughly trained mind counts for more in the social and intellectual education of the world than a hundred mediocrities. In human as in divine relations, the few are the salt of the earth.

No school has made more honest or more successful attempts to meet the demand for a more extended basis of education than Rugby. Dr Arnold was the first head of a large public school who gave a sensible weight to modern history and modern languages, and made them an essential part of the regular school work. And perhaps if any one modern teacher rather than another may be considered free from old-fashioned prejudices, and untrammelled by any blind reverence for traditional formulas, that man would be the present Head-Master, Dr Temple. We may fairly take him, therefore, as a witness unexceptionable on the ground of natural bias as of acknowledged ability, in support of the conclusion which has been arrived at by the Commissioners, and which has been already advocated in our pages, that classics should continue to be the staple of instruction in our public schools. "I cannot suggest," he says, "any change in our system of education." He has entered into the question at some length, and with great ability; and though his arguments are not altogether new—as few arguments on this subject can be—they are so strikingly put, that many who are not readers of blue-books will thank us for a longer quotation than usual.

"The studies of boys at school fall under three heads—literature, mathematics, and physical science. For every branch of each of these studies very strong arguments may be adduced. A boy ought not to be ignorant of this earth on which God has placed him, and ought therefore to be well acquainted with geography. He ought not to walk in the fields in total ignorance of what is growing under his very eyes, and he ought therefore to learn botany. There is hardly an occupation in which he can be employed where he will not find chemistry of service to him. Mathematics rule all other sciences, and contain in themselves the one perfect example of strict logic. It is absurd that an English youth should be ignorant of the history of England; equally absurd that he should not be well acquainted with its noble literature. So each study in its turn can give reasons why it should be cultivated to the utmost. But all these arguments are met by an unanswerable fact—that our time is limited. It is not possible to teach boys everything. If it is attempted, the result is generally a superficial knowledge of exceedingly little value, and liable to the great moral objection that it encourages conceit and discourages hard work. A boy who knows the general principles of a study without knowing its details, easily gets the credit of knowing much; while the test of putting his knowledge to use will quickly prove that he knows very little. Meanwhile he acquires a distaste for the drudgery of details, without which drudgery nothing worth doing ever yet was done.

"It is therefore necessary to make a choice among these studies, to take one as the chief, and to subordinate all others to that. . . . I assume that the schools commonly called public schools are to aim at the highest kind of education; and to give that education, I think the

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classics decidedly the best instrument. When we have to choose between literature, mathematics, and physical science, the plea advanced on behalf of the two latter is *utility*. They supply a man with tools for future work. Man's chief business, it is said, is to subdue nature to his purposes, and these two studies show him how. Those who use this plea seem to forget that the world in which we live consists quite as much of the men and women on its surface, as of the earth and its constituent materials. If any man were to analyse his own life, he would find that he had far more to do with his fellow-men than with anything else. And if, therefore, we are to choose a study which shall pre-eminently fit a man for life, it will be that which shall best enable him to enter into the thoughts, the feelings, the motives of his fellows.

"The real defect of mathematics and physical science as instruments of education is, that they have not any tendency to humanise. Such studies do not make a man more human, but simply more intelligent. Physical science, besides giving knowledge, cultivates to some degree the love of order and beauty. Mathematics give a very admirable discipline in precision of thought. But neither of them can touch the strictly human part of our nature. The fact is, that all education really comes from intercourse with other minds.

"If the staple of education is to be found in the different branches of literature, the classics, in a perfect system, must be the substratum.

"In the first place, modern literature is not fully intelligible except to those who have studied the classics. A student of mathematics does not find it any help to him to study the early writers on the science. No one is aided in learning the differential calculus by going back to fluxions. Nor will the study of physical science gain much by beginning with the writings of earlier discoverers. But literature can only be studied thoroughly by going to its source. Modern theology, modern philosophy, modern law, modern history, modern poetry, are never quite understood unless we begin with their ancient counterparts.

"In the next place, the perfect and peculiar beauty of the classical literature will always put it at the head of all other.

"Thirdly, the classic life contains, as Mr J. S. Mill has remarked, 'precisely the true corrective for the chief defects of modern life. The classic writers exhibit precisely that order of virtues in which we are apt to be deficient. They altogether show human nature on a grander scale, with less benevolence, but more patriotism; less sentiment, but more self-control; if a lower average of virtue, more striking individual examples of it; fewer small goodnesses, but more greatness and appreciation of greatness; more which tends to exalt the imagination, and inspire high conceptions of the capabilities of human nature. If, as every one must see, the want of affinity of these studies to the modern mind is gradually lowering them in popular estimation, this is but a confirmation of the need of them, and renders it more incumbent on those who have the power, to do their utmost to aid in preventing their decline.'"—Appendix, pp. 311, 312.

As an illustration of the position which he goes on to lay down, that the kind of education given in a public school is that which fits a youth to take up any study whatever, Dr Temple gives the following:—

"I once asked a tradesman who had been himself at Rugby School, and was intending to send his son, whether he had learnt anything here that was of use to him afterwards. He answered, 'I was at school several years, and I have never regretted it. I learnt there what I don't think I could have learnt as well anywhere else,—how to learn anything I wanted.'"

But although the classics form the basis of education both at Rugby and at Harrow, and all other subjects occupy a very subordinate position, neither mathematics, modern languages, nor modern history are neglected. One very important step has been gained in considering the two first no longer as "extras," as was the case in former days (which too often made the so-called teaching a mere farce, of which the only real result was the adding a certain number of guineas to the school bills), but in making them a distinct item of regular school work, and putting the lessons, for the short proportion of time they occupy, on precisely the same footing as Latin and Greek. Not a very great deal is taught of these

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subjects, it is true; but what is taught is taught in earnest. Nothing contributes more effectually to this result than securing, as is done at both schools, that the mathematical and modern language masters shall be, both socially and intellectually, upon the same level with the classical staff, and maintaining for them an equal status in the school generally. Mathematics occupy at Rugby, taking the average of the several forms, about three hours in the week in school, with perhaps nearly as much time supposed to be spent in preparation. Very nearly the same estimate will apply to Harrow. In both schools about two hours in the week are assigned to the modern language lessons, which are each considered to require an hour's preparation. Every boy at Rugby is required to learn both French and German, unless on his reaching the "Middle School" his parents prefer that he should attend the lectures on natural philosophy. At Harrow all below the fifth form learn French; in the fifth, if "able to read and translate a French classic with facility at sight," a boy is transferred to German. A certain amount of interest and emulation is kept up in these subsidiary studies by a system of marks given for proficiency, which contribute to a boy's promotion through the regular classical forms in the school. At Harrow their influence in this important respect is far from inconsiderable.

"A boy may rise most rapidly into the upper sixth form without being at any time distinguished for scholarship, by the help of modern languages and mathematics. I have known a case in which a boy has risen from the bottom of the form almost to the top by great success in mathematics, and *vice versâ*; so that it happens continually that a boy reaches the upper sixth who is a very bad scholar."—Mr Westcott's Evidence, 1121.

At Rugby the weight which mathematics and modern languages throw into the scale is scarcely so great as this; but even there, a marked superiority in these points may so far affect promotion, that it is very possible that "the boy Smith in the sixth form may be inferior in classics to the boy Jones who may be in the twenty" (the form next below).* Natural philosophy (where that study is chosen) reckons in the same proportion as modern languages. Proficiency in these secondary subjects enters also more or less into the competition for the Harrow scholarships and for the Rugby exhibitions. Mr Butler doubts whether this combination of marks works satisfactorily as the promotion reaches the highest form, and suggests that both "the best scholars and the best mathematicians would gain considerably by the distinct recognition and reward of their respective studies;" for instance, by the assignment of some of the scholarships to classics only, and others to mathematics only; and on a similar principle the Royal Commissioners, in the increase which they propose in the number of exhibitions at Rugby, recommend that instead of their being all awarded, as at present, for "mixed attainments," five shall be adjudged for classics alone, two for mathematics, two for modern languages, and two for physical science. If it is considered necessary to give greater encouragement to these branches of study, this certainly appears to be the simplest and least objectionable mode of providing it.

But Mr Butler agrees with Dr Temple that there must be one fixed line of education at a public school, and that if classics are adopted as the basis, the studies which are subsidiary must be permitted to interfere as little as possible with

* The proportion of marks given for the several subjects is as follows:—

		At Harrow.	At Rugby.
Marks for Mathematics	as compared with Classical marks are	as 1 to 4;	as 12 to 78
,, Modern Languages		,, 1 to 9;	,, 10 to 78

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the main business of the school. He says, with great truth, that "boys will not work vigorously at any subject in which the majority of their companions are not keenly interested." He believes that the proportion of boys who can be made to take a real interest in mathematics is "exceedingly small;" and he "knows as a matter of fact, proved by experience," that boys "will not expend upon French or German the full amount of intellectual labour which they do habitually expend upon classical studies." And as to those remarkable natural predilections which are supposed to be continually breaking out in the imaginary schoolboy in every direction except Latin grammar (that, unfortunately, being the special work which he generally has in hand), it is worth while to note what a man who has mixed with English schoolboys all his life, either as a companion or a teacher, has to say upon that point:—

"I believe it is an error to imagine that most boys have a strong predilection for any particular study. You do, of course, occasionally see it. But I am satisfied that any system which proceeds on the supposition that boys have naturally, as a rule, a special gift for any particular study, is based on error." —Harrow Evidence, 580.

Mr Wilson, the Physical Science master at Rugby, who may fairly be supposed to see more of these natural geniuses than others, gives a rather amusing corroboration of this opinion:—

"The weaker boys are continually coming to me, and they say they have a taste for natural science—that is, *for explosions, and such things;* they are the most hopeless cases I have to deal with. It is a sort of curiosity which lasts a week. It is the stronger ones who come and say they know nothing about it, who study science to any purpose."—Rugby Evidence, 1371.

The Eton private-tutor system,—by which the main portion of the school-work is done in the pupil-room, where difficulties are smoothed by a reference to the tutor instead of to the grammar and lexicon, and things made pleasant to the dunces in each form by a "construe" during the last half-hour before going into school,—was imported many years ago into Harrow, and flourishes there still in a somewhat modified form. It has also extended itself to Rugby, but with some more important modifications; the chief of which is, that there "it is required that the tutor shall not assist the boy in preparing the school lessons at all;" while at Harrow, though the character of the assistance given varies very much with the discretion of the tutor, the theory is that, as at Eton, the school-work is prepared in the pupil-room. We have already expressed an opinion that this private tuition involves a great addition to the masters' work with a very questionable effect upon that of the schoolboy; and even Dr Temple's defence of it fails to alter our view. It is remarkable that while the head-master of Rugby, with no antecedent experience of the system, speaks unhesitatingly in its favour, Mr Butler, educated under it himself at Harrow, expresses himself in such guarded language as to leave the impression that he rather accepts it as existing than approves cordially of the principle. Mr Commissioner Vaughan—himself the successful scholar of a different system—presses Mr Butler hard on this point through a couple of folio pages to which we can only refer our readers,* and elicits admissions which, as from the head-master of a school where private tutors are in full work, are very significant. He admits that "to make a boy work a passage himself is of the greatest advantage;" that there is the temptation to the tutor to give more aid than is good for the pupil; and for the pupil "to idle away the greater part of the hour previous to going into school, with the certainty that at the end he will

* Evidence, ii. pp. 176, 177.

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receive just enough aid from his private tutor to enable him to tide over the difficulty;" and that there is "a little tendency to disguise from the master of the form what the boys are really able to do." And when questioned as to the other branch of pupil-room work—the correcting of the exercises by the tutor, and the re-correction of *his* corrections by the master of the form (for that it is what it practically comes to)—Mr Butler honestly says,

"That is a very great difficulty which I do not disguise at all. That is the great difficulty of the double system of composition, its passing through the hands of the tutor and of the master in form. I must confess myself unable to give any satisfactory explanation of that. I am not aware, very accurately, of how it is found to work, but I know that it is considered a very serious drag by all the tutors."

In reply to a further question whether the system does not "in various ways embarrass the master of the form," he simply declines to give an opinion, as having had no personal experience on the point. Few unprejudiced persons will read Mr Butler's evidence without a very strong impression that, having entered upon the head-mastership of Harrow as a very young man, and finding the system in full work there, and more or less approved by persons of longer experience than himself, he is content to maintain it; but that his own private opinion is very much that of Mr Commissioner Vaughan.

At Harrow again, as at Eton, we have the *loco parentis* theory. The Harrow tutors are certainly much more modest upon the subject than the Eton gentlemen, and do not enlarge so eloquently upon the paternal relation supposed to be established with their pupils. Still we find the same assertion, and, no doubt, quite as honestly made;—"I do not know whether I can describe the relation better than that," says one of the tutors and assistant-masters of longest standing—"a boy always looks to his private tutor as a person *in loco parentis;*" and still the sceptical Commissioners persist in their cross-examination on this pet formula:—

796. (*Lord Clarendon.*) Do you consider that you could stand *in loco parentis* to above forty boys?—It is a very large family, certainly. 797. (*Lord Lyttelton.*) How many have you?—At the present time I have rather more than sixty—sixty-two or sixty-three. 798. Sixty-three private pupils, to all of whom you are *in loco parentis?*—Just so; but a great number require little extraordinary care. There are a great many boys over whom a tutor has a general sort of superintendence; and it is only in cases of boys being in difficulty, or for good or for bad requiring special attention on the part of the tutor, that he is particularly called upon to look after them. 799. (*Lord Clarendon.*) Considering the great number of other calls upon your time, and the duties that devolve upon you, do you think that, with so many as sixty boys, you can really look after their individual character and moral conduct, and their particular fitness for certain studies, sufficiently to make you feel satisfied that you are *in loco parentis* to them? I could not do so if the boys were left entirely to my charge. I could not undertake the sole charge of sixty boys if they were solely under me; but all the charge that is required from a private tutor, I hope I can undertake, or else I should not have done so."

And we hope the Commissioners were satisfied. There is no going beyond that sort of answer, of course. An archdeacon was once defined—to the entire satisfaction of the House of Lords—as "a person who discharged archidiaconal functions." So, a private tutor at Harrow is a gentleman who "undertakes the charge required from a private tutor." Not the most pertinacious Commissioner, nor the most anxious parent, can desire a more accurate definition.

The chief advantage of requiring every boy to have a private tutor is, as Dr Temple says, "the permanence of the connection."—"A boy passes from form to form, and in doing so, is handed over from one teacher to another"—"but the same tutor has charge of him throughout, and ends by knowing him well."

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This is perfectly true: and if there were no other means of securing this knowledge of a boy's habits and general character, so far the connection of tutor and pupil would be very desirable in every public school. But every boy is, from his entrance to his leaving school, the inmate of a boarding-house, of which some one of the assistant-masters is the head, with whom in many cases at Harrow and Rugby, as well as at Eton, he takes all his principal meals, and under whose notice he *must* come continually more or less from day to day, and *may* come, if desired, upon a much more intimate and domestic footing than as master and scholar; so that, when he is compelled by the rules of the school to take this master for his "private tutor" *also* (of course with an additional payment), it is really very difficult to see what advantages this second relationship gives which ought not to have been already secured to him; and which are so secured, as the evidence shows, in schools where no private tuition exists.* And it is plain from the cross-examination of several witnesses, that in the few exceptional cases where a boy's tutor is other than his house-master, he is quite as likely to apply to the latter in any real difficulty as to the former, and that the periodical reports of conduct sent in to the parents (on which some stress is laid) fall quite as much within the house-master's province as the tutor's.†

The Commissioners have probably been not a little influenced by Dr Temple's favourable opinion as to the system of private tuition as modified at Rugby; yet they speak everywhere in their Report in very cautious language. They had already distinctly recommended at Eton that the boys should "cease to construe their lessons in the pupil-room before taking them up to the class-master;" and the same recommendation must be intended to apply to Harrow, where that practice is used in some pupil-rooms only. But even of the Rugby plan, all that they can bring themselves to say in its favour is comprised in very qualified terms, when they speak of "the advantage *which is ascribed* at Rugby, as elsewhere, to this relation;" and they are only "not so convinced that the tutorial system, *if* allowed to exist in its present highly developed form, could be more satisfactorily arranged, as to propose any specific changes with confidence."

There is one peculiar feature of Harrow which deserves notice, as combining to some extent, much more really than the tutorial system can be said to do, the advantage of private with public education. This is the establishment of "small" boarding-houses (strictly limited to seven boys in each) kept by some of the junior assistant-masters with the head-master's sanction. It is quite a modern arrangement, having been in operation not more than ten or twelve years. The inmates of these smaller houses enjoy almost of necessity considerably more domestic and home-like supervision than would be either possible or desirable in large houses containing forty or fifty boys. It is usual for them to take all their meals with the master and his family, of which, in fact, they may be said to form a part; "our pupils live with us constantly," says one of these masters, Mr Westcott,—"we have no privacy." Not only does this exempt a boy from many of the hardships of public-school life, but his moral character and general habits are more under observation and control. In fact, as it seems very fairly put by Mr Westcott, they "extend the advantages of a public-school education to many boys who from delicacy of organisation, physical or intellectual, would not otherwise have enjoyed them."‡ Mr Butler

* See Westminster Evidence, 169.
† See Mr Marillier's Evidence, 1324-1334. Mr Butler, 474.
‡ See the whole of his Evidence on the subject, 1180-1236.

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has even himself, "in more than one instance, recommended boys of a peculiarly delicate temperament, who seemed to be suffering from the rougher system of the large houses, to remove to a small one; and that has, beyond all question, been attended with the happiest results." For these advantages, parents who can afford it, and who think that their sons, for any reason, require such exceptional treatment, are not unwilling to pay; and the average yearly expenses of a boy at one of these small houses are stated at £210—some £50 above the average of the larger houses. There is, of course, another side of the question. There may be some loss to set against the gain. Mr Butler says—and few public-school men will gainsay him—

> "I have a strong conviction that if a boy is thoroughly qualified by temperament and by health to gain the full amount of benefit which the public-school system is capable of affording, he will gain that benefit and that bracing influence most thoroughly as a member of a large house."

And he has occasionally found it advantageous for a boy to be transferred from a small house to a large one:—

> "It not unfrequently happens that boys who have begun their course in a small house, and may be supposed to have been there fairly habituated to the public-school system, are, by the advice of the small-house master, removed, during the latter part of their career, to the freer system of a large house."

Plainly there are disadvantages in too much of the master's supervision, and the hardier and more independent elements of a boy's character may lose in development. Mr Butler, indeed, has observed "no material difference in the tone of the boys in a small house and a large house;" and Mr Westcott, as a master of one of the former, is naturally and honestly loth to admit that his boys lose anything in social position amongst their schoolfellows. But to form anything like a trustworthy estimate of the inner life of any of our public schools, it is quite necessary to take, as the Commission has done, the evidence of schoolboys as well as schoolmasters: if these latter (as may be hoped) know a great deal more than the boys on most points, there are some few matters on which the boys will always be able to teach the masters. And the late captain of Harrow, who seems to speak very fairly and without any foolish prejudice, gives it as his opinion that the small houses have their necessary disadvantages, and that the boys who are lodged there do not get the benefits of a public school at all, "except with regard to the intellectual education." He thinks "they are a good deal led to shirk the games;" "they do not so easily become known to the other boys;" he will "hardly use so strong a term as to say they are looked down upon, but they are not considered as being equal to the others;" "they are upon a different system altogether—more like the system of a private tutor; they have no fagging to begin with" (*i.e.*, house-fagging at breakfast and tea). Lord Clarendon suggests that probably "they are rather treated as *muffs*?" to which Mr Ridley, who must have had the word in his mouth all the time, but shows a reticence from slang which we have only the weakest hope may be a characteristic of Harrow, replies—"Yes—something of that kind."

We thoroughly agree both with Mr Butler and Mr Ridley, that the "roughing it" at a large house is a valuable element of public-school education. The Commissioners are also unquestionably right when they say in their Report that, "were the number of these houses permitted to increase beyond what is required for the particular class for whom they are supposed to be adapted, it would become a serious evil, by increasing the expensiveness and diminishing the usefulness of the school." Still there seems to be, in this "small-house" system, something which may be very well

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adapted for special cases. If not abused, it appears to provide, for boys who are somewhat below the mark in physical health or strength of character, a share, if not in all, yet in some of the benefits of education in a public school, without the risk of breaking down in the training. And that old "*loco parentis*" formula, which seems to us so little applicable to the relation between tutor and pupil, becomes no longer a formula when applied to the footing on which a master stands to the half-dozen inmates of his house, with whom he is continually brought into intimate association. We must give Mr Westcott's examination on this point:—

"1189. (*Lord Clarendon.*) You consider you stand [to the boys in his house] entirely *in loco parentis*?—Absolutely. The idea of a small house is that of a family. 1190. You think, then, that you would be able to put yourself in the place of a parent more effectually than any of the masters of the large houses who are *de facto* private tutors to their boarders?—It could hardly be otherwise. My boys would feel less scruple in consulting me, and they have free access to me at all times. . . . . 1208. Have you many private pupils beyond your own boarders?—Yes. 1209. You have as many as forty, have you not?—Yes, but the number is variable. 1210. Paying how much?—£15. 1211. Do those include the boys in your house?—Yes. . . . . 1213. You do not consider, with reference to your large and onerous duties in the school, that these are more than you can stand to *in loco parentis*?—I have, as a rule, only seven boys in my house. My relation to the other boys is the same as that of any large-house master to his pupils. 1214. To them your relation is merely official; it is their studies you look to?—That is all I feel myself bound to do, though personal influence variously exercised must be connected with this. 1215. It is the schoolboy, not the individual boy?—Yes; not a member of my family. 1216. You draw a distinction between the boys in your own house, and the boys to whom you are private tutor only?—I make a distinction by considering my obligations to the one much greater than to the other."

Mr Westcott says, a little before that he considers the small boarding-house "a means for making it possible for a junior master to live at Harrow—in fact, a payment for his school services." We think it has advantages beyond this; but there is one more question we should have liked to ask so plain-spoken a witness, and which we wonder that some one of his examiners did not ask him:—Did it ever occur to him to look upon the private-tutor arrangement in that light?

The system of promotion at Harrow, unlike that at Eton, is almost entirely a matter of competitive merit. The removes from form to form depend upon a regular system of marks, of which half are given for the work done during the quarter, and half for the examination at the end. A certain proportion of the removes are, it is true, assigned to boys who have remained in the form below for three whole school quarters. The intention of these "charity removes" (as they are called) is to prevent boys of dull abilities being continually outstripped in the race of promotion by boys younger than themselves; but practically the cases are very few of boys who would be left in the same form for above three quarters; and even then the promotion is refused if the boy has been "notoriously and ostentatiously idle."

At Rugby, not even this small amount of "charity" is shown to the dunces, and a boy may look in vain for any kind of promotion on the ground of mere seniority. The evil of his being "utterly and hopelessly thrown out in the fair competitions of the school" is met there by a very different remedy. "Boys, on failure to reach the Middle School at 16, or the Sixth Form at 18, are required to leave, unless the head-master, after inquiry made, deems it right to suspend the rule on special grounds." The limits of indulgence appear to be fixed with a charitable allowance for incapacity, and the rule, we are assured,

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is not strictly enforced, except when idleness or other faults are combined with slowness; but it is a rule quite peculiar to Rugby, and however beneficial it may be to the school generally, we are by no means sure that in point of justice the Harrow system is not more fairly defensible. The Commissioners have not given us their opinion upon this question. When the modern plan of competitive examinations was first introduced into the public service, some journalist asked the very pertinent question, What was to become of all the stupid men? And some such question may be asked in the interest of the stupid boys at Rugby. If a public-school education is considered to have other good effects besides the mere intellectual training—such as the formation of a manly and independent character by a free intercourse with his equals, and the social advantages which undoubtedly follow from such intercourse in after life—it seems rather hard to cut a boy off prematurely from these benefits, merely because he cannot keep his place in the race of mind. A public school has a duty to the public as well as to itself; and so long as a boy conforms to the school discipline, and is guilty of no moral delinquencies which make his removal a matter of justice to his companions, it seems something like a breach of contract to say it will have nothing more to do with him. No doubt such a regulation works well for the general proficiency of the school; and in a popular school like Rugby, into which admission seems almost as difficult a matter as into a popular club (Dr Temple says he has three times as many applications as vacancies), it is easy enough to enforce it; but may it not press very unjustly upon individual boys? Dr Temple says that "the system is not well adapted" for such cases; but what system of teaching (except those of quack advertisers) is adapted for dunces? and where are the dunces to go to? They are be sent, says Dr Temple, "where they can receive more individual instruction;" but could not the inevitable private tutor at Rugby supply something of this?

Another feature peculiar to Rugby amongst the schools to which the Commission extends, but adopted also at Cheltenham and Marlborough, is the "parallel forms," first introduced at Rugby by the present Bishop of London when head-master, and now revived by Dr Temple. In a very large school, where the subdivision into anything like manageable classes or forms makes these very numerous, it is apt to involve what cannot be described more clearly than in Dr Temple's words:—

> "I found, when we had so many forms, one under another, two bad effects — the clever boys went up through the forms with our system of promotion so rapidly, that no one master saw a boy of that sort for more than a quarter of a year; he never got hold of him at all, and the result was to encourage a great deal of very superficial working. On the other hand, the slower boys got disheartened by the sight of the terrific ladder which they had to climb—they had a sort of feeling that they would never get to the top."

A boy at Eton, for instance, has to gain ten steps of promotion to reach the Sixth from the Lower Fourth Form. About the same would be necessary at Harrow; and at Rugby, owing to the greater number of forms, the necessary steps would be more than this, but for the "parallel" system. Four of the larger forms are subdivided, not into an upper and lower, but into two parallels, both doing the same work, both holding the same rank in the school, but each having its separate master. For all purposes of promotion they are still one large form, an equal number from each parallel being moved up at each remove into the form next above. There are some difficulties in the working, owing to the two parallel masters being not always supposed parallel in efficiency; and this may encourage (as Mr Barry

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fears it does in some degree at Cheltenham) "invidious comparisons on the part of the boys," not always without some foundation in fact; but, on the whole, the system seems well adapted for a very large school.*

The question of punishments presents more difficulties to a conscientious schoolmaster than that of promotion. Flogging—once supposed to be the universal remedy for all schoolboy disorders—is now reserved at nearly every school for grave or repeated offences. At Rugby, it now "rarely occurs so often as eight times in the year;" at Harrow, the cases may amount to as many as sixty—"about twenty in each school term." But at Rugby caning (on the hand) is used in some of the lower forms, though very sparingly. The Sixth Form in both schools are exempt from all corporal punishment; at Rugby the Fifth enjoy the same exemption, "by the courtesy of the school;" and Mr Butler, at Harrow, "rarely decides to flog any boy in the Fifth." But masters and Royal Commissioners both admit the difficulty of selecting a good form of punishment for minor offences. Setting impositions—*i.e.*, lines to write out, —is objected to, either as encouraging that slovenly handwriting which is one of the disgraces of our progressive age, if the master never notices the style of the performance, but will take, as a young witness says some Harrow masters will, "anything that is black and white;" or entailing additional demands upon the master's time, if he is to examine every imposition brought up to him. Learning lines by heart is open to more objection still on the latter ground. Extra school—as imposed at Harrow—which consists in setting a boy to write out grammar for an hour or two on a half-holiday "in the presence of a master"—gives the victims the compensatory satisfaction that the master is being punished too. Solitary confinement—used in the Lower School at Rugby—seems to be the most objectionable of all. It was an idea of Dr Arnold's, apparently quite at variance with his general principle of treatment; and we imagine that nothing but the acknowledged difficulty of finding a substitute for the rod could have led so judicious a master as the present head of Rugby to adopt it. Dr Arnold once went so far as to propose that a special place should be built for the infliction of this punishment; but the trustees of the school, much to the credit of their good sense, declined to sanction it. It is equally to their credit that this is quoted as an exceptional instance of interference on their part with the discretion of their head-master.†

Dr Temple is very sound, however, in his views of punishment generally. In opposition to the soft-spoken modern theorists who will hear of nothing but "reformatory" processes, he understands that one great object of punishment is—to punish. One or two of the Commissioners, with the most philanthropic intentions, are continually inquiring into the

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* The arrangement will perhaps be best understood by the tabular view given in the Report:—

	Sixth Form.	
	The Twenty.	
(*Parallels.*)	Fifth.	(*Parallels.*)
Lower Fifth	=	Lower Fifth.
1st Upper Middle	=	1st Upper Middle.
2d Upper Middle	=	2d Upper Middle.
	3d Upper Middle.	
Lower Middle	=	Lower Middle.
	Remove.	
	Fourth, &c.	

† Mr Hefford's Evidence, 137.

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amount of "improvement" which it may be possible to combine with the cane, or the birch, or the imposition, as the case may be. And some of the masters, in their answers on the subject, do not venture to dispute the theory, but merely point out the difficulties in the practice. Not so Dr Temple. The question is as to writing out lines of Greek or Latin :—

"910. (*Lord Clarendon.*) It does a boy no good?—*It is not intended to do anything but punish him.* If you combine a punishment with that which does him good, you get him to hate that which does him good."

As the delinquent negro said to his Puritan master, who wished to combine religious exhortation with the cow-hide,—"Massa, if you preachee, preachee; if you floggee, floggee; but no preachee and floggee too." Dr Temple may or may not have heard of a quondam Lower master of Rugby—a good and zealous man—who, in the discharge of his duties as flogging-master to the Lower School, took the opportunity (on Lord Clarendon's principle of "doing the boy good") of laying in what he considered a few words in season between each cut; it had the effect of prolonging the punishment, and exasperating the sufferer, but the moral results in the way of reformation were, we believe, not distinctly perceptible.

A boy who has taken sufficient advantage of the teaching of either of these schools to have reached the Sixth Form, and to have remained in it for the last two years of his school life, will by that time have gone through a pretty wide range of classical reading. At Harrow he will probably have read, (besides lower books) of the Greek tragedians, the whole of Sophocles, with two or three plays each of Æschylus and Euripides; the same of Aristophanes; a couple of books of Thucydides, with portions of Homer, Herodotus, Demosthenes, and Plato. In Latin, a good deal of Livy, Cicero, and Virgil, with the whole or nearly so of Horace. To this at Rugby would be added perhaps two or three plays of Plautus, and some books of Lucretius. It will be his own fault if he has not gained a very fair amount of mathematical knowledge at the same time. "The whole of Euclid" seems to be not an unusual point to be reached by a sixth-form boy at Harrow, who is yet no aspirant for mathematical honours at the university; and "nearly half those who leave the sixth will have gone through six books," and have gained also "a very fair knowledge of algebra." Something less than this would be the Rugby mark.

In the honours gained at the universities, though Harrow has done fairly well, the balance is largely in favour of Rugby. Indeed, of the latter school the Commissioners have reported that the list of distinctions gained by its scholars "evinces its general teaching in the Literæ Humaniores to be absolutely unsurpassed; its training in exact scholarship to stand within the first rank; and its practice of composition not to disentitle it to a very honourable position amongst public schools." Taking the ten years from 1852 to 1861 inclusive, Rugby has gained at Oxford in classical honours no less than 34* first classes in moderations, and 22 at the final examination, as against 10 and 7 from Harrow; and has three times been successful both for the Ireland and the Hertford university scholarships, which no Harrow man has gained during that period. On the other hand, some of the best Harrow scholars have gone to Cambridge, where they have gained 12 places in the first class of the Classical Tripos, while Rugby has only 6; and have won there a very large proportion of Greek and Latin verse prizes—a test of elegant scholarship in which Rugby seems not nearly so successful. In mathematical honours the two schools

* The Report says 35; but Dr Temple's list (App. p. 312) gives only 34.

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have been nearly on a level. In this respect, though both Harrow and Rugby occupy a good place as compared with other public schools, our public-school training is plainly not so successful as it should be. A fact stated by Professor Price, one of the most eminent mathematicians at Oxford, illustrates this rather remarkably. The great test of high mathematical proficiency acquired at school is the junior of the two university scholarships, which can only be competed for up to the ninth term from matriculation. This scholarship, says Mr Price, "has never been gained by a young man from the great public schools;" but they have gained the senior scholarship repeatedly, which may be supposed rather the result of university training.

The monitorial system exists in its full development both at Harrow and Rugby, and is very much the same in both, although there are of course some minor details which are characteristic of each school. Perhaps the most important difference is that while the Rugby præpostors are above forty —comprising the whole Sixth Form —the Harrow monitors are never more than fifteen. In both cases the privilege is attached strictly to place in the school, the reward entirely of school work, and depending in no way upon age or other qualifications; excepting that at Rugby a boy is not permitted to pass into the Sixth (however qualified by attainments) until he is sixteen, and that as a boy's place in the Sixth, once obtained, never afterwards changes, and he can only rise to the top by his seniors leaving school, it is seldom that a very young boy can obtain the rank of monitor at Harrow. The powers and responsibilities are very much the same in both schools. Mr Butler's statement on this head may stand as well for Rugby as for Harrow:—

"Without attempting to define accurately the duties of a monitor, I may say that he would be bound to keep reasonable order among the boys of his house, especially during the evening; to assist the master who calls the "bill" in school in maintaining quiet; to investigate and to punish any serious moral offence, as bullying, drinking, gross language or acts, &c.; or any violation of a well-known school rule, as smoking, being in a public-house, throwing stones in the street, &c."

Of the advantages of the system both head-masters speak in the most unhesitating language. Mr Butler says:—

"As to the general question, whether it is desirable that the elder boys in a great school should be formally intrusted with some authority over the younger, I can only state in the most emphatic terms my own conviction, that no great school could long live in a healthy state without it. The limit of the authority may vary, and the recognised means of maintaining it may vary according to the traditions of each school; but I am satisfied that the only true way to train boys is to train them to govern themselves. It is not merely that boys become aware of a thousand instances of misconduct more or less serious which a master can never detect without an amount of surveillance which would be fatal to all generous training; but independently of this, the knowledge on the part of the school at large that a certain portion of their own body, of which they hope some day to become themselves members, is charged to maintain right and to put down wrong, must have a most powerful moral influence in forming manly characters. They see justice done, and evil discountenanced or punished, by those who share their sympathies, whose standard of right and wrong is not so much above their own as to seem fictitious, and who represent in the main the ability and the physical strength of the school."

Dr Temple speaks briefly but decidedly to the same purport; and he remarks that "the Sixth-Form boys, though they are in every way treated as boys, are considered by their schoolfellows as the natural guardians of the good name of the school." It may be just observed, that while Mr Butler may be supposed to speak somewhat enthusiastically in favour of a system under which he himself was trained, Dr Temple's judgment cannot be

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otherwise than impartial, as he was not himself a public-school man.

But it may be said, this theory of "governing through the upper boys," as one of the Commissioners fairly terms it, is a very fine theory, if you take the masters' view of an upper boy's responsibilities: but what view do they take of it themselves? how far, in practice, are they found equal to these responsibilities, and how far do they maintain the moral discipline which so much depends upon them, and the good name which they are supposed to have so much at heart? Where will you find the monitor or præpostor whom you can trust not only to avoid for himself but to check in others such common schoolboy irregularities as smoking, for instance, or going into a public-house? Mr Carter, Lower master of Eton, where, as we have before shown, the monitorial powers have fallen into abeyance, is remarkably sceptical on this point. Anything like bad language, or conduct which would be generally held disreputable, would be put down at Eton as much as at Harrow or Rugby; not indeed by any direct authority of the upper boys, but by the general feeling of the school. But when Mr Carter, in his examination, is pressed about certain institutions at Eton known as "the Tap" and "the Christopher," to which the boys are proved to resort, to say the least, much too often (for the mere habit of entering a public-house, putting any possible excess out of the question, is most objectionable), it is suggested to him by Mr Commissioner Vaughan that possibly the monitorial authority (supposing it to be acknowledged at Eton) "might have the effect of checking bad habits of such a description." Mr Carter answers that he "thinks not;" and the following rather remarkable conversation ensues:—

Mr Vaughan.—"Could you point out how it would fail?" *Mr C.*—"I could not point out how it would succeed." *Mr V.*—"I will show you what I mean, and then you will be able perhaps to point out where the failure would be. Supposing that boys come out of church together, and the monitors are about the streets as the other boys themselves are, the other boys are under the eye of the monitor, and the monitor is an obstacle to the boy going into 'the Tap' without being seen?" *Mr C.*—"Then I think this upper boy must never do such a thing himself." *Mr V.*—"I mean, supposing that he would not do such a thing himself, would it not be an advantage in that respect?" *Mr C.*—"In Utopia I think it would." *Mr V.*—"Such a thing as a boy in the Sixth Form not going into a public-house, then, in the apprehension of an Eton master, is an Utopian impossibility?" *Mr C.*—"No, I think that is a very hard way of putting it. I think you cannot insure that a monitor would not do such a thing."—Evidence, Eton, 6037-6041.

It does appear to be insured, however, sufficiently for all practical purposes, both at Harrow and at Rugby, where the Eton master's Utopia is found in actual existence. It might be hardly fair to rest this assertion on the sole authority of the masters of either school; an earnest and conscientious master may have a tendency (a very natural and allowable tendency) to see in the moral state of his school rather that which he desires and strives to produce than that which actually exists; and there must always be in a large school some irregularities of which the most watchful master can know nothing. It is not, therefore, altogether because Dr Temple and Mr Butler express their confidence that, as a general rule, a Rugby præpostor or a Harrow monitor would neither allow a lower boy to smoke or go into a public-house, nor do such a thing himself, that we should feel satisfied that the exceptions to this rule were not more common than those gentlemen honestly believe; but when we have the same assurance from young men whose high standing both at school and college gives weight to their evidence, while they must have had opportunities of knowing the private habits of their schoolfellows

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which no master could have, it puts the fact beyond reasonable doubt. Here is an extract from the examination of Mr Ridley, who left Harrow as Captain in 1861:—

"1530. Do you consider that the monitorial system is very beneficial?—Yes, I think that it checks breaches of discipline much more than the power of the masters does; at all events certain kinds of breaches of discipline. 1531. What kind of breaches of discipline?—Such breaches as drinking, immorality, and so on. 1532. That is to say, the sort of cases not so likely to be known to the masters as to the monitors?—Yes. 1533. Do you think the monitors would be as much disposed to check or punish those offences as the masters?—I have known cases in which perhaps the monitor might have failed in his duty, but I can conscientiously say that the general tone is such that a monitor who saw an offence committed would consider himself bound to punish the boy who committed it. 1534. And public opinion would support him in so doing?—Decidedly. 1535. You think the exercise of the monitorial authority is not unpopular?—I think that if any monitor is found to neglect his duty he is despised by those who are subject to his authority. 1536. If he neglect his duty?—Yes.

"1523. Would they stop bullying?—Yes; of course I meant to include that in the term keeping order. 1524. If they observed any boys going into public-houses, would they report them?—No, but they would be punished.

Here, again, is the evidence of Mr Lee Warner, who was six years at Rugby, and left in 1860:—

"1515. They [the præpostors] would consider themselves called upon to interfere if they saw anything going on that was very wrong, such as going into a public-house?—They would at once interfere, and either send the boy up, or they have the power of licking him if they prefer it; only that, of course, is subject to appeal.

"1538. With regard to keeping order in the house: Suppose there was any card-playing going on in the studies, would the Sixth take notice of it?—Certainly.

"1546. (*Lord Devon.*) I ask, of course, merely the general question; but supposing the case which is conceivable, of any offence which would be visited, as regards a boy in the forms below the Sixth, by any punishment to be administered by the Sixth, to be committed by a Sixth-Form boy himself,—what would happen?—There would be a Sixth levy called by some fellow in the Sixth, and they would probably decide to ask the head-master either to send him away, or to put him down a certain number of places.

"1577. (*Lord Lyttelton.*) Do they [the boys generally] go to public-houses to drink?—Very little indeed. 1578. That you think was rather discountenanced?—Yes. 1579. (*Mr Thompson.*) Would a monitor stop that?—Yes.

"1593. (*Lord Clarendon.*) The Sixth Form would consider themselves bound to interfere in the case of any gross immorality?—Certainly.

"1598. (*Lord Devon.*) Take another offence which is not a moral offence,—take smoking: would the Sixth Form interfere to support any prohibition of the masters with regard to smoking?—The Sixth always punished for smoking. 1599. And never smoked themselves?—I suppose some of them did; of course if they were discovered smoking by a Sixth fellow, he would call a Sixth levy. 1600. (*Mr Thompson.*) They would be obliged to leave the Sixth in that event?—They probably would."

The reader of this evidence will be quite prepared to hear that Dr Temple, in the course of his examination, says—"I expelled a boy in the Sixth Form once for knowing of something very wrong and not stopping it." It seems quite clear, from the evidence which has been quoted, that although instances will occur of bad example or connivance on the part of the upper boys to whom these powers are intrusted, the system on the whole works excellently for the moral discipline of Harrow and Rugby, and is very far indeed from being the Utopian theory which some Eton authorities are disposed to regard it. Certainly, when we compare Mr Carter's assertion, that "the general good conduct of the school has increased in almost exact proportion to the decrease of authority placed in the hands of the upper boys,"* with his own evidence as quoted

* Appendix, p. 121.

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above, and with the complaint of another Eton master, that it is "a fashionable thing with the leading boys of the school" to frequent such places as the Tap and the Christopher, and that "very often a hundred boys go there in the course of a day,"* we readily understand how the monitorial authority is indeed, as one of the masters explains it, foreign to the whole spirit of the place; but it is not so easy to understand the further explanation, occurring more than once in nearly the same words in the course of the Eton evidence on this point, that "the exercise of those powers has fallen into desuetude from the excellence of the school discipline and the ease with which it is maintained."†

Perhaps the most reasonable objection which may be made to the exercise by boys of seventeen or eighteen of these disciplinary powers is the possible bad effect upon themselves. There is a risk, no doubt, that, as the Commissioners express it, "individual boys may be rendered by it stiff and priggish, or imperious, or" (which seems not so probable) "that they may be oppressed by a responsibility for which they are unfitted by character and disposition." To this danger neither the masters of Rugby nor of Harrow are insensible. But both masters and boys agree that, practically, the risk of this detriment to character is very little. The most important autocrat amongst his schoolfellows soon finds his level at the university: and the remark with which the subject is dismissed by the Commissioners seems sensible and just, that "perhaps even the slight Pharisaism which monitorial authority has been observed by others to engender in characters not quite congenial with their position, may also lead sometimes to the gradual, but real, assumption of good habits."

It must be remembered that both at Harrow and Rugby "no boy is bound to take a punishment from a monitor if he considers it an unjust one." He has the right of appeal; either to the general body of monitors, or to the head-master. The right, as may be supposed, is very seldom exercised, and the appeal, when made, has very rarely been successful; it may be fairly assumed that, unless the abuse of power is very flagrant indeed, the tendency amongst the monitors would be to support a member of their own body, and that the master would also feel that, in the maintenance of general discipline, such appeals were not to be encouraged. The same feeling prevails (and, on the whole, with benefit to the service) in court-martials and other similarly constituted tribunals. No captain of a ship likes a "sea-lawyer," and a lower boy who is always questioning the judgment of the præpostors had better be removed at once from Rugby to Eton. But the right of appeal is universally acknowledged to exist, and all the evidence goes to show that, however seldom exercised, it practically serves as a check upon the abuse of monitorial power. Mr Lee Warner, when asked whether, as a lower boy at Rugby, he ever saw "boys who habitually abused their powers as præpostors," replies, that he does not think he knows of any such cases—"because we should at once have an appeal to a Sixth levy on it." Mr Lang speaks quite as confidently of the temperate exercise of these powers at Harrow; on the part of the lower boys, he says, the monitors' discipline is "cheerfully submitted to"—"if they think there is anything arbitrary, they can always appeal."‡

It is curious to note from these volumes of evidence how much a schoolboy's notion of his indefeas-

* Eton Evidence, 8224, 8225.
† Mr S. Hawtrey, Appendix, p. 160. Mr Browning, ib. p. 146.
‡ See Harrow Evidence, 1904, &c.

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ible rights and liberties varies at different schools. At Eton, as we have seen, the exercise of monitorial discipline would be resented by public opinion as "not the thing"—and no phrase could be more expressive. On the other hand, at Eton, as well as at Harrow, it is the custom—and appears to the authorities there, as it does to the Commissioners, as nothing more than a wholesome precaution—for the masters to visit occasionally the private rooms or studies of the boys in their respective houses. The same takes place in College at Winchester; and in none of these schools is this kind of occasional surveillance complained of by the boys as any violation of their privacy. Mr Harris, one of the assistants at Harrow, is asked in the course of his examination by Sir S. Northcote—

"986. Are you in the habit of going up into the boys' rooms at all?—Yes; I do always once in the course of the evening. When I am at home during the evening I generally go up before prayers; I always go up once afterwards. 987. Do you go into each room, or only into some of them?—It depends on circumstances. I have no uniform practice; the less uniform the better. I always knock at the door and go in."

Again,

"487. As a matter of discipline, are boys allowed to lock their doors?—They are not. 488. Would that be considered an offence?—Yes."

At Rugby, on the contrary, any such system would be looked upon as little better than espionage. By time-honoured tradition, every Rugbeian's study is his castle. No doubt, a master has a right to make a domiciliary visit, and would probably do so if he had strong reason to suspect the prevalence of any such habits as gambling or drinking in a particular house; but it is a right very rarely exercised, and such a visit would require to be justified by very peculiar circumstances in order not to violate the traditionary feeling of the school. Even the jurisdiction of a præpostor, more private and domestic than that of the master, hardly goes the length of demanding admittance into the fortress (about the size of the Commissioner's table, as Dr Temple describes a schoolhouse study) in which the smallest fag has intrenched himself, for lawful or unlawful purposes, in the evening. Sir Stafford Northcote is examining a late member of the Rugby Sixth Form "with regard to keeping order in the house:"—

"1538. Suppose there was any cardplaying going on in the studies, would the Sixth take notice of it?—Certainly. —Did they ever go into the boys' rooms to see if there was any mischief going on?—They would not go into their studies on purpose; but if they came upon it by accident they would notice it. If they knocked, the fellows would probably lock the door.—Was it considered legal to lock your door?—It was considered legal.—So that any mischief might be carried on, which could not be prevented in that way?—Except by the influence of the Sixth fellows generally."

Sir Stafford, with an Etonian's natural preference for his own institutions, returns to the attack subsequently:—

"1556. It is not the habit of the masters to go round the house at night, is it?—In our house the masters very seldom did, except late at night to see that there was no chance of a fire or anything of that kind.—Do you think it would be a better system if, instead of trusting the discipline to the Sixth, the masters had themselves occasionally gone to the boys' rooms?—No; I think that would engender distrust between the masters and the boys, and the Sixth would not think it their business so much if the masters took it into their hands."

An ancient author with whom we trust Eton and Rugby men are alike familiar tells us how a certain tribe of Indians, of advanced utilitarian views, who piously and reverently ate their aged parents, had their feelings terribly shocked when it was suggested that they should adopt the Greek practice of burning them; they cried out and stopped their ears against the indecency of

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the mere proposal. So in the small Etonian the sense of personal dignity revolts against the præpostor's cane, while he feels no loss of independence in the domiciliary visits of the master; while the little Rugbeian takes his licking cheerfully, but stoutly locks his study door in the tallest præpostor's face, and denounces even the visit of an inquisitive master as an intrusion on his domestic privacy. Even Royal Commissioners decline to dogmatise upon the points of honour in these respective systems, and wisely make no attempt to cut out public-school boys all of one pattern. And we must content ourselves with quoting Pindar, as the old historian does, to the effect that "custom is sovereign over all" —public schools included.

As to bullying, which in bygone times used to make many a boy's life miserable for his first two or three years at a public school, it is as little to be found now at Rugby as at Eton. Dr Temple says—

"There is very little of it at Rugby. The public opinion of the school is exceedingly sound upon two points; it is very sound upon truth, and it is very sound upon bullying; I am quite sure of the body of the school on those two points; it would not only resist bullying, but it would resist it indignantly."

And this statement is fully borne out by the younger witnesses.

Neither is there much to complain of in this respect at Harrow. The head-master says in his evidence—"We do not regard bullying as one of the great dangers which we have practically to apprehend;" and Mr Harris states that "a case of bullying is of very rare occurrence indeed." Lord Clarendon indeed remarks that "there have been some very notorious cases of bullying at Harrow," and that "there was a notion that it was carried on there to a considerable extent;"* and the Commissioners during their sittings received an anonymous complaint upon the subject, of which (as being anonymous) they very properly took no direct notice; but it seems pretty clear that the evil, to whatever extent it may have existed, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. The late head of the school admits that there were "two cases, very bad ones," during his own time, and the energetic way in which they were punished—by the process of Lynch law known as "a public whopping"—shows at least that the practice was foreign to the tone and feeling of the school.

"It was considered one of the most serious offences which a boy could commit; a meeting was called, and the offender was publicly caned by the head of the school, the senior monitors being present as well as the whole school, summoned in the fourth-form room, and then the offender was publicly 'whopped,' or before a monitors' meeting in the school library."

In the matter of fagging, there is but one possible complaint which can be made at Rugby; that there is too little of it. It has become so very nearly nominal, that it seems to have lost, with the abuses, almost all the advantages of the system. Dusting a præpostor's study, making his toast, and attending his call for half an hour at supper, seems to be almost less than is required even at Eton. The old system of "keeping goal" at the "big-side" football, by which a small boy was compelled to stand shivering in the cold for some two hours of almost every winter half-holiday, without being allowed to amuse himself or keep himself warm by taking any share in the game, was, as Dr Temple very justly calls it, "oppressive" in the extreme, and he deserves every credit for having abolished it; but when we are told that the fagging-out at cricket has very nearly disappeared, and that although a Sixth-Form boy has the power of employing fags to field for him, it is a power which is now

* Harrow Evidence, 919, 1571.

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"very rarely exercised," we are by no means inclined to share the satisfaction with which the information will no doubt be received in some quarters. There is no real hardship in an elder boy employing two or three younger ones in stopping his balls for an hour or so: it is one of the most practically convenient of the Sixth-Form privileges, and may very fairly be conceded to his position in the school: the service has nothing in it that is menial or degrading, and it is what he might very reasonably require from his younger brothers at home. It only becomes oppressive when a boy is kept at it too long at a time, or so often as to cut up his own half-holidays too much; and this need never be the case in so large a school as Rugby. The Report remarks very justly, that "the Harrow rule as to cricket fagging appears to be well calculated to preserve it from abuse without entirely abolishing it." There are certain boys (known familiarly as *slave-drivers*) appointed by the head of the school to send fags down to service on the cricket-ground in regular rotation. It is so arranged that no boy has to be fagged in this manner more than once a-week; and if he is sent down a second time, "he may simply come to the captain of the eleven," who at once admits the appeal. The Commissioners have not thought it beneath their office to suggest a doubt whether "the total abolition of fagging-out at cricket would not unnecessarily shorten the apprenticeship in the less exciting but not useless practice of fielding;" a suggestion to which we hope the reformers of Rugby will give its due weight. We do not think it even a distinct matter for congratulation that the fags have no longer anything to do with keeping the cricket-ground in order. It is the fashion now at public schools that the boys should have everything done for them; even the stumps and bats are now, at most schools, carried down to the ground by one of those paid functionaries whom Provost Goodford of Eton (and we cordially agree with him) would wish to see banished by authority from every school cricket-ground in the kingdom. In former days, it was considered one of the advantages of a public-school life that boys learnt to do things for themselves. The system of education pursued at Mr Squeers's well-known establishment was far from perfect; but that "first class in English spelling and philosophy," in which a boy learnt not only to spell "horse" but to rub him down, always struck us as a redeeming feature. And an hour's rolling of the old cricket-ground at Rugby was very wholesome and improving exercise for a young gentleman who was rather loud in his orders to servants at home. The fault of schools fifty years ago was hardness; future years will not improve them if they introduce softness instead. Even at Rugby, the comparative luxuriousness of modern habits seriously diminishes the profits of the boarding-house masters, by "necessitating very much better accommodation, and therefore much larger rents, and secondly, a great many more servants of a different class;" and this is not only likely to involve a future increase in the charges to parents (which Dr Temple suggests), but has already led to some difficulty in obtaining first-rate men as masters when vacancies occur, because the profits of a boarding-house (which form one of the main sources of emolument), no longer offer the same inducement as formerly. And yet it is of Rugby that the Commissioners specially report that "as the charge for board is moderate, so is the dietary simple;" that "it certainly does not incline too much to a high scale," though amply sufficient "to support a studious life," as well as "football in its most combative form." In short, the school makes some respectable attempt to maintain that "plain living and high thinking" which one who carried off its highest honours once recommended in a time

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of trouble to his fellow-students at Oxford.*

There is one point of school government common to both Harrow and Rugby, to which they owe much of their present success and prosperity; it is the cordial working together of the head-master and his staff. Nothing is clearer, both from Dr Temple's and Mr Butler's evidence than this; that, retaining for themselves in theory the supreme and unfettered control of all the school regulations, and accepting all the responsibility which this involves, in practice they would take no step of importance without consulting their assistant-masters, and would give the greatest weight to any of their suggestions or remonstrances. The Harrow masters meet regularly once a-fortnight for consultation at the head-master's house. "I habitually consult all of the masters," says Mr Butler; "I should attribute the greatest importance to their opinions, whether expressed at their meetings or privately." At Rugby, the system of regular councils for the purpose of discussing all matters connected with the discipline and studies of the school was introduced by Dr Arnold, first in the good old-fashioned way of friendly dinners, then for a short period every morning for about a quarter of an hour before "second lesson," and latterly, in more formal fashion, at intervals of about three weeks. These meetings fell somewhat into abeyance under Dr Goulburn, but have been resumed by the present head-master. "To this," say Mr Anstey and Mr Buckoll, who have worked loyally on the school staff under many successive rulers,—"to this it is attributable, in a very great degree, that we have so very harmonious a working of the school."† Of the necessity of some such practice in order to insure anything like that unity of spirit and action throughout the body of masters, without which no public school can hope to work with any real success, there can be no question; but it may be doubted whether the enforcing it as a necessary part of the school constitution, as the Commissioners recommend in their general Report, would not be quite as apt to introduce elements of discord. The summoning of any such council should be a spontaneous and cordial motion of the head-master. But it is, as the Report observes, "impossible to read the evidence furnished from these schools and from Eton respectively, without perceiving that in the former the assistants have a thorough sense of co-operation with the head-master, which is wanting in the other." ‡ In the Rugby evidence especially, every one who has read Dr Temple's examination will be quite prepared to find that the footing upon which he stands not only with Rugby masters but with Rugby boys, is thoroughly open and cordial; that, as one of his pupils testifies, there is "a very great deal of intercourse between him and the boys," and that the influence of his personal character is felt "very perceptibly indeed." In short, as Lord Clarendon sums up the state of things at Rugby in a few permissible leading questions—not at all more than the whole tone of the previous evidence fairly warrants—"the masters were on very good terms with each other, and with the boys,—there was a friendly relation between them, as if the whole thing was a joint-stock company, and success the object of all." § If that feeling has indeed been established, and can be maintained there, it is not necessary to inquire into the special character of the teaching, or the details of the curriculum of study, to account for the undoubted popularity and success of Rugby School.

The Commissioners seem, indeed, almost to have overstepped the limits of their office—which we take to have been "to inquire," rather than

* A. H. Clough of Oriel College, in a pamphlet published during the Irish famine.
† Evidence, 119. ‡ Report, p. 6. § Evidence, 2392, &c.

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authoritatively to praise or blame—when they deliver this as the result of the "general impression" which they have derived from the Rugby evidence :—

"A head-master, whose character for ability, zeal, and practical success promises to make him conspicuous on the list of Rugby head-masters; a staff of assistants who combine with skill, ability, and knowledge such a lively personal interest in the school as induces them to make habitual sacrifices for its welfare; a system of mental training which comprehends almost every subject by which the minds of boys can be enlarged and invigorated; a traditional spirit among the boys of respect and honour for intellectual work; a system of discipline which, while maintaining the noble and wholesome tradition of public schools that the abler and more industrious should command and govern the rest, still holds in reserve a maturer discretion to moderate excess, guide uncertainty, and also to support the legitimate exercise of power; a system of physical training which, while it distinguishes the strong, strengthens the studious, and spares the weak; a religious cultivation which, although active, is not overstrained, but leaves something for solemn occasions to bring out: such are some of the general conditions which have presented themselves to notice during our investigation. They go far also, we think, to explain that public confidence which the school has for many years possessed, and never since the days of Arnold in larger measure than at the present moment."

The authorities of other schools which are doing their work honestly and ably may perhaps fairly take exception to this elaborate panegyric, as savouring rather of the advocate than the judicial inquirer; but there is no reason to question the facts upon which it is founded. Yet even this apparently perfect system does its work very imperfectly. Such, at least, is the opinion of one of the ablest of its administrators, Mr Charles Evans; while the moral results of a Rugby education appear to him to be "most satisfactory," he believes that "intellectually it is at once a success and a failure."

"A large number of boys leave Rugby by every year from the lower forms, and to most of them I think that our system does but scant justice. I am not speaking of the idle and the dull, but of a very large class of boys of good natural abilities and industry, who yet do not reach high positions in the school. At about sixteen years of age this type of mind appears to reach the length of its classical tether, and however much worked after that time it takes no polish. . . . They have never reached the point at which the study of classics begins to acquire its greatest value as an engine of moral discipline; and apart from the moral and social advantages, and the unconscious self-education of a large school, their last two or three years at Rugby are, I think, almost unprofitable."—Appendix, p. 314.

Mr Evans thinks that this applies to "one-half, at least," of those who leave the school. The remedy which he would propose is the adoption of the system generally known as "bifurcation"—*i. e.*, a classification of the boys, after they have reached a certain standing in the school, into two distinct departments; in one of which the classical studies would be still continued as at present, while in the other mathematics, physical science, modern languages, and history, would, to a great extent, take their place. Such a system is actually at work, under various modifications, at Marlborough, Cheltenham, Wellington and King's Colleges, and we may have more to say of it hereafter. But Dr Temple is not in favour of introducing it at Rugby, which he thinks would lose very much more than it would gain by such an arrangement. He doubts "whether the boys would get much better discipline, as far as mere mental discipline is concerned," and is "quite sure that they would lose very considerably in real cultivation." Even Mr Evans, in his examination, admits that this second department "would, after all, give a kind of education inferior to that given at present." No doubt of it; and though it would meet the cases of a few individual boys, the result in the large majority would be open to the same failure and disappointment; real application would be as

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distasteful in the one class of studies as in the other, and therefore real education as exceptional as ever. For, after all, the grand question to be solved will be that which Lord Devon, in apparent despair at its being solved in any way by himself or his brother Commissioners, puts to one of the young Rugby witnesses, and gets little help from his answer—

"2216. Can you suggest any mode by which a boy can be prevented from being idle?—I cannot."

NOTE.—In the previous article on the Eton Report in our June number, it was stated that the collegers were members of "a separate football and cricket club." This statement is not literally correct; the words of the Report are —"They do not play together [i. e., with the oppidans], except at fives, in *some* of the cricket clubs, and in the *first* football club."—(Report, p. 68.) It was stated in the same article that "no oppidan had now gained the Newcastle scholarship for seven years." This was the fact as appeared in the evidence given before the Commission in 1862; but Mr Fremantle retrieved the honour of the oppidans in this respect in 1863.

ART.

Is this the stately shape I saw
  In Greece a thousand years ago,
Who ruled the world by Beauty's law,
  And used among the gods to go?

Who, wheresoe'er she turned her eyes,
  Below her saw a reverent throng,
Whose praise was taken as a prize,
  Who made immortal with a song?

Now, scant in garb, a mendicant,
  She stretches forth her prayerful palms,
And wealth, in pity for her want,
  Contemptuous tosses her its alms.

This gift is not for charity,
  But love, that at thy feet I lay.
Oh, take my heart that throbs for thee!
  And smile as in the ancient day.

W. W. S.

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GIULIETTA.

Ah, how still the moonbeams lie
  On the dreaming meadows!
How the fire-flies silently
  Lighten through the shadows!
All the cypress avenue
Waves its tops against the blue,
As the wind slides whispering through—
    He is late in coming!

There's the nightingale again!
  He alone is waking;
Is it joy or is it pain
  That his heart is breaking?
Bliss intense or pain divine?
Both of them, O Love, are thine!
And this heart, this heart of mine,
    With them both is thrilling.

From the deep dark orange-grove
  Odorous airs are steaming,
Till my thoughts are faint with love—
  Faint with blissful dreaming.
Through the slopes of dewy dells
Crickets shake their tiny bells,
And the sky's deep bosom swells
    With an infinite yearning.

On my heart the silent weight
  Of this beauty presses;
Midnight, like a solemn Fate,
  Saddens while it blesses.
All alone I cannot bear
  This still night and odorous air;
Dearest, come, its bliss to share,
    Or I die with longing.

I have listened at the doors,
  All are calmly sleeping;
I alone for hours and hours
  In the dark am weeping.
Only weeping can express
The mysterious deep excess
Of my very happiness,
    Therefore I am weeping.

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Like a fountain running o'er
With its too great fulness,
Like a lightning-shivered shower
For the fierce noon's coolness,
Like an over-blossomed tree
That the breeze shakes tenderly,
Love's too much falls off from me
In these tears of gladness.

Ah, beloved! there you are!
I once more am near you;
Walk not on the gravel there,
Somebody may hear you.
Step upon the noiseless grass,—
Oh! if they should hear you pass
We are lost, alas! alas!
We are lost for ever!

Hark! the laurels in the light
Seem with eyes to glisten;
All things peep and peer—and night
Holds its breath to listen.
Deeper in the shadow move,
For the moon looks out above,
I am coming to you, love,
In a moment coming.

W. W. S.

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THE VOTE OF CENSURE.

THE Ministry is as good as dead, and only waits to be buried. It has lost its influence abroad, it has lost its character at home. It is an inert chrysalis, in which the soul of Lord Palmerston is expiring. It is the ghost of his reputation—of a name that has been famous in Europe—which has kept the Ministry in a nominal existence. The waverers who decided the recent vote in favour of the Government shrank from terminating the career of a great minister by placing on the records of the House of Commons a formal condemnation of his policy. But the debate has virtually killed the Ministry. It has laid bare the unparalleled blindness and blundering which have marked their foreign policy. The whole story of the negotiations has been placed in full view of the public; and so strong was the case against the Government, that the independent members, who supported the Cabinet with their votes, were the most unsparing in their condemnation of its blundering and abortive policy. The House of Lords condemned the Government by a majority of nine; the House of Commons acquitted it with a verdict of Not Proven by a majority of eighteen. And so the Ministry still exists, although its reputation is extinct and its hours are numbered.

The debate which took place on the vote of censure is, we do not hesitate to say, the most remarkable that the oldest member of either House has witnessed. It is the most important debate on foreign policy that has occurred since 1815, and the speeches were characterised by a fulness of knowledge, by an ability of statement, and by a sharpness and power of rhetoric, which have not been surpassed in any similar discussion. Every side of the question—nay, every nook and cranny of it—was fully set forth and minutely criticised. Both parties did their best, but the course of the argument has shown clearly that the Opposition had a good case, that the Ministry had none. Horsman, Cobden, Roebuck, and Bernal Osborne made elaborate speeches in condemnation of the Ministerial policy; and the fact that the three first-named gentlemen voted with the Ministry, after all, adds special weight to the anathemas with which they felt compelled to assail it. Other members of less note acted in similar fashion. They could not resist the force of the evidence against the Ministry, but they sought with eager ingenuity to devise excuses for voting with it. Mr Roebuck did so by attempting to disconnect the conduct of the Foreign Minister from that of the Cabinet. Mr Horsman, with a similar disregard alike of constitutional principles and of the facts of the case, held that Parliament, by not sooner expressing its opinion on the question, had become accomplices in the miserable policy of the Ministry. Mr Cobden openly confessed that he would vote that black was white rather than terminate the rule of the Liberal party. Mr Osborne, while pouring his withering sarcasms upon the whole Cabinet, declared that the "great Liberal party" was already defunct, yet was not disposed to help the Tories into office. Had the motion condemnatory of the foreign policy of the Government been decided upon its merits, it would have been carried by an overwhelming majority; and even as a party struggle—as a vote of want of confidence—it was a sentiment of respect for the past greatness of Lord Palmerston which alone saved the Ministry from a decisive overthrow.

Seldom in its long history has the British Parliament had so grave an issue to decide, or so sad a position

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to contemplate. England has become a hissing and a byword among the nations. The public which remembers the commanding position which our country occupied at the close of the war of giants which terminated at Waterloo—who remember the dominating influence of England when Castlereagh conducted our foreign policy, and Wellington led our armies—who read in every history, even in that of M. Thiers, that it was England which broke the power of the first Napoleon, and delivered all Europe from bondage—were stupefied to find that our Government had sunk into so humiliating a position. Ten years ago, at the commencement of the last European war in which we took part, the influence of England was so great that, if she had spoken her mind in time, there would have been no war. It was the vacillation of a Liberal Ministry, of which Lords Russell and Palmerston were members, that occasioned the Crimean war, by leading Russia to believe that we should not oppose her attack upon the independence of the Porte. But where is our "just influence" now? Russia and France disregard our solicitations—Austria and Prussia, as well as the minor States of Germany, despise our bluster, and set at defiance our threats. England has become isolated, hated, and ridiculed. The fault was not that of the country, but of the Government. The conduct of the Ministry has been alike alien to our traditional policy and at variance with the wishes of the nation. England has been humbled solely by the culpable incapacity of the Ministers; and the right and only possible way of retrieving her position, and placing herself in her just attitude towards Europe, was to disconnect herself from the conduct of the statesmen who misrepresented her, and to repudiate their policy by a vote of censure.

It is a poor plea for any Ministry to excuse itself by throwing the blame of its errors and failures upon Parliament. It is the bounden duty of a Ministry to resign if it cannot carry out the policy which it believes to be right. But, in the present case, no excuse of this kind, poor though it be, could be pleaded by the Government. It took every means in its power to prevent its foreign policy being examined and discussed by Parliament. It delayed in a most unusual manner to lay the record of its negotiations before the House; and first by one plea, then by another, it staved off discussion until with the failure of the Conference all was at an end. The papers were furnished in driblets; when one batch was printed, another was promised; and at last came the miserable project of the Conference, not to save Denmark, but to save the Ministry. Even taking the facts as stated by Mr Layard, the papers (he ought to have read a portion of them) were laid on the table of the House at the beginning of March; and it would take a week before members could have time to master the contents. Well, what took place then? Lord Ellenborough, who on several occasions had fretted at the Ministerial delays, and who considered that it was a matter of the utmost importance that Parliament should express its opinion upon the foreign policy of the Government before the Easter recess, gave notice of a motion which would have led to a full discussion of the question; but when the day came Lord Russell made a most earnest appeal to him to abandon his motion, on the ground that any discussion would embarrass the Government and impede the progress of the negotiations for peace.* What could Lord Ellenborough, or any one in

* "I rise, on public grounds, to request the noble Earl not at present to bring on that discussion. I do not expect that anything that falls from him will tend to increase the difficulties which surround the settlement of this question; and, for

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a like position, do but acquiesce? This was on the 18th of March. When Parliament reassembled after the Easter recess, the Government announced that a Conference was about to meet, and thus discussion was again staved off. The first act of Lord Russell in the Conference was to propose that the proceedings should be kept secret; and this arrangement, though quite disregarded by the other Powers, was pleaded by our Government as a reason for keeping Parliament in the dark as to what was in progress. Parliament, indeed, was pretty well informed as to the transactions of the Conference through the medium of foreign newspapers; but, owing to the ruse of our Government, it was not in a position to take cognisance of them. As a foreign critic observed, the Conference was simply a "protracted Parliamentary manœuvre," devised by our Ministry to stave off discussion and keep themselves in office. There is a great power in accomplished facts; and when the mischief was done, and remedy impossible, the Ministry reckoned that Parliament would have less motive for displacing them. From first to last their game was delay; and the game was so far successful, that Parliament was made to appear as to some extent an accomplice in the policy of the Government. The Opposition took the very earliest opportunity of challenging a verdict upon that policy; but the fact that the miserable career of blundering was, or seemed to be, at an end, enabled the ingenious consciences of many members to ignore the true character of the question submitted to decision, and to give their votes in favour of the Ministry, while fully admitting the accusations laid to their charge.

So conscious was the Ministry of the badness of its case that it did not dare to meet the vote of censure on the usual issue of Aye or No. It took refuge under cover of an amendment, which simply sought to give the go-by to the motion of the Opposition, and which, whatever other objections there were to it, certainly did not pledge the House to an approval of the Ministerial policy. This was of itself a humiliation for the Ministry. A Ministry which shrinks from meeting a vote of censure stands self-condemned. But if we look at the amendment, what do we see? Why, the very adoption of the form of address proposed by Mr Kinglake was a censure on the policy of the Government. Its terms were, "to express the satisfaction with which we have learnt that, at this conjuncture, her Majesty has been advised to abstain from armed interference in the war now going on between Denmark and the German Powers." Now, the Government, so far from having been desirous to remain neutral, had throughout been eager to go to war. This fact is patent on the face of their despatches; it was publicly acknowledged by Lords Russell and Palmerston in their speeches in Parliament on the 27th of June. When announcing the failure of the Conference, and the resumption of hostilities by the German Powers, Lord Russell took pains to show that the Government had done its best to go to war with

my own part, I must say that I should have been very glad to render the fullest explanation of the conduct of the Government in respect to the affairs of Denmark and Germany. There are, however, reasons of public policy which make it desirable that there should be no discussion at the present moment. In the first place, I have now to present, by command of her Majesty, various papers in continuation of those which were presented a few weeks ago. These papers contain the further correspondence which has taken place up to a very recent period. In the next place, there has been a correspondence lately carried on with regard to the holding of a Conference and a proposed armistice, and I have good hopes that the Danish Government will agree to that Conference."—*Times*, March 19, 1864.

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the German Powers, and that if it had failed to do so, it was only because it could not help it. He said the Government had repeatedly solicited France and Russia, and every Power who was likely to help us, to join us in a war against the Germans, but that unfortunately they would not co-operate with us. What, then, could we do? he said. We have no allies—no Power will join with us—and we cannot venture single-handed to engage in a war with the whole powers of Germany. Such was the language of the Foreign Minister—such was the exposition he gave of his policy. The Government had tried all along to go to war, and regretted that they had not been able to do so. Nevertheless, he said, there were certain events not unlikely to arise in the continuance of the contest which, if they occurred, would cause the Government to reconsider the matter: obviously implying that the Government might yet take part in the war, even without allies! Lord Palmerston spoke to the same effect, and in some respects even more strongly, in the House of Commons. And yet, after all this, the Ministry, in order to save themselves, actually supported an address to the Queen, taking credit to themselves for having followed a policy of peace! If this be not humiliation, we know not where to look for it. The Ministry saved themselves from a direct vote of censure only by supporting an amendment which condemned them by implication.

Three months ago we pointed out, by quotations from the official despatches, that the desire and intention of the Ministry was to engage in the Dano-German contest in the character of belligerents. Unwise as were the threats which Lord Russell directed against the German Powers, and the expectations held out to Denmark—and humiliating as the consequences of these threats and promises have been to this country—there can be no doubt that they were made in earnest, and that the Cabinet meant to be as good as its word. Even Mr Gladstone and Mr Layard in the recent debate admitted that this was the case up to the end of January; and their only defence of the Government is, that after that date, as soon as it became certain that we could not get allies for the war, the policy of menace was discontinued, and all thought of intervention abandoned. Such a defence in reality is an admission of the case against the Government. Yet, as was to be expected, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs confessed to only a part of the truth. The policy of menace was continued for several months after France had peremptorily declined to join us in hostilities. And the intention to intervene single-handed was not abandoned even up to the close of the Conference. For months the public mind was disturbed by threats and signs of imminent war. The Channel Fleet was recalled from Portugal; then it was advanced to the Downs; and again it was officially announced to be ready to go anywhere on twenty-four hours' notice. Nay, Lord Russell openly menaced the Austro-Prussian fleet with an attack from our powerful squadron. It was not until the debate on the vote of censure commenced that the Ministry began to realise its position. Then at length it made a wonderful gyration—turning its back upon its former self, and supporting an address to the Queen which her Majesty knew well was quite at variance with the past sentiments and conduct of her official advisers.

The conduct of the Ministry in regard to the late abortive Conference was shameless beyond parallel. Seldom has hypocrisy been carried so far, or the selfish interests of a Ministry been more recklessly pursued. Ostensibly the Conference was sought after for the sake of Denmark, to preserve her integrity

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and independence—yet no sooner did the Conference assemble than Denmark was sacrificed, and the English Minister himself proposed her dismemberment! When the Conference met, no Power had repudiated the Treaty of 1852; and Lord Palmerston stated that England engaged in the Conference on the basis of the treaty, and to uphold the integrity and independence of the Danish monarchy. Well, it met—but when it ended, the public heard with amazement that the Treaty of 1852 was wholly abandoned,—that the English Minister himself had proposed the dismemberment of Denmark,—and finally, after time had been given to Prussia to purchase iron-clad ships of war, hostilities were to be resumed, and Denmark was to be left alone to meet annihilation at the hands of her assailants! "Denmark is dead!" was the curt remark of one of the Plenipotentiaries as the Conference broke up. Dead she is, and it is England that has killed her. But for the expectations of aid which were held out to her by Lords Palmerston and Russell, Denmark would never have engaged in a war with Germany. She would have negotiated. But our precious Ministry first led her to take up arms, and then left her to her fate. Not only at the outset, but at every new phase of the contest, Denmark hoped for aid from England. In January she was told by the 'Morning Post' (the special organ of Lord Palmerston's policy) that an army of 30,000 men, commanded by the Duke of Cambridge, was to go to her help, and maintain the line of the Dannewerke. Her soldiers worked themselves to death in fortifying that line: but the redcoats never came, and the poor Danes, left unsupported in a position which their numbers were quite inadequate to defend, had to make a terrible night-retreat in the depth of winter to save themselves from being surrounded. Again, at Dybbol and Alsen, they heard with eager ears of the movements of the British fleet; and they knew that if once our iron-clads were in the offing, their terrible flanking fire would crush every attempt at assault on the part of the assailants. Dybbol fell, and the Conference met: and still hope lingered in the breasts of the Danes. England, they said, has now brought our enemies to book; and if they will not make peace on tolerably fair terms, then at last she will throw off her neutrality and come to our aid. How different was the actual issue—how different the sentiments and conduct of our Ministers, every one knows. They sought for a Conference only as a Parliamentary manœvure, in order to save themselves. They sought for an armistice, which told only in favour of the Germans—for further prolongations of the Conference, though at the price of new sacrifices imposed on Denmark,—they sought for anything, in short, which might postpone the crisis, and stave off discussion in Parliament. Step by step, week by week, they abandoned one part of the Danish cause after another, in order to propitiate the German Powers, and obtain a peace which might ruin Denmark but which would save themselves. And now, how stands the case? Baron Beust, the arch-champion of Germany against Denmark, boasts of the Conference as a greater triumph than could have otherwise been obtained. On his return to Dresden, on the 8th July, he said, "I am most entirely convinced that the London Conference, alike in its proceedings and in its termination, could not possibly have operated in a manner more favourable for Germany. I am of opinion that the position gained there, without any sacrifice, could not have been equalled even by the most advantageous arrangement of which the circumstances permitted." There is no longer any appeal to the Treaty of London: Lord Russell himself has abandoned it. There is no longer any question of maintaining the

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integrity of Denmark: Lord Russell himself has proposed the dismemberment of that kingdom. At the outset of the war, the line of the Schlei and the Dannewerke was more than the Germans even in secret could hope for: now, whatever happen, it is the least that they can get. Lord Russell, in the hope of getting them to make peace, has declared that they are entitled to have it; and has even proposed that other portions of Schleswig shall be theirs also, if a *plebiscite* decide in their favour. After encouraging Denmark to resist—after threatening and abusing the German Powers as outrageous robbers—after maintaining that war in no way nullified the Treaty of London, and that the integrity and independence of Denmark were requisite to the balance of power in Europe,—the English Ministry at length sacrifices Denmark, abandons the Treaty, and recognises as just and equitable the annexation of the half of Denmark to the territories of Germany. Baron Beust is right. The Conference gave him a greater triumph than could have been won by mere force of arms; and Lords Palmerston and Russell have assassinated Denmark and her King under the pretext of being their friends.

There was only one more ignominy, one more hypocrisy, wanted to complete the tale of Ministerial culpability. And the want was supplied. Having sacrificed Denmark in the Conference, Lords Palmerston and Russell, to the disgust of every one, still flourished their threats, and hinted their promises as before. If the Germans went farther—if they attacked the islands—or, at all events, if they took the capital—certainly if they took it by storm, or if the King should fall into their hands, or if there were a bloody bombardment—ah, then, said Lord Palmerston, we shall see what England will do! It was the drivel of senility, or the empty flourish of hypocrisy. Denmark and her King had had enough of that. A sardonic smile must have curled the lips of the Danes as they read that pitiable declaration, if indeed they had heart to smile at all. A short and emphatic curse was the more likely reply to it. Denmark has been fooled to her ruin by the English Ministry. Too late she perceives the unworthy game that has been played on her, and now she turns to her cruel adversaries to obtain terms of peace which, hard as they will be, will better serve her purpose than relying any longer upon her faithless friends.

The case against the Government was so strong that the Ministerial speakers sought rather to carp at and misrepresent the arguments of the Opposition than to maintain the soundness of their own policy. This was the line taken at the outset by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and it was only varied by Lord Palmerston, who, on the eve of the division which he feared would be hostile, appealed to the House to condone the errors of the Ministry, and not visit upon their heads the punishment which they had fully incurred. There was one feature in the speeches of the Ministerialists in the Lower House which was eminently base as well as ridiculous. Mr Gladstone and Mr Layard, both of whom are singularly reckless and unscrupulous as debaters, indulged in charges against Mr Disraeli and other members of the Opposition of "misquoting" and "falsifying" the despatches from which they read extracts. It is very rarely that any such charge is well founded, and in the present case there was not a vestige of foundation for it. Mr Disraeli gave the dates of the despatches from which he quoted, and any member could verify the accuracy of his quotations in a moment. And when pressed home, Mr Layard admitted that what he meant by "falsification" was simply the omitting of

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certain parts of the despatches quoted from; and neither he nor Mr Gladstone succeeded in showing that in any case the true meaning of the despatches had been perverted. But these charges of "misquoting" and "falsification" sound well for the moment; they raise doubts for the time, and take the edge off the facts which were so efficiently appealed to by the leaders of the Opposition; and both Mr Layard and Mr Gladstone, in lieu of honest argument, did not hesitate to have recourse to this shameless mode of warfare. Happily the House was soon brought to a just sense of the position by the eloquent speech of Mr Hardy, who repelled these charges with indignation, and very properly denounced them as "a calumny." Then followed a curious, though certainly not edifying scene. Mr Layard, with marvellous effrontery, rose to demand that the words be taken down, and appealed to the Speaker on the question of order. The Speaker at once decided that in this case Mr Hardy was entitled to use the phrase "a calumny." The decision of the Speaker is always final; yet, strange to say, the Premier rose and protested against his decision, setting himself in open opposition to the highest authority in the House. This was too much for the House, so it peremptorily supported the Speaker; and Mr Layard and his backer, the Premier, had to keep their seats, and had to listen to Mr Hardy as he again denounced their charges of "falsification" as calumnies. What added to the piquancy of this Parliamentary fracas was, that soon afterwards a member rose and read a passage from 'Hansard,' showing that on a former occasion Mr Layard had been called a calumniator, with the permission of the Speaker, and that he had been called so by Lord Palmerston himself!

In the Upper House, as was to be expected, the debate was not disgraced by such shameless manœuvres. The Duke of Argyll was as pert and carping as usual, but neither he nor any of his colleagues stooped to imitate the "calumnies" of Mr Gladstone and Mr Layard. The Opposition had to sustain the irreparable absence of Lord Derby, who was suffering from indisposition, and whose powerful eloquence would in other circumstances have led the attack against the Ministry. In his absence Lord Malmesbury assumed the leadership of the Conservative Peers, and discharged the duty which thus unexpectedly devolved upon him with eminent ability. It is to be regretted that, apparently from natural diffidence, the noble Earl rarely does justice in delivery to the substantial excellence of his speeches; but it would have been difficult for any orator in either House to have surpassed the luminous exposition with which he opened the case against the Government. The Government were beaten on the discussion, and the policy of the Foreign Minister was condemned in the House of which he is a member. In the Lords as in the Commons the most eminent of the independent members spoke and voted against the Government. At first sight it seems surprising that, on so clear an issue, the Conservatives should not have had a larger majority than nine. But it is long since there has been a great party fight in the Upper House, and the public forget the enormous addition which the Liberal party have made to their power in the Lords by the creation of new peerages, both spiritual and temporal. With two exceptions the whole bench of bishops voted with the Ministers who had raised them to the episcopate; and it has been computed that, of the whole number of Peers present who voted with the Ministry, one-half have owed their peerages to the Liberal party since 1831.

Up to the very moment of the

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division, the Government was apprehensive of finding itself in a minority in the House of Commons.* And in order to influence the waverers, an announcement was made in the Ministerial journals that, if the Government secured a majority, they would abandon their previously arranged project of dissolving Parliament during the recess. This doubtless won for them some votes. It is obvious that if a dissolution were quickly to follow the miserable display of Ministerial incapacity which the present session has witnessed, the supporters of the Ministry would find their re-election seriously imperilled; but by delaying a dissolution, the Ministry hope that they may be able to re-establish their popularity, or at all events that lapse of time may weaken the recollection of their errors and failures. Although defeated in the one House, they have obtained a majority in the other, and thus have escaped total overthrow. But the debate, if not the division, has been a great triumph to the Opposition. The leaders of the Conservative party acted most wisely in bringing forward the vote of censure. It was a right course alike for the party and for the interests of the country. "You are desirous," said the more reckless of the Ministerialists, "to proclaim to Europe the humiliation of England." "On the contrary," justly replied the Conservatives, "you have misrepresented the opinions of the country—you have adopted a meddling and muddling policy which the country heartily disapproves, and by this vote of censure we mean to announce that fact to the world. Were we to remain silent, then indeed your humiliation would become that of England also; and it is as the only means of saving our country from shame and disgrace that we repudiate your policy and condemn it." The effect of the debate upon public opinion has been remarkable. Even the Liberal journals now admit that the foreign policy of the Ministry is indefensible; and the 'Times' says that it was an act of sagacity on the part of Lord Palmerston to ask the House, on the eve of the division, not to approve his policy, but simply to condone it. How are the mighty fallen! The whole country is now conscious that the vaunted foreign policy of the Liberals is not only a failure, but has destroyed the just influence of England, and subjected our Government to rebuffs and humiliation unparalleled in the memory of any living man.

There is a curious private history connected with the recent party-struggle, and one which ought to be known if the real character of the issue is to be thoroughly understood. The Premier at first was strongly opposed to Mr Kinglake's amendment. It was a bitter pill for him to swallow, but it was forced down his throat by members of his own side of the House. Mr

* The 'Times,' which, when the vote of censure was first tabled, affirmed that the Government would have a majority of 25 or 30, on the morning of the last day of the debate reckoned the Ministerial majority at only 4. This estimate was strictly correct at the time it was made. But the Conservatives were so unlucky as to have no less than eleven casualties—*i. e.*, absences of members from personal illness or family bereavements,—while the Ministerialists had only one. One Ministerialist was actually carried down to the House, and into the division-lobby, in a litter, and could not even record his vote in the usual manner. Besides the five Conservatives, including Mr Dutton, who voted with the Ministry, there were some others who refused to vote, and whose defection was not known to the whippers-in on either side until within two hours of the division. Among the other "calumnies" connected with the recent contest, it was stated that the Ultramontane Irish members would vote against the Government; but, in actual fact, their votes were equally divided—one-half voting with the Ministry, and the other half against them.

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Kinglake, who has always been opposed to a war between this country and Germany, in bringing forward his amendment only gave legitimate expression to his own sentiments. But Lord Palmerston knew that these sentiments were not his; he knew that himself and his principal colleagues would have made war upon Germany if they could: and it was a humiliation greater than he could bear to accept an amendment which substantially condemned the policy which he had endeavoured, though in vain, to carry out. But he was even made to feel his helplessness. Nine Liberal members, connected with City interests, waited upon him, and said quietly but plainly, "If you do not accept the amendment, you must not count upon our votes." And it also appeared that behind these gentlemen there was a large party of more extreme views, who would likewise withhold their support from the Ministry, unless the amendment were accepted. A Cabinet Council was held, and doubtless it devolved upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer to beard the old lion, to "bell the cat," and to force the adoption of the amendment upon the Premier. Doubtless he informed the Cabinet that, besides these nine Liberal members, there was the whole body of the Radicals, who were utterly dissatisfied with the policy of the Government, and who would only give their votes to the Ministry on condition that this "Peace amendment" was accepted. The grand old man, the great Minister, of whom all England once was proud, gave way. He preferred to cling to office, and accept humiliation, rather than be utterly defeated, and close his official life under a solemn vote of censure carried in both Houses of Parliament. The manacles were put upon him, and all he could do was to keep them as much as possible from the view of others. It was a pitiable spectacle, and for the sake of a great name we sincerely regret it. Ought we not to say that we regret it also for the sake of the still greater name of England?

For, let us now ask, for what cause was it that the Radicals supported the Ministry, and saved them from an overwhelming defeat? In the debate, they were the fiercest assailants, the most bitter and contumelious censors of the whole foreign policy of the Government. Why, then, did they record their votes in its favour? On the particular question at issue, as we have seen, they heartily condemned the Ministry. Was it, then, that they chose to regard the question as one of confidence or no confidence in the Ministry, and that by their votes they testified their confidence? Not a bit of it. Confidence in Lord Palmerston!—the Radicals would as soon give a vote of confidence to Beelzebub! They hate Palmerston of all men, and they regard the present Cabinet as quite as much "obstructives" as a Conservative one would be. Men who are fierce antagonists in the House are frequently very amicable in the library or the smoking-room; and when leading Tory and leading Radical meet together, their exchange of sentiments is often sufficiently frank. "We are for peace," said the Radicals when the late debate was going on—"peace, as you call it, 'at any price;' and we don't like the constant talk of you Tories about 'the honour of the country.' We have no confidence that you would not go to war some of these days, if you were in office. Palmerston is quite as bad as you—if not worse: that is true; but then we can bridle *him*. He cannot do without us. He must take our terms. We have him under our thumb." These Radicals do not overstate the case. By forcing the Government to accept the amendment, they have bound over the Government to a policy of peace. The only party which really triumphed in the late division was the Peace party. The

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fact is seen and appreciated all over Europe. Strongly opposed as we are to going to war with Germany in this quarrel, we, at the same time, regret that a resolution should have been carried in the House of Commons which not only appears in the sight of Europe as a triumph of the Peace party, but which actually was so. For this the country has to thank Lord Palmerston. The miserable blundering of his Ministry has made our people sick of foreign policy: we have been so humiliated, so isolated, and consequently so helpless, that we have been ready to make a vow never to meddle in European politics any more. The "meddling and muddling" of the present Cabinet has done more than anything else could have done to render popular the dangerous crotchets and ignoble policy of the Manchester party. And rather than resign office, Lord Palmerston has actually accepted an amendment which is not only condemnatory of the policy of the Government, but which also gives a notable triumph to the political sect of whom hitherto he has been the heartiest hater and the most uncompromising antagonist.

As statesmen, the Liberal party is now used up. It has destroyed its reputation; its leaders have repudiated many, and abandoned as impracticable all the measures which they formerly advocated. A Liberal Ministry has no longer any *raison d'être*. Lord Russell has abandoned and buried Reform; the Church-Rates Bill and other measures of hostility to the National Church have one by one been knocked on the head and entombed; and now the mythic reputation of Liberal foreign policy has burst like a bubble, covering the Ministry with disgrace, and involving the country in their humiliation. Even the reputation of Lord Palmerston has vanished. It has been destroyed by his own hands. He is now but the shadow of a great name. It would have been well for him, and still better for the country, if his love of power had been less insatiable, and if he had retired from official life without waiting for the withering of his laurels. If he has not outlived his genius, he has outlived his age. He finds himself in a new epoch, which is unsuited for his old style of policy, and amid new forces which he cannot rightly appreciate. A Tory for the best half of his life, he has ended by being the last hope of the Liberal party. And with his failure, now only too conspicuous, the long tottering fabric of Liberal prestige and power rushes to the ground, and a long reign of Conservatism will be established upon its ruins. The "great Liberal party" is at an end; the Whigs have become an anachronism. The only parties which show vitality are the Radicals, towards whom Mr Gladstone is being attracted, and the strong and united party led by Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli, which still calls itself Conservative, but whose principles are very inadequately expressed by such a term of negation.

The concluding words of the vote of censure expressed regret that the conduct of the Government had diminished the securities for peace. The statement is a truism: it is a self-evident proposition. The public feeling of a country which has been humbled through the conduct of its Government becomes irritable in its relations with other countries. It is the last feather which breaks the camel's back; and we have experienced so many humiliations and rebuffs of late that our stock of patience is sadly diminished, and the cup of exasperation is liable to overflow. A few months hence the truth of the statement will be more clearly appreciated. Europe has not seen the last of the Danish question. It is a letting out of waters which may yet bring "the deluge" over Europe. Is Denmark, voluntarily or by force of arms, to be incorporated with Germany? Is

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the Swedo-Norwegian kingdom to share the same fate at the hands of Russia? Or is a united Scandinavian kingdom to appear on the scene, emerging from the wreck and ruin of a bloody war? Be the immediate issue of this Dano-German conflict what it may, it will excite the ambition of nationalities and the mutual jealousies of rulers. Are the Duchies to be annexed to their Fatherland, and Venetia not united to Italy? Is Germany to aggrandise herself by the conquest of Denmark, and France have no commensurate extension on the Rhine? Is Germany herself not likely to be torn by internal dissensions? and may not a third Power, a popular confederation, arise in the Fatherland, which will lean on France as a counterpoise to the power which Russia may throw into the scale on behalf of Austria and Prussia? If might is to make right, what hope is there any longer for the independence of little states like Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Portugal? Once set in motion the waves of a great war, and old landmarks will be submerged, and Europe will hardly know herself when she emerges from the stormy flood. We fear that Europe is only at the beginning of her troubles, and it behoves England to watch narrowly the conduct of the men who are now at the helm of her affairs.

It is to be expected that, during the recess, Lord Palmerston will seek to regain his credit by some bold stroke of policy. He cannot be content to close his long career in ignominious failure. And it is probable that the course of foreign politics will be such as to offer only too many opportunities, if not temptations, for the Premier to resort to his favourite game of rash but brilliant *coups*. He can do nothing without the co-operation of the French Emperor. The British Government left the Emperor in the lurch on the Polish question, and again in the matter of the Congress. The Emperor in turn has left our Government in the lurch on the Danish question. But both parties find it is now high time to make up their differences. The Palmerston Cabinet are humiliated and helpless, and they want the help of France to enable them to assume an attitude in foreign affairs which would re-establish their popularity at home. Napoleon, on his part, sees that the course of Continental politics is taking an unfavourable turn for him, and he is now ready to renew in the closest form his alliance with England. The publication in the 'Morning Post' of the forged despatches of the new "Holy Alliance" was a clever stroke to excite apprehensions, and to influence public opinion in both countries in favour of closer relations between the two great Liberal Powers of Europe.

A good understanding between this country and France, and a hearty co-operation in all matters in which we have common interests, is a sound principle of policy. It is a most desirable object; but it must be pursued with caution and within the limits which we have specified. In the changes now in progress or impending on the Continent, France has different interests from those of England, and some which are opposed to ours. No object is at present apparent which could compensate us for engaging in a European war; and, to say the least, it is no business of ours to help France to seize the Rhine provinces, to annex Belgium, and to convert Antwerp into an impregnable station for her fleet. We have not forgotten the saying of the First Napoleon, that "Antwerp (then in his possession) is a loaded pistol held at the head of England." Rather than become the ally of France in a European war, we believe Lord Russell would resign. But we are not sure that the Premier and Lord Clarendon, who may soon take Lord Russell's place in the Cabinet, may not drift into acquiescence with the Emperor's

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schemes. Lord Palmerston is resolved to hold on to the last; and something must be done to re-establish his reputation and to close his career in credit, if not in a perilous blaze of glory. Hence the necessity of keeping a sharp watch on his policy during the recess. With him as Premier, "the securities for peace are unquestionably diminished." Far be it from us to say that England ought to view with indifference the events on the Continent, or that under no circumstances should she take part in a European war. But it is a matter of the highest importance that England should not be led into such a war blindfold, or be allowed to drift into it, either through the incapacity of the Ministry or in subservience to its temporary interests. By all means let our friendly relations with France be re-established. It was the fault of the present Ministry that they were interrupted. But let us not pay too dear for the bargain, nor purchase the co-operation of Napoleon in measures for restoring the prestige of the Ministry, by entering into engagements and entanglements which will prove detrimental to the best interests of the country.

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CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

CONCLUSION.—CHAPTER XLVI.

MR WENTWORTH did not accept Mrs Morgan's sudden invitation, partly because his "people" did not leave Carlingford that evening, and partly because, though quite amiably disposed towards the Rector, whom he had worsted in fair fight, he was not sufficiently interested in anything he was like to hear or see in Mr Morgan's house to move him to spend his evening there. He returned a very civil answer to the invitation of the Rector's wife, thanking her warmly for her friendliness, and explaining that he could not leave his father on the last night of his stay in Carlingford; after which he went to dinner at his aunts', where the household was still much agitated. Not to speak of all the events which had happened and were happening, Jack, who had begun to tire of his new character of the repentant prodigal, had shown himself in a new light that evening, and was preparing to leave, to the relief of all parties. The prodigal, who no longer pretended to be penitent, had taken the conversation into his own hands at dinner.

"I have had things my own way since I came here," said Jack; "somehow it appears I have a great luck for having things my own way. It is you scrupulous people who think of others and of such antiquated stuff as duty, and so forth, that get yourselves into difficulties. My dear aunt, I am going away; if I were to remain an inmate of this house—I mean to say, could I look forward to the privilege of continuing a member of this Christian family—another day, I should know better how to conduct myself; but I am going back to my bad courses, aunt Dora; I am returning to the world——"

"Oh! Jack, my dear, I hope not," said aunt Dora, who was much bewildered, and did not know what to say.

"Too true," said the relapsed sinner; "and considering all the lessons you have taught me, don't you think it is the best thing I could do? There is my brother Frank, who has been carrying other people about on his shoulders, and doing his duty; but I don't see

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that you good people are at all moved in his behalf. You leave him to fight his way by himself, and confer your benefits elsewhere, which is an odd sort of lesson for a worldling like me. As for Gerald, you know he's a virtuous fool, as I have heard you all declare. There is nothing in the world that I can see to prevent him keeping his living and doing as he pleases, as most parsons do. However, that's his own business. It is Frank's case which is the edifying case to me. If my convictions of sin had gone just a step farther," said the pitiless critic, "if I had devoted myself to bringing others to repentance, as is the first duty of a reformed sinner, my aunt Leonora would not have hesitated to give Skelmersdale to me——"

"Jack, hold your tongue," said Miss Leonora; but though her cheeks burned, her voice was not so firm as usual, and she actually failed in putting down the man who had determined to have his say.

"Fact, my dear aunt," said Jack: "if I had been a greater rascal than I am, and gone a little farther, you and your people would have thought me quite fit for a cure of souls. I'd have come in for your good things that way as well as other ways; but here is Frank, who even I can see is a right sort of parson. I don't pretend to fixed theological opinions," said this unlooked-for oracle, with a comic glance aside at Gerald, the most unlikely person present to make any response; "but, so far as I can see, he's a kind of fellow most men would be glad to make a friend of when they were under a cloud—not that he was ever very civil to me. I tell you, so far from rewarding him for being of the true sort, you do nothing but snub him, that I can see. He looks to me as good for work as any man I know; but you'll give your livings to any kind of wretched make-believe before you'll give them to Frank. I am aware," said the heir of the Wentworths, with a momentary flush, "that I have never been considered much of a credit to the family; but if I were to announce my intention of marrying and settling, there is not one of the name that would not lend a hand to smooth matters. That is the reward of wickedness," said Jack, with a laugh; "as for Frank, he's a perpetual curate, and may marry perhaps fifty years hence; that's the way you good people treat a man who never did anything to be ashamed of in his life; and you expect me to give up my evil courses after such a lesson? I trust I am not such a fool," said the relapsed prodigal. He sat looking at them all in his easy way, enjoying the confusion, the indignation, and wrath with which his address was received. "The man who gets his own way is the man who takes it," he concluded, with his usual composure, pouring out Miss Leonora's glass of claret as he spoke.

Nobody had ever before seen the strong-minded woman in so much agitation. "Frank knows what my feelings are," she said, abruptly. "I have a great respect for himself, but I have no confidence in his principles. I—I have explained my ideas about Church patronage——"

But here the Squire broke in. "I always said, sir," said the old man, with an unsteady voice, "that if I ever lived to see a thing or two amended that was undoubtedly objectionable, your brother Jack's advice would be invaluable to the family as a—as a man of the world. I have nothing to say against clergymen, sir," continued the Squire, without it being apparent whom he was addressing, "but I have always expressed my conviction of—of the value of your brother Jack's advice as—as a man of the world."

This speech had a wonderful effect upon the assembled family, but most of all upon the son thus commended, who lost all his ease and composure as his father spoke, and turned his head stiffly to one side, as if afraid to meet the Squire's

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eyes, which indeed were not seeking his, but were fixed upon the table, as was natural, considering the state of emotion in which Mr Wentworth was. As for Jack, when he had steadied himself a little, he got up from his seat, and tried to laugh, though the effort was far from being a successful one.

"Even my father applauds me, you see, because I am a scamp and don't deserve it," he said, with a voice which was partially choked. "Good-bye, sir; I am going away."

The Squire rose too, with the hazy bewildered look of which his other children were afraid. "Good-bye, sir," said the old man, and then made a pause before he held out his hand. "You'll not forget what I've said, Jack," he added, with a little haste. "It's true enough, though I haven't that confidence in you that—that I might have had. I am getting old, and I have had two attacks, sir," said Mr Wentworth, with dignity; "and anyhow, I can't live for ever. Your brothers can make their own way in the world, but I haven't saved all that I could have wished. When I am gone, Jack, be just to the girls and the little children," said the Squire; and with that took his son's hand and grasped it hard, and looked his heir full in the face.

Jack Wentworth was not prepared for any such appeal; he was still less prepared to discover the unexpected and inevitable sequence with which one good sentiment leads to another. He quite faltered and broke down in this unlooked-for emergency. "Father," he said, unawares, for the first time for ten years, "if you wish it, I will join you in breaking the entail."

"No such thing, sir," said the Squire, who, so far from being pleased, was irritated and disturbed by the proposal. "I ask you to do your duty, sir, and not to shirk it," the head of the house said, with natural vehemence, as he stood with that circle of Wentworths round him, giving forth his code of honour to his unworthy heir.

While his father was speaking, Jack recovered a little from his momentary *attendrissement*. "Good-bye, sir—I hope you'll live a hundred years," he said, wringing his father's hand, "if you don't last out half-a-dozen of me, as you ought to do. But I'd rather not anticipate such a change. In that case," the prodigal went on with a certain huskiness in his voice, "I daresay I should not turn out so great a rascal as—as I ought to do. To-day and yesterday it has even occurred to me by moments that I was your son, sir," said Jack Wentworth; and then he made an abrupt stop and dropped the Squire's hand, and came to himself in a surprising way. When he turned towards the rest of the family he was in perfect possession of his usual courtesy and good spirits. He nodded to them all round—with superb good-humour. "Good-bye, all of you; I wish you better luck, Frank, and not so much virtue. Perhaps you will have a better chance now the lost sheep has gone back to the wilderness. Good-bye to you all. I don't think I've any other last words to say." He lighted his cigar with his ordinary composure in the hall, and whistled one of his favourite airs as he went through the garden. "Oddly enough, however, our friend Wodehouse can beat me in that," he said, with a smile, to Frank, who had followed him out, "perhaps in other things too, who knows? Good-bye, and good-luck, old fellow." And thus the heir of the Wentworths disappeared into the darkness which swallowed him up, and was seen no more.

But naturally there was a good deal of commotion in the house. Miss Leonora, who never had known what it was to have nerves in the entire course of her existence, retired to her own room with a headache, to the entire consternation of the family. She had been a strong-minded woman all her life, and managed everybody's affairs without being distracted and hampered

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in her career by those doubts of her own wisdom, and questions as to her own motives, which will now and then afflict the minds of weaker people when they have to decide for others. But this time an utterly novel and unexpected accident had befallen Miss Leonora; a man of no principles at all had delivered his opinion upon her conduct—and so far from finding his criticism contemptible, or discovering in it the ordinary outcry of the wicked against the righteous, she had found it true, and by means of it had for perhaps the first time in her life seen herself as others saw her. Neither was the position in which she found herself one from which she could get extricated even by any daring arbitrary exertion of will, such as a woman in difficulties is sometimes capable of. To be sure, she might still have cut the knot in a summary feminine way; might have said "No" abruptly to Julia Trench and her curate, and, after all, have bestowed Skelmersdale, like any other prize or reward of virtue, upon her nephew Frank—a step which Miss Dora Wentworth would have concluded upon at once without any hesitation. The elder sister, however, was gifted with a truer perception of affairs. Miss Leonora knew that there were some things which could be done, and yet could not be done—a piece of knowledge difficult to a woman. She recognised the fact that she had committed herself, and got into a corner from which there was but one possible egress; and as she acknowledged this to herself, she saw at the same time that Julia Trench (for whom she had been used to entertain a good-humoured contempt as a clever sort of girl enough) had managed matters very cleverly, and that, instead of dispensing her piece of patronage like an optimist to the best, she had, in fact, given it up to the most skilful and persevering angler, as any other woman might have done. The blow was bitter, and Miss Leonora did not seek to hide it from herself, not to say that the unpleasant discovery was aggravated by having been thus pointed out by Jack, who in his own person had taken her in, and cheated his sensible aunt. She felt humbled, and wounded in the tenderest point, to think that her reprobate nephew had seen through her, but that she had not been able to see through him, and had been deceived by his professions of penitence. The more she turned it over in her mind, the more Miss Leonora's head ached; for was it not growing apparent that she, who prided herself so much on her impartial judgment, had been moved, not by heroic and stoical justice and the love of souls, but a good deal by prejudice and a good deal by skilful artifice, and very little indeed by that highest motive which she called the glory of God? And it was Jack who had set all this before her clear as daylight. No wonder the excellent woman was disconcerted. She went to bed gloomily with her headache, and would tolerate no ministrations, neither of sal-volatile nor eau-de-cologne, nor even of green tea. "It always does Miss Dora a power of good," said the faithful domestic who made this last suggestion; but Miss Leonora answered only by turning the unlucky speaker out of the room, and locking the door against any fresh intrusion. Miss Dora's innocent headaches were articles of a very different kind from this, which proceeded neither from the heart nor the digestion, but from the conscience, as Miss Leonora thought—with, possibly, a little aid from the temper, though she was less conscious of that. It was indeed a long series of doubts and qualms, and much internal conflict, which resulted, through the rapidly maturing influences of mortification and humbled self-regard, in this ominous and awe-inspiring Headache which startled the entire assembled family, and added fresh importance to the general crisis of Wentworth affairs.

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"I should not wonder if it was the Wentworth complaint," said Miss Dora, with a sob of fright, to the renewed and increased indignation of the Squire.

"I have already told you that the Wentworth complaint never attacks females," Mr Wentworth said emphatically, glad to employ what sounded like a contemptuous title for the inferior sex.

"Yes, oh yes; but then Leonora is not exactly what you would call —a female," said poor Miss Dora, from whom an emergency so unexpected had taken all her little wits.

While the house was in such an agitated condition, it is not to be supposed that it could be very comfortable for the gentlemen when they came up-stairs to the drawing-room, and found domestic sovereignty overthrown by a headache which nobody could comprehend, and chaos reigning in Miss Leonora's place. Naturally there was, for one of the party at least, a refuge sweet and close at hand, to which his thoughts had escaped already. Frank Wentworth did not hesitate to follow his thoughts. Against the long years when family bonds make up all that is happiest in life, there must always be reckoned those moments of agitation and revolution, during which the bosom of a family is the most unrestful and disturbing place in existence, from which it is well to have a personal refuge and means of escape. The Perpetual Curate gave himself a little shake, and drew a long breath, as he emerged from one green door in Grange Lane and betook himself to another. He shook himself clear of all the Wentworth perplexities, all the family difficulties and doubts, and betook himself into the paradise which was altogether his own, and where there were no conflicting interests or differences of opinion. He was in such a hurry to get there that he did not pay any attention to the general aspect of Grange Lane, or to the gossips who were gathered round Elsworthy's door: all that belonged to a previous stage of existence. At present he was full of the grand discovery, boldly stated by his brother Jack — "The man who gets his own way is the man who *takes* it." It was not an elevated doctrine, or one that had hitherto commended itself specially to the mind of the Perpetual Curate; but he could not help thinking of his father's pathetic reliance upon Jack's advice as a man of the world, as he laid up in his mind the prodigal's maxim, and felt, with a little thrill of excitement, that he was about to act on it; from which manner of stating the case Mr Wentworth's friends will perceive that self-will had seized upon him in the worst form; for he was not going boldly up to the new resolution with his eyes open, but had resigned himself to the tide, which was gradually rising in one united flux of love, pride, impatience, sophistry, and inclination; which he watched with a certain passive content, knowing that the stormy current would carry him away.

Mr Wentworth, however, reckoned without his host, as is now and then the case with most men, Perpetual Curates included. He walked into the other drawing-room, which was occupied only by two ladies, where the lamp was burning softly on the little table in the corner, and the windows, half open, admitted the fragrant air, the perfumed breath, and stillness and faint inarticulate noises of the night. Since the visit of Wodehouse in the morning, which had driven Lucy into her first fit of passion, an indescribable change had come over the house, which had now returned to the possession of its former owners, and looked again like home. It was very quiet in the familiar room which Mr Wentworth knew so well, for it was only when excited by events "beyond their control," as Miss Wodehouse said, that the sisters could forget what had happened so lately—the loss which had made a revolution in their world. Miss Wodehouse, who for the first

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time in her life was busy, and had in hand a quantity of mysterious calculations and lists to make out, sat at the table in the centre of the room, with her desk open, and covered with long slips of paper. Perhaps it was to save her Rector trouble that the gentle woman gave herself so much labour; perhaps she liked putting down on paper all the things that were indispensable for the new establishment. At all events, she looked up only to give Mr Wentworth a smile and sisterly nod of welcome as he came in and made his way to the corner where Lucy sat, not unexpectant. Out of the disturbed atmosphere he had just left, the Perpetual Curate came softly to that familiar corner, feeling that he had suddenly reached his haven, and that Eden itself could not have possessed a sweeter peace. Lucy in her black dress, with traces of the exhaustion of nature in her face, which was the loveliest face in the world to Mr Wentworth, looked up and welcomed him with that look of satisfaction and content which is the highest compliment one human creature can pay to another. His presence rounded off all the corners of existence to Lucy for that moment at least, and made the world complete and full. He sat down beside her at her work-table with no further interruption to the *tête-à-tête* than the presence of the kind elder sister at the table, who was absorbed in her lists, and who, even had that pleasant business been wanting, was dear and familiar enough to both to make her spectatorship just the sweet restraint which endears such intercourse all the more. Thus the Perpetual Curate seated himself, feeling in some degree master of the position; and surely here, if nowhere else in the world, the young man was justified in expecting to have his own way.

"They have settled about their marriage," said Lucy, whose voice was sufficiently audible to be heard at the table, where Miss Wodehouse seized her pen hastily and plunged it into the ink, doing her best to appear unconscious, but failing sadly in the attempt. "Mr Proctor is going away directly to make everything ready, and the marriage is to be on the 15th of next month."

"And ours?" said Mr Wentworth, who had not as yet approached that subject. Lucy knew that this event must be far off, and was not agitated about it as yet; on the contrary, she met his look sympathetically and with deprecation after the first natural blush, and soothed him in her feminine way, patting softly with her pretty hand the sleeve of his coat.

"Nobody knows," said Lucy. "We must wait, and have patience. We have more time to spare than they have," she added, with a little laugh. "We must wait."

"I don't see the *must*," said the Perpetual Curate. "I have been thinking it all over since the morning. I see no reason why I should always have to give in, and wait; self-sacrifice is well enough when it can't be helped, but I don't see any reason for postponing my happiness indefinitely. Look here, Lucy. It appears to me at present that there are only two classes of people in the world — those who will wait and those who won't. I don't mean to enrol myself among the martyrs. The man who gets his own way is the man who takes it. I don't see any reason in the world for concluding that I *must* wait."

Lucy Wodehouse was a very good young woman, a devoted Anglican, and loyal to all her duties; but she had always been known to possess a spark of spirit, and this rebellious quality came to a sudden blaze at so unlooked-for a speech. "Mr Wentworth," said Lucy, looking the Curate in the face with a look which was equivalent to making him a low curtsy, "I understood there were two people to be consulted as to the must or must not;" and having entered this protest, she withdrew her chair a little farther off, and bestowed her attention ab-

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solutely upon the piece of needlework in her hand.

If the ground had suddenly been cut away underneath Frank Wentworth's feet, he could not have been more surprised; for, to tell the truth, it had not occurred to him to doubt that he himself was the final authority on this point, though, to be sure, it was part of the conventional etiquette that the lady should "fix the day." He sat gazing at her with so much surprise that for a minute or two he could say nothing. "Lucy, I am not going to have you put yourself on the other side," he said at last; "there is not to be any opposition between you and me."

"That is as it may be," said Lucy, who was not mollified. "You seem to have changed your sentiments altogether since the morning, and there is no change in the circumstances, at least that I can see."

"Yes, there is a great change," said the young man. "If I could have sacrificed myself in earnest and said nothing——"

"Which you were quite free to do," interrupted Lucy, who, having given way to temper once to-day, found in herself an alarming proclivity towards a repetition of the offence.

"Which I was quite free to do," said the Perpetual Curate, with a smile, "but could not, and did not, all the same. Things are altogether changed. Now, be as cross as you please, you belong to me, *Lucia mia*. To be sure, I have no money——"

"I was not thinking of that," said the young lady, under her breath.

"Of course one has to think about it," said Mr Wentworth; "but the question is whether we shall be happier and better going on separate in our usual way, or making up our minds to give up something for the comfort of being together. Perhaps you will forgive me for taking *that* view of the question," said the Curate, with a little enthusiasm. "I have got tired of ascetic principles. I don't see why it must be best to deny myself and postpone myself to other things and other people. I begin to be of my brother Jack's opinion. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. A man who will wait has to wait. Providence does not invariably reward him after he has been tried, as we used to suppose. I am willing to be a poor man because I can't help it; but I am not willing to wait and trust my happiness to the future when it is in my reach now," said the unreasonable young man, to whom it was of course as easy as it was to Lucy to change the position of his chair, and prevent the distance between them being increased. Perhaps he might have carried his point even at that moment, had not Miss Wodehouse, who had heard enough to alarm her, come forward hastily in a fright on the prudential side.

"I could not help hearing what you were saying," said the elder sister. "Oh, Mr Wentworth, I hope you don't mean to say that you can't trust Providence? I'm sure that is not Lucy's way of thinking. I would not mind, and I am sure she would not mind, beginning very quietly; but then you have nothing, next to nothing, neither of you. It might not matter just at the first," said Miss Wodehouse, with serious looks; "but then—afterwards, you know," and a vision of a nursery flashed upon her mind as she spoke. "Clergymen always have such large families," she said half out before she was aware, and stopped, covered with confusion, not daring to look at Lucy to see what effect such a suggestion might have had upon her. "I mean," cried Miss Wodehouse, hurrying on to cover over her inadvertence if possible, "I have seen such cases; and a poor clergyman who has to think of the grocer's bill and the baker's bill instead of his parish and his duty—there are

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some things you young people know a great deal better than I do, but you don't know how dreadful it is to see that."

Here Lucy, on her part, was touched in a tender point, and interposed. "For a man to be teased about bills," said the young housekeeper, with flushed cheeks and an averted countenance, "it must be not his poverty, but his—his wife's fault."

"Oh, Lucy, don't say so," cried Miss Wodehouse; "what is a poor woman to do, especially when she has no money of her own, as you wouldn't have? and then the struggling, and getting old before your time, and all the burdens——"

"Please don't say any more," said Lucy; "there was no intention on—on any side to drive things to a decision. As for me, I have not a high opinion of myself. I would not be the means of diminishing any one's comforts," said the spiteful young woman. "How can I be sure that I might not turn out a very poor compensation? We settled this morning how all that was to be, and I for one have not changed my mind—as yet," said Lucy. That was all the encouragement Mr Wentworth got when he propounded his new views. Things looked easy enough when he was alone, and suffered himself to drift on pleasantly on the changed and heightened current of personal desires and wishes; but it became apparent to him, after that evening's discussion, that even in Eden itself, though the dew had not yet dried on the leaves, it would be highly incautious for any man to conclude that he was sure of having his own way. The Perpetual Curate returned a sadder and a more doubtful man to Mrs Hadwin's, to his own apartments; possibly, as the two states of mind so often go together, a wiser individual too.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The dinner-party at the Rectory, to which Mr Wentworth did not go, was much less interesting and agreeable than it might have been had he been present. As for the Rector and his wife, they could not but feel themselves in a somewhat strange position, having between them a secret unsuspected by the company. It was difficult to refrain from showing a certain flagging of interest in the question of the church restoration, about which, to be sure, Mr Finial was just as much concerned as he had been yesterday; though Mr Morgan, and even Mrs Morgan, had suffered a great and unexplainable diminution of enthusiasm. And then Mr Leeson, who was quite unaware of the turn that affairs had taken, and who was much too obtuse to understand how the Rector could be anything but exasperated against the Perpetual Curate by the failure of the investigation, did all that he could to make himself disagreeable, which was saying a good deal. When Mrs Morgan came into the drawing-room, and found this obnoxious individual occupying the most comfortable easy-chair, and turning over at his ease the great book of ferns, nature-printed, which was the pet decoration of the table, her feelings may be conceived by any lady who has gone through a similar trial; for Mr Leeson's hands were not of the irreproachable purity which becomes the fingers of a gentleman when he goes out to dinner. "I know some people who always wear gloves when they turn over a portfolio of prints," Mrs Morgan said, coming to the Curate's side to protect her book if possible, "and these require quite as much care;" and she had to endure a discussion upon the subject, which was still more trying to her feelings, for Mr Leeson pretended to know about ferns on the score of having a Wardian case in his lodgings (which belonged to his landlady), though in reality he could scarcely tell the commonest

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spleenwort from a lycopodium. While Mrs Morgan went through this trial, it is not to be wondered at if she hugged to her heart the new idea of leaving Carlingford, and thought to herself that whatever might be the character of the curate (if there was one) at Scarsfield, any change from Mr Leeson must be for the better. And then the unfortunate man, as if he was not disagreeable enough already, began to entertain his unwilling hostess with the latest news.

"There is quite a commotion in Grange Lane," said Mr Leeson. "Such constant disturbances must deteriorate the property, you know. Of course, whatever one's opinion may be, one must keep it to one's self, after the result of the investigation; though I can't say *I* have unbounded confidence in trial by jury," said the disagreeable young man.

"I am afraid I am very slow of comprehension," said the Rector's wife. "I don't know in the least what you mean about trial by jury. Perhaps it would be best to put the book back on the table; it is too heavy for you to hold."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Mr Leeson—"I mean about Wentworth, of course. When a man is popular in society, people prefer to shut their eyes. I suppose the matter is settled for the present, but you and I know better than to believe——"

"I beg you will speak for yourself, Mr Leeson," said Mrs Morgan, with dignity. "I have always had the highest respect for Mr Wentworth."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the disagreeable Curate. "I forgot; almost all the ladies are on Mr Wentworth's side. It appears that little girl of Elsworthy's has disappeared again; that was all I was going to say."

And, fortunately for the Curate, Colonel Chiley, who entered the room at the moment, diverted from him the attention of the lady of the house; and after that there was no opportunity of broaching the subject again until dinner was almost over. Then it was perhaps the All-Souls pudding that warmed Mr Leeson's soul; perhaps he had taken a little more wine than usual. He took sudden advantage of that curious little pause which occurs at a well-conducted dinner-table, when the meal is concluded, and the fruit (considered apparently, in orthodox circles, a paradisaical kind of food which needs no blessing) alone remains to be discussed. As soon as the murmur of thanks from the foot of the table was over, the Curate incautiously rushed in before anybody else could break silence, and delivered his latest information at a high pitch of voice.

"Has any one heard about the Elsworthys?" said Mr Leeson; "something fresh has happened there. I hope your verdict yesterday will not be called in question. The fact is, I believe that the girl has been taken away again. They say she has gone and left a letter saying that she is to be made a lady of. I don't know what we are to understand by that. There was some private service or other going on at St Roque's very early in the morning. Marriage is a sacrament, you know. Perhaps Mr Wentworth or his brother——"

"They are a queer family, the Wentworths," said old Mr Western, "and such lots of them, sir—such lots of them. The old ladies seem to have settled down here. I am not of their way of thinking, you know, but they're very good to the poor."

"Mr Frank Wentworth is going to succeed his brother, I suppose," said Mr Leeson; "it is very lucky for a man who gets himself talked of to have a family living to fall back upon——"

"No such thing—no such thing," said Mr Proctor, hastily. "Mr Frank Wentworth means to stay here."

"Dear me!" said the disagreeable Curate, with an elaborate pause of astonishment. "Things must be bad indeed," added that interesting youth, with solemnity, shaking the devoted head, upon which

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he did not know that Mrs Morgan had fixed her eyes, "if his own family give him up, and leave him to starve here. They never would give him up if they had not very good cause. Oh, come; I shouldn't like to believe that! *I* know how much a curate has to live on," said Mr Leeson, with a smile of engaging candour. "Before they give him up like that, with two livings in the family, they must have very good cause."

"Very good cause indeed," said Mrs Morgan, from the head of the table. The company in general had, to tell the truth, been a little taken aback by the Curate's observations; and there was almost the entire length of the table between the unhappy man and the Avenger. "So good a reason, that it is strange how it should not have occurred to a brother clergyman. That is the evil of a large parish," said the Rector's wife, with beautiful simplicity; "however hard one works, one never can know above half of the poor people; and I suppose you have been occupied in the other districts, and have not heard what a great work Mr Wentworth is doing. I have reason to know," said Mrs Morgan, with considerable state, "that he will remain in Carlingford in a very different position from that which he has filled hitherto. Mr Leeson knows how much a curate has to live upon, but I am afraid that is all he does know of such a life as Mr Wentworth's." Mrs Morgan paused for a moment to get breath, for her excitement was considerable, and she had many wrongs to avenge. "There is a great deal of difference in curates as well as in other things," said the indignant woman. "I have reason to know that Mr Wentworth will remain in Carlingford in quite a different position. Now and then, even in this world, things come right like a fairy tale—that is, when the authority is in the right hands;" the Rector's wife went on, with a smile at her husband, which disarmed that astonished man. "Perhaps if Mr Leeson had the same inducement as Mr Wentworth, he too would make up his mind to remain in Carlingford." Mrs Morgan got up, as she made this speech, with a rustle and sweep of drapery which seemed all addressed to the unhappy Curate, who stumbled upon his feet like the other gentlemen, but dared not for his life have approached her to open the door. Mr Leeson felt that he had received his *congé*, as he sank back into his chair. He was too much stunned to speculate on the subject, or ask himself what was going to happen. Whatever was going to happen, there was an end of *him*. He had eaten the last All-Souls pudding that he ever would have presented to him under *that* roof. He sank back in the depths of despair upon his seat, and suffered the claret to pass him in the agony of his feelings. Mr Wentworth and Mrs Morgan were avenged.

This was how it came to be noised abroad in Carlingford that some great change of a highly favourable character was about to occur in the circumstances and position of the Curate of St Roque's. It was discussed next day throughout the town, as soon as people had taken breath after telling each other about Rosa Elsworthy, who had indisputably been carried off from her uncle's house on the previous night. When the Wentworth family were at dinner, and just as the board was being spread in the Rectory, where Mrs Morgan was half an hour later than usual, having company, it had been discovered in Elsworthy's that the prison was vacant, and the poor little bird had flown. Mr Wentworth was aware of a tumult about the shop when he went to the Miss Wodehouses, but was preoccupied, and paid no attention; but Mr Leeson, who was not preoccupied, had already heard all about it when he entered the Rectory. That day it was all over the town, as may be supposed. The poor, little, wicked, unfortunate creature had disappeared, no one knew how, at the moment, ap-

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parently, when Elsworthy went to the railway for the evening papers, a time when the errand-boys were generally rampant in the well-conducted shop. Mrs Elsworthy, for her part, had seized that moment to relieve her soul by confiding to Mrs Hayes next door how she was worrited to death with one thing and another, and did not expect to be alive to tell the tale if things went on like this for another month; but that Elsworthy was infatuated like, and wouldn't send the hussy away, his wife complained to her sympathetic neighbour. When Elsworthy came back, however, he was struck by the silence in the house, and sent the reluctant woman up-stairs—"To see if she's been and made away with herself, I suppose," the indignant wife said, as she obeyed, leaving Mrs Hayes full of curiosity on the steps of the door. Mrs Elsworthy, however, uttered a great shriek a moment after, and came down, with a frightened face, carrying a large pincushion, upon which, skewered through and through with the biggest pin she could find, Rosa had deposited her letter of leavetaking. This important document was read over in the shop by an ever-increasing group, as the news got abroad—for Elsworthy, like his wife, lost his head, and rushed about hither and thither, asking wild questions as to who had seen her last. Perhaps, at the bottom, he was not so desperate as he looked, but was rather grateful than angry with Rosa for solving the difficulty. This is what the poor little runaway said—

"Dear Uncle and Aunt,—I write a line to let you know that them as can do better for me than any belonging to me has took me away for good. Don't make no reflections, please, nor blame nobody; for I never could have done no good, nor had any 'appiness at Carlingford after all as has happened. I don't bear no grudge, though aunt has been so unkind; but I forgive her, and uncle also. My love to all friends; and you may tell Bob Hayes as I won't forget him, but will order all my physic regular at his father's shop.—Your affectionate niece,

"Rosa.

"*P. S.*—Uncle has no occasion to mind, for them as has took charge of me has promised to make a lady of me, as he always said I was worthy of; and I leave all my things for aunt's relations, as I can't wear such poor clothes in my new station of life."

Such was the girl's letter, with its natural impertinences and natural touch of kindness; and it made a great commotion in the neighbourhood, where a few spasmodic search-parties were made up with no real intentions, and came to nothing, as was to be expected. It was a dreadful thing, to be sure, to happen to a respectable family; but when things had gone so far, the neighbours, on the whole, were inclined to believe it was the best thing Rosa could have done; and the Elsworthys, husband and wife, were concluded to be of the same opinion. When Carlingford had exhausted this subject, and had duly discussed the probabilities as to where she had gone, and whether Rosa could be the lady in a veil who had been handed into the express night-train by two gentlemen, of whom a railway-porter bore cautious testimony, the other mysterious rumour about Mr Wentworth had its share of popular attention. It was discussed in Masters's with the solemnity becoming the occasion, everybody being convinced of the fact, and nobody knowing how it was to be. One prevailing idea was, that Mr Wentworth's brother, who had succeeded to his mother's fortune (which was partially true, like most popular versions of family history, his mother's fortune being now Gerald's sole dependance), intended to establish a great brotherhood, upon the Claydon model, in Carlingford, of which the Perpetual Curate was

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to be the head. This idea pleased the imagination of the town, which already saw itself talked of in all the papers, and anticipated with excitement the sight of English brothers of St Benedict walking about in the streets, and people from the 'Illustrated News' making drawings of Grange Lane. To be sure, Gerald Wentworth had gone over to the Church of Rome, which was a step too far to be compatible with the English brotherhood; but popular imagination, when puzzled and in a hurry, does not take time to master all details. Then, again, opinion wavered, and it was supposed to be the Miss Wentworths who were the agents of the coming prosperity. They had made up their mind to endow St Roque's, and apply to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to have it erected into a parochial district, rumour reported; and the senior assistant in Masters's, who was suspected of Low-Church tendencies, was known to be a supporter of this theory. Other ideas of a vaguer character floated through the town, of which no one could give any explanation; but Carlingford was unanimous in the conviction that good fortune was coming somehow to the popular favourite, who a week ago had occupied temporarily the position of the popular *bête noire* and impersonation of evil. "But the real sort always triumphs at the last," was the verdict of Wharfside, which, like every primitive community, believed in poetic justice; and among the bargemen and their wives much greater elevation than that of a district church or the headship of a brotherhood was expected for "the clergyman." If the Queen had sent for him immediately, and conferred upon him a bishopric, or at least appointed him her private chaplain, such a favour would have excited no surprise in Wharfside, where indeed the public mind was inclined to the opinion that the real use of queens and other such dignitaries was to find out and reward merit. Mr Wentworth himself laughed when the gossip reached his ears. "My people have given away all they had to give," he said to somebody who asked the question; "and I know no prospect I have of being anything but a Perpetual Curate, unless the Queen sends for me and appoints me to a bishopric, as I understand is expected in Prickett's Lane. If I come to any advancement," said the Curate of St Roque's, "it must be in social estimation, and not in worldly wealth, which is out of my way;" and he went down to Wharfside rather cheerfully than otherwise, having begun to experience that pertinacity carries the day, and that it might be possible to goad Lucy into the experiment of how much her housekeeping talents were good for, and whether, with a good wife, even a Perpetual Curate might be able to live without any particular bother in respect to the grocer's bill. Mr Wentworth being at present warmly engaged in this business of persuasion, and as intent as ever on having his own way, was not much affected by the Carlingford gossip. He went his way to Wharfside all the same, where the service was conducted as of old, and where all the humble uncertain voices were buoyed up and carried on by the steady pure volume of liquid sound which issued from Lucy Wodehouse's lips into the utterance of such a Magnificat as filled Mr Wentworth's mind with exultation. It was the woman's part in the worship—independent, yet in a sweet subordination; and the two had come back—though with the difference that their love was now avowed and certain, and they were known to belong to each other—to much the same state of feeling in which they were before the Miss Wentworths came to Carlingford, or anything uncomfortable had happened. They had learned various little lessons, to be sure, in the interim, but experience had not done much more for them than it does for ordinary human creatures, and the chances are that Mr Wentworth would have conducted him-

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self exactly in the same manner another time had he been placed in similar circumstances; for the lessons of experience, however valuable, are sometimes very slow of impressing themselves upon a generous and hasty temperament, which has high ideas of honour and consistency, and rather piques itself on a contempt for self-interest and external advantages—which was the weakness of the Curate of St Roque's. He returned to the "great work" in Wharfside with undiminished belief in it, and a sense of being able to serve his God and his fellow-creatures, which, though it may seem strange to some people, was a wonderful compensation to him for the loss of Skelmersdale. "After all, I doubt very much whether, under any circumstances, we could have left such a work as is going on here," he said to Lucy as they came up Prickett's Lane together, where the poor woman had just died peaceably in No. 10, and got done with it, poor soul; and the Sister of Mercy, in her grey cloak, lifted towards him the blue eyes which were full of tears, and answered with natural emphasis, "Impossible! it would have been deserting our post," and drew a step closer to him in the twilight with a sense of the sweetness of that plural pronoun which mingled so with the higher sense that it was impossible to disjoin them. And the two went on under the influence of these combined sentiments, taking comfort out of the very hardness of the world around them, in which their ministrations were so much needed, and feeling an exaltation in the "duty," which was not for one, but for both, and a belief in the possibility of mending matters, in which their love for each other bore a large share; for it was not in human nature thus to begin the ideal existence, without believing in its universal extension, and in the amelioration of life and the world.

"That is all they think of," said poor Miss Wodehouse, who, between her wondering inspection of the two "young people" and her own moderate and sensible love-affairs, and the directions which it was necessary to give to her Rector about the furnishing of the new house, was more constantly occupied than she had ever been in her life; "but then, if they marry, what are they to live upon? and if they don't marry——"

"Perhaps something will turn up, my dear," said old Mrs Western, who had an idea that Providence was bound to provide for two good young people who wanted to marry; and thus the two ladies were forced to leave the matter, where, indeed, the historian of events in Carlingford would willingly leave it also, not having much faith in the rewards of virtue which come convenient in such an emergency. But it is only pure fiction which can keep true to nature, and weave its narrative in analogy with the ordinary course of life—whereas history demands exactness in matters of *fact*, which are seldom true to nature, or amenable to any general rule of existence.

Before proceeding, however, to the narrative of the unexpected advancement and promotion which awaited the Perpetual Curate, it may be as well to notice that the Miss Wentworths, who during the summer had kindly given their house at Skelmersdale to some friends who had returned in the spring from India, found themselves now in a position to return to their own proper dwelling-place, and made preparations accordingly for leaving Carlingford, in which, indeed, they had no further occupation; for, to be sure, except to the extent of that respect which a man owes to his aunts, they had no special claim upon Frank Wentworth, or right to supervise his actions, save on account of Skelmersdale, which was now finally disposed of and given away. It cannot be said that Miss Leonora had ever fully recovered the remarkable indisposition which her

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nephew Jack's final address had brought upon her. The very next morning she fulfilled her pledges as a woman of honour, and bestowed Skelmersdale positively and finally upon Julia Trench's curate, who indeed made a creditable enough rector in his way; but after she had accomplished this act, Miss Leonora relapsed into one unceasing watch upon her nephew Frank, which was far from dispelling the tendency to headache which she showed at this period for the first and only time in her life. She watched him with a certain feeling of expiation, as she might have resorted to self-flagellation had she lived a few hundred years before, and perhaps suffered more acute pangs in that act of discipline than could be inflicted by any physical scourge. The longer she studied the matter the more thoroughly was Miss Leonora convinced not only that the Perpetual Curate was bent on doing his duty, but that he *did* it with all the force of high faculties, and a mind much more thoroughly trained, and of finer material than was possessed by the man whom she had made rector of Skelmersdale. The strong-minded woman bore quietly, with a kind of defiance, the sharp wounds with which her self-esteem was pierced by this sight. She followed up her discovery, and made herself more and more certain of the mistake she had made, not sparing herself any part of her punishment. As she pursued her investigations, too, Miss Leonora became increasingly sensible that it was not his mother's family whom he resembled, as she had once thought, but that he was out and out a Wentworth, possessed of all the family features; and this was the man whom by her own act she had disinherited of his natural share in the patronage of the family, substituting for her own flesh and blood an individual for whom, to tell the truth, she had little respect! Perhaps if she had been able to sustain herself with the thought that it was entirely a question of "principle," the retrospect might not have been so hard upon Miss Leonora; but being a woman of very distinct and uncompromising vision, she could not conceal from herself either Julia Trench's cleverness or her own mixed and doubtful motives. Having this sense of wrong and injustice, and general failure of the duty of kindred towards Frank, it might have been supposed a little comfort to Miss Leonora to perceive that he had entirely recovered from his disappointment, and was no longer in her power, if indeed he had ever been so. But the fact was, that if anything could have aggravated her personal smart, it would have been the fact of Frank's indifference and cheerfulness, and evident capability of contenting himself with his duty and his favourite district, and his Lucy—whom, to be sure, he could not marry, being only a Perpetual Curate. The spectacle came to have a certain fascination for Miss Wentworth. She kept watching him with a grim satisfaction, punishing herself, and at the same time comforting herself with the idea that, light as he made of it, he must be suffering too. She could not bear to think that he had escaped clean out of her hands, and that the decision she had come to, which produced so much pain to herself, was innoxious to Frank; and at the same time, though she could not tolerate his composure, and would have preferred to see him angry and revengeful, his evident recovery of spirits and general exhilaration increased Miss Leonora's respect for the man she had wronged. In this condition of mind the strong-minded aunt lingered over her preparations for removal, scorning much the rumour in Carlingford about her nephew's advancement, and feeling that she could never forgive him if by any chance promotion should come to him after all. "He will stay where he is. He will be a perpetual curate," Miss Leonora said, uttering what was in reality a hope under the shape of a taunt; and

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things were still in this position when Grange Lane in general and Miss Dora in particular (from the window of the summer-house) were startled much by the sight of the Rector, in terribly correct clerical costume, as if he were going to dine with the bishop, who walked slowly down the road like a man charged with a mission, and, knocking at Mrs Hadwin's door, was admitted immediately to a private conference with the Curate of St Roque's.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

It was the same afternoon that Mr Wentworth failed to attend, as he had never been known to fail before, at the afternoon school which he had set up in Prickett's Lane for the young bargemen, who between the intervals of their voyages had a little leisure at that hour of the day. It is true there was a master provided, and the presence of the Perpetual Curate was not indispensable; but the lads, among whom, indeed, there were some men, were so much used to his presence as to get restless at their work on this unprecedented emergency. The master knew no other resource than to send for Miss Lucy Wodehouse, who was known to be on the other side of Prickett's Lane at the moment, superintending a similar educational undertaking for the benefit of the girls. It was, as may be supposed, embarrassing to Lucy to be called upon to render an account of Mr Wentworth's absence, and invited to take his place in this public and open manner; but then the conventional reticences were unknown in Wharfside, and nobody thought it necessary to conceal his certainty that the Curate's movements were better known to Lucy than to anybody else. She had to make answer with as much composure as possible in the full gaze of so many pair of curious eyes, that she did not know why Mr Wentworth was absent—"Somebody is sick, perhaps," said Lucy, repeating an excuse which had been made before for the Perpetual Curate; "but I hope it does not make any difference," she went on, turning round upon all the upturned heads which were neglecting their work to stare at her. "Mr Wentworth would be grieved to think that his absence did his scholars any injury." Lucy looked one of the ringleaders in the eyes as she spoke, and brought him to his senses—all the more effectually, to be sure, because she knew all about him, and was a familiar figure to the boy, suggesting various little comforts, for which, in Prickett's Lane, people were not ungrateful. But when she went back again to her girls, the young lady found herself in a state of excitement which was half annoyance and half a kind of shy pleasure. To be sure, it was quite true that they did belong to each other; but at the same time, so long as she was Lucy Wodehouse, she had no right to be called upon to represent "the clergyman," even in the "district" which was so important to both. And then it occurred to her to remember that if she remained Lucy Wodehouse that was not the Curate's fault—from which thought she went on to reflect that going away with Mr and Mrs Proctor when they were married was not a charming prospect, not to say that it involved a renunciation of the district for the present at least, and possibly for ever; for if Mr Wentworth could not marry as long as he was a Perpetual Curate, it followed of necessity that he could not marry until he had left Carlingford—an idea which Lucy turned over in her mind very seriously as she walked home, for this once unattended. A new light seemed to be thrown upon the whole matter by this thought. To consent to be married simply for her own happiness, to the disadvantage in any respect of her hus-

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band, was an idea odious to this young woman, who, like most young women, preferred to represent even to herself that it was for *his* happiness that she permitted herself to be persuaded to marry; but if duty were involved, that was quite another affair. It was quite evident to Lucy, as she walked towards Grange Lane, that the Curate would not be able to find any one to take her place in the district; perhaps also—for she was honest even in her self-delusions—Lucy was aware that she might herself have objections to the finding of a substitute; and what then? Was the great work to be interrupted because she could not bear the idea of possibly diminishing some of his external comforts by allowing him to have his way, and to be what he considered happy? Such was the wonderful length to which her thoughts had come when she reached the garden-door, from which Mr Wentworth himself, flushed and eager, came hastily out as she approached. So far from explaining his unaccountable absence, or even greeting her with ordinary politeness, the young man seized her by the arm and brought her into the garden with a rapidity which made her giddy. "What is it—what do you mean?" Lucy cried with amazement as she found herself whirled through the sunshine and half carried up the stairs. Mr Wentworth made no answer until he had deposited her breathless in her own chair, in her own corner, and then got down on his knee beside her, as men in his crazy circumstances are not unapt to do.

"Lucy, look here. I was a Perpetual Curate the other day when you said you would have me," said the energetic lover, who was certainly out of his wits, and did not know what he was saying—"and you said you did not mind?"

"I said it did not matter," said Lucy, who was slightly piqued that he did not recollect exactly the form of so important a decision. "I knew well enough you were a Perpetual Curate. Has anything happened, or are you going out of your mind?"

"I think it must be that," said Mr Wentworth. "Something so extraordinary has happened that I cannot believe it. Was I in Prickett's Lane this afternoon as usual, or was I at home in my own room talking to the Rector—or have I fallen asleep somewhere, and is the whole thing a dream?"

"You certainly were not in Prickett's Lane," said Lucy. "I see what it is. Miss Leonora Wentworth has changed her mind, and you are going to have Skelmersdale after all. I did not think you could have made up your mind to leave the district. It is not news that gives me any pleasure," said the Sister of Mercy, as she loosed slowly off from her shoulders the grey cloak which was the uniform of the district. Her own thoughts had been so different that she felt intensely mortified to think of the unnecessary decision she had been so near making, and disappointed that the offer of a living could have moved her lover to such a pitch of pleasure. "All men are alike, it seems," she said to herself, with a little quiver in her lip—a mode of forestalling his communications which filled the Perpetual Curate with amazement and dismay.

"What are you thinking of?" he said. "Miss Leonora Wentworth has not changed her mind. That would have been a natural accident enough, but this is incredible. If you like, Lucy," he added, with an unsteady laugh, "and will consent to my original proposition, you may marry on the 15th, not the Perpetual Curate of St Roque's, but the Rector of Carlingford. Don't look at me with such an unbelieving countenance. It is quite true."

"I wonder how you can talk so," cried Lucy, indignantly; "it is all a made-up story; you know it is. I don't like practical jokes," she went on, trembling a little, and taking another furtive look at him—for somehow it was too wonderful not to be true.

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"If I had been making up a story, I should have kept to what was likely," said Mr Wentworth. "The Rector has been with me all the afternoon—he says he has been offered his father's rectory, where he was brought up, and that he has made up his mind to accept it, as he always was fond of the country;—and that he has recommended me to his College for the living of Carlingford."

"Yes, yes," said Lucy, impatiently, "that is very good of Mr Morgan; but you know you are not a member of the College, and why should you have the living? I knew it could not be true."

"They are all a set of old —— Dons," said the Perpetual Curate; "that is, they are the most accomplished set of fellows in existence, Lucy—or at least they ought to be—but they are too superior to take an ordinary living, and condescend to ordinary existence. Here has Carlingford been twice vacant within a year—which is an unprecedented event—and Buller, the only man who would think of it, is hanging on for a colonial bishopric, where he can publish his book at his leisure. Buller is a great friend of Gerald's. It is incredible, *Lucia mia*, but it is true."

"Is it true? are you *sure* it is true?" cried Lucy; and in spite of herself she broke down and gave way, and let her head rest on the first convenient support it found, which turned out, naturally enough, to be Mr Wentworth's shoulder, and cried as if her heart was breaking. It is so seldom in this world that things come just when they are wanted; and this was not only an acceptable benefice, but implied the entire possession of the "district" and the most conclusive vindication of the Curate's honour. Lucy cried out of pride and happiness and glory in him. She said to herself, as Mrs Morgan had done at the beginning of her incumbency, "He will be such a Rector as Carlingford has never seen." Yet at the same time, apart from her glorying and her pride, a certain sense of pain, exquisite though shortlived, found expression in Lucy's tears. She had just been making up her mind to accept a share of his lowliness, and to show the world that even a Perpetual Curate, when his wife was equal to her position, might be poor without feeling any of the degradations of poverty; and now she was forestalled, and had nothing to do but accept his competence, which it would be no credit to manage well! Such were the thoughts to which she was reduced, though she had come home from Prickett's Lane persuading herself that it was duty only, and the wants of the district, which moved her. Lucy cried, although not much given to crying, chiefly because it was the only method she could find of giving expression to the feelings which were too varied and too complicated for words.

All Carlingford knew the truth about Mr Wentworth's advancement that evening, and on the next day, which was Sunday, the church of St Roque's was as full as if the plague had broken out in Carlingford, and the population had rushed out, as they might have done in medieval times, to implore the succour of the physician-saint. The first indication of the unusual throng was conveyed to Mr Wentworth in his little vestry after the choristers had filed into the church in their white surplices, about which, to tell the truth, the Perpetual Curate was less interested than he had once been. Elsworthy, who had been humbly assisting the young priest to robe himself, ventured to break the silence when they were alone.

"The church is very full, sir," said Elsworthy, "there's a deal of people come, sir, after hearing the news. I don't say as I've always been as good a servant as I ought to have been; but it was all through being led away, and not knowing no better, and putting my trust where I shouldn't have put it. I've had a hard lesson, sir, and

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I've learnt better," he continued, with a sidelong glance at the Curate's face; "it was all a mistake."

"I was not finding fault with you, that I am aware of," said Mr Wentworth with a little surprise.

"No, sir," said Elsworthy, "I'm aware as you wasn't finding no fault; but there's looks as speaks as strong as words, and I can feel as you haven't the confidence in me as you once had. I ain't ashamed to say it, sir," continued the clerk of St Roque's. "I'm one as trusted in that girl's innocent looks, and didn't believe as she could do no harm. She's led me into ill-feeling with my clergyman, sir, and done me a deal o' damage in my trade, and now she's gone off without as much as saying 'Thank you for your kindness.' It's a hard blow upon a man as was fond of her, and I didn't make no difference, no more than if she had been my own child."

"Well, well," said the Curate, "I daresay it was a trial to you; but you can't expect me to take much interest in it after all that has passed. Let bygones be bygones," said Mr Wentworth with a smile, "as indeed you once proposed."

"Ah! sir, that was my mistake," sighed the penitent. "I would have 'umbled myself more becoming, if I had known all as I know now. You're agoing off to leave St Roque's, where we've all been so happy," said Mr Elsworthy, in pathetic tones. "I don't know as I ever was as 'appy, sir, as here, a-listening to them beautiful sermons, and agiving my best attention to see as the responses was well spoke out, and things done proper. Afore our troubles began, sir, I don't know as I had a wish in the world, unless it was to see an 'andsome painted window in the chancel, which is all as is wanted to make the church perfect; and now you're agoing to leave, and nobody knows what kind of a gentleman may be sent. If you wouldn't think I was making too bold," said Elsworthy, "it ain't my opinion as you'll ever put up with poor old Norris as is in the church. Men like Mr Morgan and Mr Proctor as had no cultivation doesn't mind; but for a gentleman as goes through the service as you does it, Mr Wentworth——"

Mr Wentworth laughed, though he was fully robed and ready for the reading-desk, and knew that his congregation was waiting. He held his watch in his hand, though it already marked the half minute after eleven. "So you would like to be clerk in the parish church!" he said, with what seemed a quite unnecessary amount of amusement to the anxious functionary by his side.

"I think as you could never put up with old Norris, sir," said Elsworthy; "as for leading of the responses, there ain't such a thing done in Carlingford church. I don't speak for myself," said the public-spirited clerk, "but it ain't a right thing for the rising generation; and it ain't everybody as would get into your way in a minute—for you have a way of your own, sir, in most things, and if you'll excuse me for saying of it, you're very particular. It ain't every man, sir, as could carry on clear through the service along of you, Mr Wentworth; and you wouldn't put up with old Norris, not for a day."

Such was the conversation which opened this memorable Sunday to Mr Wentworth. Opposite to him, again occupying the seat where his wife should have been, had he possessed one, were the three Miss Wentworths, his respected aunts, to whose opinion, however, the Curate did not feel himself bound to defer very greatly in present circumstances; and a large and curious congregation ranged behind them, almost as much concerned to see how Mr Wentworth would conduct himself in this moment of triumph, as they had been in the moment of his humiliation. It is, however, needless to inform the friends of the Perpetual Curate that the anxious community gained very little by their curiosity. It

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was not the custom of the young Anglican to carry his personal feelings, either of one kind or another, into the pulpit with him, much less into the reading-desk, where he was the interpreter not of his own sentiments or emotions, but of common prayer and universal worship. Mr Wentworth did not even throw a little additional warmth into his utterance of the general thanksgiving, as he might have done had he been a more effusive man; but, on the contrary, read it with a more than ordinary calmness, and preached to the excited people one of those terse little unimpassioned sermons of his, from which it was utterly impossible to divine whether he was in the depths of despair or at the summit and crown of happiness. People who had been used to discover a great many of old Mr Bury's personal peculiarities in his sermons, and who, of recent days, had found many allusions which it was easy to interpret in the discourses of Mr Morgan, retired altogether baffled from the clear and succinct brevity of the Curate of St Roque's. He was that day in particular so terse as to be almost epigrammatic, not using a word more than was necessary, and displaying that power of saying a great deal more than at the first moment he appeared to say, in which Mr Wentworth's admirers specially prided themselves. Perhaps a momentary human gratification in the consciousness of having utterly baffled curiosity passed through the Curate's mind as he took off his robes when the service was over; but he was by no means prepared for the ordeal which awaited him when he stepped forth from the pretty porch of St Roque's. There his three aunts were awaiting him, eager to hear all about it, Miss Dora, for the first time in her life, holding the principal place. "We are going away to-morrow, Frank, and of course you are coming to lunch with us," said aunt Dora, clinging to his arm. "Oh, my dear boy, I am so happy, and so ashamed, to hear of it. To think you should be provided for, and nobody belonging to you have anything to do with it! I don't know what to say," said Miss Dora, who was half crying as usual; "and as for Leonora, one is frightened to speak to her. Oh, I wish you would say something to your aunt Leonora, Frank. I don't know whether she is angry with us or with you or with herself, or what it is; or if it is an attack on the nerves—though I never imagined she had any nerves; but, indeed, whatever my brother may say, it looks very like—dreadfully like—the coming-on of the Wentworth complaint. Poor papa was just like that when he used to have it coming on; and Leonora is not just—altogether—what you would call a female, Frank. Oh, my dear boy, if you would only speak to her!" cried Miss Dora, who was a great deal too much in earnest to perceive anything comical in what she had said.

"I should think it must be an attack on the temper," said the Curate, who, now that it was all over, felt that it was but just his aunt Leonora should suffer a little for her treatment of him. "Perhaps some of her favourite colporteurs have fallen back into evil ways. There was one who had been a terrible blackguard, I remember. It is something that has happened among her mission people, you may be sure, and nothing about me."

"You don't know Leonora, Frank. She is very fond of you, though she does not show it," said Miss Dora, as she led her victim in triumphantly through the garden door, from which the reluctant young man could see Lucy and her sister in their black dresses just arriving at the other green door from the parish church, where they had occupied their usual places, according to the ideas of propriety which were common to both the Miss Wodehouses. Mr Wentworth had to content himself with taking off his hat to them, and followed his aunts to the table, where Miss

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Leonora took her seat much with the air of a judge about to deliver a sentence. She did not restrain herself even in consideration of the presence of Lewis the butler, who, to be sure, had been long enough in the Wentworth family to know as much about its concerns as the members of the house themselves, or perhaps a little more. Miss Leonora sat down grim and formidable in her bonnet, which was in the style of a remote period, and did not soften the severity of her personal appearance. She pointed her nephew to a seat beside her, but she did not relax her features, nor condescend to any ordinary preliminaries of conversation. For that day even she took Lewis's business out of his astonished hands, and herself divided the chicken with a swift and steady knife and anatomical precision; and it was while occupied in this congenial business that she broke forth upon Frank in a manner so unexpected as almost to take away his breath.

"I suppose this is what fools call poetical justice," said Miss Leonora, "which is just of a piece with everything else that is poetical—weak folly and nonsense that no sensible man would have anything to say to. How a young man like you, who know how to conduct yourself in some things, and have, I don't deny, many good qualities, can give in to come to an ending like a trashy novel, is more than I can understand. You are fit to be put in a book of the Goodchild series, Frank, as an illustration of the reward of virtue," said the strong-minded woman, with a little snort of scorn; "and, of course, you are going to marry and live happy ever after, like a fairy tale."

"It is possible I may be guilty of that additional enormity," said the Curate, "which, at all events, will not be your doing, my dear aunt, if I might suggest a consolation. You cannot help such things happening, but, at least, it should be a comfort to feel you have done nothing to bring them about."

To which Miss Leonora answered by another hard breath of mingled disdain and resentment. "Whatever I have brought about, I have tried to do what I thought my duty," she said. "It has always seemed to me a very poor sort of virtue that expects a reward for doing what it ought to do. I don't say you haven't behaved very well in this business, but you've done nothing extraordinary; and why I should have rushed out of my way to reward you for it—Oh, yes, I know you did not expect anything," said Miss Leonora; "you have told me as much on various occasions, Frank. You have, of course, always been perfectly independent, and scorned to flatter your old aunts by any deference to their convictions; and, to be sure, it is nothing to you any little pang they may feel at having to dispose otherwise of a living that has always been in the family. You are of the latest fashion of Anglicanism, and we are only a parcel of old women. It was not to be expected that our antiquated ideas could be worth as much to you as a parcel of flowers and trumpery——"

These were actually tears which glittered in Miss Leonora's eyes of fiery hazel grey—tears of very diminutive size, totally unlike the big dewdrops which rained from Miss Dora's placid orbs and made them red, but did *her* no harm—but still a real moisture, forced out of a fountain which lay very deep down and inaccessible to ordinary efforts. They made her eyes look rather fiercer than otherwise for the moment; but they all but impeded Miss Leonora's speech, and struck with the wildest consternation the entire party at the table, including even Lewis, who stood transfixed in the act of drawing a bottle of soda-water, and, letting the cork escape him in his amazement, brought affairs to an unlooked-for climax by hitting Miss Wentworth, who had been looking on with interest without taking any part in the proceedings. When the fright caused by this unintentional shot

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had subsided, Miss Leonora was found to have entirely recovered herself; but not so the Perpetual Curate, who had changed colour wonderfully, and no longer met his accuser with reciprocal disdain.

"My dear aunt," said Frank Wentworth, "I wish you would not go back to that. I suppose we parsons are apt sometimes to exaggerate trifles into importance, as my father says. But, however, as things have turned out, I could not have left Carlingford," the Curate added, in a tone of conciliation; "and now, when good fortune has come to me unsought——"

Miss Leonora finished her portion of chicken in one energetic gulp, and got up from the table. "Poetic justice!" she said, with a furious sneer. "I don't believe in that kind of rubbish. As long as you were getting on quietly with your work I felt disposed to be rather proud of you, Frank. But I don't approve of a man ending off neatly like a novel in this sort of ridiculous way. When you succeed to the Rectory I suppose you will begin fighting, like the other man, with the new curate, for working in your parish?"

"When I succeed to the Rectory," said Mr Wentworth, getting up in his turn from the table, "I give you my word, aunt Leonora, no man shall work in *my* parish unless I set him to do it. Now I must be off to my work. I don't suppose Carlingford Rectory will be the end of me," the Perpetual Curate added, as he went away, with a smile which his aunts could not interpret. As for Miss Leonora, she tied her bonnet-strings very tight, and went off to the afternoon service at Salem Chapel by way of expressing her sentiments more forcibly. "I daresay he's bold enough to take a bishopric," she said to herself; "but fortunately we've got *that* in our own hands as long as Lord Shaftesbury lives;" and Miss Leonora smiled grimly over the prerogatives of her party. But though she went to Salem Chapel that afternoon, and consoled herself that she could secure the bench of bishops from any audacious invasion of Frank Wentworth's hopes, it is true, notwithstanding, that Miss Leonora sent her maid next morning to London with certain obsolete ornaments, of which, though the fashion was hideous, the jewels were precious; and Lucy Wodehouse had never seen anything so brilliant as the appearance they presented when they returned shortly after reposing upon beds of white satin in cases of velvet—"Ridiculous things," as Miss Leonora informed her, "for a parson's wife."

It was some time after this—for, not to speak of ecclesiastical matters, a removal, even when the furniture is left behind and there are only books, and rare ferns, and old china, to convey from one house to another, is a matter which involves delays—when Mr Wentworth went to the railway station with Mrs Morgan to see her off finally, her husband having gone to London with the intention of joining her in the new house. Naturally, it was not without serious thoughts that the Rector's wife left the place in which she had made her first beginning of active life, not so successfully as she had hoped. She could not help recalling, as she went along the familiar road, the hopes so vivid as to be almost certainties with which she had come into Carlingford. The long waiting was then over, and the much-expected era had arrived, and existence had seemed to be opening in all its fulness and strength before the two who had looked forward to it so long. It was not much more than six months ago; but Mrs Morgan had made a great many discoveries in the mean time. She had found out the wonderful difference between anticipation and reality; and that life, even to a happy woman married after long patience to the man of her choice, was not the smooth road it looked, but a rough path enough cut into dangerous ruts, through which generations of men and women followed each

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other without ever being able to mend the way. She was not so sure as she used to be of a great many important matters which it is a wonderful consolation to be certain of—but, notwithstanding, had to go on as if she had no doubts, though the clouds of a defeat, in which, certainly, no honour, though a good deal of the *prestige* of inexperience had been lost, were still looming behind. She gave a little sigh as she shook Mr Wentworth's hand at parting. "A great many things have happened in six months," she said—"one never could have anticipated so many changes in what looks so short a period of one's life"—and as the train which she had watched so often rushed past that bit of new wall on which the Virginian creeper was beginning to grow luxuriantly, which screened the railway from the Rectory windows, there were tears in Mrs Morgan's eyes. Only six months, and so much had happened!—what might not happen in all those months, in all those years of life which scarcely looked so hopeful as of old? She preferred turning her back upon Carlingford, though it was the least comfortable side of the carriage, and put down her veil to shield her eyes from the dust, or perhaps from the inspection of her fellow-travellers: and once more the familiar thought returned to her of what a different woman she would have been had she come to her first experiences of life with the courage and confidence of twenty or even of five-and-twenty, which was the age Mrs Morgan dwelt upon most kindly. And then she thought with a thrill of vivid kindness and a touch of tender envy of Lucy Wodehouse, who would now have no possible occasion to wait those ten years.

As for Mr Wentworth, he who was a priest, and knew more about Carlingford than any other man in the place, could not help thinking, as he turned back, of people there, to whom these six months had produced alterations far more terrible than any that had befallen the Rector's wife:—people from whom the light of life had died out, and to whom all the world was changed. He knew of men who had been cheerful enough when Mr Morgan came to Carlingford, who now did not care what became of them; and of women who would be glad to lay down their heads and hide them from the mocking light of day. He knew it, and it touched his heart with the tenderest pity of life, the compassion of happiness; and he knew too that the path upon which he was about to set out led through the same glooms, and was no ideal career. But perhaps because Mr Wentworth was young—perhaps because he was possessed by that delicate sprite more dainty than any Ariel who puts rosy girdles round the world while his time of triumph lasts, it is certain that the new Rector of Carlingford turned back into Grange Lane without the least shadow upon his mind or timidity in his thoughts. He was now in his own domains, an independent monarch, as little inclined to divide his power as any autocrat; and Mr Wentworth came into his kingdom without any doubts of his success in it, or capability for its government. He had first a little journey to make to bring back Lucy from that temporary and reluctant separation from the district which propriety had made needful; but, in the mean time, Mr Wentworth trode with firm foot the streets of his parish, secure that no parson nor priest should tithe or toll in his dominions, and a great deal more sure than even Mr Morgan had been, that henceforth no unauthorised evangelisation should take place in any portion of his territory. This sentiment, perhaps, was the principal difference perceptible by the community in general between the new Rector of Carlingford and the late Perpetual Curate of St Roque's.

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CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART VIII.

THE MAN VERSUS HIS WORK.

THERE is a question I wish some one would resolve for me, for though I have an opinion upon it myself, I am by no means sure it is a correct one; and indeed the matter has so many aspects, it is not easy to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.

The question is this: Are men generally greater or less than their works? That is to say, is the speech, or the lecture, or the poem, or the picture, better than or inferior to the man that made it? It is a somewhat large field for speculation, and probably would demand from us a greater insight into the natures and characters of distinguished men than is easily attainable. It is, moreover, one of those questions on which any great sweeping judgment would in all likelihood be incorrect.

There have been men of such versatile genius—so many-sided, as the Germans say—that it would be difficult to say they were not greater than their works; not alone because their great intellects could adapt themselves to labours so various and dissimilar, but because it would not be easy to pronounce in what especial pursuit the individual had found his truest field and his most congenial work. Michel Angelo was one of these.

My own opinion is this, the man is always, or almost always, inferior to the thing he produces; and in this instance, as in countless others, the part is better than the whole. I am, of course, here speaking solely of representative men—the great signs of the human equation. As for Jones and Brown & Co., I reserve them for another occasion.

The varying ratio of the difference between the man and his work will be measured by the character and peculiarity of the work itself.

Thus a man's greatest battle, his grandest speech in the House, his epic, or his essay, may possibly be only in a slight degree above the normal stature of the man himself; whereas, if he be a painter, his great picture is sure to overtop him considerably; and if a musician, his grand opera will reduce him to the mere proportions of a dwarf; and this, remember, not because music is a higher development of the intellectual faculty than war, statecraft, or poetry; but because of all created bipeds there is nothing so mentally small as a composer!

Mendelssohn alone of all our present-day men had genius: as for the others, there is not one of them whose worst ballad is not better than he who wrote it. They are the shallowest thinkers, the worst-informed on matters of general interest, and the poorest conversationalists the world produces. They are as circumscribed as the actor, and they have not that humoristic tendency which gives to the actor all the emphasis of his character.

Next in order to musicians come hairdressers—great, indeed, as artists, poor as humanities. It would not be fair, perhaps, to expect a man to rise to the level of the wig; for what assumption of virtue or magnanimity could vie in counterfeit with that wavelike fall over the ears, that curl of more than childlike innocence on the forehead? I can imagine Mr Truefit a charming companion, brilliant, suggestive, and versatile; but it would be hard to persuade me that he was greater

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than "her ladyship's front;" or that, like his prototype, the red man, he was not grander in his "scalps" than in himself.

To come back, however, from special instances to my original proposition; for if I walk farther in this track, I might grow personal. I opine, then, the work will be found almost universally greater than the man.

In other words, that the individual in any great creation has, through the excitement of his labour, so worked upon his faculties that they have accomplished results far beyond their normal exercise, and in this way transcended the individual himself. Hence was it Petrarch shed tears as he read over his sonnets—tears, certainly, not shed for Laura; and Cervantes laughed till he cried over the drolleries of Sancho Panza. And if Shakespear withstood Falstaff, he was something more or less than human. I have heard, and I like to believe it, that Dugald Dalgetty was intensely relished by Scott years after he had written him.

Over and over again in the Lives of Painters do we find them in amazement at some of their own earlier efforts; and Fuseli cried out on seeing one of his own without recognising it, "What a genius that fellow had!"

These are the traits, too, which Brown & Co. fix on to establish their pet accusation of vanity against clever men; and indeed I would wish at this moment to protest against being classed with these critics, since it is not by disparaging the man that I seek to establish my position, but by elevating the work. Now what is the true state of the case? It is no use beating about the bush, taking a bygone example, or indicating a live one by asterisks. Let me instance myself; I can afford to say it without any risk of being called vain. I have seen a great deal of life, not alone in the great world and the little world, but in that intermediate world which is bigger than them both. I am variously accomplished, and remarkably gifted. Don't be disgusted, sagacious reader; I must say these things—they are part of my brief; and if I do not put them forward, you certainly will not do so for me; but if I am anything "great," it is as a conversationalist. Competent judges from all parts of the world have declared that, though I may have an equal somewhere in Japan, perhaps, or Bokhara, I have no superior.

Not a monologist like Macaulay, nor an overbearing opinionist like Croker, nor a flippant epigrammatist like Thiers, my skill was pre-eminently employed in eliciting whatever latent stores of agreeability I could detect around me. Not merely a talker myself, I made talkers of others. No rock so dull that I could not elicit a spark from it; no table-land so barren that I could not find a wild-flower in its desolation. Well, it so chanced that t'other day one of those creatures who presume on the fact of being an old schoolfellow to maintain an acquaintanceship, dormant for half a lifetime—as if there could be any bond of friendship cemented by having been flogged by the same cane—came through the neighbourhood where I have pitched my tent for the summer, and installed himself as my guest for a day. He was a loutish, heavy-headed dog as a boy, and years had not made any better of him. He was as wearisome at forty as I remember him at fourteen, with this addition, that he had gathered as he went on in life a quantity of commonplace observation which he fancied to be wisdom, and a stock of the very dreariest stories that he thought wit. I had to endure this wretched incubus for twelve mortal hours, and to endeavour to, what is called entertain him. I did my utmost; I took him through politics, and gave him a canter from Circassia to Schleswig-Holstein, with diversions into Poland and North America. I tried him with Colenso and the Dean of Westminster, dashed with Dr Dar-

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win and spiced with Du Chaillu. I went into early Christian art, railroad shares, the grape disease, Garibaldi, the Irish famine, and the state of the Funds. I gave him a haunch of Alpine mutton Wales could not rival, and a bottle of such "chambertin" as the First Napoleon drank after a victory. I prolonged the evening in an arbour over the lake, with a view at our feet Claude never approached in his best moments, with the perfection of mocha and an unparalleled cigar; and after a long pause, in which, by the aid of maraschino, I was endeavouring to recruit exhausted nature, the creature said, "By the way, I gave Scroggins of the Three hundred and fifth, a letter to you; you were at Paris at the time."

"Perhaps so; I do not remember. I have forgotten him."

"Well, he has not forgotten *you*."

At this remark I rallied. I brightened up—I felt as one, after days of lying becalmed, as the first air of wind raises the drooping ensign at the peak, and wafts it lazily to the wind. I thought, at all events, Scroggins was better than his friend. I at least had made some impression on *him*.

"Scroggins," continued he, "is a clever fellow; he was on Sir Hugh Badstock's staff in India twelve years ago, at Rangoon, and knows a deal of life."

I gave a ready assent to this under the guarantee already received, that Scroggins had preserved a full memory of *me*.

"When he was going abroad," continued he, "he came down to my place in Surrey. 'Don't you know O'Dowd?' said he. 'Intimately; we were in the same class at school.' 'Give me a letter to him,' said he, 'for I shall stop some time in Paris, and I hear so much of him, I'd like to see him.'"

At this I smiled blandly once more, and nodded that he should go on; but instead of doing so, he only filled his glass, and tasted it, and then sat silent.

"Well," said I—"well?"

"I suppose," said he, after another pause, "that you may have been ill, or out of sorts—probably hard up. I hear you often are hard up."

"And why do you infer any of these?" asked I, a little uneasily.

"Well, I thought so, because Scroggins said when he came back that he was never so disappointed in all his life: you were not a bit what he expected; you never said a funny thing the whole time he was there—told no good story, and did not even once make him laugh. 'In fact,' said he, 'Watkins of ours is worth a score of that fellow, and sings nigger-melodies and dances the "Perfect Cure" till you'd split your sides looking at him.'"

"Did you ever hear what the footman said to Oliver Goldsmith in the kitchen?"

"No."

"You're a wit, they say; let us see if you can swallow a poker!"

"And what did Goldsmith say?" asked my ancient friend and schoolfellow.

"History recordeth not; but I believe I could tell you what he felt."

As he sipped his wine in silence, I remembered an anecdote of a fellow-sufferer, and my memory helped me to some consolation. It was during one of Charles Kean's visits to the United States. He was entertained at dinner by one of the great New York merchants. Opposite to him at the table there sat a gentleman, who continued to observe him with marked attention, and at last called on the host to present him to Mr Kean. The introduction was duly made, and ratified by drinking wine together, when the stranger, with much impressiveness of manner, said, "I saw you in Richard last night."

Kean, feeling, not unnaturally, that a compliment was approaching, smiled blandly and bowed.

"Yes, sir, continued the other, in a slow, almost judicial tone; "I have seen your father in Richard;

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and I saw the last Mr Cook"—another pause, in which Charles Kean's triumph was gradually mounting higher and higher. "Yes, sir! Cook, sir, was better than your father; and your father, sir, a long way better than *you!*"

Now, of course, these things, or something like them, happen every day. If we have not a slave in our chariot, we have a schoolfellow; and I have mentioned this fact to show that I am well aware that though this order of men is a large class, I by no means accept the honour of being brigaded amongst them; and, as I have already declared, I do not desire to bring down the man, but to elevate the thing he has created.

The Cockney who knocks with his knuckles at the great bell of Moscow and pronounces its tone to be poor, is a fair representative of the creatures who impose themselves on men of distinction out of a mere vulgar curiosity, and then go away, disparaging that greatness of which their nature could give them no measure. Besides this, the small fry who hunt celebrities want something applicable to themselves and their own small ways and small habits. They want him to give something to record; to shoot a bird that they may carry home.

It is thus that the world gets crammed with twaddling stories about this or that great general or Minister being singularly heavy in society, taking little part in the conversation, and never by an observation or a remark rising above the veriest commonplace. It is wonderful how even clever men, when little conversant with society, will fall into this mistake. Jeffrey, with all his acuteness, is an instance. He mentions his having met Talleyrand at dinner, and being seated next him. The occasion was a proud one, and he hoped to carry away from it some memories that would not die; but the only remark the great Minister made him was, "Apropos de votre célèbre potage de cock-a-leekie, Mon. Jeffrey, faut-il le manger avec des prunes ou sans prunes?" Now, had the clever Scotsman been as subtle as a man of society as he was as a lawyer, the question, instead of deterring him by its frivolity, would have opened one of the pleasantest themes that can be discussed at table. Did he want the Treaty of Amiens, the death of the Duc d'Enghien, or the restoration of the Bourbons? You will see, sagacious reader, that I do not seek recruits to my opinion about the superiority of the work to the man amongst those who go about recording their bitter disappointments with clever people.

The greatest men—that is, the men who deal with the greatest questions—are seldom good talkers. The indiscretion so essential to good talk would be fatal to them. Louis Philippe, indeed, would tell you everything—the last interview he had with Guizot, and the contents of the despatch he had sent off to Soult; but then he had this greatest security—nobody believed a word of it. To my theme, however. The man will never be equal to his best work, for this reason, that he will never be able to present such a force of concentration in himself, as in that to which, for a given time at least, he gave all his energy and all his will. What a poor creature have I seen a great chess-player—by what a "Cretin" have I been electrified at the piano! What a dotard have I overlooked at the whist-table, displaying traits of veritable genius in the game!

The small folk in art, letters, politics, or the drama may be, I grant, greater than their works. It is not according them any overwhelming praise, and they are welcome to it. There is, indeed, a sort of agreeability that seems to depend on a man's failure in his especial career; and we all of us can call to mind pleasant painters who daubed abominably, and actors who could be delightful in society, though they were always "damned"

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on the stage. As for the briefless barrister, he has ever been a charming companion; and I am credibly informed that there are great authorities on the bench who look regretfully back to the time when they went circuit only for change of air. To say that some one portion of a man's life is greater than the whole of it, is not a very startling proposition. Take, for instance, Sydney Smith's defence of Acre; take Wolfe's night-attack on Quebec; Dessaix's charge at Marengo; or take such an action as we saw t'other day, when that American—he is now a Confederate captain—went through the midst of the fight on the Peiho, to the ship of Admiral Hope, rowed in an open boat, through shot and shell and crashing musketry, to offer any succour in his power to the wounded. Tuffnel, I think—I hope I am right—was his name. I say it will be a rare chance if his whole life be up to the level of that noble achievement.

It will be the same in matters of intellectual effort. There will be moments, hours, even days, when some great minds—who knows how nourished, how stimulated, how prompted?—will accomplish what no effort of mere will could ever have effected; and at such times as these the work will be greater than the man. It would seem that there is something uncontrollable at certain periods in human intellect—something that, revolting against all discipline and all restraint, confers a power on the mind's operations which is never the accompaniment of its normal labours; and in this way it resembles the strength of the man in insanity, which, without any real accession of increased force, appears to be doubled. These are the seasons in which men work out those conceptions which, after the lapse of years, they come to look on with wonder and astonishment.

"Ah! I could draw in those days," said Vandyck, when, in his advanced manhood, he saw his first sketch of the picture of 'St Martin parting his Cloak.' The Single-speech Hamiltons are a class. There are a large number of men of one book, one picture, one poem. There are even men of one joke; and I'll be bound, in such a case, that the joke was as good, if not better, than the man who made it.

Now, if men be inferior to their works, I think the reverse is the case with women. They are invariably better than anything they paint, or write, or model, or compose; and one reason is, they have less power of concentration than men—less of that faculty that enables the individual, while directing all his energies to one effort, to invest that effort with something totally extraneous to, and occasionally superior to, the individual who effected it.

Women too, I suspect, work with far less strain on their faculties than men; and part of that natural easy tone so fascinating in their writing is a result of this. Still, it has the effect of all steaming at half power, the pace is comparatively slow.

If I wanted an instance of the woman superior to anything she had produced, I would quote my distinguished countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth. Now, some of her shorter tales are admirable; in the painting of certain traits of the Irish character I do not know her equal. She understood that strange nature with all its varying shades, and its characteristics, at times so opposite and antagonistic, with a nicety of appreciation that none have ever surpassed; and yet how immeasurably above all she wrote was she herself—how superior her conversation to the best dialogue of her books—and how infinitely more gentle, more tender, more womanly, in fact, was she than the sweetest heroine she ever drew!

I forbear to quote some others whose names occur to me at this moment, because I have already erred in letting the question lapse into the individual.

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THE MODERN CRICHTONS.

The present is unquestionably a moment of national humiliation. We have come exceedingly ill out of Schleswig-Holstein. We are very small on the continent of Europe, and are not, certainly, cutting a distinguished figure in our wars with the savages either in Africa or New Zealand. The noble Premier who guides our fortunes has, indeed, informed us that the Budget is satisfactory and the harvest promising, both being events which redound to the wisdom of the Cabinet; but somehow we have for some years got so much accustomed to hear these gratifying facts, and yet never to recognise that they either manifested themselves in light taxation or cheap bread, that we listen to them with a moderated joy, and without any unbecoming exuberance.

I suppose I must have fallen into a depressing, dispirited vein, for I looked around me in vain to catch anything which should speak to me cheerily and comfortingly. All was "out of joint." The Church was squabbling; the laity had bullied them out of an opinion; and when they gave it, every one abused them for having declared it. We are angry with our dear ally France because she wouldn't fight Germany for us, and she so fond of fighting too. We are not quite pleased with our Colonies either. We want them—and very naturally—to be loyal and stanch to the mother country—to aid us at a pinch, if need be, but at the same time to be thoroughly self-supporting, and never cost us a sixpence. "Ah!" said the old Irish countess, "there's nothing I like better than oysters; I'd have a supper of them every night if the servants would eat the shells."

While I thus ran over one after another of our grievances—a list that extended from the coast of Assam to the harbour of Galway—I couldn't help asking myself, Have we anything, have we anybody, to be proud of at this moment? —is there a feature of our time that we assume to regard as satisfactory?—when I suddenly bethought me that we have a class probably more nearly approaching perfection than any country was ever endowed with,—men who not alone unite in their characters all the traits which distinguish greatness, but combine within their intellects acquirements the most varied and dissimilar. I do not desire to try your patience. The Admirable Crichtons I mean are the Lawyers! Law itself is a large study. The vast wisdom which ages have accumulated and recorded must ever present a great field for human labour; but what is law to the multiform knowledge of these marvellous men? You imagine that their nights are given to the deep research of their text-books, and that their heads are crammed full of cases, and writs in error, and arguments in chamber, and so on. Not a bit of it. Law is the least of their accomplishments. In fact, they would seem to practise law as a shopkeeper I knew in Limerick kept a cloth-shop, "only for the convenience of small change." It is over science, art, and literature—the fine arts, the drama, patent inventions, casualties at sea, and death by mysterious agency—that they roam, as a wild bee floats over a garden.

Take a case of fouling in the Channel, where the Mary Jane of Swansea, being on the starboard tack, was run into by the Dashing Hero of Cardiff, lost her bowsprit, was damaged in her bulwarks, and so severely injured below the water-line that she narrowly escaped foundering off the Nore, and indeed only gained Margate to go down in four fathoms water. Spinks was for the Mary Jane;

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Adams represented—I was going to say commanded—the Dashing Hero. Spinks opened beautifully with an account, statistically given, of where the Mary Jane was built, and the admiration that accompanied her on the morning she descended into what newspapers call "her native element." He then grew warmer; he described the joy of Swansea, and the delight of her owners. She was a model craft—"swanlike and graceful, and chartered by the house of Rigs and Rags with coal for the works at Millwall." Once at sea—"the blue, the open sea"—he became Fenimore Cooper, and told how she furrowed the white waves, cleaving her proud way through the crested water, her gallant crew, sons of that land "whose home," by some incongruity, "is on the deep," and at the main the flag that for a thousand years, &c., &c.

In the Pool, however, came disaster, and Captain Spinks had now to be professional. Poetry had done its work, and navigation must be called in. "We were, my lord, on our starboard tack; the wind was east-east and by south—a fresh breeze, and threatening to be fresher. We were under a reefed topsail and trysail, with a storm jib and our mainsail doubly reefed. Your lordship will perceive from this that we had taken every possible precaution, even to the battening down our fore hatch."

"What of the main?" interrupted Adams. "Tell the court, I beg, how was the main hatchway."

"Brother Adams, I desire I may not be interrupted. I appeal to his lordship, is the course now adopted by my learned friend usual, regular, or professional? I deny that it is either. I go farther, and declare it to be unseamanlike."

The rebuke was heavy, and Adams went below. But why should I go on?—the report is in the 'Times,' and under the head of "Admiralty Court—Collision—Scuttles, owner, *versus* Scales and Others," you may read how the gallant Adams handled the Dashing Hero, showing by every rule of the Trinity House that, if he had not run into the lubberly collier—it was an unfeeling expression—he would have been "unworthy of his certificate—unworthy of the confidence of his owners."

"My lord, my learned friend has told you of the wind, but he has omitted to tell you of the tide."

"A half ebb," from Spinks, looking at his brief.

"Yes, my lord, a half ebb; and what is a half ebb in the Pool, with the wind strong from the southward?"

"East-east and by south," breaks in Spinks.

"Away with these flimsy subtleties, brother Spinks. No man ever walked a deck with more credit than yourself; but these crafty devices are not seamanship. When we saw, my lord, that the Mary Jane was determined to hold on her course, reckless as it was—when by repeated signals——"

"What were your signals?"

"What were our signals! does my gallant brother require at this time of day to be told what is meant by loosening off the foresail of a schooner on the port tack, with her helm hard up?"

The scene grew warm—almost a battle; and when a grand peroration closed Adams's speech about the naval supremacy of Britain, and the rights of Englishmen to do at sea what nobody has ever dared to attempt on land, the genius of the place responded to the appeal, and three lusty cheers shook the court-house.

Now, when one remembers that either of these intrepid mariners would have been sea-sick in a ferry-boat, it must be owned that the exhibition was creditable. It was thoroughly histrionic too; they imparted to the whole discussion a certain bold and dashing character, an air of reckless attack and daring rejoinder, that savoured of a

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naval action; and when Adams, in his last appeal to the jury, "hitched" his small-clothes, there ran a murmur of approval through the court, in testimony of one who had thoroughly invested himself with his client's interests.

They are finer still, however, in a patent case—a new treddle, the application of a lately-discovered salt as a dye for cotton prints, or a new apparatus for condensing steam, or enamelling the skin, or strengthening the knee-timbers of iron-clads. The grandest achievement of all is a poisoning case—something that is to be two-thirds emotional and one-third scientific—where the interest vacillates between the most powerful passions and the pangs of arsenic, and the listener is alternately carried from the domestic hearth to the laboratory and back again.

Now, when one is aware that the "learned Serjeant" knows as much about chemistry as a washerwoman does of the "wave theory," the display of impromptu learning he makes is positively astounding. Armed with an hour's reading of Beck and Orfila, the great man comes down to court to puzzle, bewilder, and very often confute men of real ability and acquirement; to hold them up to the world as hopelessly ignorant of all that they had devoted their lives to master; and in some cases to exhibit the very science they profess as a mass of crude disjointed facts, from which no inference could be drawn, or a safe conclusion derived.

"Listen to these doctors, gentlemen of the jury; I hope you understand them. I vow to heaven that I do not; and which of them will you believe? Are you for the gentleman who relies on the 'garlic odour,' the beautiful pale-blue colour, or that still more scientific performer who insists on a specific gravity of 999; and will any one tell me that the life of a fellow-creature is to hang on subtleties on which the creators themselves are not agreed? In the name of all humanity I ask, what is this science by whose decision we are to send a man to the scaffold? Dr Peebles tells you that the odour of a garlic is a decisive evidence of arsenic. Heaven help the whole Spanish Peninsula! Gentlemen, in this case the indictment must take in all from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar. Professor Meryweather says blueness, and the last witness declares lightness, to be the infallible witness; and I have no doubt I could put on that table two others just as learned, and who would pronounce that the tests should be a yellow colour, and a greater specific gravity. For, remember, these sciences are in their infancy. The affinities that are to-day believed eternal, to-morrow discovers to be a mere accident. If there be a little salt of this, or muriate of that, or an oxide of the other, the colour blue would be red, and the garlic odour become like violets. How is the business of life to go on in the midst of such refined subtleties as these? Who would have the courage to ask his friend to dinner, when, should the common fate of mortality soon befall him, a question would arise as to what he had eaten on that day, what remarks he had passed on the fish, and what judgment on the sherry? the whole to be closed up with a medical opinion about a garlic odour and a blue tint. 'Give me three lines of a man's writing, and I'll draw an indictment that will hang him,' was the terrible threat of an old criminal lawyer; but this is worse. Show me the crust or the biscuit your friend offered you, a fragment of the rusk or the cheese you had at luncheon, and I have an analytic professor who will vouch to discover in it either arsenic, corrosive sublimate, or sugar-of-lead."

A pitiable spectacle indeed is that poor man of science, pilloried up in the witness-box and pelted by the flippant ignorance of his examiner! What a contrast between the diffident caution of true knowledge

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and the bold assurance, the chuckling confidence, the vainglorious self-satisfaction, and mock triumphant delight of his questioner! Mark the practised leer, the Old-Bailey grin, with which he comments on something that science still regards as uncertain or obscure, and hear him declare to the jury, that in the present state of medical knowledge there is not a man in court might not be indicted for having handed the salt or the mustard to his neighbour!

Occasionally — very rarely, it must be owned—the witness is, besides being a man of science, a man of the world—one who joins to the requirements of the "savant" all the quick and ready-witted tact of society. I remember such a case. The barrister was no common man; he was highly and variously gifted; had a keen wit and a commanding eloquence. It was his task, on the occasion I refer to, to obtain from the medical witness the admission that the substance to which the poisoning was attributed was one freely used in practice, often prescribed by the best physicians, and occasionally in doses that verged on being excessive.

"Now, Doctor A.," said he, "you have told us that strychnine is to be found in the Pharmacopœia, an admission that goes to show that the Faculty are not afraid, to use the vulgar illustration, to play with edge-tools. You have also said that you have administered it in your own practice. Will you be kind enough to inform us in what doses?"

"The dose would be determined by the nature of the illness, the object sought to be obtained, and the peculiar circumstances of the individual patient."

"Come, come, doctor, I am not trying to poach on you for an unfee'd opinion. I want generalities. Would you give a grain of this medicine?"

"I might. I would rather give an eighth, or a sixth, or a fourth of a grain."

"But you have actually given as much as a grain?"

"I believe I have."

"Now, would you give two, or are there cases in which you would give three grains? For instance, would you venture to administer three grains to one of the gentlemen of the jury?"

"I opine not."

"Might there not be a case in which you would give his lordship yonder as much as three grains?"

"I should say not; certainly not."

"Would you give *me* three grains?"

At this the doctor seemed slightly confused, and unwilling to reply, and the lawyer, accepting the hesitation as confusion from being puzzled, followed up his supposed advantage by repeating his question.

"I am doubtful on the point. It is possible that I might," was the reply, after a long pause.

"Good heavens, sir! what do you mean? You have told us that under no circumstances would you administer as much as three grains to one of the gentlemen of the jury, nor to his lordship on the bench, and yet you now avow that you are actually uncertain whether you would not give this dose to *me*? Explain this, sir, if you can."

"The action of strychnine is but imperfectly known," said the doctor, with great composure. "It would be a valuable contribution to medical science to determine it; and we have a maxim in chemistry that says, 'Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.' That's my meaning."

In this case it was not the lawyer who triumphed.

The most offensive of all, however, is the display of legal drollery—the wit that sets the jury in a roar, and shakes the gallery with laughter. Excepting House of Commons drollery, there is nothing on earth so pitiably contemptible as legal fun. In bad taste, too, it totally eclipses the "House," for the senator is usually satisfied with

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a dreary bit of Joe Miller in some supposed "apropos" to what he is saying; while counsel is sure to cut his joke on something personal to the witness—his dress, his accent, his whiskers, or his boots, well knowing the while that all reply is denied to the man he assails, and that in his coward immunity he may pelt him in perfect security.

And yet there is an offence worse than this—the practice of abashing a witness, especially a female witness, by something which, in shocking her delicacy, may seem to impugn her truthfulness. A late and flagrant instance of this occurred where a young lady, suffering under a most ruffianly assault on a roadside, was subjected by the prisoner's counsel to the most shameless and insulting cross-examination, to lead to the conclusion that she was, at one period at least, not totally averse to the advances of her aggressor. When rebuked by the court for his line of defence, counsel flippantly replied, "My lord, I must do my best for my client." What sort of professional training can it be that will make a gentleman descend to such a depth as this!

Of a truth, it requires all the gifts and graces of these accomplished men to counterbalance such little blemishes; nor am I quite sure that in extending to any class in the community the privilege of protection, while scattering insinuations broadcast, and pushing insults home, we may not be buying too dearly even our Admirable Crichton.

"THE CHEAP ARTICLE WARRANTED," ETC.

When the history of our time shall be written, it would not be easy to find a more significant title to it than "The Age of the Cheap Article." It is certainly the great characteristic of our day. Something that is to look like something else, seem as good, last as long, and only cost one-tenth of the price, is the grand desideratum on every hand; and consequently our newspapers are filled and our walls covered with advertisements of nickel that looks like silver, "Gladstone" that drinks like claret, cheap tea, cheap furniture, Sydenham trousers, and the two-guinea "portmanteau, which contains everything necessary to a gentleman's full wardrobe for a three weeks' tour on the Continent."

It seems at first strange that this intense rage for cheapness should be essentially English. You do, of course, meet some of it in Paris, but in no other city of the Continent are the papers filled and the walls placarded with announcements of this or that substitute for something whose cost excludes it from common use. The reason, however, is this, that there is not, from one end of Europe to the other, so unreal a people as the English! I know with what an outcry of disbelief this assertion will be met. I know well how we regard the wretched foreigner, sneering at his frivolity, his capricious ways, his poor, weak, purposeless existence, and the rest of it. I know all our national contempt for the man of *eau sucré* and dominoes, and I am not going to gainsay one word of it. I only reassert that for unreality, for a pretension to seem something that he is not—for, in fact, an outrageous affectation—John Bull has not his equal in Europe. The reason is simple enough. Every man in England knows and feels that his acceptance in society depends on the class in which he is supposed to move, and as class distinctions with us are meted out by money, it behoves every one to appear better off than he is. To do this requires no small share of skill or address, because it has to be done in the midst of thousands all trying the same game. To live in a fashionable quarter, or sufficiently near one to

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steal the name of a neighbouring square, to indicate your whereabouts, is a first necessity. To live with a certain outward semblance of fortune is the second; to give dinners and entertainments comes next; to figure in subscription-lists, stand forward in works of benevolence, all follow. Now, as it is essential that you should do all these things on the scale of a man of ten times your means, you only can accomplish the feat by employing substitutes; that is to say, all around and about you must be a mockery—your house a four-storeyed delusion, your butler a ruined greengrocer, your bordeaux a full-flavoured Chancellor of the Exchequer, and your clothes the cheap product of the last Manchester discovery in devil's dust and glue.

Will you tell me that the man who lives in this charmed circle of everlasting lies, in a mock house with a mock household, a mock dinner, and an enamelled wife with a mock diamond necklace, can come out real and true? Will you ask me to believe that he who breathes an atmosphere of falsehood all his days, can preserve throughout it his own pure unsullied nature?

And now, what foreigner does this? In what city of continental Europe is there any quarter to inhabit which would be a brevet of social distinction? Is there any one, no matter how great, who could not live anywhere, no matter how humble, who asks or cares to know the amount of any man's fortune, how he spends, or why he saves it? This frivolous foreigner, with his *eau sucré* and kid-glove tastes, may be all that you say of him; he may follow no serious career, nor care for any occupation beyond amusement; but, take my word for it, he has fewer affectations, less of unreal pretensions—is, in a word, far less of a snob—than John Bull, and all because his social system makes no demand upon him to seem richer than he really is; nor is it any one's business to inquire whether he keeps a *chef* in his kitchen, or dines at a cheap chop-house

One of the greatest evils of all this unreality is, that no man is ever able to talk with any sense of security on the most ordinary things around him. He is, as it were, taking everything on trust, and on the recommendation of some one about him. He dares not question the capacity of the butler whom he got from "my lord" any more than he can cavil at the bordeaux he got from my lord's wine-merchant. Now all this might be borne if it only invaded the material circumstances of our lives; but it has gone down far deeper: it has penetrated to our morals, and threatens seriously to poison the very best elements of our national character. Not satisfied, it would seem, with sham silver, sham damask, sham diamonds, and sham lafitte, we are now coming to a pass, in which we shall probably be content with sham honour in our men, and sham virtue in our women.

Dumas—*père ou fils*, I forget which—explains by a little apologue the meaning of the phrase *demi-monde*. He says—"You find in a fruit-stall a basket of beautiful peaches whose price will be two francs each, and close beside them another basket, to all semblance exactly alike, the same in colour and perfume and downy softness, for twenty-five cents; and, struck by this immense disparity in cost, you ask the reason. The fruiterer at once calls your attention to a minute, almost imperceptible speck on the cheaper article, and this *très petite tache* it is which damages all the excellence, and reduces to a mere fraction what seemed the equal of the best. "Such," says he, "is *la femme demi-monde*." Now, if some real or supposed attraction in this article find favour with the foreigners, in England the success will be entirely owing to its semblance to something that costs more money, and the acceptance she will gain will be exactly proportioned to the credit she will be

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supposed to possess in some sphere more exalted than that she moves in. *Demi-monde* will gain a footing with us whenever it comes with the claim of rank or condition; and just as the bottle of corked champagne is very fine drinking in the servants' hall, the damaged countess will be warmly welcomed when she condescends to a society four grades below what she was born to.

Middle-class folk have very often the impression that there is something fashionable in vice; and consequently, when wickedness can be had reasonable, as a cheap article, it is an enormous gain. Now, *demi-monde*, as to real "*monde*," is as the low-priced counterfeit to the true type. It is warranted to look so like that detection is next to impossible. It is declared to wear as long, and "families will find a great economy in using it generally."

Society always gains somewhat in brilliancy, though it may have to pay for it in character, by the admission of these fallen angels from a superior sphere. Take the case, for instance, of a colonial corps, into which, for some misdeeds that demand oblivion, a man has dropped out of a crack regiment at home. He brings to the dreary mess-table, that tiresome dinner-party of exhausted talkers, an entire new stock of pleasantry. All his stories are new; all the characters in them are novel. His opinions, his judgments, his slightest remarks, all smack of another world. He may —it is not impossible—shock these out-of-the-world people by traits of a life that nobody led in *their* day. He may hold cheaply maxims they regarded as immaculate rules of guidance, and he may proclaim principles which they have hitherto regarded with aversion. Let him, however, only continue amongst them for a little while, and he will insure a following. The mere fact of a certain social standing will secure him disciples.

Exactly the same result occurs when *demi-monde* invades "the Family." Even in the Vicar of Wakefield's time, — and what a poor pretender was the *demi-monde* of that day—what a half-fledged starveling compared to the full-feathered bird of gorgeous plumage we now see it!—but in the Vicar's time the spurious article dazzled the eyes of rustic admirers, and, except that old *roué*, Mr Burchell, who doubtless had bought his experience pretty dearly, none dared to question the intrinsic value of the production.

Demi-monde is accepted in England, not from any resources it may possess of agreeability, not from its clever fac-simile of something infinitely better than it, but simply because it is supposed to be fashionable—just as Brown drinks dry champagne, making believe the while that he likes it best.

Au fond the nation is not enamoured of wickedness, and the English people never tried, as the French did, to put Virtue in the dock and arraign her by an indictment. Their fault is, however, a poor and slavish adulation of whatever is done by somebody higher and richer than themselves, and an abortive struggle to imitate it at any sacrifice.

The Frenchman likes libertinage, partly because of the licence it gives him to be whatever his humour prompts him, and chiefly because he knows it to be wrong. The Italian likes it because it conduces to the indulgence of that indolence which finds even the commonest observances of society a bore and an infliction. The German likes it as a sort of spice thrown into the flat beer of his daily existence—a something to heighten flavour, and yet not invalidate the liquor. But John Bull has no sympathy with any of these tastes, and he would reject the practice and repudiate the principle to-morrow if he had not observed that they found favour with some distinguished individual who lived in Belgravia, and of whose receptions he read in the 'Morning Post.'

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We are, in fact, as to morals, pretty much what the French were as to religion in '95. Wraxall tells us that once, when getting his hair dressed by a barber in Paris, he chanced to inquire if the man were a Catholic; on which he let fall his comb and scissors in horror, and, stepping back, exclaimed—"Monsieur! I am a humble man, it is true, and a barber; but I'd beg you to understand that I have just as little religion as any man in France."

If we wanted a proof that *demi-monde* is not congenial to our national tastes, we have it in our divorce courts. No people of Europe know so little how to conciliate vice with decorum as the English. We understand none of those refinements by which wickedness is to be draped into something gracefully mysterious and attractive. With our unromantic realism, we want to seem as vicious as we are; and hence we exhibit a picture of conjugal life in these actions for separation unequalled throughout the world for their coarseness.

I will not say that they "do these things better in France," but they do them more decently, more becomingly. The great difference is perhaps this: infidelity with us is a commercial transaction; foreigners make seduction a branch of the fine arts.

For my own part, I am always afraid for the future of an individual who wants to have his vices cheap; I have the same foreboding for the destiny of a nation that desires to be wicked at small cost. There is some check to abandonment when its indulgence requires a strong purse; there is none when it can be practised without trenching on fortune, or invading those resources by which people exhibit themselves to their neighbours as decorous citizens, "thoroughly respectable"!!

A "NOW" AND A "THEN."

I will not say how many years it is since I first saw Florence. Of course, I was only a boy, a mere child, at the time; but certainly there was not, throughout Europe, a city to compare with it in social excellence and enjoyment.

Though only a grand-ducal Court, many of the ministers accredited to it took rank as ambassadors. Our own was Lord Burghersh, than whom none sustained the honour of his country with more dignity, or dispensed the hospitalities of a high station with more elegance and urbanity. Many noble English families were amongst the residents; and Prince Demidoff—the Old Prince, as he was distinctively called—kept almost open house at San Donato, and maintained, besides, an admirable corps of French actors, who gave, twice a-week, representations at his private theatre, to which, without invitation, all persons presented to the Prince were free; and, if they pleased to come in evening dress, were also eligible to partake of the splendid supper which followed the close of the entertainment. At Lord Burghersh's there was an amateur opera given every week, admirably sustained, the chief parts being filled by the two Princes Poniatowsky, and the prima donna being the present Princess Poniatowsky. The chief direction, it is needless to say, was intrusted to the noble host, a musician of the highest attainments. Beside these, Lord Mulgrave gave his English theatricals, probably never surpassed in the ability of those who figured in them, nor in the subsequent distinction that awaited them in life. Charles Mathews, I believe, made his first appearance on these boards, and, if I mistake not, once played in a piece where three of his fellow-actors lived to be Secretaries of State in England.

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Lord Burghersh kept a pack of harriers, and hunted thrice a-week. There was a Jockey Club and a good racing subscription; and what with riding-parties, whist, dancing, ecarté, and flirting, it was wonderful how rapidly time flew over, and how grave our faces grew when the calls of Parliament and the demands of the London season came to throw their shadows over the glorious spring-time in the Cascine. I am certain it is not the mere spirit of the *laudator temporis acti* that prompts me to speak of these things in such eulogy. I can acknowledge how in many ways the world of the present day has gained on the world of my boyhood. One travels better and faster; one dines better at small cost; the newspapers are more interesting, more varied, better written, and in a tone more congenial to the best spirit of society. Intercourse, generally, is safer than it used to be; we have some Bores, but few Bullies; but—I say it advisedly—society has not now, as it had then, that marvellous flavour of high-hearted pleasure, that racy enjoyment of people who were not too languid to be brilliant, nor too lackadaisical to be witty. The salt of the cleverest men and the most engaging women seasoned all intercourse; and the effort was to keep up to the level of the pleasantest, and not, as we see it now, to bring all down to the uniform dulness of those Lord Dundrearies, who, except in their clever satirist, are the heaviest social infliction ever an age was cursed with.

The Haw-haw tone of those creatures, whose whiskers are so familiar to us in 'Punch,' did not exist in those days. It was the fashion for men to be manly and for women to be feminine. I will not say that, morally speaking, there was much to the advantage of the period. It was not better, though assuredly not worse, than our present day; and in all that regards externals—in fitting deference to ladies, in the distinctive reverence due to those of station, as separated from others of neither station nor character—the past has much to boast over the present.

It was a fatal mistake for women to suffer the present free-and-easy tone in their *salons*. In losing the especial prestige that belonged to them as ladies, they surrendered much that divided them from a class who, in mere looks and toilette, can always be their rivals: and I will say it, that he who had attempted the lounging impertinence, the self-sufficient indifference to others, and the blank vacuity in all that regards agreeability, in the times I speak of, would have as certainly found himself excluded from society as the knave or the blackleg.

A certain amount of bad morals has always passed muster in the world; but the ingredient never did real mischief till it was associated with bad manners. It was a poison, but it was a poison in a well-stoppered phial. Now, the custom is not only to uncork the bottle, but, like the Swedish Prince with his scent *flacon*, to sprinkle the company!

It is certainly a great day—a grand era—for the stupid people! none so dull that he cannot be insolent, none so stolid but he can smoke. We have taken the level of the lowest capacities as our social standard, and voted as vulgar all capacities above the dreary insufficiency of our dullest! Make the most of it, ye ensigns and small civil servants. It can't last for ever—no more than the Whig Government, nor the shoddy aristocracy in America.

Now they have it certainly all their own way; and I'd back Gumsley of the 109th, with his green complexion and his cat's mustaches, for a social success against Brinsley Sheridan, if you could bring him back, with all the wit of 'The Rivals' and all the fun of 'The Critic.' I suspect in our taste for tobacco we have grown to be Turkified, and place our El

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Dorado in a state of perfect "do-nothingness."

To tell the really pleasant people of the world to take their tone from such as these, is like ordering a regiment to take their time from a corps of cripples, and to march with a shuffle to suit the step of the lame. But the thing is done, and we see it, and there is no help for it; and now, to come back to this poor city, of which I am tempted to say, as the Emperor did on his return from Elba, "*Qu'avez vous fait de cette* (Florence) *que je vous ai laissér si belle?*"

The passion for making large States may conduce to that pleasant Utopia called the Balance of Power, though I have grave doubts of it; but assuredly it does not conduce to the happiness of mankind.

If so humble an object as happiness could occupy the lofty intelligences of statesmen, it might be worth while to consider for a moment whether small States had not, from the very fact of their unambitious position and narrow limits, immense advantages in this respect. Saxe-Weimar and Tuscany, as I knew them some thirty years ago, are the witnesses I should like to put in the box.

Weimar was of course very inferior in all claims to wealth, luxury, or refinement. It was a small village-like capital, with a miniature palace, a miniature theatre, a quaint old park, and a quaint old Platz.

The Court dined at four o'clock, and, rising at six, went out to stroll, grand duke and duchess and all, in the park. Dear me! what a strange medley of simplicity and formality, rural enjoyment and etiquette, cowslips and curtsies, many selected compliments and tobacco-smoke! but very soothing and tranquillising withal. If you sat down to whist with the Hoch-Wohl-Geboren, Herr Geheimerath, or the Staats Secretär, you could scarcely be ruined at groschen points any more than you would be driven to suicide by an unhappy passion for his yellow daughter. Then life had nothing startling, nothing sensational. There was a nice soft drowsy dulness that aided digestion, and never conduced to dreams.

In the evening the "society" rendezvoused in a sombre old house, with narrow windows in front and a small somewhat gloomy-looking garden behind, where lived a large old white-haired man with his niece. Though a man of grand presence and imposing mien, with much dignity in his address, he was very fond of mixing with the young people of the company, and especially with a number of young Englishmen who at that period resided at Weimar for the advantages of military education. At the time I tell of, there was amongst them one who is now a duke, with one of the greatest historic names in Europe. With these generally this old gentleman frequently conversed, or, more frequently still, discoursed, telling of his travels in Italy, the objects which had held the chief place in his memory, the galleries he had seen, the society he had frequented, the distinguished men whose acquaintance he had made; and all these with occasional touches of picturesque description, traits of humour, and now and then a deep feeling which held his little auditory in rapt astonishment that he could hold them there entranced, while they could not, when he had done, recall any of the magic by which he worked his spell. I say this because I myself remember to have tried to repeat a story he told, and once, more hazardous still, to convey some impression of how he talked; and with what lamentable failure let my present confession atone for. The task would have tried a better man, for him whom I essayed to represent was Goethe.

It was only a few years before that very time I speak of, that the choice society of Florence was wont to assemble each evening at a large palace on the Arno. It is the third as you pass down from the Ponte St Trinita. There a royal personage, albeit she had de-

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flected from her bright sphere, received, and all that was great and noble and brilliant, or, better still, beautiful, came to talk or to listen, be flattered or be worshipped, or, what I am half given to believe is nearly as good, to flatter and worship—not doing the thing grudgingly, or in any fashion of constraint, as in our prudish England we should do it, but "going in" with a will, and giving to those liquid vowels of the soft south all the ring and resonance of a deep-felt sentiment. It was a good type, that same society, of the mingled passion and weakness, the apathy, the earnestness, the vigorous energy, and the voluptuous indolence of Italian life. One talker, a tall, dark-complexioned, stern-looking man, with closely-set black eyes, pre-eminent above all for that sort of brilliant discursive talk which has its charm at times for the veriest trifler and the deepest thinker. He was witty, but with a scathing, withering, blasting wit that burned where it fell: he disliked England, but with a sense of reverence for her great qualities. As to France, he hated and despised her. In her influence over his own country, Italy, he foresaw nothing but misfortune, and declared that to consummate Italian degeneracy no more was wanting than infuse into the national character the scoffing incredulity and the degenerate levity of the Gaul. This man was Alfieri!

It was no mean era when Germany and Italy were so represented. And now—shall I go on to mark the contrast? No, I prefer holding the defendants over till next month, when the weather may possibly be somewhat cooler, and my sentence be more merciful than if pronounced with the mercury near 100°, and my brains at the temperature that makes paraffine explosive.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY AND DR NEWMAN.

A DUEL in dialectics between Dr Newman and Mr Charles Kingsley is not in any sense of the term an agreeable spectacle. Both are, indeed, men of some note, each in his own way. Both have endeavoured, not without a certain measure of success, to give a bias through their writings to public opinion; and each has his own circle of admirers, who will, doubtless, be ready to accept and to applaud whatever their favourite champion may affirm. But impartial judges see the matter in a different point of view. They regret, for very many reasons, that such a collision should have occurred. They perceive that truth, which is or ought to be the end of all controversy, can never be elicited from such a war of words as this. They therefore blame Mr Kingsley for involving himself in a dispute which, from the constitution of his mind, he was ill able to carry through. And they much lament that, owing to his lack of judgment, higher interests than the personal reputation of a rash man should be endangered. For Mr Kingsley is entirely and wantonly the aggressor in this dispute. Without any provocation given, he went out of his way to fling against Dr Newman a charge to which no gentleman can patiently submit; and then, instead of retracting or apologising for what never ought to have been written, he aggravated the offence by trying to account for it. The circumstances of the case are briefly these:—

In the number of 'Macmillan's Magazine' for January of this year, Mr Kingsley reviewed the seventh and eighth volumes of Froude's 'History of England,' assuming, as is his wont, a high moral tone throughout the essay, and exulting in his own and his country's Protestantism. We are far from finding

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fault with him on that account. It is a portion of his idiosyncrasy to talk big on every possible occasion of English independence of thought and English chivalry; and Protestantism in particular, especially English Protestantism, has, in his mind, a very extended signification. Mr Froude, for example, the author whom he is reviewing — the author likewise of the 'Nemesis of Faith'—is "intensely Protestant." His Protestantism takes, however, a far more generous aspect than that of his reviewer. He whitewashes Henry VIII.; he purges Mary from the stains which have heretofore rested on her character, and "justifies Protestantism (to his readers) not by one-sided and unjust fanaticism, but by fairly seeing and setting forth, from a human point of view, the faith, the struggles of conscience, the martyrdoms of the heroes of the old faith, of More, of Fisher, of the poor monks of the Charterhouse." This is at all events generous. We say nothing of its justice, so far as Henry and his daughter are concerned; but of its generosity in dealing with the professors of a faith not Protestant there can be no doubt. How comes it that Mr Kingsley, who can applaud such conduct in another, is yet unable himself to pursue it? Is he afraid to avow a Protestantism so extended as that of which his author may be taken to be the representative? Or does the circumstance arise out of that strange confusion of ideas from which, let him discuss what topic he may, Mr Kingsley seems incapable of extricating himself? The latter we suspect to be the true cause of the phenomenon, otherwise he would have scarcely spoken as he does of the manner in which Mr Froude deals with his own great favourite, Queen Elizabeth. What! has it come to this? Must we accept, after all, as proven, the many charges which Mr Froude brings against the virgin queen,—of falsehood, avarice, cruelty, and other dark crimes, and then look about for excuses wherewith to account for them? "Surely there were great excuses for her shrinking from throwing good money after bad, whether into Scotland or into the Netherlands." "She had," it seems, "a vast and unexampled part to play in an age in which all that was old was rocking to its ruin, and all that was new was unformed and untried." "As for her falsehoods, they brought their own punishment, so swiftly and so often, that they cured themselves." Let our readers mark this in reference to what is to follow. It is admitted that Elizabeth was guilty of falsehood; but forasmuch as her punishment was prompt and frequent, falsehood on her part changed in some degree its character. It became venial, if not praiseworthy. "Moreover, we must remember the morality of the time was low. If it had not been low, the Reformation would not have been needed." For "the Roman religion had for some time back been making men not better but worse."

> "And the worst of it was that, when the moral canon of the Pope's will was gone, there was for a while no canon of morality left. The average morality of Elizabeth's reign was not so much low as capricious, self-willed, fortuitous —magnificent one day in virtue, terrible the next day in vice. It was not till more than one generation had grown up and died with the Bible in their hands, that Englishmen and Germans began to understand what Frenchmen and Italians did not understand, that they were to be judged by the everlasting laws of a God who is no respecter of persons."

We must confess that, so far as Mr Kingsley is concerned, we find ourselves pretty much in the condition of the Frenchmen and the Italians. We certainly do not understand what our author is aiming at. The morality of Elizabeth's time was either low, or it was not low; we can't exactly see how it could be "magnificent in virtue one day, and terrible in vice the next." But let that pass. From Elizabeth to the accession of the

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first George we count not fewer than six generations. They were generations which had grown up and died with the Bible in their hands, if by that expression be meant—which had lived and died under the sway of a Protestant Government. We should be glad to know which canon of morals Mr Kingsley prefers—that which sent More to the scaffold, when, by a little allowable lying, he might have saved his own life, and served the interests of his Church; or that which converted the Protestant Palace of St James's into a stew, and taught all classes of English society to laugh at chastity, sobriety, and truth, even among the clergy. But Mr Kingsley is not content to stop here. "So again," he observes, "with the virtue of truth: truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not; that cunning is the weapon which heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute main force of the wicked world, which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so."

For some years previously to the appearance of this not very delicate rebuke, Father Newman had withdrawn himself, as it would appear tenderly, from the strife of tongues. Rumour was of course busy about him, and tales were told of bitter dissatisfaction with the past, and something like an eclipse of hope in reference to the future. Mr Kingsley has not lived for the last four or five years out of the world, so that probably the stories which circulated elsewhere may have reached him. They were groundless stories, it is true. Dr Newman, in the remarkable volume which we shall presently endeavour to analyse, has shown clearly enough that, whatever may have been the amount of his sufferings while travelling up to a great result, with the result itself he is entirely satisfied. But this fact, as it could not be known to Mr Kingsley at the time, so it forms no excuse for the course which he judged it expedient to follow.

Mr Kingsley's attack upon Dr Newman was not only cruel, it was injudicious. He could scarcely expect that it would fail to provoke retort; and self-conceit must be in him even stronger than we take it to be, if he ever for a moment anticipated other issue than defeat from a controversy entered into so rashly and on such grounds. Be this, however, as it may, controversy came, and with it not merely the exposure of considerable ignorance and much presumption on the part of the challenger, but on the other side one of the most deeply interesting dissections which has ever been submitted to public gaze, of a mind enthusiastic, sensitive, not always happy in discriminating between reason and imagination, but earnest in its search after light, and sadly missing it at the last. No one, after reading 'Apologia pro Vita sua,' will pretend to say that Dr Newman was at any time influenced by unworthy motives. That he has attained to what he sought—the truth—we, as honest and sincere Protestants, cannot for a moment admit; but if man ever made himself a martyr in the cause of what he believed to be the truth, Dr Newman is that man. Let us return, however, to the case before us.

Mr Kingsley had struck a rude blow at one who gave him no provocation. He was courteously requested either to retract and apologise, or to justify by proof the assertion which had been hazarded. He preferred the latter course, and made reference in general terms to a sermon 'On Wisdom and Innocence,' which Dr Newman had preached so long ago as 1844 from the pulpit of St Mary's Church in Oxford. The correspondence which followed has all been printed, and may be consulted by such as are curious in details; but, for our pre-

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sent purpose, it will suffice to give the substance of the discussion. In his letter replying to Mr Kingsley's reference, Dr Newman states that he had gone through the sermon in question with great care; that he could discover nothing therein which, either directly or indirectly, teaches as Mr Kingsley had affirmed; that Mr Kingsley would do well to adopt a similar course; and that he (Dr Newman) is open to correction should the result, after this second investigation, be in any respect different from that at which he had himself arrived. Dr Newman then goes on to explain, that whatever may be the moral obliquity of the teaching in that sermon, if moral obliquity there be, the fault must not be laid to the door of the Romish Church, because the preacher was not a Romanist but an Anglican at the time when the sermon was delivered; and that the sermon itself is therefore a Protestant, not a Romish sermon. Unable to withstand this reasoning, Mr Kingsley accepted as true his correspondent's affirmation. He acknowledged that the sermon was not beside him when he wrote the offensive passage in his essay, and professed his readiness to believe Dr Newman's account of the mode and object of its teaching.

As the offence had been given publicly, Dr Newman considered himself justified in making public likewise the issues to which it led. He therefore printed and put forth the whole correspondence in the shape of a pamphlet, to which he added, as was not unnatural, a few "reflections" and a title-page. It would have been well had Mr Kingsley submitted quietly to this mortification. He had done a foolish thing, and the punishment, as it could have in no degree injured him in the good opinion of his friends (for it is the offence and not the punishment which brings shame on the culprit), so it might have been borne patiently. But patience is not one of Mr Kingsley's virtues. The Newmanian lash cut deep; Mr Kingsley smarted under it, and forthwith set himself to pay back with interest the mortification which he had himself endured. 'A Reply to a Pamphlet lately published by Dr Newman,' came out in due time, under the searching title, 'What, then, does Dr Newman mean?' It is a very remarkable production in its way. The writer, affecting to be bound over by the admission which, he more than insinuates, had been filched out of him, proceeds not only to reiterate but to justify, by reference to the ethical teaching of Roman Catholics in general, all, and more than all, that he had previously asserted:—

"My object," he says, alluding to his previous correspondence, "had been throughout to avoid war, because I thought Dr Newman wished for peace. I therefore dropped the question of 'many passages of his writings,' and confined myself to the sermon entitled 'Wisdom and Innocence,' simply to give him an opportunity of settling the dispute on that ground. But whether Dr Newman lost his temper, or whether he thought that he had gained an advantage over me, or whether he wanted a more complete apology than I chose to give,—whatever, I say, may have been his reasons, he suddenly changed his tone of courtesy and dignity for one of which I shall only say, that it shows sadly how the atmosphere of the Romish priesthood has degraded his notions of what is due to himself; and when he published (as I am much obliged to him for doing) the whole correspondence, he appended to it certain reflections, in which he attempted to convict me of not having believed the accusation which I had made.

"There remains for me, then, nothing but to justify my mistake as far as I can.

"I am, of course, precluded from using the sermon entitled 'Wisdom and Innocence' to prove my words. I have accepted Dr Newman's denial that it means what I thought it did; and heaven forbid that I should withdraw my word once given, at whatever disadvantage to myself! But more; I am informed by those from whose judgment on such points there is no appeal, that, *en hault courage* and strict honour, I am also excluded, by the terms of my explanation, from using any other of Dr

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Newman's past writings to prove my assertion. I have declared Dr Newman to have been an honest man up to the 1st of February 1864; it was, as I shall show, only Dr Newman's fault that I ever thought him to be anything else. It depends entirely on Dr Newman whether he shall sustain his reputation so recently acquired. If I give him thereby a fresh advantage in this argument, he is most welcome to it. He needs, it seems to me, as many advantages as possible. But I have a right, in self-justification, to put before the public so much of that sermon, and of the rest of Dr Newman's writings, as will show why I formed so harsh an opinion of them and of him, and why I still consider that sermon (whatever may be its meaning) as most dangerous and misleading. And I have a full right to do the same by those 'many passages of Dr Newman's writings' which I left alone at first, simply because I thought that Dr Newman wished for peace."

We beg that our readers will give to this curious passage a second perusal, and observe what it states, what it promises, and what it shows that the writer is prepared to do. First of all, we have the acknowledgment—implied, indeed, rather than expressed—that Mr Kingsley's opinion regarding the untruthfulness of his adversary never, from first to last, underwent the slightest change. He had, indeed, "*declared* Dr Newman to be an honest man up to the 1st of February 1864;" but between making a statement of this sort, and believing what is stated, there is all the difference in the world. In spite of this declaration, Mr Kingsley feels that his original charge is capable of justification; and being goaded to the attempt by Dr Newman's ungenerous mode of accepting the *amende* which had been tendered, he resolves to go through with it. But difficulties at once arise. "I am of course precluded from using the sermon entitled 'Wisdom and Innocence' to prove my words;" and, harder case still, "I am informed by those from whose judgment on such points there is no appeal, that, *en hault courage* and strict honour, I am also excluded, by the terms of my explanation, from using any other of Dr Newman's past writings to prove my assertion." Ordinary mortals, thus hampered, would have done nothing. They might have fretted a little over the unpleasant nature of the scrape in which they found themselves, but the sermon and the past writings of their tormentor being sealed books to them, they would have bent to the blast, and thereby saved their own credit as men of honour. Not so Mr Kingsley. "I have a right," he says, "in self-justification, to put before the public so much of that sermon, and of the rest of Dr Newman's writings, as will show why I formed so harsh an opinion of them and of him." It is very well to talk of "*hault courage*" and "strict honour" in the abstract. They would, of course, deter me, if I paid attention to them, from following a certain line, and I assure the public that no man holds them, abstractly speaking, in more profound respect than I; but there is a matter which I hold in more profound respect still, and that is, that I should stand well with the world. Therefore, the exclusion of which I speak, and the fine flourish of chivalrous sentiment which follows, are to be taken for no more than they are worth. Dr Newman's sermon, and, indeed, all his writings, are fair game to me, and as such I mean to hunt them down. Accordingly, the pamphlet is neither more nor less than a series of quotations from Dr Newman's works, interspersed with commentaries from the pen of the pamphleteer—of the pamphleteer who sets out with the uncalled-for and ostentatious announcement that he cannot, except at the cost of self-respect, make any use of them at all!!!

We are afraid that this disposition to play fast and loose with *hault courage* and "strict honour" is a principle scarcely of yesterday's growth with Mr Kingsley. Not that we charge him, as he charges Dr Newman, with writing and teaching that

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"truth, for its own sake, need not, and, on the whole, ought not, to be regarded as a virtue." But truth, like the chameleon, can change its colour, or appear to do so, when a clever man has an object to serve and is bent on serving it. A good many years ago Mr Kingsley published a novel which, with much in it that was noxious, and still more that was absurd, attained, as it deserved to do, a large share of public favour. Alton Locke, the tailor and poet, ran, indeed, such rigs as the tailor or poet in real life never did or could run. But he served well enough the purpose which the author appeared to have in view; he was an appropriate hero in a tale which aimed at the inculcation of Christian communism. It happened that, among other vivid scenes, undergraduate life was described in this novel; and the description gave, as indeed it well might, decided offence to all classes in the University of Cambridge. 'Alton Locke' professed to paint the Cambridge men of 1849. We are not aware that the habits of Cambridge men were very different in 1849 from what they are now; and Mr Kingsley's account of them, if it was a just account then, may probably be taken as a just account still. But, just or unjust, it made the writer extremely unpopular. That was a circumstance of very little moment so long as the writer rested in the obscurity of a country curacy; but from the obscurity of a country curacy, his own merits, and the favour of a Liberal Ministry, gradually withdrew him. Mr Kingsley became rector of Eversley. A canonry was next conferred upon him; by-and-by, the honourable office of Chaplain to the Queen; and, last of all, the Regius Professorship of History in the University of Cambridge. Here, then, was a dilemma out of which it would have been difficult for almost any other Christian communist than Mr Kingsley to find a way. He could not hope to exercise an influence for good over youths whom he had so deeply offended. He could not, assuming that he had told the truth, unsay what had been said. Mr Kingsley, however, is not to be arrested by common obstacles. As he has recently dealt with Dr Newman, so in 1863 he handled both 'Alton Locke' and the undergraduates of Cambridge. He prepared a new edition of the book, re-wrote the objectionable passages, and brought them out, in their altered form, with a preface explanatory of his reasons for so doing. The reasons are charming. Under the sunshine of a continuous Whig Government, society has everywhere ripened in the interval between 1849 and 1863. The Church, the army, the manufacturing population, undergraduate life in Cambridge itself, all acknowledge this power. There was a time when society seemed to be composed of elements everywhere discordant—when the rich oppressed the poor, and the poor hated the rich. There were days, not very long ago, when the very sports of young aristocrats insulted and offended plebeians.

"How changed, thank God, is all this now! Before the influence of religion, both Evangelical and Anglican—before the spread of those liberal principles founded on common humanity and justice, the triumph of which we owe to the courage and practical sense of the Whig party—before the example of a Court virtuous, humane, and beneficent, the attitude of the British upper classes has undergone a noble change. There is no aristocracy in the world, and there never has been one, as far as I know, which has so honourably repented and brought forth fruits meet for repentance—which has so cheerfully asked what its duty was, that it might do it. It is not merely enlightened statesmen, philanthropists, devotees, or the working clergy, hard and heartily as they are working, who have set themselves to do good as a duty specially required of them by creed or by station; in the generality of younger laymen, as far as I can see, a humanity in the highest sense of the term has been awakened, which bids fair, in another generation, to abolish the last remnants

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of class prejudices and class grudges. The whole creed of our young gentlemen is becoming more liberal, their demeanour more courteous, their language more temperate. They inquire after the welfare, or at least mingle in the sports, of the working man with a simple cordiality which was unknown thirty years ago. They are prompt, the more earnest of them, to make themselves of use to him, on the ground of a common manhood, if any means of doing good are pointed out to them; and that it is in any wise degrading to associate with 'low fellows,' is an opinion utterly obsolete, save, perhaps, among a few sons of squireens in remote provinces, or of *parvenus* who cannot afford to recognise the class from whence they themselves have risen. In the army, thanks to the purifying effects of the Crimean and Indian wars, the same altered line is patent. Officers feel for and with their men, talk to them, strive to instruct and amuse them, more and more year by year. And as a proof that the reform has not been forced upon the officers by public opinion from without, but is spontaneous and from within, another instance of the altered mind of the aristocracy, the improvement is greatest in those regiments which are officered by men of the best blood; and in care for and sympathy for their men, her Majesty's Foot Guards stand first of all."

If there be not in all this the very essence of what Carlyle calls "flunkeyism," and vulgar flunkeyism too, we really do not know what the expression means. Can Mr Kingsley be ignorant that the Young England party to whom much of this renewed intercourse of class with class may be attributed is not, nor ever was, composed of Whigs? Has he never heard of such men as Benjamin Disraeli, Lord John Manners, and Lord Robert Cecil? And must he be told that it enters, and always did enter, into the spirit of Toryism to acknowledge the influence of that common humanity about which he prattles? Or is it an attempt to ingratiate himself still more with the powers that be?—a palpable exhibition of that kind of gratitude which the great Whig Minister so well understood, and so aptly defined in the days of the first Georges? As to her Majesty's Foot Guards, we are inclined to believe that they will scarcely thank him for a compliment of which they best understand the value. They know—he evidently does not—that of all the officers in the Queen's service, none see so little or know so little as the Guards about their men. This is not their fault, but the fault of a system which, denying to these gentlemen rooms in barracks, cuts them off from the opportunity of cultivating those friendly relations with their men into which, as the rest of the army is well aware, they have, from time out of mind, been ready to enter as often as circumstances threw them together. But this is not the only mistake into which Mr Kingsley falls. "If I wish," he says, "for one absolute proof of the changed relation between the upper and the lower classes, I have only to point to the Volunteer movement. In 1803, in the face of the most real and fatal danger, the Addington Ministry was afraid of allowing volunteer regiments, and Lord Eldon, while pressing the necessity, could use as an argument that if the people did not volunteer for the Government they would against it. So broad was even then the gulf between the governed and the governors." The Addington Ministry, afraid of allowing (the formation of) volunteer regiments! A gulf between the governors and the governed in 1803! Why, it was in the early summer of that very year that a movement began, which, before the autumn closed, assembled upwards of 300,000 volunteers under arms. Has Mr Kingsley never looked into the Annual Register, nor read Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' or even Lord Stanhope's 'Life of Pitt?' This is really too bad; but it is of a piece with the wisdom which, while it bids the undergraduates beware of a Conservative reaction, and deprecates a crusade against trades-unions, goes out of its way to flatter royalty by proclaiming that the "House of Lords will be conserved, just in proportion as the upper classes shall copy the virtues of

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royalty, both of him who is taken from us and of her who is left."

If Mr Kingsley expected to ride away triumphantly upon his pamphlet he grossly deceived himself. Nothing could have occurred more satisfactory to Dr Newman than the appearance of such a publication under such a name—'What, then, does Dr Newman mean?' It was the question above all questions which he most desired to have put to him; and to have it put under circumstances so propitious gladdened the old man's heart. He felt acutely—he had often, we understand, admitted—that his past career, looked at as a whole, stood in need of explanation. Not that he cared for the eloquence of Exeter Hall, or the weekly abuse of religious newpapers; but he was sensitively alive to what might be thought of him by friends from whom, not without a pang, he had withdrawn himself. No decent opportunity had, however, as yet presented itself of pleading his own cause fully and fairly before the world. Now it came, and it was a satisfaction to him to think that the bitterest of all his revilers had supplied it.

"He," writes Dr Newman in reply to Mr Kingsley's last attack, "had a positive idea to illuminate his whole matter, and to stamp it with a form, and to quicken it with an interpretation. He called me a *liar*—a simple, a broad, an intelligible, and, to the English public, a plausible arraignment; but for me to answer in detail charge one, by reason one, and charge two by reason two, and charge three by reason three, and so to proceed through the whole string both of accusations and replies, each of which was to be independent of the rest, this would be certainly labour lost, as regards any effective result. What I needed was a corresponding antagonist writing in my defence, and where was that to be found? . . . . Yes, I said to myself, his very question is about my meaning,—'What does Dr Newman mean?' It points in the very same direction into which my musings had turned me already. He asks what I mean. Not about my words, not about my arguments, not about my actions as his ultimate point, but about that living intelligence by which I write, and argue, and act. He asks about my mind and its beliefs and its sentiments, and he shall be answered. Not for his own sake, but for mine; for the sake of the religion which I profess, and of the priesthood in which I am unworthily included, and of my friends, and of my foes, and of that general public which consists of neither the one nor the other, but of well-wishers, lovers of fair play, sceptical cross-questioners, interested inquirers, curious lookers-on, and simple strangers, unconcerned, yet not careless about the issue."

Having arrived at this conclusion, Dr Newman is content, in a brief introduction, to extinguish Mr Kingsley as a logician. This done, he addresses himself to his more important task; and how grave and solemn he feels it to be, may be gathered from the tone almost more than from the matter of the short sentences with which the narrative opens:—

"It may easily be conceived how great a trial it is to me to write the following history of myself, but I must not shrink from the task. The words *Secretum meum mihi* keep ringing in my ears; but as men draw nearer towards their end they care less about disclosures. Nor is it the least part of my trial to anticipate that my friends may, upon first reading what I have written, consider much in it irrelevant to my purpose; yet I cannot help thinking that, viewed as a whole, it will effect what I wish it to do."

We cannot tell what Dr Newman's anticipations may have been, but we have no hesitation in stating the effect which his remarkable history has produced upon ourselves. We believe him to be now, and always to have been, a thoroughly honest man. We do not distrust one word of all that he has written about himself. His confessions may appear to some childish—to others forced and unnatural; in our eyes they take at once the character of absolute simplicity and candour. He has painted a mind in great distress about great things; bent upon discovering the right way, not for itself only, but for others—pausing,

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hesitating, deflecting, as such minds invariably do, yet never once falling into the moral abyss of hypocrisy or false seeming. From his very childhood he is earnest, and earnest after religious truth. He begins life a dreamer of dreams, but they all point in the same direction. As a schoolboy

"I used to wish that the 'Arabian Nights' were true; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. . . . I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception; my fellow-angels, by a playful device, concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world; and I was very superstitious, and for some time previous to my conversion (when I was fifteen) used constantly to cross myself on going into the dark."

A youth who could name the year of his conversion, took naturally to the school of Low-Church or Calvinistic divinity. Romaine, and Thomas Scott of Acton Sandford, became his spiritual guides, and the late Bishop Wilson of Calcutta his Coryphæus. It is characteristic of the man, however, that all this while young Newman was at once a reader of deistical publications, and prone to ornament his copy and Latin verse-books with pictures of crosses and rosaries. Already his mind was faltering amid its excess of steadfastness. The extremes of Evangelicalism fought against latent infidelity; indeed, the only settled principle which seems to have rooted itself within him was a conviction that men are divided into two classes: the elect, who, come what will, cannot be lost; the non-elect, on whose final destiny it is not for children of time to pronounce a judgment.

It was inevitable that a disciple of Romaine and Thomas Scott should read with interest Milner's 'Church History.' From Milner Mr Newman learned to become enamoured of the Fathers, whom, however, it is fair to add, both Milner and he studied through a medium of the most blinding prejudice. For them St Augustine was the highest of all authorities, not in regard to matters of fact alone, but on points of dogma referring specially to the question of God's foreknowledge and man's free-will. And then came Newton on the Prophecies, creating an assurance, not absolutely set aside for many long years, that the Pope was the Antichrist predicted by Daniel. Strange to say, however, it was at that very time—at the period when Milner and Newton were studied and believed—that a conviction took possession of the young enthusiast that God had set him apart for a life of celibacy. The idea never afterwards departed from him. It became at once the cause, as to a certain extent it was the effect, of those ascetic habits to which from tender age he was addicted, and which, while they sharpened the imagination, went a great way to weaken the power of controlling it. Thus Newman, as years grew upon him, lived daily more and more the life of a visionary, but of a visionary whose aims were always of the loftiest kind. He accepted it as a settled truth, that his calling of God would require from him such a sacrifice as celibacy involved; and though it was long before he could determine what the calling really was, he felt that already he had become separated from the visible world, and that the severance would grow continually more decided.

In due time Mr Newman entered Trinity College, Oxford, where, in 1821, he graduated with high honours. He was soon afterwards elected a Fellow of Oriel, where he formed the acquaintance of Richard Whately, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin. Mr Whately appears to have exercised at first a great and salutary influence over the young enthusiast. He taught him to take interest in things of real life; and when nominated himself, in 1825, to the headship in St Alban Hall, he carried Newman with him in the twofold capacity of vice-principal and tutor.

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"He was the first," so Mr Newman writes, "who taught me to weigh my words, and to be cautious in my statements. He led me to that mode of limiting and clearing my sense, in discussion and in controversy, which to my surprise has since been considered, even in quarters friendly to me, to savour of the polemics of Rome. . . . Then, as to doctrine, he was the means of great additions to my belief. He gave me the 'Treatise on Apostolical Preaching,' by Sumner, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, from which I learned to give up my remaining Calvinism, and to receive the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. In many other ways, too, he was of use to me on subjects semi-religious and semi-scholastic."

Singularly plastic — open more than common men to receive impressions — Mr Newman falls in next with Blanco White, and learns from him, as he had already in part learned from Dr Hawkins, the Vicar of St Mary's, to anticipate erelong that attack upon the books and the canon of Scripture amid the din of which we are now living. His faith in revelation is not shaken thereby; but he listens, at first somewhat against his will, to the promulgation of the doctrine of tradition, and by-and-by accepts it in the fullest sense in which it has ever been received by leading men among the High Anglican party. It is not our province—at all events we decline, on the present occasion, to act as if it were—to decide how much or how little of truth the teaching of that party sets forth. But the lesson itself is this, as Whately equally with Hawkins accepted it, "that the sacred text was never intended to teach doctrine, but only to prove it; and that if we would learn doctrine, we must have recourse to the formularies of the Church,—for instance, to the Catechisms and the Creeds."

A man imbued with these sentiments was little likely to feel at ease as a member of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and Mr Newman, though restrained by sentiment from breaking off from it all at once, ceased to be, what he had heretofore been, active in promoting its operations in Oxford. His next step was to study and to embrace with all his heart the cognate doctrine of the apostolical succession. By-and-by Butler's 'Analogy' attracted his attention, inculcating for him the doctrine that probability is the great guide of life; and introducing him to the question of the logical cogency of faith —a curious theory, on which he has written much and with great eloquence. Already, however, he was beginning to refine to such an extent, that Whately became dissatisfied, almost angry, with him; and Blanco White told him plainly, though in perfect good-humour, that his views were Platonic, not Christian. In a word, that course of speculation was fairly begun which could hardly fail, with a temperament so sensitive as his, to end in one of two results. Either, like Blanco White, he must find himself eventually without faith, without hope—a disbeliever whose unbelief revolted every natural feeling within him; or he must escape from so terrible a doom by the absolute surrender of reason, imagination, will itself, to some authority which he could accept as resistless, and because it was resistless to which he could yield.

Mr Newman was in the very depth of this bewilderment—hesitating as to the fitness of the Athanasian Creed—speaking, and even writing, disdainfully of the Fathers, and not altogether satisfied about the miracles of the early Church—when Hurrell Froude (the brother of the historian) and John Keble succeeded in establishing over him the moral ascendency which Whately and Blanco White appear to have lost. Under the guidance of Keble, he who, in 1828, had voted against a petition unfavourable to the repeal of Roman Catholic disabilities, voted, in 1829, against the re-election of Peel, because he had brought a Bill into Parliament for the repeal of these disabilities.

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Froude was Newman's junior, yet the sympathy between the men was very great; and Dr Pusey, and Mr Robert Wilberforce, afterwards archdeacon, took likewise kindly to him. No wonder. Apparently shunning, certainly not seeking, the intimacy of his contemporaries, Newman was still so gentle, so refined, so modest, that generous spirits turned to him of their own accord, and he acquired, without apparently being aware of it, enormous influence, especially with the young. This cannot be brought about, however, in any man's case, without sooner or later affecting, for good or ill, the individual who is the object of it. Newman felt his own power—as tutor of his college—as public examiner in the schools—as an essayist whose works were read, pondered, and discussed—as a university preacher; and, by little and little, he assumed his proper place as the real leader of a party within the Church of which he was a minister.

In 1826 there appeared a series of 'Letters on the Church, by an Episcopalian,' of which the authorship was attributed at the time to Dr Whately, and which he never, as far as we know, subsequently denied. It was a powerful protest "against the profanation of Christ's kingdom by that *double usurpation*, the interference of the Church in temporals, and of the State in spirituals." The first muttering, this, of that spirit of discontent with the state of public opinion on Church questions, which events were so speedily to swell into a perfect ferment. Newman read the book eagerly—so did Dr Pusey—so did Keble, Froude, and Wilberforce. It seemed to point to ground which they might occupy in common, and to a great object, for the attainment of which they could, without any sacrifice of individual opinion, labour in common. By-and-by, in the year following, came out 'The Christian Year,' the publication of which seemed to knit the hearts of this little group together. For it is a curious incident in the history which we are tracing, that, long after Newman's election to a fellowship of Oriel, Keble held back from him, disliking, as Newman naïvely expresses it, "the marks which I wore about me of the Evangelical and Liberal school." But now, through the agency of Froude, this coldness was set aside, and schemes for the reawakening in England of a true Church spirit began to be considered. It was the beginning of that movement which resulted by-and-by in what came to be called Tractarianism. How Newman received the religious teaching of 'The Christian Year,' we shall best show by letting him speak for himself:—

"It is not necessary, and scarcely becoming, to praise a book which has already become one of the classics of the language. When the general tone of religious literature was so nerveless and impotent as it was at that time, Keble struck an original note, and woke up in the hearts of thousands a new music—the music of a school long unknown in England. Nor can I pretend to analyse, in my own instance, the effect of religious teaching so deep, so pure, so beautiful. I have never, till now, tried to do so; yet I think I am not wrong in saying, that the two main intellectual truths which it brought home to me, were the same two which I had learned from Butler, though recast in the creative mind of my new master. The first of these was, what may be called in a large sense of the word, the sacramental system; that of the doctrine that material phenomena are both the types and the instruments of real things unseen—a doctrine which embraces not only what Anglicans as well as Catholics believe about sacraments properly so called, but also the article of 'The Communion of Saints' in its fulness, and likewise the mysteries of the faith. The connection of this philosophy of religion with what is sometimes called 'Berkeleyism' has been mentioned above. I knew little of Berkeley at this time, except by name, nor have I ever studied him.

"On the second intellectual principle which I gained from Keble I could say a great deal if this were the place for it. It runs through very much that I have written, and has

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gained for me many hard names. Butler teaches us that probability is the guide of life. The danger of this doctrine, in the case of many minds, is its tendency to destroy in them absolute certainty, leading them to consider every conclusion as doubtful, and resolving truth into an opinion which it is safe to obey or to profess, but not possible to embrace with full internal assent. If this were to be allowed, then the celebrated saying, 'O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul,' would be the highest measure of devotion; but who can really pray to a Being about whose existence he is seriously in doubt?

"I considered that Mr Keble met this difficulty by ascribing the firmness of assent which we give to religious doctrine not to the probabilities which introduced it, but to the living power of faith and love which accepted it. In matters of religion, he seemed to say, it is not merely probability which makes us intellectually certain, but probability as it is put to account by faith and love. It is faith and love which give to probability a force which it has not in itself. Faith and love are directed towards an object—in the vision of that object they live; it is that object, received in faith and love, which renders it reasonable to take probability as sufficient for internal conviction. Thus the argument about probability in the matter of religion became an argument from personality, which, in fact, is one form of the argument from authority.

"In illustration, Mr Keble used to quote the words of the psalm—'I will guide thee with mine eye. Be ye not like to horse and mule, which have no understanding; whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle lest they fall upon thee.' This is the very difference, he used to say, between slaves and friends or children. Friends do not ask for literal commands; but, from their knowledge of the speaker, they understand his half-words, and from love of him they anticipate his wishes. Hence it is that, in his poem for St Bartholomew's Day, he speaks of the 'eye of God's word,' and in the note quotes Mr Miller of Worcester College, who remarks, in his Bampton Lectures, on the special power of Scripture as 'having this eye, like that of a portrait, uniformly fixed upon us, turn where we will.' The view thus suggested by Mr Keble is brought forward in one of the earliest of the 'Tracts for the Times.' In No. 8, I say, 'The Gospel is a law of liberty. We are treated as sons—not as servants; not subjected to a code of formal commandments, but addressed as those who love God and wish to please Him.'"

The sort of mind which the preceding extracts discover is one, we suspect, which Mr Kingsley is constitutionally unable to appreciate, or even to understand. It is cast in a mould entirely different from his. Mr Kingsley's writings are familiar to us, and among them all we cannot discover a trace of that yearning, perhaps morbid yearning, after truth, which, in its very intensity, is not unapt to lead the inquirer into error. Mr Kingsley, though he be neither an Anglican nor a Low-Churchman, is as content as either to abide by his own crudities and to call them truths. With him there is no misgiving—no doubt. The whole Christian scheme resolves itself into a system of moral fitness, and humanitarianism becomes faith, hope, and charity all in one. Hence he has no compunctions in speaking harshly of one who has thought more and suffered more than all the school to which Mr Kingsley belongs put together; and who, unless we much mistake matters, has still greater suffering in store, when he shall awake from his present delusion, and discover that rest is not to be found where he sought for and expected to find it.

Mr Newman received Keble's instructions and was grateful for them; but they did not fill up the void of which he was conscious. The reasoning on which they hinged appeared to him forced and illogical, and he endeavoured to improve upon it by suggestions which he threw out in his sermons before the University, in his Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles, and in his Essay on Development. This latter, however, was not put forth till the force of external things had given accelerated energy to that change which was already begun in him. The repeal of the Test and Corporation

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Acts, followed as it was by the passing of the bill for Catholic emancipation, shook the faith of Newman, and of many more, in the political chiefs whom they had heretofore trusted. And the events which came after in rapid succession—the expulsion of Charles X. from the French throne—the death of George IV., and the general election subsequent thereupon—the formation of Lord Grey's Ministry, and the course into which its policy ran—these things stirred him, as they did many more, to the uttermost. Who could doubt that the hour was at hand, when, as far as it was possible for statesmen to destroy the Church, the Church was doomed? Had not the Prime Minister, speaking in the House of Lords, warned the Bishops to put their house in order; and could the expression be understood otherwise than the Jewish monarch understood it when applied to him by the prophet—"For thou shalt die, and not live"?

From that hour the knot of thinking men who had heretofore banded together for the elucidation of a purer theology considered it necessary to concentrate their powers upon an object apparently more practical,—viz., to teach their countrymen what the Church was—as a society distinct from a mere establishment,—and thus to insure their adhesion to its discipline and doctrine after it should have been separated from the State. Of that knot Newman was one; but his ideas shot far beyond those of his fellow-labourers. Retaining still his conviction—a conviction with which the study of Milner first impressed him—that from time to time, and at various epochs, the Holy Spirit has been largely poured out upon the visible Church—he could not doubt that, when the occasion came again, similar outpourings would take place; and that as it had been in former years, so it would be in his own time—the Spirit would choose the fitting instruments with which to do His own work. It followed, as an almost natural sequence, that Newman should be persuaded of his own election for this work. He says as much in the confessions now before us, and had clearly stated it long ere the tide swept him away, when, first to Dr Wiseman, with whom he became acquainted at Rome, and by-and-by to others, he made use of this expression—"I have a work to do in England."

"When we took leave of Monsignore Wiseman," he observes, "he had courteously expressed a wish that we might make a second visit to Rome. I said, with great gravity, 'We have a work to do in England.' I went down at once to Sicily, and the presentiment grew stronger. I struck into the middle of the island. I fell ill of a fever at Leonforte. My servant thought that I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them as he wished; but I said, I shall not die. I repeated, 'I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light—I have not sinned against light.' I never have been able to make out at all what I meant.

"I got to Castro-Giovanni, and was laid up there for nearly three weeks. Towards the end of May I set off for Palermo, taking three days for the journey. Before starting for my home on the morning of May 26 or 27, I sat down on my bed and began to sob bitterly. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me? I could only answer, 'I have a work to do in England.'"

Who can doubt that one so fearfully moved was under an influence which, call it what you will—genius, enthusiasm, inspiration, madness—never comes except upon minds of the highest order? That there was something radically amiss in the constitution of the individual, no faithful son of the Church of England can doubt; yet he must be narrow-minded indeed who can refuse to admit that Newman's zeal was kindred at the time to that of other and greater men who lived and died in God's cause. Would that there had been more of power

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to guide and control it in its workings! but power was wanting.

We have never, in our study of the workings of the human mind, fallen upon any incidents more remarkable than those by which this noble and generous spirit was gradually swept aside from its original purpose. When first he adopted Milner's views in regard to the special outpourings of the Spirit on the Church, he regarded the Church of Rome, by which this doctrine is systematically taught, with unmitigated abhorrence. The more he considered the point, however, the less he felt inclined to cavil at the corollary which the Church of Rome draws from the doctrine. Why, if general effusions be real, should particular effusions be rejected? Why assert, dogmatically, that the gift of miracles may not be intended to accompany transcendent piety in all ages? He was in this state when his intimacy with Hurrell Froude began. From him he learned to think with less abhorrence of Rome—with less reverence for the leaders of the Reformation. The maxim that "The Bible, and the Bible only," is the religion of Protestants, ceased by degrees to have weight with him, and he accepted the opinion that Tradition is at least a main instrument of religious teaching. He took, then, to reading the Fathers, whom, however, he had but imperfectly studied, when, in 1830, Hugh Rose and Mr Lyal, late Dean of Canterbury, engaged him to co-operate with them in a great literary undertaking, by writing a History of the Principal Councils of the Church. Beginning with that of Nicæa, he got involved in difficulties through which the amount of his theological learning was insufficient to guide him. His old Berkeleyism—if we may so call it—became confirmed and extended by what he accepted as the teaching of Clement and of Origen. Nature was a parable; Scripture was an allegory; pagan literature, philosophy, and mythology, properly so understood, were but a preparation for the Gospel. "The process of change had been slow; it had been done, not rashly, but by rule and measure, at sundry times and in divers manners, first one disclosure, and then another, till the whole was brought into full manifestation. And thus room was made for the manifestation of further and deeper disclosures of truths still under the veil of the letter, and in their season to be revealed." No wonder that an intellect, so mystified by what it devoured without being able to digest, should become troubled by discovering a parallel between the position of the Arians in the early Church, and that of Anglicanism in the Church as it exists. Both stood apart from the teaching of the Church universal; both denied its authority and rejected its traditions; and though the errors of the latter might, to careless eyes, appear in some respects less deadly than those of the former, they were still of a nature seriously to shock and alarm one who, like Newman, believed in angels, not only as God's instruments for carrying on the economy of the Jewish and Christian dispensations, but as the causes of motion, light, and life—of those elementary principles of the physical universe which, when offered in their development to our senses, suggest to us the notions of cause and effect, and of what are called the laws of nature.

Such a belief in angels leads, almost necessarily, to a belief in their opposites—*δαιμονια*, or inferior spirits; a middle race, neither of heaven nor of hell; capricious, wayward, benevolent, or malicious, as the case may be. These influence races, nations, and classes of men, separating them, as we see, into antagonisms in manners, religion, and policy. Newman accepted *δαιμονια* as realities, and came to the conclusion that he was justified in so doing, by the special mention made in Daniel of "the Prince of Persia."

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He believed also that it was of intermediate beings of this sort that mention is made in the Apocalypse, under the head of "the Angels of the Seven Churches." Finally, he took his own view of the Church and nation of England, which, however, cannot fairly be stated except in his own words :—

"I made a further development of this doctrine. I said to my great friend, Samuel Francis Wood, in a letter which came into my hands on his death, 'I have an idea. The mass of the Fathers (Justin, Athenagoras, Irenæus, Clement, Tertullian, Origen, Lactantius, Sulpicius, Ambrose, Nazianzen) hold that, though Satan fell from the beginning, the angels fell before the deluge, falling in love with the daughters of men.' This has lately come across me as a remarkable solution of a notion which I cannot help holding. Daniel speaks as if each nation had its guardian angel. I cannot but think that there are beings with a great deal of good in them, yet with great defects, who are the animating principles of certain institutions. . . . Take England, with many high virtues and yet a low Catholicism. It seems to me that John Bull is a spirit neither of heaven nor hell. . . . Has not the Christian Church in its parts surrendered itself to one or other of these similations of the truth? . . . How are we to avoid Scylla and Charybdis, and go on straight to the very image of Christ?"

Newman was in this state of mind when the grave events befell, to which we referred not long ago, forcing every man in England who was capable of thought to think, and driving Newman himself, with the little band who accepted him as their leader, to enter upon a crusade, of which the success was, for a time, marvellous. But neither was Newman fitted by the constitution of his own mind, nor some of his collaborateurs by the amount of their learning, to conduct a great enterprise, however well begun, to a successful issue. They believed that they had discovered an ideal of the Church, to which the Church of England, as it had heretofore been received, never came up. The object aimed at, therefore, was to bring Churchmen to accept this ideal, and so, in time, to raise the Church itself to its proper level. But there was in the Church a condition of things which, while it increased the difficulty of the undertaking a hundredfold, irritated more than it depressed the leaders in the enterprise. The Church was split into parties, the two most important of which were irreconcilably at variance on almost every point of doctrine and discipline. Newman had little in common with either. Upon the section to which in early life he belonged he looked now with sentiments as much of hostility as of contempt. He detested the time-serving worldliness of the so-called Evangelical school, holding their imperfect learning very cheap, and their utter lack of self-denial in abhorrence. And equally distasteful to him was the narrow-mindedness of the stiff, high and dry, orthodox clergy, whose perfect satisfaction with the state of things which the Revolution of 1688 had established filled him with wrath. He could make common cause with neither, but gradually built up for himself a theology and church history of his own, to which both were invited to subscribe. By degrees he discovered that the reasoning, which appeared logical enough when first broached to convince others, had failed to convince himself. The *via media* which he endeavoured to follow led nowhere; and there remained for him but the ghastly alternative of Rome on the one hand, and total infidelity on the other.

That better things might have come of Dr Newman's labours had the heads of the English Church known better how to utilise them, has often been asserted. It may be so; but it seems to us more probable that, whether the Jerusalem bishopric had been erected or not, and Tract 90 suffered to go uncensured, the results, so far as Dr

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Newman is himself concerned, would have been pretty much what they were. He was in the full current of the stream, long before he himself appears to have been aware of it. The sermon which Mr Kingsley so unfortunately quoted was the thesis of a Protestant divine dissatisfied with the teaching of his own Church, yet by no means reconciled to the teaching of any other. And Tract 90 enunciates a theory which the writer had established for himself, while as yet he considered the Pope and the Papal system to be Antichrist. Are there marks of duplicity in these things? Quite otherwise. They make abundantly manifest the fact, that the mind which, in 1826, was at rest under certain convictions, had, in 1844, lost these convictions; but they establish against it no charge whatever of acting the part of a traitor towards its old convictions, far less of trying to mislead such minds as still felt themselves bound by these convictions.

Mr Kingsley, and persons of his calibre, cannot see this. They arrive at such convictions as control them, if convictions they may be called, without going through any process of flux and reflux. They repeat the same things over and over again, without ever stopping to ask for proofs of that certainty in which they rejoice. And hence it comes to pass that, when they find others teaching to-day that which they did not teach a year or two ago, they account for the phenomenon by raising a cry of traitors in the camp. Newman was no more a traitor in 1844 than he had been in 1826. But if his perpetual drifting from one set of views to another affords proof enough that he was destitute of those special qualities which justify men in standing out as the guides to other men in their religious opinions, at least there was no lack of enthusiasm to dare the emprise. There was power enough also to command success up to a certain point, but beyond that point all became misty and obscure, producing first distrust, and by-and-by an instinct of repulsion from views which even he who undertook to enunciate them did not appear completely to understand.

Dr Newman, as has already been stated, found shelter from his own doubts and misgivings in the bosom of the Romish Church. It was his sole escape, and a desperate one, from utter infidelity. He carried with him to his new resting-place all his poetic belief in the ministration of angels and of demons; his persuasion that outward things are but the signs and tokens of unseen realities; his conviction that God exists, though man be unable to assign any certain ground for such conviction; and a perfect aptitude to receive as true any other mysteries which the Church may affirm, any miracles for the verity of which she shall vouch. A few, and only a few, of that large body of men to whom his word had once been law, went with him. Of the residue, many escaped a similar conclusion by running into its very opposite. He had taught them to speculate and refine, but pointed to no sure issue of their inquiries. They did not possess, as he did, a boundless capacity of faith; and, failing to discover in tradition the authority which he claimed for it, they started off like a broken bow, and became Liberals. This it was, and not a rebound from the Tractarian movement, which called into existence that school of rationalistic Christianity of which Mr Kingsley, we believe, professes to be a member. But as Mr Kingsley did not learn his philosophy at first hand from any great master, so he has shown himself altogether unworthy to be ranked with those who did. Maurice, Stanley, Jowett, and his own earnest Protestant Froude, however widely they may separate themselves from Dr Newman now,

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will never charge him with being a liar and the wilful teacher of lies. They know how much he gave up to become what he is — not the moral certainty of attaining to an English mitre alone, for that, in his eyes, would have been of small value, but a position the most exalted to which an ambitious mind could aspire — the acknowledged headship of religious thought in this country, the championship of the Church of England and its traditions; whom multitudes of earnest men trusted and followed, and many more, even while they fought against him, felt themselves constrained to treat with delicacy and respect. It remained for a sciolist in the region of thought to throw his handful of mud upon a character which he could not understand. Be it so. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread;" and so the Cambridge Professor, while he has furnished to the object of his attention an opportunity of putting forth a confession of faith which will be read wherever the English language is understood, places himself in a position which even he, we should think, must by this time feel to be ridiculous.

To sum up all. We rise from the study of this controversy, if controversy it deserve to be called, painfully alive to the fact that both disputants are in the wrong. Dr Newman is wrong, because his principles are indefensible *ab initio*, however perfectly they agree one with another. His error, however, is that of a great mind, which, like vaulting ambition, has "overleaped its sell, and fallen on the other side;" whereas Mr Kingsley is wrong, morally as well as logically. He makes charges which he cannot prove, and, too obstinate or too ill-advised frankly to withdraw them, he repeats them in a manner which offends the tastes even of his own admirers. We think, therefore, of the one with sorrow not unmixed with respect, as of a fallen angel, but an angel still; of the other, as a misguided clever man, who, having got beyond his depth, discovers that he cannot swim, and strikes out wildly, as those are apt to do who find themselves in danger of going to the bottom.

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TONY BUTLER.

PART XII.

CHAPTER XLI.—EAVESDROPPING.

If M'Caskey was actually startled by the vicinity in which he suddenly found himself to the persons within the room, he was even more struck by the tone of the voice which now met his ear. It was Norman Maitland who spoke, and he recognised him at once. Pacing the large room in its length, he passed before the windows quite close to where M'Caskey stood—so close, indeed, that he could mark the agitation on his features, and note the convulsive twitchings that shook his cheek.

The other occupant of the room was a lady; but M'Caskey could only see the heavy folds of her dark velvet dress as she sat apart, and so distant that he could not hear her voice.

"So, then, it comes to this!" said Maitland, stopping in his walk and facing where she sat: "I have made this wearisome journey for nothing! Would it not have been as easy to say he would not see me? It was no pleasure to me to travel some hundred miles and be told at the end of it I had come for nothing."

She murmured something inaudible to M'Caskey, but to which Maitland quickly answered, "I know all that; but why not let *me* hear this from his own lips, and let *him* hear what I can reply to it? He will tell *me* of the vast sums I have squandered and the heavy debts I have contracted; and I would tell *him* that in following his rash counsels I have dissipated years that would have won me distinction in any land of Europe."

Again she spoke; but before she uttered many words he broke suddenly in with, "No, no, no! ten thousand times. No! I knew the monarchy was rotten — rotten to the very core; but I said, Better to die in the street *à cheval* than behind the arras on one's knees. Have it out with the scoundrels, and let the best man win—that was the advice *I* gave. Ask Caraffa, ask Filangieri, ask Acton, if I did not always say, 'If the King is not ready to do as much for his crown as the humblest peasant would for his cabin, let him abdicate at once."

She murmured something, and he interrupted her with, "Because I never did—never would—and never will trust to priestcraft. All the intrigues of the Jesuits, all the craft of the whole College of Cardinals, will not bring back confidence in the monarchy. But why do I talk of these things to you? Go back and ask him to see me. Say that I have many things to tell him; say"—and here the mockery of his voice became conspicuous—"that I would wish much to have his advice on certain points.—And why not?" cried he aloud to something she said; "has my new nobility no charm for him? Well, then, I am ready to strike a bargain with him. I owe Caffarelli two hundred and eighty thousand francs, which I mean to pay, if I take to the highway to do it. Hush! don't interrupt me. I am not asking he should pay this for me—all I want is, that he will enable me to sell that villa which he gave me some years ago beyond Caserta. Yes, the 'Torricella;' I know all that—it was a royal present. It never had the more value in my eyes for that; and perhaps the day is not very distant when the right to it may be disputed. Let him make out my title, such as it is, so that I can sell it. There are Jews who will surely take it at one-half

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its worth. Get him to consent to this, and I am ready to pledge my word that he has seen the last of me."

"He gave it to you as a wedding present, Norman," said she, haughtily; and now her deep-toned voice rung out clear and strong; "and it will be an unpardonable offence to ask him this."

"Have I not told you that I shall not need forgiveness — that with this act all ends between us?"

"I will be no party to this," said she, haughtily; and she arose and walked out upon the terrace. As she passed, the lamp-light flared strongly on her features, and M'Caskey saw a face he had once known well; but what a change was there! The beautiful Nina Brancaleone—the dark-haired Norma—the belle that Byron used to toast with an enthusiasm of admiration—was a tall woman advanced in years, and with two masses of snow-white hair on either side of a pale face. The dark eyes, indeed, flashed brightly still, and the eyebrows were dark as of yore; but the beautifully-formed mouth was hard and thin-lipped, and the fair brow marked with many a strong line of pain.

"You forget, perhaps," said she, after a short pause—"you forget that it is from this villa I take my title. I am Brancaleone della Torricella, and I forfeit the name when it leaves our hands."

"And do you hold to this, mother?" asked he, in a voice of sorrow, through which something of scorn was detectable.

"Do I hold to it? Of course I hold to it! You know well the value it has in his eyes. Without it he never would have consented"—she stopped suddenly, and seemed to catch herself in time to prevent the utterance of some rash avowal. "As it is," added she, "he told me so late as yesterday that he has no rest nor peace, thinking over his brother's son, and the great wrong he has done him."

"Let him think of the greater wrong he has done me! — of my youth that he has wasted, and my manhood lost and shipwrecked. But for him and his weak ambition, I had belonged to a party who would have prized my ability and rewarded my courage. I would not find myself at thirty brigaded with a set of low-hearted priests and seminarists, who have no other weapons than treachery, nor any strategy but lies. If I have squandered his fortune, he has beggared me in reputation. He does not seem to remember these things. As to him whom he would prefer to me and make his heir, I have seen him."

"You have seen him, Norman! When? — where? — how?" cried she, in wild impatience.

"Yes, I even had a plan to let the uncle meet his promising nephew. I speculated on bringing together two people more made for mutual detestation than any other two in Europe."

"It would have been a rash venture," said she, fiercely.

"If you mean for *me*, that was the very reason I thought of it. What other game than the rash one is open to a man like *me*?"

"Who ever had the safer road to fortune if he could have walked with the commonest prudence?" said she, bitterly.

"How can you say that? Talk of prudence to the man who has no fortune, no family, not even a name —no!" cried he, fiercely; "for by the first Maitland I met I might be challenged to say from what stock I came. He could have saved me from all this. Nothing was ever easier. You yourself asked — ay, begged this. You told me you begged it on your knees; and I own, if I never forgave him for refusing, I have never forgiven you for the entreaty."

"And I would do it again to-day!" cried she, passionately. "Let him but acknowledge you, Norman, and he may turn me out upon the

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world houseless and a beggar, and I will bless him for it!"

"What a curse is on the bastard!" broke he out in a savage vehemence, "if it robs him of every rightful sentiment, and poisons even a mother's love. Do not talk to me this way, or you will drive me mad!"

"Oh, Norman! my dear, dear Norman!" cried she, passionately; "it is not yet too late."

"Too late for what?"

"Not too late to gain back his favour. When he saw the letter in the King's hand, calling you Count of Amalfi, he said, 'This looks ill for the monarchy. I have a Scotch earldom myself in my family, granted by another king the day after he had lost his own crown.' Try, then, if you cannot rally to the cause those men who are so much under your influence, that, as you have often told me, they only wanted to be assured of your devotion to pledge their own. If *he* could believe the cause triumphant, there is nothing he would not do to uphold it."

"Yes," said he, thoughtfully, "there never lived the man who more worshipped success! The indulgences that he heaped upon myself were merely offerings to a career of insolent triumph."

"You never loved him, Norman," said she, sadly.

"Love had no share in the compact between us. He wanted to maintain a cause which, if successful, must exclude from power in England the men who had insulted him, and turned him out of office. I wanted some one who could afford to pay my debts, and leave me free to contract more. But why talk to you about these intrigues?—once more, will he see me?"

She shook her head slowly in dissent. "Could you not write to him, Norman?" said she at last.

"I will not write to a man under the same roof as myself. I have some news for him," added he, "if he cares to buy it by an audience; for I suppose he would make it an audience," and the last word he gave with deep scorn.

"Let me bring him the tidings."

"No, he shall hear them from myself, or not hear them at all. I want this villa!" cried he, passionately—"I want the title to sell it, and pay off a debt that is crushing me. Go, then, and say I have something of importance enough to have brought me down some hundred miles to tell him something that deeply concerns the cause he cares for, and to which his counsel would be invaluable."

"And this is true?"

"Did I ever tell you a falsehood, mother?" asked he, in a voice of deep and sorrowful meaning.

"I will go," said she, after a few moments of thought, and left the room. Maitland took a bottle of some essenced water from the table and bathed his forehead. He had been more agitated than he cared to confess; and now that he was alone, and, as he believed, unobserved, his features betrayed a deep depression. As he sat with his head leaning on both hands, the door opened. "Come," said she, gently—"come!" He arose and followed her. No sooner was all quiet around than M'Caskey rowed swiftly back to his quarters, and, packing up hastily his few effects, made with all speed for the little bay, where was the village he had passed on his arrival, and through which led the road to Reggio. That something was "up" at Naples he was now certain, and he resolved to be soon on the field: whoever the victors, they would want *him*.

On the third evening he entered the capital, and made straight for Caffarelli's house. He met the Count in the doorway. "The man I wanted," said he, as he saw the Major. "Go into my study and wait for me."

"What has happened?" asked M'Caskey, in a whisper.

"Everything. The King is dead."

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CHAPTER XLII.—MARK LYLE'S LETTER.

The following letter was received at Lyle Abbey shortly after the events recorded in our last chapter had happened. It was from Mark Lyle to his sister, Mrs Trafford :—

"HOTEL VICTORIA, NAPLES.

"MY DEAR ALICE,—While I was cursing my bad-luck at being too late for the P. and O. steamer at Marseilles, your letter arrived deciding me to come on here. Nothing was ever more fortunate; first of all, I shall be able to catch the Austrian Lloyds at Ancona, and reach Alexandria in good time for the mail; and, secondly, I have perfectly succeeded—at least I hope so—in the commission you gave me. For five mortal days I did nothing but examine villas. I got a list of full fifty, but in the course of a little time the number filtered down to ten possible, and came at last to three that one could pronounce fairly habitable. To have health in this climate—that is to say, to escape malaria—you must abjure vegetation; and the only way to avoid tertian is to book yourself for a sunstroke. These at least were my experiences up to Tuesday last, for all the salubrious spots along the sea-shore had been long since seized on either by the King or the Church, and every lovely point of view was certain to be crowned by a royal villa or a monastery. I was coming back then on Tuesday, very disconsolate indeed from a long day's fruitless search, when I saw a perfect gem of a place standing on the extreme point of a promontory near Caserta. It was of course 'royal'—at least it belonged to a Count d'Amalfi, which title was borne by some younger branch of the Bourbons; yet as it was untenanted, and several people were working in the gardens, I ventured in to have a look at it. I will not attempt description, but just say that both within and without it realises all I ever dreamed or imagined of an Italian villa. Marble and frescoes and fountains, terraces descending to the sea, and gardens a wilderness of orange and magnolia, and grand old rooms, the very air of which breathed splendour and magnificence; but *à quoi bon?* dear Alice. It was a 'Palazzotto reale,' and one could only gaze enviously at delights they could not hope to compass.

"Seeing my intense admiration of the place, the man who showed me around it said, as I was coming away, that it was rumoured that the Count would not be indisposed to sell the property. I know enough of Italians to be aware that when a stranger supposed to be rich,—all English are in this category,—is struck with anything—picture, house, or statue—the owner will always part with it at tenfold its value. Half out of curiosity, half to give myself the pretext for another morning's ramble over the delicious place, I asked where I could learn any details as to the value, and received an address as follows, 'Count Carlo Caffarelli, Villino della Boschetta, Chiaja, Naples.' Caffarelli I at once remembered as the name of Maitland's friend, and in this found another reason for calling on him, since I had totally failed in all my attempts to discover M. either in London, Paris, or even here.

"The same evening I went there, and found Count Caffarelli in one of those fairy-tale little palaces which this country abounds in. He had some friends at dinner, but, on reading my name, recognised me, and came out with a most charming politeness to press me to join his party. It was no use refusing; the Italian persuasiveness has that element of the irresistible about it that one cannot oppose; and I soon found myself smoking my cigar in a company of half-a-dozen people,

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who treated me as an intimate friend.

"I may amuse you some day by some of the traits of their *bonhommie*. I must now confine myself to our more immediate interests. Caffarelli, when he found that I wanted some information about the villa, drew his arm within my own, and, taking me away from the rest, told me in strictest confidence that the villa was Maitland's — Maitland being the Conte d'Amalfi—the title having been conferred by the late King, one of the very last acts of his life.

"'And Maitland,' said I, scarcely recovering from my astonishment; 'where is he now?'

"'Within a few yards of you,' said he, turning and pointing to the closed jalousies of a room that opened on a small separately-enclosed garden; 'he is there.'

"There was something like secrecy, mystery at least, in his manner as he said this, that prevented my speaking for a moment, and he went on:—'Yes, Maitland is in that room, stretched on his bed, poor fellow; he has been severely wounded in a duel which, had I been here, should never have been fought. All this, remember, is in confidence; for it is needless to tell you Maitland is one of those men who hate being made gossip of; and I really believe that his wound never gave him one-half the pain that he felt at the bare possibility of his adventure being made town-talk. So well have we managed hitherto, that of the men you see here to-night—all of them intimate with him—one only knows that his illness is not a malaria fever.'

"'But can you answer for the same prudence and reserve on the part of the other principal?'

"'We have secured it, for the time at least, by removing him from Naples; and as the laws here are very severe against duelling, his own safety will suggest silence.'

"'Do you think Maitland would see me?'

"'I suppose he will be delighted to see you; but I will ascertain that without letting him know that I have already told you he was here. Remember, too, if he should receive you, drop nothing about the duel or the wound. Allude to his illness as fever, and leave to himself entirely the option of telling you the true story or not.'

"After a few more words of caution—less needed, if he only had known how thoroughly I understood his temper and disposition—he left me. He was back again in less than five minutes, and, taking me by the arm, led me to Maitland's door. 'There,' said he; 'go in; he expects you.'

"It was only after a few seconds that I could see my way through the half-darkened room, but, guided by a weak voice saying, 'Come on—here,' I approached a bed, on the outside of which, in a loose dressing-gown, the poor fellow lay.

"'You find it hard to recognise me, Lyle,' said he, with an attempt to smile at the amazement which I could not by any effort repress; for he was wasted to a shadow, his brown cheeks were sunken and sallow, and his dark flashing eyes almost colourless.

"'And yet,' added he, 'the doctor has just been complimenting me on my improved looks. It seems I was more horrible yesterday.' I don't remember what I said, but he thanked me and pressed my hand—a great deal from him, for he is not certainly demonstrative; and then he pressed me to tell about you all—how you were, and what doing. He inquired so frequently, and recurred so often to Bella, that I almost suspected something between them—though, after all, I ought to have known that this was a conquest above Bella's reach—the man who might any day choose from the highest in Europe.

"'Now a little about yourself,

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Maitland,' said I. 'How long have you been ill?'

"'This is the seventeenth day,' said he, sighing. "Cafarelli of course told you fever—but here it is,' and he turned on his side and showed me a great mass of appliances and bandages. 'I have been wounded. I went out with a fellow whom none of my friends would consent to my meeting, and I was obliged to take my valet Fenton for my second, and he, not much versed in these matters, accepted the Neapolitan sword instead of the French one. I had not touched one these eight years. At all events, my antagonist was an expert swordsman—I suspect, in this style of fencing, more than my equal; he certainly was cooler, and took a thrust I gave him through the fore-arm without ever owning he was wounded till he saw me fall.'

"'Plucky fellow,' muttered I.

"'Yes, pluck he has unquestionably; nor did he behave badly when all was over, for though it was as much as his neck was worth to do it, he offered to support me in the carriage all the way back to Naples.'

"'That was a noble offer,' said I.

"'And there never was a less noble antagonist!' cried Maitland, with a bitter laugh. 'Indeed, if it ever should get abroad that I crossed swords with him, it would go near to deny me the power of demanding a similar satisfaction from one of my own rank to-morrow. Do not ask me who he is, Lyle; do not question me about the quarrel itself. It is the thinking, the brooding over these things as I lie here, that makes this bed a torture to me. The surgeon and his probes are not pleasant visitors, but I welcome them when they divert my thoughts from these musings.'

"I did my best to rally him, and get him to talk of the future, when he should be up and about again. I almost thought I had done him some little good, when Caffarelli came in to warn me that the doctors were imperative against his receiving any visitors, and I had been there then full two hours!

"'I have told Lyle,' said he, as we were leaving the room, 'that you must let him come and see me to-morrow; there are other things I want to talk over with him.'

"It was high time I should have left him, for his fever was now coming on, and Caffarelli told me that he raved throughout the whole night, and talked incessantly of places which, even in a foreign pronunciation, I knew to be in our own neighbourhood in Ireland. The next day I was not admitted to see him. The day after that I was only suffered to pass a few minutes beside his bed, on condition, too, that he should not be allowed to speak; and to-day, as it is my last in Naples, I have been with him for above an hour. I am certain, my dear Alice, that there is something at least in my suspicion about Bella, from what took place to-day. Hearing that I was obliged to leave to-night to catch the steamer at Ancona, he said, 'Lyle, I shall want a few minutes with you, all alone though, before you leave.' He said this because either the doctor or Caffarelli, or both, have been with us since our first meeting. 'Don't look gloomy, old fellow,' he added; 'I'm not going to speak about my will. It is rather of life I mean to talk, and what to do with life to make it worth living for. Meanwhile, Caffarelli has been telling me of your hunt after a villa. There is mine—the Torricella—take it. Carlo says you were greatly struck with it; and as it is really pretty, and inhabitable too, a thing rare enough with villas, I insist upon your offering it to your family. There's a sort of summer-house or "Belvidere" on the extreme point of the rock, with half-a-dozen little rooms; I shall keep that for myself; but tell Lady Lyle I shall not be a troublesome visitor. It will be the rarest of all events to see me there, for I shall not be long in Italy.' I was eager to ask why, or whither he was turning his steps, but he was

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never one to stand much questioning, and in his present state it would have been dangerous to cross him. By way of saying something—anything at the moment—I asked how were things going on here politically. He laughed his usual little quiet laugh, and called out to Caffarelli, who stood in the window. 'Come here, Carlo, and tell Lyle how we are getting on here. He wants to know if the ammunition has been yet served out for the bombardment; or are you waiting for the barricades?' He jumped up in his bed as he spoke, and then fell back again. The doctor ran hastily over, and cried out, 'That's exactly what I said would come of it. There's hæmorrhage again.' And so we were turned out of the room, and the other doctors were speedily summoned, and it was only an hour ago I heard that he was going on favourably; but that in future a strict interdict should be put upon all visits, and none admitted to him but his physicians. Seeing this, there was no use deferring my departure, which would, besides, place my commission in jeopardy. I have already outstayed my leave by two mails.

"Caffarelli is to write to you about the villa, and take all your directions about getting it in order for your arrival. He says that there is only too much furniture; and as there are something like eighty odd rooms—it is called Palazzotto, a diminutive for palace!—the chances are that even you will have space enough for what you call 'to turn round in.' I am in no dread of your being disappointed in it, and I repeat once more, it is the most exquisitely beautiful spot I ever saw. I would rather own it than its larger brother, the great kingly palace on the opposite side of the bay.

"I left my card at the Legation for your friend Mr Damer, but he has not returned my visit. I own I had no peculiar anxiety to know him. Maitland could only say that he 'was not an ill-natured fellow, and perhaps a shade smarter than his colleagues.'

"Caffarelli promises to keep you informed about poor Maitland, of whom, notwithstanding all the doctors say, I do not augur too favourably. On every account, whether you really avail yourselves of it or not, do not refuse his offer of the villa; it would give him the deepest pain and mortification, knowing how I had fixed upon it before I heard of his being the owner. I am very sorry to leave him, and sorrier that I have not heard what he was so eager to tell me. I shall be very impatient till I hear from you, and know whether you concur in my conjecture or not.

"The King sent twice to-day to inquire after M., and has already announced his intention to come in person, so soon as the doctors deem such a visit safe. To see the names that were left to-day with the porter you would say it was one of the first men in Europe was causing all this public anxiety.

"I trust, my dear Alice, you will be satisfied with this long-winded epistle—the last, probably, you will get from me till I reach Calcutta. I had intended to have given you all the gossip of this pleasant place, which, even on the verge, as some think, of a revolution, has time and to spare for its social delinquencies; but Maitland has so engrossed my thoughts that he has filled my letter; and yet I have not told you one tithe of what I have heard about him from his friend Caffarelli. Indeed, in his estimation, M. has no equal living; he is not alone the cleverest, boldest, and most accomplished of men, but the truest and the best-hearted. I sat late into the night last night listening to traits of his generosity—the poor people he has helped, the deserving creatures he had succoured, and the earnest way he had pressed claims on the Ministry for wretched families who had been friendless without him. I was dying to ask other questions about him, but I did not venture, and yet the man puzzles

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me more than ever. Once, indeed, Caffarelli seemed on the verge of telling me something. I had asked what Maitland meant by saying that he should probably soon quit Italy? 'Ah,' replied Caffarelli, laughing, 'then he has told you of that mad scheme of his; but of all things in the world, why go into the service of a Bey of Tunis?' 'A Bey of Tunis!' cried I, in such evident astonishment as showed I had heard of the project for the first time. 'Of course it was but a jest,' said Caffarelli, catching himself up quickly. 'The present Bey and Maitland lived together in Paris in their early days; and I have seen scores of letters entreating Maitland to come to Tunis, and offering him the command of a division, the place of a Minister—anything, in fact, that might be supposed to tempt him. You may imagine yourself how likely it is that a man with all Europe at his feet would consent to finish his life in an African banishment.'

"If I could only have one week more here, I feel certain that Caffarelli would tell me everything that I want to learn, but I must up and away. My servant is already hurrying down my baggage, and I have not more time than to send my loves to you all.—Yours always,

MARK LYLE.

"P.S.—Caff. is just the fellow to be made very useful, and likes it, so don't scruple to write to him as fully as you please. He has already told me of a first-rate chief-servant, a Maestro di Casa, for you; and, in fact, only commission him, and he'll improvise you a full household ready for your arrival. Adio!"

CHAPTER XLIII.—THE MAJOR AT BADEN.

"You will please to write your name there, sir," said a clerk from behind a wooden railing to a fierce-looking little man in a frogged coat and a gold-banded cap, in the busy bank-room of Parodi at Genoa.

"And my qualities?" asked the other, haughtily.

"As you please, sir."

The stranger took the pen, and wrote "Milo M'Caskey, Count of the two Sicilies, Knight of various orders, and Knight-postulate of St John of Jerusalem," &c. &c.

"Your Excellency has not added your address," said the clerk, obsequiously.

"The Tuileries when in Paris, Zarkoe-Zeloe when in Russia. Usually incog. in England, I reside in a cottage near Osborne. When at this side of the Alps, wherever be the royal residence of the Sovereign in the city I chance to be in." He turned to retire, and then, suddenly wheeling round, said, "Forward any letters that may come for me to my relative, who is now at the Trombetta, Turin."

"Your Excellency has forgotten to mention his name."

"So I have," said he, with a careless laugh. "It is somewhat new to me to be in a town where I am unknown. Address my letters to the care of His Highness the Duke of Lauenburg-Gluckstein;" and with a little gesture of his hand to imply that he did not exact any royal honours at his departure, he strutted out of the bank and down the street.

Few met or passed without turning to remark him, such was the contrast between his stature and his gait; for while considerably below the middle size, there was an insolent pretension in his swagger—a defiant impertinence in the stare of his fiery eyes, that seemed to seek a quarrel with each that looked at him. His was indeed that sense of overflowing prosperity, that, if it occasionally inclines the right-minded to a feeling of gratitude and thankfulness, is just as certain to impel the men of a different stamp to feats of aggressiveness and insol-

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ence. Such was indeed his mood, and he would have hailed as the best boon of Fate the occasion for a quarrel and a duel.

The contempt he felt for the busy world that moved by, too deep in its own cares to interpret the defiance he threw around him, so elevated him, that he swaggered along as if the flagway were all his own.

Was he not triumphant? What had not gone well with him? Gold in his pocket, success in a personal combat with a man so highly placed that it was a distinction to him for life to have encountered: the very peremptory order he received to quit Naples at once, was a recognition of his importance that actually overwhelmed him with delight; and he saw in the vista before him, the time when men would stop at the windows of print-shops to gaze on the features of "Le fameux M'Caskey."

There was something glorious in his self-conceit, for there was nothing he would not dare to achieve that estimation which he had already conceived of his own abilities. At the time I now speak of, there was a momentary lull in the storm of Italian politics caused by Count Cavour's crafty negotiations with the Neapolitan Government — negotiations solely devised to induce that false sense of security which was to end in downfall and ruin. Whether M'Caskey had any forebodings of what was to come or not, he knew well that it was not the moment for men like himself to be needed. "When the day of action comes, will come the question, 'Where is M'Caskey?' Meanwhile I will be off to Baden. I feel as though I ought to break the bank."

To Baden he went. How many are there who can recall that bustling, pretentious, over-dressed little fellow, who astonished the pistol-gallery by his shooting, and drove the poor *maitre d'armes* to the verge of despair by his skill with the rapier, and then swaggered into the play-room to take the first chair he pleased, only too happy if he could provoke any to resent it. How he frowned down the men and ogled the women; smiling blandly at the beauties that passed, as though in recognition of charms their owners might well feel proud of, for they had captivated a M'Caskey! How sumptuous, too, his dinner; how rare and curious his wines; how obsequious were they who waited on him; what peril impended over the man that asked to be served before him!

Strong men—men in all the vigour of their youth and strength—men of honour and men of tried courage, passed and repassed, looked at, but never dreamed of provoking him. Absurd as he was in dress, ridiculous in his overweening pretension, not one ventured on the open sneer at what each in his secret heart despised for its vulgar insolence. And what a testimony to pluck was there in all this! for to what other quality in such a man's nature had the world consented to have paid homage?

Not one of those who made way for him would have stooped to know him. There was not a man of those who controlled his gravity to respect a degree of absurdity actually laughable, who would have accepted his acquaintance at any price; and yet, for all that, he moved amongst them there, exacting every deference that was accorded to the highest, and undeniably inferior to none about him.

What becomes of the cant that classes the courage of men with the instincts of the lowest brutes in presence of a fact like this? or must we not frankly own, that in the respect paid to personal daring we read the avowal that, however constituted men may be, courage is a quality that all must reverence?

Not meeting with the resistance he had half hoped for, denied none of the claims he preferred, M'Caskey became bland and courteous. He vouchsafed a nod to the croupier at the play-table, and manifested, by

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a graceful gesture as he took his seat, that the company need not rise as he deigned to join them.

In little more than a week after his arrival he had become famous; he was splendid, too, in his largesses to waiters and lackeys; and it is a problem that might be somewhat of a puzzle to resolve, how far the sentiments of the very lowest class can permeate the rank above them, and make themselves felt in the very highest; for this very estimation, thus originating, grew at last to be at least partially entertained by others of a very superior station. It was then that men discussed with each other who was this strange Count — of what nation? Five modern languages had he been heard to talk in, without a flaw even of accent. What country he served? Whence and what his resources? It was when newspaper correspondents began vaguely to hint at an interesting stranger, whose skill in every weapon was only equalled by his success at play, &c., that he disappeared as suddenly as he had come, but not without leaving ample matter for wonder in the telegraphic despatch he sent off a few hours before starting, and which, in some form more or less garbled, was currently talked of in society. It was addressed to M. Mocquard, Tuileries, Paris, and in these words: "Tell the E. I shall meet him at Compiègne on Saturday."

Could anything be more delightfully intimate? While the crafty idlers of Baden were puzzling their heads as to who he might be who could thus write to an imperial secretary, the writer was travelling at all speed through Switzerland, but so totally disguised in appearance that not even the eye of a detective could have discovered in the dark-haired, black-bearded, and sedate-looking Colonel Chamberlayne the fiery-faced and irascible Count M'Caskey.

A very brief telegram in a cipher well known to him was the cause of his sudden departure. It ran thus: "Wanted at Chambery in all haste." And at Chambery, at the Golden Lamb, did he arrive with a speed which few save himself knew how to compass. Scarcely had he entered the arched doorway of the inn, than a traveller, preceded by his luggage, met him. They bowed, as people do who encounter in a passage, but without acquaintance; and yet in that brief courtesy the stranger had time to slip a letter into M'Caskey's hand, who passed in with all the ease and unconcern imaginable. Having ordered dinner, he went to his room to dress, and then, locking his door, he read:—

"The Cabinet courier of the English Government will pass Chambery on the night of Saturday the 18th, or on the morning of Sunday the 19th. He will be the bearer of three despatch-bags, two large and one small one, bearing the letters F. O. and the number 18 on it. You are to possess yourself of this, if possible—the larger bags are not required. If you succeed, make for Naples by whatever route you deem best and speediest, bearing in mind that the loss may possibly be known at Turin within a brief space.

"If the contents be as suspected, and all goes well, you are a made man. C. C."

M'Caskey read this over three several times, dwelling each time on the same places, and then he arose and walked leisurely up and down the room. He then took out his guide-book and saw that a train started for St Jean de Maurienne at six, arriving at eight,—a short train, not in correspondence with any other; and as the railroad ended there, the remainder of the journey, including the passage of Mont Cenis, must be performed by carriage. Of course, it was in this short interval the feat must be accomplished, if at all.

The waiter announced "his Excellency's" dinner while he thus cogitated, and he descended and dined heartily; he even ordered a bottle of very rare chambertin,

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which stood at eighteen francs in the *carte*. He sipped his wine at his ease; he had full an hour before the train started, and he had time for reflection as well as enjoyment. "You are to possess yourself of this," muttered he, reading from a turned-down part of the note—"had you been writing to any other man in Europe, Signor Conte Caffarelli, you would have been profuse enough of your directions: you would have said, 'You are to shoot this fellow—you are to waylay him—you are to have him attacked and come to his rescue,' and a score more of suchlike contrivances; but—to me—to ME—there was none of this. It was just as Bonaparte said to Dessaix at Marengo—'Ride through the centre'—he never added how. A made man! I should think so! The man has been made some years since, sir. Another bottle, waiter, and mind that it be not shaken. Who was it—I can't remember—stopped a Russian courier with despatches for Constantinople? Ay, to be sure, it was Long Wellesley; he told me the story himself. It was a clumsy trick, too; he upset his sledge in the snow, and made off with the bags, and got great credit for the feat at home."

"The train will start in a quarter of an hour, sir," said the waiter.

"Not if I am not ready, my good fellow," said the Major—"though now I see nothing to detain me, and I will go."

Alone in his first-class, he had leisure to think over his plans. Much depended on who might be the courier. He knew most of them well, and speculated on the peculiar traits of this or that. "If it be Bromley, he will have his own calèche; Airlie will be for the cheap thing, and take the diligence; and Poynder will be on the look-out for some one to join him, and pay half the post-horses and all the postilions. There are half-a-dozen more of these fellows on this 'dodge,' but I defy the craftiest of them to know me now;" and he took out a little pocket-glass, and gazed complacently at his features. "Colonel Moore Chamberlayne, A.D.C., on his way to Corfu, with despatches for the Lord High Commissioner. A very soldierlike fellow too," added he, arranging his whiskers, "but, I shrewdly suspect, a bit of a Tartar. Yes, that's the ticket," added he, with a smile at his image in the glass, "despatches of great importance for Storks at Corfu."

Arrived at St Jean, he learned that the mail train from France did not arrive till 11.20, ample time for all his arrangements. He also learned that the last English messenger had left his calèche at Susa, and, except one light carriage with room for only two, there was nothing on that side of the mountain but the diligence. This conveyance he at once secured, ordering the postilion to be in the saddle and ready to start, if necessary, when the mail train came in. "It is just possible," said he, "that the friend I am expecting may not arrive, in which case I shall await the next train; but if he comes, you must drive your best, my man, for I shall want to catch the first train for Susa in the morning." Saying this, he retired to his room, where he had many things to do,—so many, indeed, that he had but just completed them when the shriek of the engine announced that the train was coming—the minute after, the long line dashed into the station and came to a stand.

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE MESSENGER'S FIRST JOURNEY.

As the train glided smoothly into the station, M'Caskey passed down the platform peering into each carriage as if in search of an expected friend. "Not come," muttered he, in a voice of displeasure loud enough

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to be heard by the solitary first-class passenger, who soon after emerged with some enormous bags of white linen massively sealed, and bearing addresses in parchment.

"I beg pardon," said M'Caskey, approaching and touching his hat in salute. "Are you with despatches?"

"Yes," said the other, in some astonishment at the question.

"Have you a bag for *me?*" and then suddenly correcting himself with a little smile at the error of his supposing he must be universally known, added, "I mean for the Hon. Colonel Chamberlayne."

"I have nothing that is not addressed to a legation," said the other, trying to pass on.

"Strange! they said I should receive some further instructions by the first messenger. Sorry to have detained you—good evening."

The young man—for he was young—was already too deep in an attempt to inquire in French after a carriage, to hear the last words, and continued to ask various inattentive bystanders certain questions about a calèche that ought to have been left by somebody in somebody's care for the use of somebody else.

"Is it true, can you tell me?" said he, running after M'Caskey. "They say that there is no conveyance here over the mountain except the diligence."

"I believe it is quite true," said the "Colonel," gravely.

"And they say too that the diligence never, at this season, arrives in time to catch the early train at—I forget the place."

"At Susa?"

"Yes, that's it."

"They are perfectly correct in all that; and knowing it so well, and as my despatches are urgent, I sent on my own light carriage here from Geneva."

"And have you despatches too?" asked the other, whom we may as well announce to the reader as Tony Butler. "Have you despatches too?" cried he, in great delight at meeting something like a colleague.

"Yes; I take out the orders for the Lord High Commissioner to Corfu. I am the head of the Staff there."

Tony bowed in recognition of the announced rank, and said quietly, "My name is Butler. I am rather new to this sort of thing, and never crossed the Alps in my life."

"I'll give you a lift, then, for I have a spare place. My servant has gone round with my heavy baggage by Trieste, and I have a seat to spare."

"This is most kind of you, but I scarcely dare put you to such inconvenience."

"Don't talk of that. We are all in the same boat. It's my luck to have this to offer to-day—it will be yours to-morrow. What's your destination?"

"First Turin, then Naples; but I believe I shall have no delay at Turin, and the Naples bags are the most urgent ones."

"Is there anything going on down there, then?" asked M'Caskey, carelessly.

"I suspect there must be, for three of our fellows have been sent there—I am the fourth within a fortnight."

"A country that never interested me. Take a cigar. Are you ready, or do you want to eat something?"

"No, I am quite ready, and only anxious not to be late for this first train. The fact is, it's all a new sort of life to me, and as I am a wretchedly bad Frenchman, I don't get on too well."

"The great secret is, be peremptory, never listen to excuses, tolerate no explanations. That's my plan. I pay liberally, but I insist on having what I want."

They were now seated, and dashing along at all the speed and with all the noise of four wiry posters, and M'Caskey went on to describe how with that system of united despotism and munificence he had travelled over the whole globe with success. As for the anecdotes he

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told, they embraced every land and sea; and there was scarcely an event of momentous importance of the last quarter of a century of which he had not some curious private details. He was the first man to discover the plans of Russia on the Pruth. It was he found out Louis Philippe's intrigue about the Spanish marriages. "If you feel interest in this sort of thing," said he, carelessly, "just tell the fellows at home to show you the blue-book with Chamberlayne's correspondence. It is private and confidential; but, as friend of mine, you can see it." And what generosity of character he had! he had let Seymour carry off all the credit of that detection of Russia. "To be sure," added he, "one can't forget old times, and Seymour was my fag at Eton." It was he, too, counselled Lord Elgin to send off the troops from China to Calcutta to assist in repressing the Mutiny. "Elgin hesitated; he couldn't make up his mind; he thought this at one moment and that the next; and he sent for me at last and said, 'George, I want a bit of advice from you.' 'I know what you mean,' said I, stopping him; 'send every man of them—don't hold back a drummer.' I will say," he added, "he had the honesty to own from whom he got that counsel, and he was greatly provoked when he found I could not be included in the vote of thanks of the House. 'Confound their etiquette,' said he; 'it is due to George, and he ought to have it.' You don't know why I'm in such haste to Corfu now?"

"I have not the faintest notion."

"I will tell you; first, because a man can always trust a gentleman; secondly, it will be matter of table-talk by the time you get back. The Tories are in need of the Radicals, and to buy their support intend to offer the throne of Greece, which will be vacant whenever we like, to Richard Cobden."

"How strange! and would he accept it?"

"Some say no; *I* say yes; and Louis Napoleon, who knows men thoroughly, agrees with me. '*Mon cher Cham*'—he always called me Cham—talk as people will, it is a very pleasant thing to sit on a throne, and it goes far towards one's enjoyment of life to have so many people employed all day long to make it agreeable." If Tony thought at times that his friend was a little vainglorious, he ascribed it to the fact that any man so intimate with the great people of the world, talking of them as his ordinary every-day acquaintances, might reasonably appear such to one as much removed from all such intercourse as he himself was. That the man who could say, "Nesselrode, don't tell me," or, "Rechberg, my good fellow, you are in error there!" should be now sitting beside him, sharing his sandwich with him, and giving him to drink from his sherry-flask; was not that glory enough to turn a stronger head than poor Tony's? Ah, my good reader, I know well that *you* would not have been caught by such blandishments. You have "seen men and cities." You have been at courts, dined beside royalties, and been smiled on by serene highnesses: but Tony has not had your training; he has had none of these experiences; he has heard of great names just as he has heard of great victories. The illustrious people of the earth are no more within the reach of his estimation than are the jewels of a Mogul's turban; but it is all the more fascinating to him to sit beside one who "knows it all."

Little wonder, then, if time sped rapidly, and that he never knew weariness. Let him start what theme he might, speak of what land, what event, what person he pleased, the Colonel was ready for him. It was marvellous indeed—so very marvellous, that to a suspicious mind it might have occasioned distrust—with how many great men he had been at school, what shoals of distinguished fellows he had served with. With a subtle flattery,

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too, he let drop the remark, that he was not usually given to be so frank and communicative. "The fact is," said he, "young men are, for the most part, bad listeners to the experiences of men of my age; they fancy that they know life as well if not better than ourselves, and that our views are those of 'bygones.' *You*, however, showed none of this spirit; you were willing to hear and to learn from one of whom it would be false modesty were I not to say, Few know more of men and their doings."

Now Tony liked this appreciation of him, and he said to himself, "He *is* a clever fellow—not a doubt of it: he never saw me till this evening, and yet he knows me thoroughly and well." Seeing how the Colonel had met with everybody, he resolved he would get from him his opinion of some of his own friends, and, to lead the way, asked if he was acquainted with the members of the English Legation at Turin.

"I know Bathurst; we *were* intimate," said he; "but we once were in love with the same woman—the mother of an empress she is now—and as I rather 'cut him out' a coldness ensued, and somehow we never resumed our old footing. As for Croker, the Secretary, it was I got him that place."

"And Damer—Skeff Damer—do you know him?"

"I should think I do. I was his godfather."

"He's the greatest friend I have in the world!" cried Tony, in ecstasy at this happy accident.

"I made him drop Chamberlayne. It was his second name, and I was vain enough to be annoyed that it was not his first. Is he here now?"

"Yes, he is attached to the Legation, and sometimes here, and sometimes at Naples."

"Then we'll make him give us a dinner to-day, for I shall refuse Bathurst: he is sure to ask me; but you will tell Damer that we are both engaged to *him*."

Tony only needed to learn the tie that bound his newly-made acquaintance with his dearest friend to launch freely out about himself and his new fortunes; he told all about the hard usage his father had met with—the services he had rendered his country in India and elsewhere, and the ungenerous requital he had met for them all. "That is why you see me here a messenger, instead of being a soldier, like all my family for seven generations back. I won't say I like it—that wouldn't be true; but I do it because it happens to be one of the few things I *can* do."

"That's a mistake, sir," said the Colonel, fiercely; "a mistake thousands fall into every day. A man can make of life whatever he likes, if only—mark me well—if only his will be strong enough."

"If wishing would do it——"

"Hold! I'm not talking of wishing; schoolboys wish, pale-cheeked freshmen at college, goggle-eyed ensigns in marching regiments, wish. Men, real men, do not wish; they will — that's all the difference. Strong men make a promise to themselves early in life, and they feel it a point of honour to keep it. As Rose said one day in the club at Calcutta, speaking of me, 'He has got the Bath, just because he said he would get it.'"

"The theory is a very pleasant one."

"You can make the practice just as pleasant, if you like it. Whenever you take your next leave—they give you leave, don't they?"

"Yes, three months; we might have more, I believe, if we asked for it."

"Well, come and spend your next leave with me at Corfu. You shall have some good shooting over in Albania, plenty of mess society, pleasant yachting, and you'll like our old Lord High—he's stiff and cold at first, but, introduced by *me*, you'll be at once amongst the 'most favoured nations.'"

"I can't thank you enough for so kind a proposal," began Tony; but the other stopped him with, "Don't thank me, but help me to take care of this bag. It contains the whole fate of the Levant in its

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inside. Those sacks of yours—I suppose you know what they have for contents?"

"No; I have no idea what's in them."

"Old blue-books and newspapers, nothing else; they're all make-believes—a farce to keep up the notion that great activity prevails at the Foreign Office, and to fill up that paragraph in the newspapers, 'Despatches were yesterday sent off to the Lord High Commissioner of the Bahamas,' or Her Majesty's minister at Otaheite. Here we are at the rail now—that's Susa. Be alive, for I see the smoke, and the steam must be up."

They were just in time; the train was actually in motion when they got in, and as the Colonel, who kept up a rapid conversation with the station-master, informed Tony, nothing would have induced them to delay but having seen himself. "They knew me," said he; "they remembered my coming down here last autumn with the Prince de Carignan and Cavour." And once more had Tony to thank his stars for having fallen into such companionship.

As they glided along towards Turin, the Colonel told Tony that if he found the Weazle gunboat at Genoa, as he expected, waiting for him, he would set him, Tony, and his despatches, down safely at Naples, as he passed on to Malta. "If it's the Growler," said he, "I'll not promise you, because Hurton the commander is not in good-humour with me. I refused to recommend him the other day to the First Lord for promotion—say nothing about this to the fellows at the Legation; indeed, don't mention anything about me, except to Damer—for the dinner, you know."

"I suppose I ought to go straight to the Legation at once," said Tony, as they entered Turin; "my orders are to deliver the bags before anything else."

"Certainly; let us drive there straight—there's nothing like doing things regularly; I'm a martinet about all duty;" and so they drove to the Legation, where Tony, throwing one large sack to the porter, shouldered the other himself, and passed in.

"Holloa!" cried the Colonel; "I'll give you ten minutes, and if you're not down by that time, I'll go off and order breakfast at the inn."

"All right," said Tony; "this fellow says that Damer is at Naples."

"I knew that," muttered the Colonel to himself; and then added aloud, "Be alive and come down as quick as you can"—he looked at his watch as he spoke; it wanted five minutes to eight—"at five minutes past eight the train should start for Genoa."

He seized the small despatch-bag in his hand, and, telling the cabman to drive to the Hotel Feder and wait for him there, he made straight for the railroad. He was just in the nick; and while Tony was impatiently pacing an ante-room of the Legation, the other was already some miles on the way to Genoa.

At last, a very sleepy-looking attaché, in a dressing-gown and slippers, made his appearance. "Nothing but these," said he, yawning and pointing to the great sacks.

"No; nothing else for Turin."

"Then why the —— did you knock me up—when its only a shower-bath and Greydon's boot-trees?"

"How the —— did I know what was in them?" said Tony, as angrily.

"You must be precious green, then. When were you made?"

"When was I made?"

"Yes; when were you named a messenger?"

"Some time in spring."

"I thought you must be an infant, or you'd know that it's only the small bags are of any consequence."

"Have you anything more to say? I want to get a bath and my breakfast."

"I've a lot more to say, and I shall have to tell Sir Joseph you're

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here; and I shall have to sign your time-bill, and to see if we haven't got something for Naples. You're for Naples, an't you? And I want to send Damer some cigars and a pot of caviare that's been here these two months, and that he must have smelled from Naples."

"Then be hasty, for heaven's sake, for I'm starving."

"You're starving! how strange, and it only eight o'clock! Why, we don't breakfast here till one, and I rarely eat anything."

"So much the worse for you," said Tony, gruffly. "My appetite is excellent, if I only had a chance to gratify it."

"What's the news in town—is there anything stirring?"

"Not as *I* know."

"Has Lumley engaged Teresina again?"

"Never heard of her!"

"He ought; tell him *I* said so. She's fifty times better than La Gradina. Our *chef* here," added he in a whisper, "says she has better legs than Pochini."

"I am charmed to hear it. Would you just tell him that mine are getting very tired here?"

"Will Lawson pay that handicap to George Hobart?"

Tony shook his head, to imply total ignorance of all concerned.

"He needn't, you know; at least Saville Harris refused to book up to Whitemare on exactly the same grounds. It was just this way: here was the winning-post—no, here; that seal there was the grand stand; when the mare came up, she was second. I don't think you care for racing, eh?"

"A steeple-chase; yes, particularly when I'm a rider. But what I care most for just now is, a plunge into cold water and a good breakfast."

There was something actually touching in the commiserating look the attaché gave Tony as he turned away and left the room. What was the public service to come to if these were the fellows to be named as messengers!

In a very few minutes he was back again in the room. "Where's Naples?" asked he, curtly.

"Where's Naples? Where it always was, I suppose," said Tony, doggedly—"in the Gulf of that name."

"I mean the bag—the Naples bag; it is under flying seal, and Sir Joseph wants to see the despatches."

"Oh, that is below in the cab. I'll go down and fetch it," and without waiting for more he hastened down-stairs. The cab was gone. "Naturally enough," thought Tony, "he got tired waiting; he's off to order breakfast."

He hurried up-stairs again to report that a friend with whom he travelled had just driven away to the hotel with all the baggage.

"And the bags!" cried the other, in a sort of horror.

"Yes, the bags, of course; but I'll go after him. What's the chief hotel called?"

"The Trombetta."

"I don't think that was the name."

"The Czar de Russie?"

"No, nor that."

"Perhaps Feder?"

"Yes, that's it. Just send some one to show me the way, and I'll be back immediately. I suspect my unlucky breakfast must be prorogued to luncheon-time."

"Not a bit of it!" cried a fine, fresh-looking, handsome man who entered the room with a riding-whip in his hand; "come in and take share of mine."

"He has to go over to Feder's for the bags, Sir Joseph," whispered the attaché, submissively.

"Send the porter—send Jasper—send any one you like. Come along," said he, drawing his arm within Tony's. "You've not been in Italy before, and your first impression ought to be favourable; so I'll introduce you to a Mont Cenis trout."

"And I'll profit by the acquaintance," said Tony. "I have the appetite of a wolf."

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THE ALPHABETICALS.

As we apply the term "Periodicals" to Maga and other less meritorious portions of literature appearing at regular intervals of time, the word "Alphabeticals" seems not inappropriate to a class of works, the peculiarity of which is that their parts are distributed according to the order of the alphabet. If the reader will stop for a moment to contemplate all that is meant by "the alphabeticals," he will see in his mind's eye a vast district of the world of letters, multiplied and varied, and capable of infinite multiplication and variation. He will see that, from its very characteristic of the alphabetical, it has an enormous influence on human thought, and power of usefulness for human purposes. And yet the alphabetical machinery itself is comparatively a modern invention, not perhaps yet brought to its full development. Even the form of arrangement by the sequence of letters, not only at the beginning, but throughout the words, was not so obvious as it is to those trained to it by invariable custom in the use of good dictionaries. In the older dictionaries and indexes we find continual deviations from it, owing to the warping effect of some association or assimilation of sound bringing words together out of their exact order. We will easily see the tendency to this kind of deflection in the street-directories of minor towns, and other compilations made up by uneducated people. Simple as the rule is—in fact, it is a rule of the nature of a law in an exact science—they cannot observe it. But while the rule of sequence in virtue of this very exactness is absolutely attainable, the adjustment of the matter to be subjected to it is a more difficult affair, as we shall presently find.

There is a puerile reason given for the Romans having no dictionaries, that every young fellow had a learned slave or two at his elbow to help him over the difficulties of languages. As well say that the reason why they had no railways was because their slaves carried them about in litters. The reason why they had no dictionaries is the same as the reason why they had no railways—they had not invented them. And there are many things in our modern social system that seem to us quite simple, and so natural that they must occur to every one from the beginning, which yet are modern inventions, and were entirely missed by the great empires and cities that have passed away. The Romans must have had a powerful repressive machinery to keep together their great city. They had, as we all know, a wonderful organisation for preserving the integrity of the empire — we still make use of fragments of it in our social institutions, and are glad to have them. But there are many things which seem trifling in comparison, yet are the source of safety and comfort to millions, which they did not know. The mere numbering of the houses in our streets is, for instance, a great institution—we would like to know what man of genius invented it. Then comes the directory and the post-office system, the lighting of streets at night, and the various other adjuncts which give each member of a vast community access to all others without forcing him into contact with them. What a chaos London must have been in Dr Johnson's days, when it was about the quarter of its present size! No one knew what its size was, indeed, or what it contained; and there were fabulous ideas about it, as there have since been about the interior cities of China, whose inhabitants have no notion of their actual contents. There were mysterious notions then about multi-

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tudes of people disappearing in that great whirlpool; but with the population multiplied, and no interference with liberty of action—which is, in fact, much fuller than it used to be—London is, on the whole, as safe a place as any country village, and the mysterious disappearances among its three millions are probably not so numerous as those among any other equal number of people dispersed through the country. If the Romans had, as they must have had, a strong organisation, it cannot have possessed those subtle influences for the protection of the individual person among the millions which ours has; and, in fact, human life was carelessly looked after then, and left a prey to many enemies from which it is with us sedulously protected.

What can appear simpler than an index to the contents of a book, or an alphabetical directory of the householders in a town?—and yet Rome could no more produce such an article than she could print it if it were made. Perhaps, indeed, this touches the secret of the long time that the world had to wait for so obvious an assistant to its operations. It may have been only after books were multiplied that human genius was stimulated to provide ready means of access to the accumulating stores of knowledge.

The Arabian school of philosophers, who had orderly minds, are supposed to have been the first to suggest an alphabetical arrangement; and the idea was a worthy companion to that powerful machine, the Arabic numeration. Our own private belief is, that the oldest actual dictionary in existence is the Greek Lexicon of Photius, the man who became so celebrated for collecting passages from blasphemous and heretical works in order that he might confute them, and who thus was the means of preserving for the delectation of the profane a large quantity of that kind of literature which otherwise would have perished. He was a man of great power, both in literature and politics, in his own day. Whether it has been editorially rectified, or is pretty much in its native shape, his Lexicon, as published by Porson, has, so far as it goes, a very systematic look, entitling it much more to the name of a dictionary than the 'Etymologicum Magnum' in the collection attributed to Midas.

But nothing will illustrate better how difficult it was to rectify all arrangements into pure alphabetical order, than looking back at old indexes. One of the earliest ever printed, by the way—that of the 'Nuremberg Chronicle'—is better than one will see for centuries after it, and is one of the admirable features in that very wonderful book. It was printed close to the end of the fifteenth century, and contained opinions and elucidations, the full import of which was not understood until the Reformation had made progress. Its services in enlightening the public mind of Germany have not been sufficiently brought to light in later times; nor yet its services to art, which were of a high order. Its multitudinous woodcuts are attributed to Wohlgemath, the teacher of Albert Durer; but one cannot help thinking that Albert had a cut at them with his own hand.

But to come back to the Index. It now very nearly achieves uniformity in method, which is everything. Turn to any index of a book printed even so late as the reign of Queen Anne or George I., and ten to one but you will find that the manufacturer has not made up his mind whether he is to index by the Christian or surname, or whether he is to give titled persons their names or their titles. In some instances a battle will be found by its name in history—the name, that is, of the place where it is fought—but in others it will be entered under the word Battle; and so on with everything.

As the index is about the most simple and obvious of all the al-

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phabeticals, let us offer some casual remarks on its nature as an intellectual production. The preparation of an index is a work of labour decidedly of the drier kind. There is no getting through it with an impetuous rush of thought, nor does it brighten up its own details with that self-supplying light which carries the enthusiastic investigator in nature or archæology—or his brother, the worker in the powers of the exact sciences—lightly over the ground. "There is nothing so ravishing as records," said Prynne about those piles of musty parchment which would have appalled many other people, perhaps, but had charms to beguile him of his dinner, and keep him deciphering and deciphering until nature told her wants in the dim eye and the trembling fingers. Nobody finds index-making to be a ravishing pursuit; nor does the world reward it with the honour of high intellectual achievement. Instances, it is said, there have been, of men who, on taking breath after the long toil of a heavy index, have looked round upon the public for the usual distinctions of successful authorship, but have found not only that there is no prize for them in the Temple of Fame, but they are not held even to be ticket-holders, who have a right to feel disappointed on drawing a blank. When conditions permit, an author is apt to leave this function to some other, as the coachman of old used to drop the reins when he drove up to the posting-house.

Being entirely a matter of duty, the question, What books should have indexes, and what should not? comes into the department of ethics, and, like everything else that has to be adjusted there, it admits of significant distinctions. If the book professes to deal with matter of fact, either by supplying the old stock with new things, or by making a complete digest of some group already in existence—if it is a history of the world, or of Europe, or of Little Pedlington, then to issue it without an index is a gross dereliction of duty. You profess to endow the reading world with a storehouse of facts, and you must give them the key of the storehouse, otherwise you are utterly deceiving them. But, on the other hand, if your contribution to the world's literature be a pure work of genius, either in prose or verse, with the title of 'Moonlight Moments;' or, 'World Wanderings in the Wonderful,' supplying it with an index is equivalent to an expectation that the world will accept all its ideas as household phrases, and will want to know where to find them, so that they may recall them accurately, like passages from Shakespeare or the classics. The difficulty lies just in the quarter where there always are difficulties—the transition stratum of literature; that kind which Tennyson, by the way, says, deserves to have a special peal of bells,—

> "For all the past of time reveals
> A bridal dawn of thunder-peals
> Wherever thought hath wedded fact."

Essays, miscellanies, historical and biographical sketches, and the like, not intended as absolute comprehensive solid books of reference, yet containing sometimes valuable facts which people might like to go back upon, are the staple of this transition state. And it may be said that, however the author may act, he has the benefit of the doubt. If he be so generous as to supply the public with an index, especially if it adhere to facts, he is not amenable to the charge of inflated conceit. If he withhold it, on the other hand, he is not a traitor. He has promised nothing but sketchy matter, intended rather to amuse than to teach his reader. His responsibility is that of the companion, not of the schoolmaster.

But "if you have it, have it good," is applicable to the index as well as to most other things; and there is a larger scale of excellence here than one would at first think. Humbly as the place of the index-

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maker stands in common estimation, his function gives room for the exercise of high intellectual faculties.

The number is larger than is generally supposed of the authors who have constructed their own indexes, because they feared to intrust the task to some mere mechanic, ignorant of the tenor and spirit of the work. The first index to the 'Edinburgh Review' is reputed to be the work of a very eminent man indeed. A subsequent one was executed by Ralph Rylance, who came from London to Edinburgh for the purpose, and turned out to be a genial scholar and a sort of wit. He was audacious enough to let fly a shaft at Scott, then at the climax of his glory,—

"The corpse of many a hero slain
Graced Waterloo's ensanguined plain,
But none by sabre or by shot
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott."

His portrait is in Kay's Collection, and we believe he is the only person who has reached the celebrity of portraiture on the sole literary claim of having made an index.

The indexer must thoroughly understand the matter he is working on. His special faculty for his task must be that of hitting on the name under which the majority of the persons who may consult the book will look for what they want in it. No rule will achieve this quality—it is the creature of sagacity and common sense. We remember an instance where a mechanical person had been set to compile an index with very specific and minute instructions, containing, among others, a set of rules by which he was to judge, in certain instances, whether he would index under the Subject or the Predicate. It happened that an investigator, in haste, as investigators are sometimes apt to be, desired to see what was said in that book about the Lord Chancellor's powers. He turned to C, and looked for "Chancellor," but there was nothing to guide him there. L, having charge of Lord, was equally silent. In the supposition that he was working with one of those indexes which are distributed into groups, he vehemently turned up Constitution, Judge, Jurisdiction, and various other great dictionary-words, without success. In his desperation he tried if any collateral heads would lead him to his point—as Woolsack, Equity, Great Seal, and the like—but all was fruitless. As there seemed to be thus a defect in the index, the compiler was asked under what word he had dealt with the Lord Chancellor. He triumphantly pointed to the article *The*—"The Lord Chancellor;" and, in Irish phrase, no one could say black was white of his eye. Most people know the story of a judge's "great mind to commit a witness for prevarication," being indexed under his name with the quality "great mind" attached to it.

Index-makers are indeed a valuable class of men, for whose eminent services to the world of letters that world has not been sufficiently grateful. The most ambitious efforts in this style of work are, however, not always the most successful; and if the workman set out on any very complete philosophical system, he will be pretty sure to make a failure. After the use of such sagacity as he may possess for anticipating the wants of the public by selecting the heads under which they are most likely to search for what they want, the next best thing he can do is to indulge in repetition—to be profuse in cross references, and to give the same thing under as many different names as he can afford to give them within his limited space. Let him not insist upon being entirely logical, but keep rather in view that human beings are illogical, perverse, and especially liable to follow some blind and utterly indefensible and barbarous routine of thought, set by some irrational precedent. Unless in the names of persons or places, where he is not so apt to go wrong—though he may here too, by the assumption of too accurate a spell-

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ing—the one head on which his own logic may demand that he should register the matter in hand will probably be just the last under which it will be searched for by the ordinary reader. He will take Æsthetics, perhaps, leaving the poor wondering readers in search of what they want under "Taste," or "Beauty," or "Genius," or "Fine Arts;" he selects that nice scientific term Ethics, which the reader never dreams of while he is pottering away in search of "Morality," "Virtue," "Vice," "Goodness," "Badness," "Honesty," "Probity," and suchlike.

Hence the indexes which ramify from the root of the matter are thoroughly inefficient for the proper purposes of the index—rapid consultation—and invade a totally different factor, if we may call it so—the analysis, or table of contents. Between this practice and the adherence to the pedantries of the profession, English law-books are very torturing to those who are not aware of the secret intricacies of their ramifications. If a merchant, for instance, wants to know the legal position of a "book debt," he will look in vain for satisfaction under that name, if he indeed find a law-book which on its title-page admits to have anything to do with commerce. But if he take up Buller's 'Nisi Prius,' and follow the heading "Assumpsit" through a few of its ramifications, he may probably succeed in finding what he is in search of. Nothing can be more systematic and complete than the great old index to the riches of the 'Corpus Juris,' but it sends one on a complex circuitous route through a notation by the initial words of the paragraph. The facility can thus only be used by one who has acquired the practice and has kept his hand in; so that, to discover any special passage in the Pandects, or the Code, or the Novellæ, is nearly as difficult as to decipher from Bradshaw the time of arrival and departure at a station in one of the branches of the Great Weste[illegible] own garden, and the neces-

Among pedantries introduced lately into index-making is the breaking-up of a general index according to logical division. There is an index of persons and an index of places, with or without some further divisions. The simple-minded man who thinks only of one general master-key, looks into the wrong division, and turns away unsatisfied. There is a whole volume of index to Sismondi's History of France, but it is devoted, with one or two unexplainable exceptions, to the names of persons; and if you look for Navarre and Agincourt there, you will not find them.

To turn to the other class of indexes—those which lead us not to matters of fact, but to the thoughts and sentences of the great authors—in these the classics only are complete. There are few educated men who do not know, and have not derived use from, those magnificent indexes to the Delphine classics, which literally contain every substantive and adjective. Homer, Pindar, Horace, and Cicero are dignified by separate lexicons or concordances, among which Damm's Homeric Lexicon has made a reputation in that sort of work. In our own language one great name has been so dignified — that of Shakespeare, to whom two rival concordances are dedicated. For the rest of our literature, it is somewhat barren of indexing. There is an index to Scott's Poetry, on account of the number of biographical and historical notices in it. To Chaucer and some others there are glossary indexes. If, however, one wants to recall a passage in the prologue to the 'Satires,' in the 'Essay on Man,' or anywhere in Dryden, it is not easy to find a clue to it.

Perhaps some will say, So much the better; let people fall to the book, and find what they want by honest reading; it will do them good. And we go so far with this view that one should never use a quotation unless he is familiar with

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sity of referring to an index predicates some deficiency in such familiarity. In the days when no pamphlet or parliamentary speech was complete without a passage from the classics, there was some excuse for perpetually pottering in the Delphine indexes. But it is to be hoped that we have now reached that simplicity and good taste which will tolerate no quotation except for its exceeding aptness, and that can only be felt by one entirely familiar with all its surroundings in its native place.

Hence there is a set of books that ought to be positively drummed out of literature. These are they which profess to supply quotations ready selected and ranged in alphabetical order. Our reason for condemning these is already expressed. We would not, however, desire to extend it to some old books known as anthologies, wherein are collected passages from various quarters, ranged generally in alphabetical order, according to the matter to which they refer. In these one is often introduced to a gem found among the rubbish of some voluminously inaccessible author. The earliest of these which we happen to be acquainted with, called 'Margarita Poetica,' professes to be compiled by Albertus de Eyb, Doctor of Laws, and is published in the year 1503. The copy presently on the table is in a richly-stamped binding, where the Gothic forms still predominate. It professes to be the property of the monastery of Augustins at Herbepolis or Wurtzburg. It is one of the books in which the capitals were filled in by the old way of illumination, and the monks seem to have gone the length of drawing the outline for an illuminated letter A, but no further—perhaps they had other things to think of. Another of these collections, exceedingly rich and curious, published in a lumbering folio in 1607, is called the 'Polyanthea Nova.'

Passing from mere simple indexes to dictionaries, we enter a field too wide and rich in all sorts of philosophy and learning to be dealt with in any other but a casual handling on the present occasion. It is a scene within which a reflective person may form an estimate of the human mind in its greatness and in its littleness. How vast is the ingenuity, the capacity for systematising the actual accumulation of facts in the memory, which have all poured their riches in here; and yet how much preposterous nonsense has been brought into it by etymological vagaries! Some of the wildest flights of the human imagination have been taken in etymology. It has a fascination for intellects of a rambling order, like gambling or other wicked practices, and leads them into thorough intellectual dissipation. Some languages are far more apt to excite it than others. The German is etymological through and through, but with a compact commonplace sort of adjustment which has little relish for the wilder set of devotees. The Celtic is usually the resort of those of them who have not access to the Oriental treasures. They can do almost anything they please with it. Colonel Vallancy resolved to be at the bottom of the words used by the Carthaginian in search of his daughter, in Terence's play. To most people it seemed something of the same kind as the chorus put by Captain Marryat in the mouth of a large Chinese army, who, retreating before a few hundreds of Tartars, sing a song of triumph as they hasten away—"Souchong, polly hong, tee tum, tilly lilly, tee tum tee!" But Colonel Vallancy made out the expressions to be pure Irish—too pure, in fact; for his countrymen reminded him that the kind of Irish he made out of the old Carthaginian's words was not a hundred years old.

Topographical antiquaries bent on giving etymologies are sure to find that the Celtic can accommodate them. The Scotch parish minister almost invariably finds refuge for the name of his parish in that primitive and patriarchal language.

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We remember one curious exception—the parish of Stobo: "*Sto*," Latin for "I stand"—"*beau*," French for "beautiful," to be sure! and so exactly applicable! The most cautious and sceptical are sometimes taken off their feet by the magic of concurring sounds. Horne Tooke, who was clever enough in his railings against the weakness of others, was himself led by analogies into very odd verbal companionship. Yet he could play on the etymologists after this fashion: What is required is to derive King Pepin from Hotspur, and the feat is performed thus, to the best of our recollection: "Hotspur, ὁσπερ, ἡπερ, ἀπερ—diaper napkin, Pipken, Pippen King, King Peppen."

Yet with a perfect adherence to truth and accuracy, few departments of nature are capable of giving forth more striking phenomena than etymology. No less marvellous than the results, too, is generally the genius that discovers them. It is impossible to describe its nature, impossible also to create it by teaching where it does not exist. It is an instinct in some minds, like the special capacities of the pointer. Words the most unlike are brought from distant regions and united together in family unity, while those which seem almost identical are for ever disconnected. Queen Christina of Sweden happily characterised the acme of etymological accomplishment when she said of Ménage that he knew not only where the winds came from, but where they went to. To take very common examples, among the least doubtful things in all knowledge is that the two words so unlike each other, worm and verse, come from the same Latin root, *verto*. Stranger comes from *extraunus*: we can see this pretty well if we go the length of the French half-way house, *étranger*. On the other hand, while Louis XIV. was persecuting the Huguenots of France with the dragonet, Charles II.'s ministers were persecuting the Covenanters with the drag-net. The two words had no more in common with each other than a boot-jack has with a boat-hook. The former term applied to the doings of dragoons, the latter to the sweeping character of the method of prosecution, which took in all like a drag-net. Although, then, etymologists have dreamed dreams, and those who have attempted to put the world under the despotism of a universal language of their own self-willed construction—a favourite passion at one time—have utterly failed, yet inch by inch the linguistic philosophers are gaining sure positions, and closing round us with menacing results. From the labours of the later investigators, especially those untiring obstinate Germans, it seems to be coming to this, that all the world shall be subject to what they term philosophical grammar. All of us, "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," whatever be the external form of our speech, are compelled to arrange it according to certain subtle laws, which, though invisible, are not the less absolute.

But that is not all. We seem free to differ from each other in the form of our speech, though it all comes under the same law as to its essence; and differed we have from time immemorial—since the building of the Tower of Babel, at all events—making such a variety in the groups of languages, as every one is more or less aware of. But here too we are not following our own free-will, but acting blindly under the law of some despotic rule. Our language undergoes a change to suit it to its shifting surroundings, but we have no more to do with that change than the tree has with its own growing. We "steam" up the Rhine, we "coal" our vessels, we "telegraph" to our friends, we "turn off" and "put on" the gas,—and so on. Our grandfathers had not these terms because they had no use for them, and they have come to us because we have use for them. But who gave us them? We can point to the men who, step by step, have invented

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the improvements which made occasion for the words, but the words themselves grew up under some occult law without any one being their author. Neither by individual effort, nor by a vote of the most powerful collective body, can we adjust our language to our will. The nearest thing to successful dictation in the tenor of language is when an Act of Parliament creates functions, and provides that the person who is to perform them shall be called "the Master of the Rigmarole," or suchlike.

It appears, then, that we follow a blind destiny, and have no more choice in our way of working out a language than bees have in the construction of their cells, or spiders in the weaving of their webs. The utmost achievement which intellect can perform upon the manufacture is the classifying and arranging it long after it is complete, as Linnæus adjusted the proper places respectively of daisies, turnips, and beetroot in his system. It is rather a gloomy look-out this, that our tongues are tied to some absolute law—as absolute as those which rule the material world; and so are our thoughts too, for that matter; for the initial step which led to the exposition of the whole framework of the laws of universal grammar, was the necessity we are all under of framing propositions with their subjects, predicates, and copulas, and of thinking categorically, though it is sometimes cast up against one by way of reproach that he fails to do so. But this is hardly more an affair of constructing language than a father giving names to his children; and notwithstanding the powerful sanction for the protection of the artificially constructed name in both cases, the more powerful hidden law which rules language is apt to break in like the sea through a dike, and substitute a familiar abbreviation or a nickname.

There are some who exult in this slavery, thinking it a beautiful example of the order of nature. Assuming a less lofty strain, Monsieur Jourdan exulted in that specialty of it that he talked prose—always had and always would; but then Monsieur Jourdan was a goose, and this boast is only given as an instance of his egregious folly.

One comfort in viewing the affair is, that we are all in the same position, high or low. The greatest genius in the world cannot make a new word or a new grammatical term. The world, gathering up new words under the absolute law which directs it, may perhaps find a new word in his writings; but so it may in the kennel, and with far greater probability. Neology, or the use of new words, is a literary crime. The man of genius, if he would be listened to and have influence, must work with the old. They have been constructed and brought into use in the humblest strata of society—they have served the basest and most sordid objects before they are fit for his use as expressive words, the significance of which is felt at once. The highest genius thus, in fact, only plays on words, and is bound to play on them according to certain laws of arrangement. If he endeavour either to make new words or construct methods of arrangement not in conformity with established law, he destroys the conditions on which alone he can obtain a hearing. If one watches the infancy and progress of a new word until it acquires a sure and permanent social position by being incorporated into the language, he will generally find that its origin is of the very humblest. Of authors and polite speakers none but a few very rash people have ventured to acknowledge it. It has been long in obscurity, and in that condition has got somehow familiar to the ear, and is at last supposed to be something of very ancient descent, come of an ancestry buried in the mists of antiquity. If some distinguished author, read by half the world, should make use of it before it is thus ripened, a mark is set upon it at once—the mark of ne-

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ology—and ten to one but it loses all the chances of advancement it would have retained by continuing to reside in humble obscurity. When an author becomes a standard of style, he generally reaches this eminence by his freedom from the vice of neology. People can find no new word in him. He writes in "good old idiomatic English." To have used the commonest words in the commonest manner is the attainment by which he has gained his renown. So little is the power either of genius or of learning in constructing the elements of language.

It is an amiable feature in human nature, that when anything is eminently persecuted or scorned, it is sure to find champions. There seldom come any set of neologies on the stage to be hunted off it, but some champion is found to befriend them, seldom to much effect. Chivalry in this respect has gone so far in France as to produce certain dictionaries of neology. There is this to be said for them, that in that restless country revolutions have necessarily brought new nomenclatures. These, an article of much hardier growth than the efforts of philological philosophers, would in time have really to be incorporated in the language, and an account of them in their infancy would be valuable. One of these lying on the table is French and English, the production, apparently, of a refugee, M. Dupre. It is called 'Lexicographia Neologia Gallica'—the 'Neological French Dictionary, containing words of new creation not to be found in any French and English vocabulary hitherto published, &c.: the whole forming a Remembrancer of the French Revolution.' Here we have "Centralisation," which has taken root in France and come over here, and "Carmagnole," which is pretty well known. We also have, of less use to modern times, "Chevalier de la Guillotine," "Chouan," "Citoyen actif," "Fraternisation," &c.

It would seem that the literary workman who has the largest influence in bringing new words into a language is the dictionary-maker; and in the exercise of this high prerogative he may be considered as deriving some compensation for the hardness of his lot otherwise. Johnson has reigned supreme in his dictionary as the arbiter, long since the Rambler has ceased to be the model of composition for ambitious essayists. It is true that the maker of a dictionary is of all men least entitled to be a maker of words: he is but a classifier and assorter of things made. He is sworn over to impartiality in the selection of those words which have already established their citizenship in the language; and if there were any suspicion of neology against him, he would utterly lose his influence, and would be no better in the eye of literature than some public officer of trust suspected to be in connivance with swindlers.

But, like all people in public trust, the lexicographer can give some influence to his leanings, and, being but a fallible man, he will give it. Like Mr Robert Laneham, Clerk of the Council in the reign of Elizabeth, who so frankly tells the world, "If I see a listener or a pryer-in at the chinks or lockhole, I am presently on the bones of him. If a friend comes, I make him sit down with me on a form or chest; the rest may walk in God's name." So may the dictionary-maker do something for a friend, but he must be cautious, otherwise he may lose his power. There is a book, long ago forgotten, called 'A Full, Large, and General Phrase-Book,' by William Robertson, A.M. It is a dictionary of the English language, with Latin translations, these translations being affluently accompanied by specimens of the idiomatic method of employing the word in Latin phrases or sentences corresponding with those in common use in England. It is observable that, the author being a native of Scotland, at a period (1681) when

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the language even of the polite world then differed a good deal from accepted English, his English phrases are pretty strongly tinged with Scotticisms. Perhaps he could not well help this.

An instance of great influence exercised by the dictionary-maker is to be found in Johann Cristoph Adelung. He took up the position that the dialect of Upper Saxony (his own) was the standard of the German language, and made a large school of supporters for this view. The question is, whether in this he discovered an absolute truth, or gave effect to his own prejudices? In either view his influence was very great. He made war on the principle which was gaining growth, that any terms, though previously unused, if derivations from existing words in conformity with the genius of the German language, have a legitimate place in it. He fortified his opinions by grammars and treatises; and in the recesses of his Leipzic study made himself an established power in Germany.

Notwithstanding their influence, we apprehend, however, that dictionary-makers are on the whole an oppressed race, doomed to more than their due share of obscure drudgery. When one of them has with infinite labour brought his work to a conclusion, he shall see another, who is fortunate enough by a slight improvement to make "the best," get all the honours and emoluments of the project. How often do we see in libraries cumbrous dictionaries made by men who are entirely forgotten! A William Robertson has just been mentioned as the author of a universal phrase-book. There are also two thick quarto dictionaries, a Greek and a Hebrew, bearing his name; but he is utterly disavowed by the biographical dictionaries, and persons asking for him there will find his name not known. Such men as the Stephenses and Ducanges are, to be sure, pretty high in the lists of fame; but every one who looks into what they have done, feels that they have accomplished monuments of labour and of learning which are absolutely stupendous. Possibly dictionary-makers may not have had so uniform a life as one might suppose from their works, and from all we know of them. They may have had their romance at home—may have been crossed in love, and thence driven to dictionarying; may have been involved in domestic tragedies—who can say? The only instance we can call up at this moment of any one of the tribe coming before the public in any flagrant tragedy is Barnaby Brisson, the author of the ponderous dictionary of the civil and canon law, best known by his Latin name of Brissonius. He was hanged, and under rather remarkable circumstances, when the Catholic League had possession of Paris. He thought, poor man! to propitiate his executioners by requesting life enough to finish a work he was employed in; but if any of them had ever encountered the tough intricacies of his dictionary, it is not likely that they would have felt the appeal to be a softening one.

Johnson is an exception to the class, in having kept up curiosity and wonder while he was at work, and drawn attention to his workshop, as to some great artist's studio. It has been an enigma what made one of his hot, impatient, impulsive temperament write a dictionary, and we offer our solution of the enigma. It was by way of a great mortification of the flesh—a heavy penance to keep down his rebellious temperament. The same thing has been done by many a man of full-blooded, sanguine, impetuous nature, as we read in the histories of the anchorites who have lived on the tops of pillars, or gone into the caves of the desert to feed on pulse, and study, and reflect, and macerate their bodies. So he chained down his restless impetuous spirit to this dictionary. The difference between him and them is, that while they left nothing behind

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them, he left a wonderful monument of active learning.

Like St Anthony, and other self-tormentors, he conjured up visions of demons and malignant imps. Chief among these was Lord Chesterfield, who had failed to receive his promises with acclamation, but stepped forward to welcome his performance. There was an old story which Boswell is right in discrediting, that Johnson's wrath towards Chesterfield arose from his having had to wait in the anteroom, where he saw Colly Cibber step out from the presence. Chesterfield was the demon of his troubled spirit undergoing its self-imposed martyrdom. The knights-errant, in their vows of asceticism, when assailed by the evil one, fell on him with sword and spear. St Anthony, and people of his kind, attacked him with prayers and sacred symbols. Johnson set upon his own demon with his own peculiar weapon, rolling against him a succession of sonorous sentences, which came heavily on him, and did him a good deal of damage.

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect—for I never had a patron before.

"The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it."

What would the public think of a letter of this sort addressed at the present day to some distinguished member of the House of Peers? How would they appreciate the significance of telling what it was that Virgil's shepherd found to be a native of the rocks? But perhaps it would be sufficient to account for the nature of the production to say that it was the outburst of an impetuous man of genius chained down to dictionary work. He gave forth other growls in his agony, and one of an exhilarating kind when half-way through, at letter L—to wit, "Lexicographer, a writer of dictionaries; a harmless drudge, who busies himself in tracing the original and detailing the signification of words."

He seems to have taken out a little of his spite against the world in employing certain innocent persons to do the more mechanical part of his harmless drudgery. The tyrant of Syracuse turning schoolmaster was a joke to this exercise of petty tyranny. Boswell says: "The learned yet judicious research of etymology, the various yet accurate display of definition, and the rich collection of authorities, were reserved for the superior mind of our great philologist. For the mechanical part he employed, as he told me, six amanuenses; and let it be remembered by the natives of North Britain, to whom he is supposed to have been so hostile, that five of them were of that country."

Boswell, as a Scotsman, should have been utterly ashamed of this passage. Contempt and scorn could not have been more odiously poured out upon his countrymen than in setting them to such work. It was a refinement of contumely; and to speak of it as founded on a partiality for the people so treated! tell us as well that slavery is founded on a partiality for the negro race.

Let us again widen our range, and pass from the dictionary to a class of works generally deemed still more ambitious in their aims. The editorial guidance of a full, well-balanced encyclopædia, from its birth to its successful conclusion, demands an amount of organising power and generalship

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which it taxes ordinary powers of mind merely to realise, and be conscious of the possible existence of. To suppose the Commander-in-Chief becoming also First Lord of the Admiralty, Master-General of the Ordnance, and First Commissioner of Her Majesty's Works, will be but a partial approach to the comprehensive realisation. We must also suppose him directing the functions of the Lord Chancellor, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Secretaries, the Presidents of the Royal Society and of the Royal Academy, with a few other offices of like kind.

Such a troublesome, unruly, crotchety, angular, unconformable set, as such an administrator has to work with, is not easily conceived by those who are accustomed to the discipline and precision of official life. All are self-centred in their own crotchets, and determined to make room for themselves and elbow out all others. Here the conchologist, conscious of no life and interest save in the clammy sea-beach or the tangled recesses of the rocks, whose highest notions of an event or a crisis in life is the pulling-up and emptying of his dredge, shoves his neighbours, the ichthyologist and the palæozoic entomologist, out of the way as a couple of quacks, whose pretended science is all humbug in comparison with his own testaceous molluscs. The cryptogamist, or cultivator of the class of beings addicted to clandestine marriages, must have a large space for his algæ, which are of weightier import than all the rest of science put together, since in them we are to study the first germs and laws of vitality, and to find the infant origin, as it were, of the whole busy world of life and action, of growth and decay, of life and death, by which they are surrounded. Here comes a devotee to the doctrine that species are formed by the stronger crushing the weaker, and aggrandising themselves through the roll of ages until they divide all nature among themselves; and he desires to exemplify his doctrine by elbowing out of the way all the other devotees around him. Down on all these comes "the practical man," who despises the whole tribe of philosophers, and is all for bricks or leather. A sort of half-breed between both comes forward in the shape of the inventor; he has discovered, say, a plan for blowing up fortresses with India-rubber bombs, and he wants to write the article Ordnance, Artillery, Bomb-ketch, Army, Fortification, War, or any other which will enable him to give prominence to the grandest discovery of our day—the invention that is to be the great crisis in the history of the world.

But perhaps the most troublesome of all are the biographers, and for this reason: In the sciences there are men with hobbies, who no doubt will ride them to desperation; but afford them the ordinary locomotive means of the rest of the world, and they will be quite reasonable, going no farther than the prescribed distance, and going no faster than the ordinary pace. But your biographer is apt to get off at all points. It is a specialty in the nature of man which might open a fine field of inquiry to psychological investigators, that whenever man writes the biography of his fellow-man he begins to worship him. Is it because the Life written is the property of the writer, and therefore to be magnified? Is it because the vast acquirements and noble virtues of the object of the laudations throw some slight reflection on the man who writes them? Is it a mere stupid, lazy practice which the tribe of biographers have got into, —owing to this, that some lives of great men have been written by their devoted admirers, and other writers who cared nothing whatever about the lives they were doing—who never heard of them till set to the task of writing them,—as the established method of writing

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biography? Is it, after all, from some better method than any of these—a geniality which lures the human being into assimilation with any other being of the race with whom he has had to make acquaintance, without coming too close to suffer from his badness? Let us not anticipate the metaphysicians in assigning the cause of the specialty. But when it is duly investigated, let not one curious phenomenon be omitted. The French so thoroughly accepted the fact that a biography could be no other than laudatory, that the term they applied to it was an *éloge*—and it would be a piece of honesty if our own age and language would use a like term.

It being the propensity of the biographer at large to magnify his hero, portentous difficulties are doubtless in store for the encyclopædical editor, when a devoted disciple or an attached relation of a departed celebrity undertakes the task of giving him the precise amount of letterpress and laudation to which his importance entitles him, in comparison with all the other celebrated persons that have passed into and out of the world, and all the things in heaven and earth that are comprehended within the arena of human knowledge. Editors could no doubt tell curious stories about the difference between the space taken by the contributor in his estimate of due proportion, and the estimate made by the general umpire of what he should have taken. There would be some such incompatibility as in the saying about La Harpe, that it would be a good commercial speculation to buy him at his actual market price, and sell him (if one could) at his own estimation of his value.

In evidence how far up this propensity may extend, we tender a thin octavo volume, valuable to the collectors of rarities, being the Life of Colonel Fergusson, a gallant officer who fell bravely fighting in the cause of his duty in the war of the American Revolution. The Life was written by an eminent person of the same surname—Adam Ferguson, the author of the 'History of the Roman Republic,' and some other books. Readers of this may not have read either his great work or the smaller—it is even possible that some of them may not be acquainted with his name. Those, however, who are in this position had better say nothing about it, for he has a place in literature, both from the capacity he brought to bear on Roman history, and the eminence of the literary set he lived in, which included David Hume, Adam Smith, Robertson, and Carlyle.

The literary history of the minor work before us is thus candidly announced in its title—'Biographical Sketch or Memoir of Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick Fergusson, originally intended for the Encyclopædia Britannica,' 8vo, 1817. This is followed by the explanation, that—

"The following biographical sketch was written by Dr Ferguson for the purpose of being published in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica;' but being considered by the editor too long for that work, and the Doctor declining to abridge it, it was not inserted." Accordingly, it begins by giving the Colonel his proper alphabetical place in the long list in close vicinity to Ferdusi, Fernando, Feres, and Ferrei—"Fergusson, Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick." We are told that "he was second son of James Fergusson, Esq. of Pitfour, one of the Senators of the College of Justice and Lords Commissioners of Justiciary in Scotland, by Anne Murray, daughter of Alexander Lord Elibank; and with this descent fortunately united in his own character the calm judgment and exalted abilities of his father, with the vivacity and genius of his mother's family." Doomed as he was to exclusion, yet it seems he and his friends believed in his successful achievement of an inven-

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tion which, had the world accepted of it, would have secured him a rank among the Congreves, Schrapnells, and Armstrongs. This was "a new species of rifle, which he could load at the breech without the use of the rammer, and with such quick repetition as to fire seven times in a minute. The rifleman in the mean time might be stretched at full length on the ground, so as to have the cover of a parapet, behind even a consolidated mole-hill, or the least inequality of the earth's surface." This invention was tried in the presence of royalty, but the firing was very wide. This was attributed to diffidence of the august spectator, and the inventor aptly enough said that the nerves of the performer would not have been so much disturbed by the presence of his majesty's enemies.

An encyclopædia is something professing to give instruction in a circle. This will hardly convey a distinctive notion to the mind without some explanations taken from practice. The idea of a philosophical work of this kind involves the joint action of the two logical operations, analysis and synthesis. First, you take all human knowledge and analyse it into its component parts —each of these must be treated according to its due proportion. Next, you take every substantive in the dictionary, and every scientific, historical, biographical, and geographical word, and each of these must have a place. General treatises on all human knowledge had been long in existence, and received a considerable stimulus from the labours of Bacon. Dictionaries also had been long in existence, in which each word was a separate entity, treated without any reference to the position of the thing it represented in the field of human knowledge.

The thing to be done was to unite the two — provide for the reader a full library of all knowledge—the sum of every science—the history and geography of every country, and so on—and yet to answer in detail, through the alphabet, whatever question any one, put to a puzzle in his ordinary reading, desired to ask. And this had to be done without repetition. It is easy to see that this requires care and management. Without venturing to show a sample of it as well done, it is easy to show how it can be ill done. Suppose that, in the hot fervour of developing some new and grand theory in physical geography, it is essential to you to know on the instant how high the village of Aussig on the Elbe stands above the level of the sea—you must have the information at once, or the ideas, crowding one after another, will make their escape. You dash into the proper place in the mass of fifty or sixty volumes which are your standard works of reference, and there, under the head "Aussig," you are referred for information to "Austrian Empire." This is not far off; but there is not much to be made of it when obtained. It fills a volume, and that volume has no index or contents, or division of any kind. The person who had the special charge of such trifles as Aussig was very safe in sending you where he did, for it would take you a week's reading to enable you to contradict him, and say that, after all, there is not a word about Aussig in the whole treatise. That treatise, indeed, has been written by a great ethnologist, who has devoted himself to the exposition of large views on the balance of the Teutonic and Slavonic races, and on the influence and counter-influence which their static condition has had on the preservation and development of the imperial institutions, left as they were, by the overthrow of the Roman empire, to develop themselves in new phases of a homogeneous autochomy. To these momentous affairs all his energy, within the limited space allowed to him, is devoted, and he would have no more idea of going into particulars

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and saying anything about Aussig, or any place like it, than of devoting himself to the biography of the very respectable landlord of the Goldene Krone in that romantic little town.

The tendency of the encyclopædia towards centralising itself into great treatises on the chief sciences was much encouraged by D'Alembert, Diderot, and the rest of that set who earned for themselves the name of Encyclopædists. D'Alembert was always pottering at what he called Encyclopædial tables, bringing out a *Système figuré des connaissances humaines.* He professed to found his system on Bacon's; but it is said that this was merely to divert suspicion away from the free-thinking tone which he infused into his classifications. If he and his coadjutors were a little naughty in this way, they certainly were subjected to the direst literary punishment that ever was heard of. To be ostensibly clipped down by the scissors of the censor was bad enough, but nothing to the discovery, just as they were ready to break upon the astonished world with all their powerful originality and contempt for authority, that there was an enemy within their own camp clipping away all those bold original passages on which their reputation was to rest. The publisher, in short, was not to risk ruin and the Bastille for things like that; so he quietly, and without any compunction, cut them out of the proofs before these went finally to press, leaving the enraged authors to such recourse as they might find.

These were the men who introduced great dissertations on branches of science into encyclopædia practice. No doubt each of these was written by some man of great scientific attainments and of wide reputation. Thus the work became so illustrious. But its general plan is believed to have owed many debts to the humbler work of Ephraim Chambers; and still the circle of knowledge had not been completed, for the French Encyclopædists did not include history and biography.

If all human knowledge is to be within a given cincture, these must of course go with the rest; but they are in many respects so incompatible with science in a system where a sort of common centre is to be looked for, that it is, after all, questionable whether what deals with the history of men and nations should not be detached from the rest of knowledge. Then a new difficulty occurs in a branch of knowledge stretching between the two, something half of science, half of mere human experience, with some ties to the mathematics and other exact sciences, and a close connection with statistics—namely, Political economy.

Indeed, when we suppose all branches of human knowledge to be dealt with in such a work, all to get fair-play, and all to be in some way connected together as meeting in a common centre, the difficulties seem to multiply with the unlimited capacities of man for the acquisition of new knowledge. Every head of division in such an encyclopædia will have hooks fixed into it to draw it to every great department of human knowledge. Take the word Sheep, for instance. The zoologist, let us suppose, has undoubtedly the primary claim, and, all others giving way for the time, takes possession of him as belonging to the genus Ovis, the tribe Capridæ, the order of Ruminants, and the class of Mammalia. Farming has perhaps the next claim, with its distant opposites of Southdown and Highland Blackface, and the multitude of intermediate distinctions and classifications known to the learned. He whose department is the manufacture of textile fabrics has also something to say, perhaps, about the difference between the fibres of animal tissues, which, when examined by the microscope, are seen to have lateral tags which lay hold of each other, while those of vegetable tissues hold together entirely by th- [illegible]

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Perhaps about other characteristics a devotee of the palæontological branch of geology has the next claim, in virtue of its being a matter of importance that the animal's remains have or have not been found in certain stratifications. Leather next comes in; for sheepskin, though abhorred of all book-collectors, has an important place in the leather market. Perhaps one of the most curious machines in existence is one for splitting sheepskins, for the purpose of converting them into material for making kid gloves. Taking a long stride, we come to the political economist and the ethnical philosopher, who have a great deal to say about nomad tribes, and about the influence of converting cottage-holdings into sheepwalks. We are not yet done with the claimants. Perhaps pastoral poetry may put in a modest request for consideration. Eikonography will put in a large one, for the *agnus* is there almost supreme. Then there is heraldry, where we may have to deal with a *mouton or, passant regardant.* There is a systematic work on the heraldry of fishes. Whether there be or not, impartiality dictates that there ought to be such a work on the heraldry of quadrupeds.

There still remains a department, and that by no means the least important. The late illustrious cook, Eustace Oude, in his introductory remarks on his great work, remarked that no man was more dependent on the proper cultivation of his art, or under deeper obligations for the triumphs he had himself accomplished in it, than those persons who, because they happened to be distinguished in other arts or sciences, thought proper to speak disparagingly of his. He complained especially that he had been compelled to undergo the drudgery of acquiring the English language for the purpose of rendering his chief work known to the English people, because it had been translated by a gentleman who, holding the commission of a general in the army, must be supposed to have been acquainted with his own profession, but who showed by his blundering translation that he knew nothing whatever of his, M. Oude's. His pupil, the genial Soyer, took up the same tone. His practice was in the high arts, and he added to it what great artists have sometimes done—the recording of his own practice of his art, in literature. The sheep has a large part in it. As has been well remarked, our language presents an enduring memorial of the difference between the Norman and the Saxon in the French derivation of the flesh which comes to the table, and the Saxon name of the animal which had to be herded by the son of the soil. Mutton it is, in M. Oude's and M. Soyer's nomenclature; but still it is, both in science and common British phraseology, of or belonging to the sheep.

There stands for discussion the question, whether the proper kind of encyclopædia is that which teaches the fundamental parts of all branches of knowledge, or is that which merely gives one an immediate explanation of all things in heaven and earth in alphabetical order? Perhaps the settlement of this, as of many like questions, may be, that each is good of its kind, and for its own purposes. The scholar and investigator does not, perhaps, consider the purposes for which other persons desire an encyclopædia. They look to it as to a complete library of all knowledge, certified under a competent authority to be sound. They are men with their hands and heads full of practical affairs during the chief hours of their life; they have not time, therefore, to pick and choose among the best instructors in the various departments of human knowledge, but they wish to have it in their power to dip into chemistry, electricity, geology, and other weighty portions of knowledge, and to get at them in perfection, with the latest intelligence and in the best shape. The 'Encyclopædia

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Britannica' professes to supply them with this, and they take it. Instead of wandering at large among books, the sufficiency and accuracy of which they are unable to estimate, they have here each element of knowledge laid before them, perhaps, by an author whose name is a sufficient guarantee for his matter — at all events, by one whom the editor has guaranteed to be competent to his task.

On the other hand, the reader with a large library, with special favourites of his own in the departments in which he reads, will prefer something that approaches nearer to the dictionary—something that readily supplies him with names, dates, and other reminiscences, and tells him where to turn for fuller particulars. A work like the 'Penny Cyclopædia' is the one for him, if he can get over the dignified scholar's objection to its plebeian name. This, we have no doubt, has been much against its influence in the educated and consequential world. In fact, it is one of the few instances of a book which, instead of beginning with pompous professions which were not fulfilled, enlarged on the humble intentions of those who commenced it. It happened, in fact, to fall into the hands of two enthusiasts, Charles Knight and George Long. It was intended to be a mere light popular work, skimming science and literature for penny purchasers; but it was made a scholarly work, in which some of the ablest men of the day in their special departments partook.

But it is possible to come still nearer to the notion of the mere dictionary of general knowledge. Of all works of this class, indeed of all works of reference generally, commend us to the Dictionary of Trevoux, that wondrous magazine of learning and variety. Unlike the cold methodical instructors which we dip into for what we want, and jump out of again as fast as possible, the Trevoux is positively seductive, and we linger about it to the detriment of our progress with the matter in hand. It is like a garden full of varied and well-flavoured fruits. You try one after another; all are excellent, and you cannot go away when you should. Here we have learning and science all in their proper place. But besides that, we have quaint superstitions, proverbs, *mots*, provincial customs, and anecdotes of all kinds. It seems strange that a book, dealing in so lively a manner with the world, should have come forth from the secluded retreat of a body of ecclesiastics; but then they were Jesuits, and consequently bound to know everything past and present—ay, and future, if they could.

Trevoux is the name of a small town on the banks of the Saone. It is well to keep this in view, because lately, in a professedly very learned quarter—no matter where—we saw mention made of the works of Bayle, Moreri, and Trevoux. Of the method in which the dictionary became enriched Isaac D'Israeli gives this pleasant account—"The work in the progress of a century evidently became a favourite receptacle with men of letters in France, who eagerly contributed the smallest or largest articles with a zeal honourable to literature and most useful to the public. They made this dictionary their commonplace-book for all their curious acquisitions; every one competent to write a short article, preserving an important fact, did not aspire to complete the dictionary, or even an entire article in it; but it was a treasure in which such mites collected together formed its wealth." *

The work, by the way, which in our esteem has at the present day the greatest resemblance to the Trevoux, has turned up under a title, the popular tenor of which would not have led us to expect it—'Chambers's Encyclopædia of Use-

* 'Curiosities of Literature,' iii. 231.

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ful Knowledge for the People.' There are some things in it apt to prejudice one against it—as the woodcuts tending more to decoration than exposition, and the introduction of the lives of contemporary persons. But, for all that, it is a compendium of learned and curious matter widely varied. This is to be attributed to the sagacious choice which the publishers have made in putting it into the hands of Mr Andrew Findlater as editor. The secret of his success is, that he is a genial scholar with a large circle of friends, who like him for his accurate and extensive learning and for his good-fellowship. He keeps his eye upon the special qualities of every person he is brought in contact with, and draws virtue out of him. Thus, instead of being elaborately compiled by dunces, the brief notice of perhaps a dozen lines, treating of some recondite matter, has been dropped to him in a note from the man of all others best acquainted with the matter on which it deals. The thing is easily done, and the man has a pleasant way with him which baffles refusal. Hence, like the Trevoux, the work he superintends is becoming a treasury in which such mites of learning brought together form the wealth. It is an instance of how much may be done for the world by the selection for such a charge of a man who will not make it a drudgery, but a pursuit and pride. It was thus that Leers, a Dutch publisher, selected Peter Bayle to be the editor of the dictionary which he projected.

Two departments have been accustomed by long usage to start off from the encyclopædia and demand complete systems of their own — geography and biography. These are essentially distinct in character. Geography retains the character originally given to the encyclopædia, as a system in which all the parts converge to one centre. Every province is part of a country, every country is part of a quarter, and the four quarters make the world. In biography, however, every man is on his own hook, as the saying is. There are events in which more than one man has partaken, and in which one man has been leader, and others the mere assistants; and some method of reference may be necessary in such instances to prevent repetition. But still all the actors, high and low, have separate individualities—Calais and Bordeaux are parts of France, but Pichegru and Ney were not parts of Napoleon, however much their destinies may have depended on him.

Hence there is more reason for a systematic mind in a geographical than in a biographical work of reference. The influence of this seems to have shown itself in the quarters whence such works have come. The French are naturally good biographers. Their memoirs, in which no other literature approaches theirs, are the essence of readable biographical literature. There may be questions as to what nation has produced the very best biographical work, but there can be none that the best collections of biographies are the French. On the other hand, the Germans, who feel themselves nothing if not philosophical and systematic, seem to shun biography in the bulk. We are aware of no good general biographical dictionary in their language, though we have no right to deny that there may be such a thing. Their craving after logical completeness, however, must be sadly outraged in such a work. They cannot round off biographies, as they may other departments of knowledge, by merging the particulars in the generalities. Every man is a separate unit, entitled to be heard. However large may be the number and extensive the class embraced within a biographical dictionary, there will still be many outside who are not separated by any broad and distinct line from the favoured names.

It is characteristic that in a Ger-

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man book we have the most complete specimen of a biographical dictionary extant, but it is limited to authors. This is the 'Allgemaines Gelehrten Lexicon' of Jöcher, with its supplement by Adelung, the great lexicographer—a supplement which is more valuable than the book to which it is appended. It gives an extremely brief record of each author, with a list of his publications; and the titles of these are given with extreme skill, so as amply to identify each book without giving place to the prolixities in which demonstrative authors sometimes indulge. It has hardly ever been known that a person has gone to this lexicon for anything within what it professes to give, and come away disappointed. But alas for human aspirations after perfection! it is incomplete—the supplemental author having died in letter R.

This leads us to the consideration of a gross injustice perpetrated by the alphabeticals in general, and especially by the biographical class, which, in casting a slight on certain initials, casts a slight also on the persons they represent. It scarcely ever happens, owing to the kind of pressure already adverted to, and to several other causes, that the editor of an alphabetical gives his concluding articles the same space in proportion to their claims as he gives to the early. After a time he feels that he is getting beyond bounds, and has to pull in ever tighter and tighter to the close. The Germans, in their ingenious systematisation, have tried a remedy for this. The great lexicon published by Ersch and Gruber, and steadily marching on to the filling of some three hundred quarto volumes, follows an alphabet split in two places, so that three parts go on simultaneously. A to G is in the hand of one editor, with a group of followers, H to P has another, and R to the rest of the alphabet has a third. The effect of this arrangement must be decidedly in favour of this third estate of the alphabet, which, in other instances, exhausted editors have got through any way, hustling them up together in a sort of ruck, like the common toasts at a festival after the orators have done and the great folks departed.

But the lower grades of the alphabet are subject to a more serious calamity still. Many ambitious works break down before reaching them. This calamity overtook the earliest dictionary—that of Photius, which stopped at R. We have already referred to such a catastrophe having overtaken Adelung's supplement to Jöcher. The great 'Biographica Britannica' of Dr Kippis only reached letter F. A still more signal failure overtook the effort of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge to make the best biographical dictionary in the world. A magnificent work it certainly would have been. There exists a fragment of it, sometimes perhaps to be contemplated by the scholar with admiration at the grandeur of the design, as the sculptor has looked at the Torso, or the archæologist at the Cathedral of Cologne, only the literary fragment bears a far smaller proportion to the design. It consists of seven octavo volumes, very closely printed; and how far do they reach? The length of letter A—no farther. If this fragment be compared with the 'Biographie Universelle' or the 'Biographie Générale,' which now hold, as rivals, the foremost place in their class, the superiority of the English work in completeness and compactness becomes at once conspicuous. It was put under the management of Mr George Long, a ripe scholar, a good organiser, and a strict disciplinarian. It is said that his troops felt a sort of relief when their functions came to a premature conclusion. A sense of duty, and an emulous desire to co-operate and to bring the work up to the high standard which he had set, kept them at their work dog-

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gedly; but it was not of the kind which satisfied the popular pen, or even the philosophical and meditative. All flowers of rhetoric and sentiment were nipped in the bud, to leave room for dates, places, and the titles of books. Every attempt at an excursion on a favourite hobby was stopped at the outset. In a work which threatened to spread beyond two hundred considerable volumes there might surely, it was supposed, be a corner for storing away a few judicious reflections beside the hard facts which the compiler had to gather up with pains and labour; but the luxury was no more to be permitted than a dangerous indulgence to a soldier on the march. We can recall an instance of the very absolute manner in which the general disciplined all who came under his command, whether regular troops or volunteers. A scholar, whose studies ran in a peculiar and rather narrow line, had set before him as his idol another who had preceded him in the same school of inquiry. He had spent some appreciable part of his life in collecting materials for a biography of his master. It was a project in which no enlightened publisher had experienced an excessive eagerness to embark. The advantage of incorporating into itself a memoir, enriched with all the original and exclusive information so collected, was offered to the new project if a suitable space could be spared. He was told that, in the special circumstances, some allowance would be made, and that he would be permitted to occupy a full half page instead of being restricted to a few lines!

For the great leaders of the world, however, there was reserved space enough to tell the source and nature of their influence, and in the division of labour these elements might be given to a special student of them, while the affair of dates and the sequence of actions were put into the hands of one trained in the systematic method of the book. The pains taken to obtain the services of those who had become adepts in specialties was worthy of the ambitious character of the work. For instance, in the article "Aristotle," the knowledge of Trendelenburg, the great German apostle of the Aristotelian logic, was secured. He wrote it in German, and the editor translated it into English. Like Adelung, the editor aimed at completeness in the literary department, the only one admitting of a fixed criterion. Every man charged, on reliable grounds, with having written a book, was to be there, however summarily dismissed, and this would have made a universal bibliography as well as biography. The illustrious families, not monarchs, but sufficiently important to have put their mark on history, were to have been grouped, those which diverged into separate names and titles being referred to under the parent stem. This was the plan adopted in Moreri's Dictionary, and is the only way to let us see what such families as the Borgias, the Guises, and the Montmorencies actually were. Isolated from the rest, many members of such houses had not distinction enough to be worthy of separate record, but as items they went to make up the importance of the house, therefore the house was the thing to be recorded in a work professing to deal only with what was remarkable and worthy of the world's remembrance.

But, like the Great Eastern, the project was too large and complicated to be floated with the means at the disposal of the projectors. The editor left the helm, with a growl that the class who would be expected to give welcome aid to such a book preferred spending their superfluous money on plush and shoulder-knots. Whether such a book is ever to be completed in the English language or not, it will not be attempted again speedily after the warning from the past. Mr Murray of Albemarle Street, looking at the large lines on which

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the project was laid, came to the conclusion that it would be enough in the mean time to deal with our own country in a work of so comprehensive and exhaustive a character, and announced his 'Biographia Britannica.' Even about this he seems to be hesitating; but let us hope that the project has not been abandoned.

And, in the mean time, with all due humiliation and shame at our own vaulting ambition, let us accept in good part what the French have done. Deficient as their two large biographical dictionaries are, they are far above any that we have completed. Of the more recent one, the 'Biographie Générale,' the forty-second volume is on our desk. It brings us down to Saint André. The names in T and the remaining letters are not yet, therefore, free of risk; and, by the way, theirs is a case which really has not received sufficient sympathy from the world. As we have already remarked in other departments, you may round off the articles in the earlier and happier letters of the alphabet so as to include the unfortunate residuaries. For instance, Zygophyllacæ can be considered as included in the Gynobasic group of Polypetalous Exogens, and may have had a chance of getting in under letter E or G or P. Zoophytes have had some chance under Clavularia, Pennatularia, and Sarcoidea. But it is all up with Zucharelli, Zuinglius, and Zantippe, if the pen drop from the compiler's hand before he has reached the end of the alphabet. Now that contemporary biography has become fashionable, the inequality becomes serious. The position of the X Y Z's towards the A B C's is a contrast painful to contemplate. They have not only the almost certainty of getting much less notice, but of being totally omitted, either because the table is already full, or the door is closed. Has any one considered what the effects on society may be of this alphabetical inequality in the temple of fame, and whether there is any remedy for it? whether, for instance, they have a self-acting compensation, in that tax-gatherers, keepers of jury-rolls, and persons of that class, break down before reaching them, as well as the biographical dictionary men?

There is another deficiency in biographical dictionaries, and other works of reference, as to which we plead only from the reader's side—not by any means as advocating the rights of neglected virtue and eminence. One wants sometimes to know about very great scoundrels and criminals, and unless these have been illustrious for something besides scoundrelism or criminality—as kings, or conquerors, or great geniuses—there is no getting satisfactory information about them. Dick Turpin, Duval, Tom King, Harry Abershaw, Maclean, Thurtell, Burke, and Hare, are persons one might want to know about sometimes, perhaps for some very virtuous purpose, such as a sermon, or an essay on the abolition of the punishment of death; but how can one get at them, as he can at Isaac Watts and Hannah More, through the biographical dictionaries? Such men influenced the times in which they lived to an enormous extent, and to-day our no-knowledge of them leaves our notions of these times indistinct. Cartouche, the celebrated robber, held his ground within France so powerfully, that at one time there was a dread of his besieging Paris — but what French historian deigns to mention his name?

In a small shelf, high up, where the obscure duodecimos are stowed away, stand four volumes, which might appear to supply the want we have just proclaimed. There is a very long and rather incoherent title-page, but the spirit of it is that the book is a biographical dictionary of eminent criminals. Lest one should doubt this on account of the circumlocutious way in which it is explained, there is a list of the

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kind of persons who come under the scope of the book, beginning "Murderers, Traitors, Pirates, Mutineers," and so on through a long list to the humble class who are called "Extortioners." This book has by no means a scholarly look, and we never happen to have seen a copy of it in such condition as would tempt a collector with very moderate notions to permit it to range with his respectable volumes. The writer of these remarks confesses to have got a deal of very curious, and, according to his own notion, valuable information out of this book. And what can be got from it makes it the more to be regretted that such information is not more accessible than it is. This biographical dictionary of criminals notices very few who were not British, and opens up the idea how vast a world of portentous phenomena the conditions of crime in different ages and different countries present, and how little we know of it all. We must admit that there is a difficulty here. Crime gets already celebrity enough. If a man has led a humble, stupid, clay-cloddish sort of life without the faintest chance of being noticed beyond his village, are we to make him an illustrious inmate of the house of the immortals—to make him a historical personage—because the devil has some day entered into his brutal heart and made him commit a flagrant murder? But we haven't time to sift all the views of this matter.

We have seen that the French have got the better of us in biographical dictionaries; and so also have they in complete encyclopædias. Even the now old-fashioned 'Encyclopédie Methodique' is three or four times the size of our largest specimens—Rees's and the Metropolitana. This is in accordance with the experience that in the production of majestic costly books France ever excels us, boast as we will of our riches. It is more surprising to find that the Germans greatly excel us in the bulk of their encyclopædias; and there is no better reason for it than that the Germans are such readers. However, we are gaining on them, and may in the end beat them. When we had nothing to show in that shape but Chambers's 'Dictionary of Arts and Sciences'—the earlier editions in two, the later in three folio volumes—these Germans had the 'Universal Lexicon,' published by Zedler in more than seventy folios; and now Ersch and Gruber, when finished, will come to some three hundred volumes. It is a fine exemplification of the leisurely nature of the German mind. It was begun in 1818, and is now going on with vigour. We have referred elsewhere to its peculiarity as beginning at three parts of the alphabet. A few volumes tumble out every year; and the last we have seen shows that, instead of becoming exhausted, as long works are apt to be, it becomes richer and fuller as it goes on. These last volumes are three in number—all given to Greece; and they are close on the point where the first division, ending with letter G, meets the second beginning with letter H. One is inclined to ask whether science will be compelled to stand still in Germany so as to preserve the logical symmetry of this work, and preclude the concluding volumes, issued somewhere about 1868, from contradicting those of 1818?

Of our English encyclopædical literature the history is brief. But little as there is to say about it, we are not aware that that little has ever been told. The earliest work of the kind published in Britain, so far as we are aware, is the 'Dictionarium Historicum Geographicum Poeticum,' a folio volume published in 1660 by Nicholas Lloyd, who professes merely to enlarge on the work of a Carolus Stephanus. It is a very useful guide to the names of places and persons in old Latin books treating on the history or topography of the middle ages.

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This is a field in which every little help is valuable. It has not been thoroughly cultivated, like the classical nomenclature, which surely is now completed after Dr William Smith and his force of assistants have added so much to what Lemprière and others had done. The searcher after the individuality of some place or person encountered in the Chronicle of Marianus or Froissart, knows what it is frantically to turn the pages of all the standard historical dictionaries—Bayle, Moreri, Hoffman, Zedler, and the rest—in vain; and if he find it at last in the humble corner occupied by Lloyd, as he sometimes may, he cannot but be grateful.

The next English book of the kind in chronological succession is Jeremy Collier's Dictionary. The first edition—at least the earliest which the present writer is acquainted with—was printed in a very portentous folio in 1694, three years before the appearance of Bayle. It was published anonymously, and is not so well known as the edition of 1701, which had the advantage of Bayle's labours. From its title-page, which is a curious specimen of prolixity, the book, notwithstanding the enormous deal it has to say for itself, appears to merge into an abridged translation of Moreri. But there is a great deal of curious and valuable matter in it not to be found there. It does, indeed, for British history and the British great families, the same service that Moreri performed for France. Collier, as most people know, was conspicuous in history as a nonjuring bishop; and when contemporary history and biography passed through the hands of such a man, the method in which he discoursed of them would of necessity be of more significance than the compilations of the ordinary compiler.

In these works, science, as we now understand the term, can scarcely be said to have been represented. Thus Collier's title-page includes "the principal terms of arts and sciences." The first English book to bring the natural and exact sciences under alphabetical discipline, along with history, geography, law, and divinity, was the 'Dictionary of Arts and Sciences,' by Ephraim Chambers. The publication of the first edition in 1729 must be counted a sort of epoch in this department of literature. It may be questioned if the idea of the encyclopædia—the whole circle of human knowledge in alphabetical order, with a due adjustment of space to importance, and a reference of the several parts to each other—has ever been more fully realised than by the editor of this work, who set the example to foreigners as well as to his countrymen. The encyclopædia of Dr Rees, which swelled to forty volumes, was avowedly the dictionary of Chambers come to full growth. The 'Encyclopædia Britannica' was a child of the same literary parentage. Respectable as is its bulk when appearing for the eighth time, it was at first a smaller book than the 'Dictionary of Arts and Sciences,' being coerced into the limits of three quarto volumes. In the second edition it allowed itself to swell into ten, with the aid of a writer who was in his day very decidedly the kind of person whom we familiarly call "a character." It is, we rather think, a common belief that all literary compilers are persons of a staid and sedate walk in life, alien to the roystering habits to which certain distinguished men of genius have been addicted. Their work is very systematic and compact, each part fitting exactly to its place and filling it, but going no farther. Hence people suppose that the domestic life of the compiler is something precise and symmetrical, like his work. It is the counterpart to the feeling one has in a well-executed review of troops, that each individual who dresses so perfectly in line is nothing but a red-and-white pattern on the field, and has no more in-

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dividuality of feeling, passion, and interest in the affairs of the world than a square in a carpet. The soldier, however, if we ask about it, has his personal character and history, and, it may be, a strange enough one when brought out; so of the compiler for an alphabetical —he has to "dress" to the order of the alphabet when he appears in public for service, but his private life may be a wild and wayward one. And it would be difficult to find one more strange than that of James Tytler, who has the reputation of having been the maker of the second edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' He is not for one moment to be confounded with the Fraser Tytlers—an eminently respectable race of writers, who never appear except in unexceptionable full-dress, and have the art of communicating its stiffness and formality to everything they touch —even that swearing indecorous madcap Lord Kames is toned down to absolute demureness in the two quartos in which they arrayed him. James Tytler, on the other hand, probably never put on a decent coat in his life. It was lucky for him that he lived in Scotland, otherwise he might have often been amenable to that law protested against by De Quincey as so barbarous, which subjects a man to punishment for sleeping in the open air. So far as he might be said to have a regular settlement, he existed in the village of Duddingston near Edinburgh, renowned as the abode of washerwomen, with one of whom he lodged, finding the inverted tub a very convenient desk to write his articles upon. Like certain primitive hermits, the chief source of his nutriment was grain; but he required that it should be subjected to the process of distillation before it became sufficiently purified to suit his refined stomach. He tried both his head and his hand at almost everything—science, history, metaphysics, poetry, basket-making, printing, and blacksmith work. He took at one time to ballooning, and induced the greater part of Edinburgh to assemble, to witness his ascent in an aerial locomotive of his own manufacture. That something amusing would occur, seems to have been an assurance quite sufficient to bring together a large crowd; but there was so little reliance on his success in anything, that although his place of residence at that time was the Abbey of Holyroodhouse—a sanctuary for persecuted debtors—his creditors were quite tranquil on the matter of his chances of escape. He did rise high enough to get a good tumble; but it was fortunately into a corner containing materials for enriching a garden, the softness of which was ample compensation for its uncleanness. He earned by this feat the nickname of Balloon Tytler, which seems to have fitted his flighty and unsteady character.

There is a common prejudice which should be dispersed, that only new works of reference are valuable. One of the advantages of access to the old is, that being made, as well as their makers could, to correspond to the wants of their own time, they suit also the wants of the historian or other inquirer who wishes as far as he can to live into that time. It is in science, of course, that the latest edition claims the highest amount of superiority over all its predecessors. The person who goes straight to his dictionary for his scientific knowledge, and wants none but the newest and most fashionable, goes, of course, to the last edition of the most esteemed work of reference. But it may happen that even in science something is wanted which can be best supplied from the old fountains. If we would put ourselves as nearly as possible in the position of those who beheld the science in any special stage of its growth, it is there only that we can do so. Modern accounts of it are taken

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from the position of the adept of the existing school, who thinks it perfect, and who paints that of our ignorant and credulous ancestors from his own point of view, totally unconscious that some hundred years hence his great-grandchildren in science are to treat his own school after the same fashion.

In history and geography it is of eminent advantage to have at hand works of reference of the period about which we are reading. It is not only that they enter into specialties with more freshness, and that they cannot possibly confuse the existing state of matters of their own time with those of subsequent ages, but they are a vast relief to the student in the matter of nomenclature and spelling. There is a source of vexation, and consequently of profane swearing, which especially adheres to geography and topography. Science sweeps past it by the Greek nomenclature, which always enables one to find his way sooner or later to the thing meant. Law also affords etymological helps in hunting down the meaning of a word; and in biography, as a man does not live on century after century, so he is not liable to perpetual shifting of names like countries and cities. There is a kind of torment to which searchers are subject both in biography and topography—the knowing the sound of the name, but not exactly letter by letter how it is spelt. This causes great floundering about, and deterioration of temper, especially when the dubieties are in the initial letters, and deal with any two or more that happen to be far apart—for instance, I and Y. And the irritable race of authors are not the only people who flinch under this torment; for commercial gentlemen, in their researches through directories, almanacs, and shipping-lists, are quite as likely to be perplexed, and not at all more retentive of their temper when they are so.

But the perplexity special to topography is beyond this, and arises from the variations which the names of places have undergone in the revolutions of the human race from the beginning of the world. Some of these, indeed, create difficulties so deep that one has no right to expect their immediate settlement by the turning-up of a word in a gazetteer. Works of reference can, after all, only deal with ascertained science; and there are matters so far from being ascertained that people of different opinions concerning them write debating books against each other about them from time to time. But without going so deep as any of the great topographical problems, there are matters often terribly perplexing in the reconciliation of the totally distinct names that apply to the same place. The differences that we are familiar with, in reference to places of eminence, will give one a notion how difficult it may be to identify obscure places by their ancient names. When we know that London was known as Augusta, Paris as Lutetia, and Aix-la-Chapelle as Aquarum Grana, we can easily believe that, like revolutions in the nomenclature of small towns and provinces, these trip up the reader, and involve him in difficulties from which he cannot extricate himself by a brief interview with the latest gazetteer, as he will find the street and number of his friend's residence in the new directory.

It is in such cases of distress that the dingy folios of Hoffman, Lloyd, Lamartinière, and Moreri often afford the relief not to be obtained from their spruce and conceited representatives of the present day. But there is another source of satisfaction sometimes to be found in preferring the old works of reference to the new. The amount of mere compiling in this kind of literature is almost inconceivable. By compiling is meant the putting into new words or the abridging of what another person has said, without knowing whether it is accurate or not. This is a sort of work that is

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at times very useful and very necessary. Are we to expect that the person who gives the life of St Austin or of Rousseau in half-a-dozen lines in some compact biographical dictionary, has read the dozen folios of the works of the saint, or the hundred quartos left by the sinner? It is all the better, perhaps, that he should not happen to know anything whatever about them, as such a knowledge may blemish his work by disproportion. In the division of labour the compiler has his place, and his work is useful. Mr Maunder's little treasuries of knowledge are extremely useful. Every one who consults them admires their business-like, systematic structure; and the reason of their excellence may be traced to the good sense of the person, whoever he was, who edited them, in selecting as his workmen mere compilers, who had no acquirements in the matters they compiled about.

But besides taking a date, a spelling of a name, or some general piece of information, from a mere compilation, people like sometimes to read an original piece by one who has reason for what he is writing about. This he will often find in works of reference by going far back. There is many and many a biography in the alphabetical French and English which has been all merely bold repetition or abridgment since the days of Moreri. Now Moreri's name is sometimes evil spoken of; for no doubt there is an abundance of all kinds of blunders in that ponderous book of his. Yet if, in the latest French or English authorities which boast of great accuracy and supremacy of method, it be the fact, as it often is, that the life of some eminent person has undergone no change except that of translation and abridgment, or both, since it appeared under the auspices of Moreri, then we are bound to say that we would prefer to take it out of Moreri himself, old-fashioned, ignorant, and cumbrous as he is. And by going to the old authorities we may have something better still. If a memoir was originally written by Peter Bayle, and held in possession the mass of quaint learning and curious bitter criticism which he suspended to it in those bulky, well-crammed notes of his, would any one be for a moment contented with some colourless compendium of it made for that latest biographical dictionary, "carefully compiled from the best and most recent authorities, and arranged according to the most approved models"?

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LETTERS FROM THE PRINCIPALITIES.

NO. III.—PRINCE COUZA'S COUP D'ÉTAT.

"Her Majesty has been engaged, in concert with the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of the French, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, in an endeavour to bring to effect an amicable arrangement of differences which had arisen between the Hospodar of Moldo-Wallachia and his suzerain, the Sultan. Her Majesty has the satisfaction to inform you that this endeavour has been successful."—*Queen's Speech*, July 1864.

It is a serious undertaking in these days of railroads, when we are spoiled by luxurious locomotion, to post from Jassy to Bucharest. The journey usually occupies from forty-eight to sixty hours, according to the state of the roads and rivers. As the first are not macadamised, and the latter are not bridged, the length of the journey is as uncertain in bad weather as a voyage round the Cape, and may even last a week. My companion and myself were fortunate in having the dust, not mud, to contend with, and in a light open carriage passed most successfully over more than two hundred miles of plain.

Though there is scarcely any variety in the scenery, the journey is not so monotonous as might be supposed. In the first place, the speed was great, and the exhilaration it produced lessened the fatigue, and there was a sufficient novelty in the sights and incidents of travel to amuse us. We left Moldavia at Fokshanee, a large Eastern-looking town, containing 23,000 inhabitants, and entered the plains of Wallachia, where the aspect of the people was even more Oriental than that of those we had just left. Villages of detached houses, each surrounded by its own fence, are grouped over the landscape—a few scattered clumps of trees relieve its monotony. Vast expanses of Indian corn tinge with a yellow hue whole tracts of country. Ungainly poles project in all directions, marking the sites of wells. Near these gypsies congregate in huts dug out of the ground, and thatched over. Sometimes the country is so dry that only certain wells furnish the necessary supply. This happened to be the case when we passed over it. Upon more than one occasion we found the post-station deserted, and went on a voyage of discovery for horses. A sort of instinct seemed to lead our postilions, even by night, to the well they had chosen, though there was no road to guide them, and the wells seemed always exactly like each other. When at last we dug out the postmaster from his gypsy hovel, he was not unfrequently obliged to go on a search for horses, and at the end of an hour or so would come back cracking his whip and driving his herd before him. Then a wild creature would bestride a wheeler and go off with a yell, at a pace that made the carriage rock again, and seem as a sort of rough cradle to its occupants. Now and then we entered a town, and were a source of eager curiosity to the inhabitants. Unable to speak the language, our efforts at post-stations to explain our wishes always caused amusement; and a most inconvenient trick they have got in these provinces, of putting the posthouse outside the town, and as far as possible from any house of public entertainment, does not add to the traveller's comfort.

It was five o'clock in the morning when we rumbled into Bucharest, and knocked up the French landlord of the most fashionable hotel in that gay metropolis. Bucharest is too well known and too much visited to need any description. There is no other town where the civilisations of the East

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and the West meet in such close contact and in such singular contrast—where the society, imbued with the habits and associations of Oriental luxury and magnificence, adds to these the refinements and extravagances of Paris, and exaggerates the faults and follies of both. Still here, as at Jassy, the traveller has no reason to complain. The constitution of society is almost exactly the same as in the sister Principality; and though they see, through the medium of jealousy, each other's faults with great distinctness, to the stranger, uninfluenced by prejudice in favour of either, there is very little to choose between them. The vices of both are too painfully distinct to be ignored, the hospitality too lavish and open-handed not to excite the deep regret that their defects should be so apparent. There is no city in Europe which is the centre of more political intrigue than Bucharest. The reason is clear. The principality of which it is the capital seems expressly designed to be the European stumbling-block. Every political agent in Bucharest is conscious that his Government regards the country to which he is accredited in a different light from any other, from the fact that a protectorate exists of a peculiarly compromising character. There are certain stipulations which Prince Couza is bound to observe towards his own people, but which he never does—certain others which he is bound to observe towards the protecting Powers, but which he never does. The protecting Powers themselves have certain obligations to fulfil towards each other, which they endeavour by every means in their power to evade. Everybody from Prince Couza downwards is trying to "do" somebody else. He says himself, with great frankness, that, with no less than five great Powers protecting him, it is very hard if he cannot get his own way; and he has always managed to get it, for he has always succeeded in exciting the jealousy of one, and by these means securing its support and countenance in his unconstitutional, not to say nefarious, designs. The result is, that he laughs at the remonstrances addressed to him by the other Powers, and their agents are placed in a position correspondingly humiliating. He has duped each protecting Power in turn, so that there is not one of them which even, while it uses him, trusts him. With consummate dexterity he lulls even his great model the French Emperor into security, just at the moment when he has allowed himself to be bribed by Russia for some special job; nor will he shrink from betraying his Muscovite employer a week afterwards in the most unblushing way. A colonel in the Moldavian militia, employed in a subordinate capacity at Galatz, at the moment when, to his intense astonishment, he was elected to his present high position, he got off the billiard-table upon which he usually passed the night, to ascend the thing which, by a figure of speech, is called the throne, at Bucharest, and here he reposes, much to his own satisfaction. He is certainly adapted by Providence, by reason of the impervious nature of his hide, the extreme elasticity of his conscience, and the subtlety of his inventive faculties, to rule over the most thick-skinned, the most unscrupulous, and the cunningest race in Europe. The history of his ascension to the high position he occupies, is characteristic enough. By the constitution guaranteed by the Powers at the Congress of Paris, the Principalities were united by a mere titular union, and public powers were confided in each principality to an elective native hospodar and an elective assembly. As there was no actual provision against one prince for both principalities, however, it was determined to try the experiment in spite of the anticipated opposition of the Porte, and one of the Ghikas was secretly fixed upon as the future prince. Meantime an outsider was selected as first choice; and as it was calculated that the Porte would be cer-

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tain to reject him, Ghika was kept in reserve. However, the plotters were as usual too clever, and to their dismay the Porte ratified the choice of the Moldavian colonel, whose Florentine father and Greek mother did not add pedigree to his other qualifications.

The first impression which the countenance of Prince Couza makes upon the mind of the stranger is, that it is an extremely low-bred one. The next, that he must have a conscience concealed in some part of his person, for he never ventures to look you in the face. The next, that he has put on his best clothes for your especial benefit, and does not feel at all comfortable in them. The next, that you would not care to travel alone with him much by night in the more lonely part of his dominions, if you had bills to any large amount about you. The next, that both by day and night, with boon companions, he would be extremely good company, and ready for any mischief which might be proposed. Then, as you go on talking to him, you find that he is by no means a fool, and that though his policy is shortsighted and unpatriotic, still he has a very definite plan of action, and one sufficiently well adapted to the race he governs. "Set a thief to catch a thief," is a proverb which finds its practical application in these countries, where it would need an "expert" like the Prince to plunder successfully the gang of Daco-Roumains, of which he is chief. This is really why he is so unpopular. In this land of sharpers there is no getting round his Highness; therefore they crave for some foreign sprig of royalty who would be a nice pigeon, and allow everybody to feather their nests at his expense. Now, though Couza would discard from his councils any man who refused to peculate, upon the principle that the "official band" would be demoralised by the intrusion of one honest man, yet he limits their plunder, and takes more than the lion's share for himself. Then by constantly changing them, he prevents any one of them becoming too rich and independent. Thus, since 1858, Prince Couza has changed the entire *personnel* of his Cabinet twenty times. The reason for this, he will tell you, is, that they do not understand the working of the constitution, and that they are too unscrupulous to be trusted. In fact, if the officials want an innocent foreigner to rule over them, the Prince would like simple-minded strangers as his ministers, who would not perpetually keep trying to take more loot than was due to them. Thus not only has he changed his Cabinet twenty times in five years, but he has changed his whole Chamber three times, because they will keep asking him for a budget. Now this is a sort of impertinence no right-minded Daco-Roumanian ruler can tolerate. The notion of having to account to the Chambers for the revenues of the country, is an idea too absurd to be entertained, although by the terms of the convention, which forms the basis of the constitution, he is bound to do so. Since the day he ascended the throne, he has never condescended to give the slightest information to any one as to the destination of the revenues of the country; and when the Chamber becomes inconveniently inquisitive, he dissolves them, finally shutting their mouths for an indefinite period, by the introduction of universal suffrage upon the French system.

The fact is, that constitutional government in these countries would be impossible, even if it were attempted by the most patriotic and conscientious ruler. There is not a population in Europe more totally disqualified for the duties and responsibilities of self-government. No traveller who has ever visited them, or foreigner who has ever resided among them, holds a different opinion. One of the best authorities on the subject is General Kotzebue, who endeavours to take the view most favourable to

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them generally, and whose long experience entitles his estimation of the national character and capacities to some weight. "Après avoir passé de longues années dans les Principautés de Moldavie et de Wallachie, après avoir voué une affection sincère à leurs habitans, et les connaissant au fond avec leurs bonnes qualités, j'affirme qu'ils ne peuvent pas se gouverner eux-mêmes."

The first effect of railway and telegraphic communication is to make every country, however uncivilised and retrograde, fancy itself as fit for free institutions as the most advanced with which it is in connection.

The mongrel population of these provinces would have been content to remain badly governed by their own boyards, and tributary to the Porte for an indefinite period, were it not that the nationality idea is continually flashed along the telegraphic wires from Paris to Bucharest. If the fine ladies of Roumania, with the latest bonnets and flounces, could not get to Giurgevo from Paris by steam, we should probably never have heard of this same Roumania. But now they want a court upon the model of the Tuileries, as if a prince modelled after the Parisian Emperor was not enough to satisfy them. After all, it would be as unjust to Couza to deny that he was quite good enough for the race he governs, as to say that the French nation and their ruler were not perfectly matched. One may say of the Hospodar with Cassius,

"And why should Couza be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Roumains are but sheep.
He were no lion were not Roumains hinds."

If you ask Prince Couza to explain to you his policy, he will enter upon the subject with great frankness and a most seductive plausibility. He will begin to describe to you his countrymen in the blackest possible colours, and having ascribed to their conduct the worst conceivable motives, will make his own appear favourable by the very force of the contrast. "How," he will ask, in the most plaintive terms, "can I develop the resources of the country, when my Chamber won't vote me money? How can I contract for railways with foreigners, when no bill can pass the House unless every man who votes for it sees his way to making money by it? How can I get a decent Cabinet together, when the very limited class of boyards to which my choice is confined, are perpetually intriguing against each other and against me? How can I protect myself or my country against wholesale robbery, unless I am up to all the moves of the game? What is the good of patriotism, if there is no other patriot in the country but me? I should simply become a victim. I can best serve my country by crushing the class which impede my government, thwart my designs, and bleed the country without benefiting it; so here goes, on the 2d of next December, for a *coup d'état* on the exact date and on the exact model of my imperial patron and august example, the Emperor Louis Napoleon."

In answer to all which charges the Chambers reply: "Be constitutional, and we will vote at once more liberal laws than you propose; we will introduce a more complete measure for the amelioration of the condition of the peasants, and a more extended electoral law; but we must first be guaranteed against an arbitrary régime, and we refuse to act unless our liberties are secured to us;" at the same time they point to the measures which they have already passed as a proof of the sincerity of their professions. "It was the Assembly which took the initiative of the rural law and of the electoral reform. There was unanimity in the Chamber for declaring the peasants proprietors of a certain amount of land on pay-

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ment of an indemnity. There was a discussion only upon the *quantum* of the land, and the form of the indemnity. In the same manner the Chambers wished to extend the franchise, but at the same time to guarantee the independence of the electoral body, and to avoid administrative interference." The Chambers maintain that their only reason for refusing to continue the discussion of laws so important to the future of the country, was the presence of an unconstitutional ministry, whose violent acts announced its intention of exciting social struggles at the risk of a general massacre.

Circumstances over which he had no control prevented Prince Couza from an imitation of the Emperor, which should extend even to perpetrating his *coup d'état*, on the anniversary of the day selected by our illustrious ally; but in so far as the machinery by which the trick was accomplished was concerned, it was imported direct from Paris.

A vote of want of confidence, which was proposed in the Chambers, was met by the Prime Minister, Mr Cogalnitchano, by a very simple expedient. In order to prevent the vote being taken at the end of the debate, he proceeded to read a paper dissolving the house, on which there was a tumult, which so frightened the Premier, who is not more distinguished for courage than his countrymen generally, that he fairly fled the house, leaving his hat behind him in his hurry; but he had taken the precaution to station soldiers and police outside the building, and they, pouring in, cleared the Chambers in a moment, expelling in a most summary manner the Vice-President, Mr Catargi, and substituting for a division a diversion in the House.

Next, in order that the vote might go smoothly in the desired direction, the Prince issued a decree, placing the press under surveillance, while the police went about beating drums and proclaiming to the people that "all political meetings or conversations were forbidden, under penalty of imprisonment without form of trial." Having thus cleared the way for a free vote, his Highness submitted to his subjects two complicated projects of law, comprising about a hundred articles, effecting a complete revolution in the constitution which had been guaranteed to the Principalities at the Congress of Paris, and which necessarily involved changes upon which it was impossible to vote a simple *yes* or *no;* moreover, so elaborate were they, that, even with the best intentions, it would have been impossible for the peasantry, whom they principally affected, to understand them. However, as the machinery was constructed that did not matter, for the majority of the peasantry did not vote at all—the Administration voted for them. Those who did were asked the simple question, If they wished to become proprietors or not? In the towns all kinds of persons, without any rights — strangers, domestics, and children—voted, and often in two or three *arrondissements* at once. The police went from house to house with two registers of the vote, but refused the negative register, and went away without allowing persons who wished it to vote. The statute which embodied these fundamental changes in the constitution, to respect which Prince Couza had sworn by oaths as sacred as a Roumain can take or a Frenchman can break, established an elective assembly upon the model of the French Legislative Body, and an Upper House or Senate composed of the Metropolitan, the Diocesan Bishops, the President of the Court of Cassation, the senior generals of the army, and sixty-four members selected by the Prince—half of them on the ground of merit, and the other half out of the members of the district councils. The members of this House are paid at the rate of thirty shillings a-day; and in order to keep them in proper order, and duly amenable to the Prince, a third of their number is renewed

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every two years. The President of the House of Representatives is named by the Prince, who reserves to himself the supreme control of both Chambers. In him alone is vested the right of initiating new laws; and it is expressly stipulated that if the budget is not voted by the Chamber, it shall be calculated upon the same scale as that of the previous year, and applied irrespective of the vote. The Ministers sit *ex officio* in the Chambers, and are not responsible. By the 5th article of the statute, they must be listened to whenever they wish to speak. They merely offer projects of law for discussion, but not for approval or rejection.

The electoral system introduced by the Prince is a sort of mixture of every experiment on the suffrages of a population which has ever been tried in France. One result is, that the peasants can vote who pay the capitation tax, which includes nearly them all; while in the towns the qualification is placed so high as to exclude the greater part of the artisans, a class always looked upon by despots as dangerous.* It was not likely that the urban population would have voted in favour of a statute depriving them of the right they had hitherto enjoyed of voting. Yet, that such is the case, is proved by the fact that there is only one-fifth the number of voters in Bucharest now that there were formerly. Perhaps the following order issued to the army had something to do with the docility of the people in the matter of voting:—

"TO THE ARMY.

"*Officers, Sub-officers, Corporals, and Soldiers!*

"Great events are accomplished.

"The Elective Assembly has refused its support to my Government for measures calculated to develop our public liberties and the prosperity of the country.

"I have dissolved it.

"The whole nation is called upon to declare its will. Your duty is to maintain public order, and to see that the will of the Roumains may be freely expressed. Show yourselves, as always, faithful preservers of order and discipline.

"Having restrained so long—thanks to your unshakable fidelity—bad passions, you will now have the honour, not less great, of contributing, by your loyal and energetic attitude, to give the country liberty at last, and to reduce to impotence those who compromise the honour and the dignity of the country.

"*Officers, Sub-officers, Corporals, and Privates!*

"I have always counted upon you, and you have always shown yourselves worthy of my confidence. To-day, I am sure, you will know how to be equal to the mission which I confide to your patriotism.

"ALEXANDER JEAN.

"The Minister of War,
"GENERAL MANO."

In order to facilitate the above "mission," an elaborate decree against the press was issued, forbidding "any bill or pamphlet or squib of any kind to be put in circulation at Bucharest, without the authorisation of the Minister of the Interior, and, in the country, of the prefects of the districts," and entering into the details of a most rigorous press censorship.

The extent to which Prince Couza violated the constitution can best be appreciated by a reference to Count Walewski's circular, dated the 20th August 1858, explaining the principles of the convention which had been agreed upon by the Powers as embodying the system of administration in Moldo-Wallachia.

"I should," says the French Foreign Minister, "make you imperfectly acquainted with the essential characteristics of the Convention of the 19th of August, if I did not add that the principles of 1789, based upon our civil and public right, were fundamentally repro-

* A peasant paying 48 piastres (tax) has a vote. The citizens of a town containing from 3000 to 15,000 inhabitants, must pay 80 piastres for the same privilege; and if the town contains more than 15,000 inhabitants, the qualification is 110 piastres.

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duced. An elective assembly voting laws and controlling budgets; responsible ministers; equality before the law, and in the matter of taxation; the enjoyment of political and religious liberty; the liberty of the individual guaranteed; the abolition of class privileges—privileges which have been much abused; the principle of 'permanency' introduced into the magistracy,—these are the principal constitutional measures which have been put in force in the Principalities." It will be seen, from the terms of the decrees upon which the people were compelled to vote, how completely the Prince has upset the constitution as thus described in the French despatch; and, in the face of that document, it is somewhat significant that he has acted throughout under the advice and encouragement he received from Paris. Had he not been sure of support he never would have ventured upon a measure so distasteful both to the Russian and Austrian Governments; and it is worthy of note, that while we stood by and looked on, as we generally do nowadays when important political changes are taking place, the Russian Consul-General was the only foreign agent who protested against Prince Couza's proceedings, thereby securing to Russia the gratitude of the boyards and a large section of the population.

Meantime this prince of adventurers, with an effrontery peculiar to his class, not content with perjuring himself and violating the constitution, issues a proclamation to the nation, beginning "Roumains!" which might have been written to order by Emile Girardin, or some other sensation political scribbler of the Boulevards of Paris. After the arbitrary acts of Couza, it reads almost like a burlesque. No sooner had he turned the Assembly out of doors at the point of the bayonet, than he complains of them thus:—

"In vain have I given multiplied proofs of my scrupulous respect for parliamentary privileges, and have appealed successively to every party in power. In vain have I made concession upon concession to the Assemblies. I have pushed the spirit of conciliation to the extent of tolerating grave encroachments upon my rights. In vain have I gone the length even of spontaneously abandoning certain sovereign prerogatives. All has been useless!

"The union of the sister Principalities accomplished, the monastic endowments—the fifth part of the Roumain soil—restored to the national domain,—all these great results accomplished by my Government have been forgotten.

"The interests of the country, its dignity, its aspirations, and its urgent necessities, everything has been sacrificed to culpable passions. As a reward of his devotion to the national cause, the elect of the Roumains has only received outrage and calumny; and in spite of the wisdom of a certain number of deputies, a factious oligarchy has unceasingly thwarted my efforts for the public good, and reduced my Government to impotence.

"What has been left to me to do? I have resolved to try a last appeal to the patriotism of the Assembly. I have wished, as the august signataries of the treaties which have raised Roumania have wished, as the great principles of equality and of justice of our epoch demand, I wished that every Roumain should truly possess, as the price of his labour, a portion of the soil.

"How has the Assembly responded to my project of a rural law? You all know. It passed a vote of censure upon the Government. It is a law of equity, upon which are based the hopes of three millions of peasants. It was the idea of the Chief of the State, represented in the persons of his ministers.

"Such a situation could not last long.

"I wish to make you the judges between the Assembly and the elect of the Roumains. With this object I presented to the Assembly a new electoral law, the utility of which is attested by the Convention itself, and which assures the country a more complete and truly national representation.

"The Assembly refused to discuss this law. It only remains for me to appeal to the nation, to citizens of every rank and class.

"Roumains! you are going to be convoked in your parishes. I submit for your acceptance the new law refused by the Assembly, a project of a statute

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which will complete the benevolent dispositions of the Convention. Deliberate peaceably and in all liberty.

"For you—for you alone to decide, if the country should be any longer given up to the sterile agitations which for five years have distracted it, compromised its safety, and prevented all progress.

"For you to decide whether the Roumain nation is worthy of the public liberties with which I would endow it, and which a privileged majority has refused.

"For you, Roumains, to show to Europe by your wisdom that we merit the high sympathies which are accorded to us.

"For you to prove that we are really united to-day as on the 5th and 24th of January, in the face of a situation on which the prosperity, the future, and the grandeur of Roumania depend.

"Vive Roumania!

"ALEXANDER JEAN, COGALNITCHANO, GENERAL MANO, BALANESCO, ORBESCO, BOLINTINIANO."

To one accustomed to watch the working of a plebiscite, it will be seen that the *modus operandi* presents few features of novelty. Some of the proclamations of Couza are almost identical with those I saw posted up in Savoy and Nice when the populations of those provinces were forced by the Italian mayors and syndics to vote against their will in favour of annexation to France. There is the same claptrap about order and freedom, and calm and dignity, with the same sting in the last sentence, reminding the people that if they don't exercise their freewill in the desired direction they will suffer for it. Thus the Minister of the Interior, addressing the population of Bucharest, in a proclamation, winds up thus:—

"Inhabitants of Bucharest! Place all your confidence in your Prince. To-day he calls you to the exercise of your political rights. To-morrow, thanks to the support of the future Assembly, elected this time by the entire nation, he will give you peace, and moral and material wellbeing.

"Children of the Capital of Roumania! Be the first to set the example of tranquillity. For myself, I shall know how to hinder and to punish all those who try to disturb it.

"The Minister of the Interior,
"COGALNITCHANO."

The only ingenuity in the whole performance is, the invention of Roumania, which, it will be observed, Prince Couza crams down his subjects' throats at every moment. The great moral which the "children," as he properly calls them, of Roumania should draw from the *coup d'état* is, that they are much better off under the mild sway of the Turks than the harsh despotism of a Roumain. If the Christians who, under various categories, try to define their mongrel breed, but are still Turkish subjects, would only take warning by the fate of the Roumains, they would be satisfied with King Log, instead of wishing for some King Stork in the form of a Sclavonic savage, to be their ruler. The proof of it is, that the boyards of the Principalities are, for the first time in their lives, clinging to their connection with Turkey as their only safeguard against the tyranny of Couza, which they fear may lead to internal revolution and then to foreign occupation. If they were cut adrift from Turkey, they would have no one to look to or to protect them; so the wise thing for Turkey to do, is to offer them entire separation at her earliest convenience. There never was a time when the Porte might drive a better bargain, nor would there be any proposal more distasteful to a large part of the aristocracy of these provinces, than a severance of the tie which binds them to the Porte. Of course, there are still the ardent youth who would like first to cut the connection with the Sultan, and then the throat of their prince; but all sensible people look upon the Turkish suzerainty as their sheet-anchor, and, in the innocence of their souls, they think that by impressing this fact upon the British public they will gain our sympathies. They are still deluded by

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the idea that we have a definite Eastern policy as we had once, and that when the Eastern question opens we shall know what course to take. They imagine we have interests at stake in the East which would induce us to interfere in the destiny of their country; and after having lived upon French flummery and ignored our existence all their lives, they now, when we have determined never more to be of the least use to anybody, appeal to us for help, and think that when they threaten us with a crossing of the Pruth and invasion by the Russian army, we shall make as much fuss as we did last time.

There can be no doubt that the absence of any aristocracy of position, character, and prestige in the country rendered the *coup d'état* of Prince Couza comparatively an easy matter. It is a great mistake to suppose that all the landed property in Wallachia is in the hands of the boyards. Out of a population of two millions and a half, thirty thousand are landed proprietors, of whom only two thousand are boyards; but there are not above thirty families of grand boyards, and of these only nineteen are above thirty years old, so that, practically, the country is without an aristocracy. In Moldavia, the principal families are equally mushroom and interpenetrated with a Fanariote element that does not improve the tone of the political morality of the community. Had the principal authority been made hereditary instead of elective, a great principle of stability would have been imparted to the institutions; but without primogeniture among the so-called aristocracy, you get here, as in most other countries where that institution does not exist, a wretched *fainéant* class, who are incapable of governing themselves, whose chief object is to prevent anybody else from governing, and who are as incapable of undertaking the responsibilities of constitutional government as of appreciating its advantages.

It was hardly to be expected, therefore, that Prince Couza could have governed in a strictly constitutional form; but it is this servile imitation of the vice of the age which rouses one's indignation. There were other ways of carrying out his policy without prostituting the name of freedom by using it as a screen for acts of tyranny, and coupling it with equality to secure the co-operation of those classes which are the most dangerous to liberty. It is this mockery of the noblest and highest principles of government that outrages one's moral sense, till one is tempted to prefer a Russian bear, about whom there is no disguise, to these wolves in sheep's clothing, who bring discredit on constitutional government, and are at this moment gulling all Europe, by flaunting before them flags upon which nationality and equality are inscribed, and under cover of which they perform acts of tyranny and despotism unobserved. Better be a highway murderer than a thief in the night; then, at least, one knows how to meet the danger: but as for these midnight assassins that strangle a nation's liberties in the dark, real honest freedom cries aloud at the insidious danger, and the era of responsible government seems farther off than ever; for it has been betrayed and discredited by those who openly professed to respect and admire it, but who have secretly hated and feared it, and have made use of large standing armies to destroy it. As for Prince Couza pretending that his *coup d'état* had anything to do with the rural law, he announced his intention of a *coup d'état* for the 2d of December, and it did not take place till the first week of May, when the rural law was proposed; moreover, the fact of the Chambers passing a vote of censure upon a project which he had initiated, was, of course, no excuse for the violent dissolution of the legislative bodies.

But the master-stroke of Couza's policy was his visit to Constantino-

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ple. Anybody with a large enough army can make a *coup d'état*, but it needs a dash of genius to beard the lion in his den, and come out all covered with diamonds. No sooner did the news of the *coup d'état* reach Constantinople, than a conference met there, and decided, in a protocol,

"1st, That several stipulations of the protocol of the Paris Conference of July 30, 1858, have not been carried into execution.

"2d, That by a number of successively-issued decrees, the Moldo-Wallachian Government has decided in its own favour several of those matters, the solution of which was reserved to the guaranteeing Powers, and respecting which they have decided in an Act (the Paris Convention) in binding the aforesaid Government.

"3d, That the Conference regards those decrees, which, in consequence of their unauthorised character, cannot have the slightest importance in its eyes, as not binding, and considers itself called upon most emphatically to condemn the manner in which the Moldo-Wallachian Government has permitted itself to outstep the sphere of its operations, and to interfere in affairs whose settlement it is not empowered to undertake."

In the teeth of this strong condemnation of his conduct, Prince Couza starts straight for Constantinople to meet his accusers face to face, and not merely to account for his conduct, but to win them over to his side. Nothing exasperated his subjects more than this bold step, by which he conciliated the very Power they trusted to to redress their grievances. No sooner does the outraged boyard appeal to the Porte for protection, than he finds he has been forestalled by his Highness, who has taken the bull by the horns, and pleaded his own cause with such effect, that he has cut away the last piece of standing-ground from under the feet of the opposition, and left no other alternative to them but a revolution.

"Well," laughs the Prince triumphantly to his discomfitted boyards on his return, "I went to Constantinople to put my head into the Sultan's hands, and the Sultan has put your heads into my hands."

Payer d'audace is a motto which Prince Couza has found to answer admirably; but, added to the impudence of the *chevalier d'industrie*, he combines the plausibility without which his character as a member of the fraternity would be imperfect. Having heard much of the irresistible fascination of his manner, I confess I was extremely disappointed with it, and astonished that anybody could be taken in by an eye and a mouth which betrayed to the most superficial physiognomist the more prominent features of his character. No one with the most slender experience of Leicester Square, or a slight knowledge of the places of public amusement in the Barrières of Paris, would be deceived for a moment by his Highness. But the Sultan, who has not probably seen a billiard-marker in his life, and does not know the difference between one description of gentleman and another, has been completely gulled by this crafty adventurer, who has not only obtained at Constantinople the condonation from his suzerain of his recent flagrant breaches of the constitution, but was invested with the first class of the order of the Osmanleh in diamonds. Everybody whom he meets he wins. The very priests whom he has despoiled become his friends and admirers, not because, like Mr Gladstone, he kisses their hands, but because he has felt their pockets; and, finally, he obtains the qualified sanction of the ambassadors of all the protecting Powers to his infraction of that constitution they themselves made him swear to respect.

It is true that the Conference at

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Constantinople, from very shame, have only ratified his proceedings upon the promise, on the part of the Prince, to comply with certain conditions which they have imposed, and which enable them to say that the Convention of Paris has not been abrogated but merely modified; and they have found the Prince perfectly willing to agree to anything, because he never has the slightest intention of adhering to his engagements. Thus he has yielded at once to the following stipulation, dated 9th of last June, which has been imposed upon him with reference to the monastic fund — the appropriation of which I have already described:—

"Your Highness will understand that, with the view of preserving the existence of those monastic establishments, their revenues are in future to be devoted to a special fund, which will be placed under the control of the guaranteeing Powers. The Conference has unanimously expressed its opinion that this control is not to be merely apparent or superficial, but real and valid. Your Highness will therefore be good enough to come to an understanding in this sense with the Sublime Porte, in order that the fund may be devoted to the purpose marked out for it by the Conference.

"This object will be attained if the trustee of the fund furnishes satisfactory security for such application to the Sublime Porte as well as to the guaranteeing Powers; and if your Highness renders the fulfilment of their task possible to the representatives of the Powers by informing them of the amounts received, and of the periods at which the payments were made.

"It will be understood that this present notification is the unanimous resolution and expression of opinion of the Sublime Porte and of the guaranteeing Powers. (Signed) FUAD."

In the eyes of his Highness this is quite a minor consideration; he has fingered the money, and he trusts to his good star and the corruptibility of the trustee, or the jealousy of each other of the protecting Powers, for the rest. That he considers his self-imposed mission in the light of a great diplomatic success is evident from the fact, that he no sooner finds himself back upon his own dunghill, than he flaps his wings and gives vent to a crow of triumph, in the form of the annexed proclamation to his subjects, from which it will be seen that, however much our Foreign Minister may deny that the Convention of Paris has been abrogated by the *coup d'état*, Prince Couza announces that "the fundamental bases of the *new* institutions are neither endangered nor changed by the alterations to which I have consented in agreement with the Sublime Porte, and with the assent of the collective guaranteeing Powers." When we find that the document recognising these new institutions accords to the united Principalities their complete autonomy, we must agree rather with Prince Couza than with Mr Layard in maintaining that the Conference of Constantinople has practically abolished the Convention of Paris. The following proclamation is dated

"BUCHAREST, *July* 14, 1864.

"Roumains! Between the 10th (22d) and the 14th (26th) May the nation has replied with 682,681 votes to the appeal of your Prince, and has approved the principles of the appendix to the constitution and the electoral law submitted to its consideration.

"But these new institutions voted by the nation altered several articles of the European Convention, and abolished Appendix No. II. to this Convention —viz., the electoral law.

"So important a reform, therefore, required the recognition of the Sovereign Porte and of the Powers guaranteeing the political existence of Roumania who have signed the Convention.

"I have announced to you my journey to Constantinople to strengthen the autonomy of the country by a new international understanding.

"My hopes and your hopes are realised. His Majesty the Sultan, our illustrious Sovereign, and the guaranteeing Powers, have recognised the new institutions of Roumania created by the plebiscite of the 10th (22d) to the 14th (26th) May.

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"From the documents I now publish and bring to your knowledge you will gain the conviction that the existence and the fundamental bases of the new institutions voted by the nation are neither endangered nor changed by the alterations to which I have consented in agreement with the Sublime Porte, and with the assent of the collective guaranteeing Powers.

"These modifications, however, are merely provisional. They may be supplemented and completed by the legislative bodies in their approaching session.

"For, Roumains, I declare to you, and you will yourselves admit, that Roumania only enters upon its full autonomy from this day, as contained in our ancient agreements concluded with the Porte and guaranteed by the Treaty of Paris.

"This autonomy has been until now practically obstructed in many respects. A proof of this was afforded by Appendix No. II. to the Convention—viz., the electoral law—which could not be altered without foreign assent.

"Now, upon the other hand, the high Powers, in consideration of our ancient rights and the Treaty of Paris — by which Europe took our political existence under her protection—have sanctioned our internal autonomy in its full extent. At the head of the document by which the new institutions of Roumania are recognised, the Sublime Porte, in conjunction with the guaranteeing Powers, has written these words: 'The United Principalities are in future at liberty to change and modify the laws affecting their internal administration, with the legal participation of the collective authorities established by the State.'

"From this day forth, therefore, and only from this day forth, the Roumain nation takes possession of its autonomy. From this time forth it may alter and improve its internal institutions without foreign intervention.

"Roumains! The future is our own. May the confidence of the nation in its chosen head become still greater, that we may recover the time lost, that our beloved country may rapidly rejoice in the fruits of its patience and sacrifices, and the Roumain nation may in this manner recover the place to which it is entitled in the great European family of peoples.

"Let us, then, warmly greet the new Legislative Chambers which are summoned to develop our laws and public liberties, while regarding our ancient ties to the Sublime Porte, and preserving the fundamental principles of the Convention of the 7th (19th) August, 1858, so that the internal constitution of Roumania may be further built up upon solid foundations. Long live Roumania!

(Signed) "ALEXANDER JOHN I.

(Countersigned) "COGALNITCHANO, BALANESCO, BOLINTINIANO, ORBESCO, and GENERAL MANO."

Let us do Alexander John the kind turn of putting this manifesto into those more expressive terms which will convey to the reader some notion of what was passing through his mind when he wrote it:—

"I, Alexander John I., late Sub-Prefect of Galatz, out at elbows, but devoted to billiards and the fairer portion of the population of that very untidy port, am about to assume the imperial purple—to exchange a cue for a sceptre, and, surrounded by all that is lovely and accomplished in Europe, to become Alexander John I., Emperor of Roumania, bounded on the west by the Adriatic, on the east by the Black Sea, on the south by the Balkan, and on the north by the Carpathians; 'with,' as they say in prospectuses, 'permission to add to my frontiers.'"

Who is to deny, in the face of all this, that Alexander John is not a great man already, and likely to become a greater? How far our policy was a wise one in encouraging these dreams remains to be seen. The Porte was under the impression that Prince Couza was a man to be conciliated, not defied; and that the best chance of keeping things smooth in the Principalities was to make a friend of him. Possibly, we took the same view; but the boyards may prove as dangerous as the Prince: if a Russian occupation is the thing we do not want to see, it is a question, whether, by backing the Prince against the people, we

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shall avert the contingency; or whether, on the contrary, we have not added to the existing dangers. We have shown the Prince that he may defy the Porte and the Powers with impunity, and that, although they may object ostensibly to his proceedings, their opposition or disapproval practically resolves itself into consent and approval; and we have shown the boyards that they need not depend upon us to stand by the engagements in their behalf which we have contracted, and that they had better make friends wherever they can, and, having got the support of Russia or Austria, make a revolution on their own account. Not content with becoming parties to this Convention, which we have since repudiated, with a fatality, or rather a fatuousness, which has characterised most of our foreign policy lately, we deliberately guaranteed the integrity of the Ottoman empire at the close of the Crimean war; thereby laying up for ourselves a most certain store of dishonour, as we have no more idea of adhering to our solemnly-contracted obligations in this respect than Alexander John himself. That we should leave the weak to be bullied or annexed by the strong when our interests are not concerned—or, which comes to the same thing, when we ignorantly think they are not—is comprehensible enough; but why we should bind ourselves in sacred official documents, signed by the seal of the country, and pledging the honour of the nation to do what it has no intention of ever doing, can only be accounted for by supposing that the Government that made the treaty was as ignorant of public opinion in England, as they have invariably shown themselves of public opinion abroad. Meantime, of this we may be sure, that the contempt which our Danish policy has brought upon our heads is nothing to that with which we shall be loaded when we repudiate our engagements towards Turkey. We shall again have to choose between the alternative of humiliation before Europe, or of a disastrous and unprofitable war; and we shall again part with our honour to save our pockets. It is melancholy to look forward to, particularly as an inevitable certainty. We are still struggling to reconcile the diplomacy of cotton-spinners with the diplomacy of gentlemen, and the two things are incompatible. Better have no diplomacy at all, than mob-diplomacy as represented by the Manchester school. If our code of honour differs so egregiously from that of other civilised nations, that the political morality of America is the only kind we can appreciate, let us keep as much aloof from European affairs as the Americans do. But if we insist upon mixing in good society, let us behave like gentlemen and men of honour. Either let us keep out of the society of nations altogether, or let us accept the duties and obligations which our position imposes upon us. We can no more continue our present system of selfish, mercenary, low-minded policy, than we could, as individuals, be tolerated in clubs where we purloined the bread, and refused to pay our debts of honour. In the mean time, nothing is so demoralising to our diplomatic agents abroad, as the consciousness that the Government and the country will support them in any successful patching-up or staving-off a difficulty, however discreditable to our national reputation, and will visit with heavy condemnation any solution which should involve the risk of war, however essential to the preservation of our honour. We trust that the result may prove that the sanction obtained by Prince Couza from the Powers at Constantinople for the abrogation—or, as they would call it, the modification—of the Paris Convention, may not have the effect which more than one Power that consented to

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it desired, of precipitating the Eastern question.

We shall see, moreover, whether those profuse professions of his Highness, that he only wanted a little of his own way to develop the resources of his country, will be carried out. When I was there he persistently refused to make concessions to any railway company whatever; and, in one case, contractors only requested to be allowed to make a line from Bucharest to the Danube without demanding a Government guarantee. A line thirty miles long, connecting a capital city containing 150,000 inhabitants and the largest navigable river in Europe, it was thought, would pay on its own merits, more especially as at present the road from the city to its port is not even macadamised, but is in winter an almost impassable slough; but the Prince refused his sanction to the enterprise, and the result is, that it is cheaper to transport goods the first five hundred miles to Giurgevo than the last thirty to Bucharest. The best illustration which can be afforded of the deficiency of internal communication in these provinces is to be found in the fact, that when corn in Wallachia has been so abundant that it was actually burnt by the peasantry for fuel, its price has been higher in the capital of the province than in London. It has been cheaper to transport corn from the banks of the Danube to London than to Bucharest. I used to bet, to the great indignation of the "Roumanians," that Prince Kung would connect Pekin with his port by a railway before Prince Couza would grant the permission necessary for connecting his capital with civilisation by the same means, and I still think that the odds are in favour of the Chinaman.

What is much more in his Highness's line than promoting works of this nature, is intriguing with neighbouring Sclavonic nations in the prosecution of his Roumanian policy. The history of the transmission of Russian arms through Bucharest into Servia is still fresh in our memory; and I was amused, in discussing the subject with a high functionary who had been Minister of War at the time, to hear the excuse made for the falsehood deliberately told by the Prince to our Government, when he was charged with this violation of the stipulations. The arms were stowed away in a store at Bucharest; and upon the Prince being taxed with this fact he indignantly denied it; "for," said the ex-War-Minister, "he had to gain time. How could he admit it? There was no harm in his gaining time to send them out of the town, and he could not have done this had he not said they were not in it." Not very long before my visit, General Türr had paid a visit of intrigue to his Highness, which caused some anxiety to constituted governments at the time, and to which great importance was attached, as it was supposed to be significant of a rising in the provinces. The real object of his visit, however, was to persuade Prince Couza to exercise his authority over the Roumanians of Transylvania, who were at that moment voting for the Austrian Reichsrath, to withhold their votes, and follow the example of Hungary in the matter. General Türr was recalled, however, by the Italian Government, *re infectâ*, and the Transylvanians entered the Reichsrath in spite of Couza. What the last new project of his Highness may be is at present a mystery; but he is always coquetting with the party of action, in further imitation of another illustrious individual, and, when the European crisis comes, will not be found lagging.

When I was at Bucharest, the army was being prepared to support the *coup d'état*, and a salutary pressure was being exercised upon the people by the presence of a camp containing 15,000 men just outside the town. Such a force of native

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troops collected in one place was unknown to the people, accustomed to large armies, but these hitherto always composed of foreigners; and we drove out one afternoon to pay a visit to General Floresco, then Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief. It was a burning afternoon, and a haze of yellow dust almost obscured the horizon; and as the sun set, a hot glow, painfully reminding one of Eastern nights in the desert, radiated from the flat plain upon which the tents of the brave army were pitched in lines. Water-carriers were laying the dust near the General's tent, and the spray seemed to hiss as it fell upon the ground. That distinguished officer received us with the greatest *empressement*, and actually turned out some regiments for our special benefit. He showed us muskets bought from French contractors, worth about a shilling apiece, for which enormous sums had been paid—the Prince and the contractors probably sharing the spoils—and gave us a conical bullet, which would not fit, as a specimen. The fact was, they were all sorts of sizes; and the inconvenience of the bullet not fitting the rifle had been painfully tested in the recent skirmish with 250 Poles, in which the latter kept a division of the army at bay, and only succumbed to the appearance of the whole force.

As for the General himself, he was one of the most charming of all of his very plausible countrymen. He seemed very popular with the army—too much so to suit the Prince, who could not trust him for the *coup d'état*, but replaced him by General Mano. This latter I have not the honour of knowing; but I have a firm conviction that General Floresco will again be heard of in connection with these provinces. We looked very wise and military while we were inspecting the troops, and when asked to put them through some evolutions, we traded upon our slender Volunteer knowledge, and said something about "deploying upon No. One Company;" but feeling we were getting beyond our depth, we boldly requested to see them form square to receive cavalry—a safe and simple command to give, but not so easy to perform, as became apparent when they attempted to do it, and all tried to get into the middle together, a feat physically impossible, so we looked cynically triumphant. The General changed the subject, and asked us if we should like to see them dance their national dances, which they performed with greater perfection than their military evolutions, and finally marched past when it got dark, with lanterns swung from their muskets. Some of the men were fine muscular fellows, more especially the regiments of frontier guards. The total strength of Prince Couza's army, of all arms, is 30,000; but he is daily increasing it and modelling it upon the French system.

We did not think it worth while to go to bed after seeing the review, as we had determined to start the same night for Kronstadt, in Transylvania. Morning found us approaching the lower spurs of the Carpathians; and we thoroughly enjoyed the lovely drive up the wooded valleys which lead into the Tæmischer pass, and, gradually leaving the dusty plains now so familiar to us, looked with delight upon overhanging masses of rock, upon a picturesque mountain population, upon pendulous beech-woods, and gushing torrents flinging themselves in white foam down the steep mountain-sides, until, late in the afternoon, we reached the summit and descended to the Austrian frontier, where we were detained some hours before we finally overcame the prejudices of the officials. One of these, who was unusually polite, succeeded at last in inducing his colleague to allow us to pass the guarded gates, although the legitimate hour was long past; and then we rattled down a zigzag

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road through pine-woods, and entered Kronstadt at an hour too late to see its beauties, but not too late to experience the sensation of finding ourselves in a quaint old-fashioned town, most romantically situated. We devoted the following day to exploring its interesting environs, little known to the traveller in search of the picturesque, but well worthy a visit; and so on in two days to Hermanstadt, through primitive villages of Protestant Germans, contrasting curiously with the half-savage professors of the Greek faith we had just left, where all the houses stood with gables fronting the streets, covered with sacred mottoes and texts from the Bible,—but in passing through which, in the dead of night, we, notwithstanding, had one of our portmanteaus cut off the back of the carriage by thieves; and, finally, wayworn and tired, arrived at the comparatively civilised seat of the Transylvanian Government, there to partake of the hospitality of the General commanding the troops, to accompany him on bear-shooting expeditions, in the course of which we spent bright clear nights on the lofty summits of the Carpathians, sleeping round blazing log-fires under the stars, cooking the game we had shot, and feasting upon the same with ravenous appetites. A pleasant jovial time it was, after politics and town life in the Principalities; and though no admirers of Austrian institutions, we found the change to a more stable government not unacceptable. Nevertheless there is as much to be said about politics in Transylvania as in Wallachia, did time and space admit; for the British public, doubtless, know as little of the one as of the other; and since they will persist in settling their own foreign affairs, they ought not to be allowed to remain in ignorance of that phase of them pertaining to these parts. For the present, the fortunes of Prince Couza are of more immediate interest; nor will it be his fault if, sooner or later, he does not appeal to the Roumain population of Transylvania, to support him in creating an empire out of those materials which lie scattered round his frontier.

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THE CITY OF GOLD.

LONDON, as every one knows, contains a city within a city; and within that inner city there is yet another, the very heart of the metropolis. It is a small place. In a couple of minutes you may walk across it from side to side, from end to end. Yet it is the centre and citadel of our greatness—the heart whose pulsations are felt to the farthest extremities of the empire. There is to be found concentrated the spare capital of the nation; and from thence it flows forth, as from a fountainhead, in irrigating streams, to extend industry and increase employment and produce everywhere. There, our traders and producers obtain the loans and advances by means of which they carry on their immense business. There, lie concentrated the sinews of material strength alike in peace and in war. The occupants of the precinct have dealings with all the world; and from thence proceeds the power which helps on the civilisation of the globe. The railways which accompany the ceaseless advance of the White race into the prairies of the Far West of America—the companies which explore and develop the resources of California and Australia—the iron roads and irrigating canals which are maturing the prosperity of India—the enterprise which covers with tea-plantations the valleys and slopes of the Himalayas, and which carries our countrymen into new regions everywhere—are created or sustained by the ongoings in this little spot in London. The wastes of Hudson's Bay—trading companies for the Nile—the cotton-planting which is invading Africa—ocean-lines of steam-ships, submarine telegraphs connecting dissevered continents, water-works for Berlin, gas for Bombay—these and a hundred other matters and projects engage the thoughts and employ the capital which is at the command of this busy hive of operators. Almost every country is included in their operations, and almost every State is in debt to them. From gigantic Russia to petty Ecuador and Venezuela, they hold the bonds of every Government (those of Persia, China, and Japan excepted). Prosaic as their operations are in detail, taken in the mass they constitute a grand work, and may be followed as a noble as well as an honourable profession. Daily and hourly it is their business to scan in detail the condition of the world. They weigh the influence of the seasons, they investigate the produce of all manner of harvests—they know the condition of every mine, the prospects of every railway, the dividends of every company. They are ever feeling the pulse of trade, and watching the course of politics. They ponder the chances for the maintenance of peace or for the outburst of war; and when war is on foot, they follow the fluctuations of the contest with as keen an interest as either soldier or statesman. Everything concerns them that affects the condition of countries or the solvency of Governments. The very spirit and temper of nations, rebellious or loyal, warlike or industrious, is canvassed in that busy mart. It is no exaggeration to say that the progress of mankind is mirrored in the operations of this monetary metropolis. It is a city of money-dealers—a sanctuary of Plutus; a place where men think only of profits, and yet accomplish more good than all our philanthropists. Blot out that inner heart of London—paralyse the operations of that busy hive—and the whole world would feel the shock and suffer from the calamity.

London is best seen from the top of an omnibus. Hail one of those vehicles as they roll in ceaseless stream along the Strand and

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Fleet Street,—yield to the solicitations of the conductor who with uplifted finger calls out "Bank! Bank!"—and, mounted on the top, proceed eastwards to view the metropolis of Gold. Passing under the shadow of St Paul's, which towers above you like a splendid mountain of stone, you enter Cheapside, and with slow and halting course your vehicle wends its way through the currents of human life seething and battling in the too narrow street. The din is so great that even the famed Bow Bells, as they ring out from the spire overhead, hardly make themselves heard. At length you reach the Mansion House, the civic palace of London, whose festivities are known unto all men, and especially to aldermen,—and your omnibus stops on the very threshold of the Golden City.

Magnificent buildings rising aloft on all sides show that you have reached a peculiar precinct. A wide open space is before you, which seems, as you look down from your elevated seat, as if paved with the tops of omnibuses, cabs, and vehicles of all kinds, making their way through a black mass of busy humanity. No longer pent up in the defile of Cheapside, the current of busy life here branches out into many channels. To your right it pours down Lombard Street, and towards London Bridge, the entrance to which you see marked by the tall column of the Monument, rising against the blue sky of this sunny day in June. To the left, the current spreads through Princes Street—to or from Lothbury and Moorgate Street, which lie out of sight, hidden by the solid quadrangular mass of the Bank. In front, the busy throng is pouring along the wide channels of Cornhill and Threadneedle Street, leading eastwards from where you stand; and in an island between these two channels rises aloft, like a rocky promontory, the pillared front of the Royal Exchange. Stretching out in front of the Exchange there projects, almost to where you stand, a triangular expanse of pavement—like a spit of sand—over which the wavelets of human life, the spray of the deep currents which roll around, are ceaselessly washing and intercrossing. Watching a favourable moment, dart through the perilous stream of vehicles and foot-passengers which separates you from that haven of rest, and take your stand (getting the mud brushed from your boots the while by one of the red-coated members of the Shoe Brigade) beside the equestrian statue of the Great Duke. As you look up at the bronze figure of the old warrior you remember his saying, that "High interest means bad security;" you think, too, of the words once placarded all round where you stand, "To stop the Duke, run for Gold!" and you begin to think that, after all, the site of his statue is not so inappropriate as you at first felt it to be.

But *circumspice!* The Royal Exchange, with its high pillared portico, surmounted by an entablature in which symbolic figures are crowded together as densely as the living crowds below—with its wide archways of entrance, and large inner court open to the sky—looks gay, affable, and accessible,—a place of easy and lively resort, savouring (as the Greek style of architecture usually does, whether in palace or in temple) of a sunny, everyday world. As you look across Threadneedle Street, the low, heavy quadrangular structure of the Bank creates a very different impression. It has an imposing look; and the dead wall all round, scantily relieved by short pillars let into the front, almost windowless and doorless, and its entrances watched by red-mantled porters with grand cocked-hats, bespeak a sombre, jealously-guarded sanctuary. It is the treasure-house of Plutus, the sovereign and deity of the precinct. You feel an awe and sombreness in the façade, very accordant with all our notions of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. These two buildings, which far surpass in size

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any of the surrounding edifices, fitly represent respectively the two powers, or agencies, whose conjoint action constitutes the life of this busy little world. The Bank represents money—the Exchange represents trade. Generally they act in harmony—sometimes, however, in rivalry; but at all times they deeply affect one another. A panic on 'Change makes a crisis at the Bank—a crisis at the Bank makes a panic on 'Change. They are like brother and sister. But Money is the stronger: it is the male principle—sombre and powerful. Trade is the female—gay, lively, and various in its forms; but dependent for its fertility upon money, and at times subjected by it to a cruel bondage. You will not be long in the neighbourhood before you find what vast issues are dependent upon the presence of Gold in that gloomy building in Threadneedle Street.

The mightiness of these two powers, which together hold sway in this little precinct, is evidenced to the eye by the stateliness of the capital which they have here built for themselves. All great phases of national life find expression in architecture. The present is peculiarly an age of money and of monetary trade; and Banks and financial companies adorn this sanctuary of money-dealers with conspicuous edifices. The place looks like an acropolis—a civic citadel—a peculiar precinct, where palatial edifices, clustering together, rise in close contact, and in marked contrast with the ordinary buildings of the city. Brick and dinginess give place to Portland-stone, iron-palisading, and highly-burnished door-panels. Banks, credit-companies, discount-houses, insurance-offices, are yearly raising for themselves fine premises; and the area of the golden metropolis is gradually extending itself at the expense of the meaner districts which surround it. Stand at the north-east corner of the Royal Exchange, and you are in the centre of the precinct. From that point a radius of three hundred yards will include the whole locality. Princes Street and Lombard Street bound it on the west and south; Lothbury and Throgmorton Street on the north; while to the east, beyond Birchin Lane and Finch Lane, it gradually merges in the region of the produce-markets and shipping-offices. Such are the narrow limits of this City of Gold,—a precinct which rises like an oasis of commercial palaces in the heart of London, and in which is concentrated an amount of wealth and power unrivalled elsewhere in the world.

The Royal Exchange, with its wide expanse of pavement alike in front and in rear, forms an islet amidst the rushing thoroughfares around; and on these paved open spaces groups may be seen standing engaged in absorbing conversation. But all around nothing is to be seen but motion and bustle. The streets are thronged with hurrying vehicles; the foot-pavement with bustling but steady-going passengers; the alleys, like Birchin Lane and Finch Lane, which connect the leading thoroughfares, are equally thronged; and hurrying steps are ever racing through those covered passages, lined with offices on either side, which form a peculiar feature in this part of London, and before whose entrances the stranger naturally halts, fearing to trespass on what seems, and indeed is, private ground. Young men and old men alike are seen hurrying to and fro, and all appear absorbed in their work. You may easily tell the office-clerks, racing on their errands to learn the latest price of some particular stock, from the less mobile but more absorbed seniors of this busy world. Engrossed as all are, you nevertheless see (in ordinary times at least) that theirs is not a sad work. The sight, in truth, is rather disappointing to a stranger who has heard of the cares of wealth and the deceitfulness of riches. As he looks upon the men who go past him, the sight does not realise the conception of "City" life which he has formed from books or from his own imaginings.

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He looks in vain for the haggard look and care-worn features which he has learnt (very incorrectly) to associate with City men, and especially with the dealers in money. Overburdened, no doubt, some of these men are occasionally—and in what trade or profession is it otherwise?—but, on the whole, they wear a more lively and cheerful look than any other set of businessmen we have seen. They are intent on their work; they have no time to stand and parley with you; but they go about their business with liveliness and zest. You never hear the slow monotones of depression; their voices are quick and lively, and a laugh and a bit of badinage are seldom quite absent as they fly about in search of information or in execution of commissions. They dress well, in the substantial style—and a gold chain across the waistcoat, or a flower in the button-hole, are their favourite and not very conspicuous modes of personal decoration. Sometimes, indeed, you will see the gay-coloured neck-scarf, buttoned surtout, white waistcoat, and light gloves, familiar to you in Pall-Mall and Piccadilly; for even the West-End swell nowadays ventures into the vortex of financial speculation; but he looks a butterfly among the busy throng, and his air (as doubtless he wishes it to be) is quite different from that of the habitués of the precinct. Nothing more conduces to preserve youthfulness than a considerable amount of mental activity. The alertness and vivacity of the mind transfer themselves to the personal appearance. And, despite all the worry and anxieties which these money-dealers and speculators are supposed to, and sometimes do, undergo, they wear better, and keep their youth longer, than the farmers and provincial classes generally. There is no sauntering here; and men of threescore and upwards step out as lightly as men of half their age in provincial places. In truth, it is the elderly gentlemen who show to most advantage in this monetary metropolis; and ever and anon you meet with the fresh clear complexion, pure white whiskers, and brisk look and movement, which characterise the best specimens of our elderly English gentlemen. It seems a healthy as well as exciting pursuit which men ply in this precinct of Mammon. Even the speculators *par excellence*—men who are rich to-day and poor to-morrow—as a class, live for the bright side of the picture, and look as if they did so.

It is curious to note how the tide of business and population ebbs and flows in this peculiar precinct. The busiest and most crowded place in the world for half-a-dozen hours of the day, it thereafter becomes almost a solitude. Except in Cornhill, where shops have not yet been wholly supplanted by offices, the precinct after sunset relapses into darkness. About ten in the morning, the omnibuses deposit load after load of passengers at the corner of Cheapside, opposite the Mansion House; while Hansom cabs and private broughams convey to business the grandees of the place. And during the next six or seven hours vehicles of all descriptions ply to and fro the precinct. But between five and six o'clock the daily exodus begins. Bankers, brokers, speculators, clerks, and directors alike, all rush off homeward, out of town it may be, or to distant suburbs; and the Golden City becomes wholly silent, dark, and solitary. In the moonlight, this solitude of palatial edifices looks even more grand and imposing than by day; but the currents of busy life no longer flow between the towering piles, and the streets seem like river-beds which have suddenly been left dry. On Sundays, the solitude and apparent desolation are still more conspicuous. Hardly any one lives in the precinct save the porters left in charge of the offices. The churches, accordingly, are almost empty. It is only when some highly-gifted preacher is appointed to the locality that the pews become filled—a rare occurrence—by persons drawn from other parts of

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London. Some of us can recollect the time when Dr Croly, in his heyday, drew crowds to the fine Church of St Stephen's, Walbrook, at the back of the Mansion House, and when his noble oratory and high intellect converted the solitude of empty pews into a crowded and attentive audience. There, for years, he lifted up his voice like one preaching in a wilderness. The emptiness of the churches in the precinct, however, is simply the result of there being no parishioners of the class who ordinarily attend churches.

Banks form the most conspicuous architectural feature of the precinct. And naturally so, for without them trade and financial operations could not acquire the remarkable development which is here to be witnessed. They are the reservoirs of the place, into which flows the spare money of the nation, and out of which flow the monetary streams which set agoing all the other operations of the place. Besides the Bank, which in external appearance, as well as in real power, throws into the shade all its compeers, we see conspicuous among the others the large building of the London and Westminster Bank, facing on the other side of Lothbury its old opponent the Bank of England,—the huge but unattractive fabrics of the Union and London Joint-Stock Banks in Princes Street,—the London and County Bank in Lombard Street,—and the handsome pile of the Oriental Bank. Next in importance, as architectural features of the place, are the Insurance Offices,—and chief among these, the Sun, the Imperial, and North British, all in good sites in Threadneedle Street. In the third rank—and soon likely to take a higher place—are the offices of the Discount-houses and new Credit companies: the massive and costly edifice of the National Discount Company in Cornhill, occupying the first place in point of architecture; while in Lombard Street, the great discount-house of Overend, Gurney, & Co. (familiarly called "the house at the corner") and Hanbury's bank, face each other at the foot of Finch Lane; and in Lothbury are the offices of the two young giant credit-companies, the "General" and the "International." Every year some of the old establishments, banks or others, are building for themselves finer edifices. They feel a necessity not only to be prosperous, but to advertise their prosperity by architectural display. There is a rage for Portland stone and polished granite pillars; and the movement in favour of external display is proceeding to an extent which has excited considerable criticism and distrust among the older and more cautious grandees of the locality. Perhaps the "old fogies" are right, if we judge from a London point of view,—for London architecture (we except the fine old churches) is a very poor affair compared with the wealth of the place.

The classification which we have made of the edifices of this monetary metropolis is likewise applicable to the population—to the busy crowds whom we see rushing to and fro—and to the pursuits which they follow. Let us see what is the style of business which each of these classes carries on. We shall find that they are all closely connected—integral parts of one great system of monetary trade,—and that the line of demarcation between some of them is not drawn with sufficient sharpness to be readily perceptible to the uninitiated.

Let us describe first, generically, the leading operations of the Banks. The fundamental part of their business is to receive deposits of money. They take money into safe keeping, and they manage it in such a way as to meet the requirements of the depositors. They give the depositors cheque-books, blank forms of drafts upon the bank; and whenever one of these cheques is presented, either by the depositor or by any one to whom he has made it payable, the bank hands the money across the counter, in notes or in gold as may be demanded. In some

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cases the banks give interest on the sums deposited, in others they do not: and the Bank of England does not pay interest in any case.* The next part of the business of banks is to recompense themselves for this management of their customers' money, by employing at usury the balance of the deposits which is not likely to be called for by the depositors. This balance amounts in ordinary circumstances to about four-fifths of the whole money deposited with the bank. When trade is stagnant, this balance is at its highest amount; when trade is brisk, or when credit is shaken, it is at its lowest. A bank, in short, must mark well the signs of the times in order to know the exact amount of the deposits which may be safely lent out. If too much be lent out, the bank is embarrassed in meeting the demands of the depositors; if too little be lent out, the bank loses its profit on the sum thus needlessly kept on hand. Having determined what portion of the deposits is not likely to be called for, the bank invests or lends out at interest this sum in various ways. First of all, it invests a portion in the purchase of Consols—a species of security which is of all others the most steady in value, and the most readily negotiable; in other words, which can be most readily sold and reconverted into money. Next, the bank makes advances to its customers. Any one who has an account with a bank may, in ordinary times, by tendering Government or other good stock, obtain a temporary loan on that security to the amount of three-fourths of its current value. But the most extensive kind of advances made by the banks is in the discount of commercial bills. A customer of the bank has a bill, or bills, falling due say three months hence; but by taking them to the bank he deals with, he can get cash for the full amount of these bills *at once*, minus three months' interest on that amount. In extraordinary cases, the banks—and especially the Bank of England, the great fountainhead of credit—will make advances to some large firm or company whose position is solvent, but which is in temporary embarrassment. In this case, an agent of the bank examines the books of the firm, sees what are its assets, and decides what amount may safely be lent to it: but the bank does not accept these assets as securities for the loan—it makes the loan to the firm itself, holding the firm responsible—and its object in ascertaining the amount of the assets is simply to see that the circumstances of the firm are such as to warrant the loan being made to it. The advances made on these various forms of security—viz., stocks, commercial bills, or in aid of wealthy but temporarily embarrassed firms—are for considerable periods; say, on the average, three months. But there is a portion of the banks' deposits which it would not be prudent to lend for such periods, yet which may be safely lent for a week or a day. The great point in banking is to see that every pound which is not needed by the depositors is profitably employed. Each day there is a surplus available for short investments. What is done with it?

It is handed over to the bank-brokers, who may be called money-brokers pure and simple. This is another class of business. These men are the intermediaries between the banks and the various other institutions, companies, or individuals who flourish in this monetary precinct. It is the duty of these bank-brokers—whose position is most onerous, and who are few in number—to employ the sums at their disposal in loans at call, or for a week, or a single day. Their vigilance must be unceasing. They have to keep their eye on the expiry of each of those brief loans, and find a new investment for it;

* For further details connected with banking, see the article on 'The Economy of Capital' in the Magazine for March 1864.

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and when a change in the rate of discount takes place, they are on the trot the whole day, altering their terms and making new bargains on the footing of the change. To lend money *for a single day*, when the rate of interest is at (say) four per cent per annum, may seem to an outsider a very infinitesimal operation—one which would not repay the cost and trouble connected with it. But sometimes these bank-brokers have three or four millions sterling to dispose of: and the interest on that sum for a single day amounts to £330 or £400. By neglecting these daily loans—by letting the amount which can be safely employed in this manner (the surplus on the day's proceedings) lie inactive in their coffers, the London banks would lose £100,000 or £150,000 a-year! The bank-brokers of course get a commission on their work—a small percentage; and as one of these brokers has been known to have had £2,000,000 pass through his hands in a single day, their business is as lucrative as it is onerous. But to whom, to what parties, are these very short loans made? Who is it that is ready to take money on loan for a single day?

To some extent these loans are made to all the other sections of the community in this monetary precinct. It is only to its own customers that a bank discounts bills, or makes advances on stock, &c.; but the daily surplus which is distributed by the bank-brokers is lent to any suitable parties, without distinction, who may desire to have some of it. Nearly all of it, however, is taken up by the Stock Exchange and the Discount-houses—the latter of which establishments rank next in importance to the banks in this city of money-dealers. The discount-houses do not receive money in deposit as the banks do: they do not issue cheques, or undertake the management of money for customers. They receive money, not in deposit, but on loan. They take short loans, for a week, or a fortnight, or "at call,"—paying interest, of course, on all sums thus received. In this way the Discount-house offers a good means of investment for sums which could not otherwise be employed to equal advantage—namely, for sums which the owner has on hand merely for a few days. For example, a man who has money invested in some particular kind of stock or shares, and who thinks it advisable to sell out at once, with the view of re-investing his money in some other form, may have that money on hand for a week or two, waiting for a favourable opportunity of re-investing it. Instead of keeping it on hand, he lends it to a discount-house, and receives a high rate of interest on it, till he is ready to use it again. The daily surplus of the banks, as we have said, is also employed to a great extent in this way. The money thus obtained on loan, as well as the private capital of the discount-houses, is employed by these firms in discounting commercial bills. And as they do not require to keep money on hand, like the banks, to meet the wants of depositors—as all their money, in short, is fully employed at interest—the discount-houses can afford to discount bills at a rate slightly lower than that of the Bank. The cashing of bills is their special and only business, and they get a very large share of it. The main principle which they have to observe is this: They know the amount of their private capital, and the amount of money which they may reckon upon receiving on loan from the public, on the one hand, and, on the other, they know the average term of the bills which they discount (say two months or three months); they then discount to the full amount of their resources,—taking care, thereafter, that the amount of bills which they discount shall be balanced by an equal amount of bills "running off," *i. e.*, falling due. If the state of the money market renders it advisable for them to increase their reserves, they have only to lessen the amount of the bills which they discount, and in a single week their cash on hand

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is increased, in consequence of the bills falling due to them being in excess of the amount which they are discounting. To discount a bill is to purchase a debt falling due at a specified time. Ordinary commercial bills are as good as money; and the larger portion of what figures in the returns of the joint-stock banks as "deposits" is held by these banks in the form of commercial bills which they have discounted. The money deposited with a bank is employed in the purchase of these bills, and the rate of discount charged upon them is a chief source of bankers' profits. If a firm which has purchased a bill (by discounting it) is in need of ready cash, money can be obtained by re-discounting the bill—*i. e.*, selling it to a bank or other party which deals in that kind of business. And every time a bill is thus paid away, the more solid does its value become; because every party through whose hands it passes endorses it, and becomes security for its ultimate payment. In this way, bills to some extent become part of the currency, circulating from hand to hand in payments which would otherwise have to be made in cheques, notes, or gold. As every discount-house keeps an account at a bank, it can (if in temporary need of money) take some of the bills which it has discounted, and get them re-discounted at the bank with which it deals. Some years ago, however, the Bank of England refused to treat the discount-houses on the same terms in this respect as its ordinary customers. They are rivals of the Bank in the discounting line, and manage to get the lion's share of the business; and the Bank, with considerable justice, said:—"We have to keep on hand reserves to meet all demands that can be made upon us, whereas you trade to the full extent of your resources: in this way you make larger profits in ordinary times than we can do; and it is rather too much, when you become embarrassed by so trading, to come upon us to help you." The discount-houses are the great rivals of the Bank; and whenever a monetary crisis takes place, a great deal of bitter feeling arises between them; and the Bank is seldom loth to see one of these rival establishments brought to the ground.

Let us now come to another important branch of business carried on in this precinct. Let us enter the Royal Exchange. For the greater part of every day a stranger will be at a loss to discover for what purpose so fine an edifice was erected. As he enters the central court, the place looks deserted—only a few loungers, looking neither very business-like nor respectable, sauntering or sitting beneath the verandah. One may guess that some of those people have met here by appointment, as a convenient rendezvous; and what the others are waiting for, it is not easy to see. On the afternoon of Tuesday and Friday, however, the scene is very different. All idlers are then excluded, but any one may enter who has business to transact. The Royal Exchange belongs to the Gresham Committee, but the public has full right of entry on the simple condition that they come there on business and not as idlers. The business consists in the buying and selling of "bills of exchange," *i. e.*, orders for money payable in foreign countries,—bills on China, India, Egypt, Paris, Hamburg, New York—on all the chief seats of commerce. A merchant who has to pay a sum of £10,000 in Calcutta, instead of sending specie, goes on 'Change and buys bills to that amount, which he transmits at the mere expense of postage. The price of these bills is regulated by two considerations. First, there is the length of time which a bill has to run. If it is payable four months after date, it is of course less valuable than one at three months—the discount, or rate of interest, having in each case to be deducted. But the value of these bills is also affected, like everything else, by the amount of supply and demand. If the amount of bills upon Calcutta happens to be greater than

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the amount of money which requires to be sent thither, the bills may be purchased at a fraction below their normal value; but if the payments to be made in Calcutta exceed the amount of the bills, then a competition for the bills ensues, and their price is slightly enhanced. But the range of variation never exceeds the difference between the cost of postage on the one hand, and the expense and inconvenience of transmitting specie on the other. The normal price of a bill, as we have said, is simply the amount of the bill, *minus* the discount on the time it has to run. Accordingly, by means of these bills of exchange, the whole cost, risk, and inconvenience of collecting and transmitting specie from one country to another is saved. And this saving is really an immense one. If the payments of commerce had to be sent backward and forward from country to country, not all the specie in the world would suffice to carry on operations so vast. If the agency of bills were suspended for a few months even between England and India, the drain of currency would speedily produce a deadlock in both countries. Such is the importance of the operations in the Royal Exchange; and there are no others, even in this Capitol of money and trade, which display in so remarkable a manner the immense extent of British commerce, as well as the skill and mutual good-faith with which its operations are carried on.

The operations on the Stock Exchange are of quite a different nature. The property there dealt in is stocks and shares of all kinds: Government securities, ranging in solidity from British consols, the steadiest of all, to Greek coupons and Spanish passives — railway shares, mining shares, and shares and bonds of joint-stock companies of all kinds. In these the public invests its spare capital, and the transfer of these stocks from one hand to another, by buying and selling, is so great that the daily average of transactions amounts to many millions sterling. The commission upon these transactions — which varies from one-eighth per cent on the sale or purchase of Consols, to one-fourth per cent on the dealings in other and more variable kinds of stock — amounts to a large sum; and this sum constitutes the profits of the stock-brokers, who conduct these sales and purchases for the public. A stock-broker ought not to deal or speculate in stocks at all. He is simply the agent by which such sales and purchases are effected. And if he himself becomes a dealer, the persons who employ him have no security that their interests will be properly attended to. He may buy for himself the stock which they commission him to sell; and in such a case it is not to be expected that he will give for it the highest price that can be obtained. But the stock-brokers are not the only parties in the Stock Exchange. There are also the stock-jobbers—men who deal in stocks and shares, selling them at the highest price which they can get, and buying them at the lowest.

The entrance to the Stock Exchange — or Capel Court, as the large room is called where these operations are carried on — is through a large pillared front, or portico, facing the east end of the Bank. But it has other entrances. We remember the first time we stumbled upon this sanctuary of jobbing—upon this forbidden ground to the public, or to any one who is not a member of the brotherhood who carry on their operations here. Seeking a short cut from the eastern part of Threadneedle Street into Throgmorton Street, we entered an alley not so private-looking as many which in this precinct connect one thoroughfare with another. Men were passing along it to and fro, and we did not doubt we should quickly emerge in Throgmorton Street. But suddenly it assumed the appearance of a *cul-de-sac*, and we found ourselves at the doors of a large hall, full of people and of a clamour of tongues. A porter was at the door to keep

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out the profane vulgar: and the room into which we were looking, both through door and window, was the Stock Exchange. This place of business is the property of a corporation; and, unlike the Royal Exchange, no one can come there to sell or buy unless he be a member of the corporation. It is for its own members that the Stock Exchange reserves all the profits on the traffic which goes on within its walls. The business of the stock-broker is simple enough, and if he have good connections, it is as profitable as it is easy. When he gets an order to execute, all he has to do is to buy or sell at the current rate. He steps into Capel Court, and at once finds the dealers he wants. Every stock-*jobber* has a special line—one deals chiefly in Mexicans, another in Indian stock, and so on; and, moreover, there are places in the room where certain kinds of stock are specially dealt in. The broker finds the jobber, and, after ascertaining that the terms offered are in accordance with the ruling price, he makes the bargain, and in five minutes the business is over. The money, whether given to him to make a purchase, or received as the proceeds of a sale, passes through the hands of the broker, who deducts from it his commission, the cost of stamp or registry, &c. The business of the *jobber* is a much more difficult one. He is, in fact, a speculator. He buys stock in the hope of selling it again at a higher price. It is therefore indispensable that he should carefully examine the character of the stock in which he deals, and the circumstances, whether political or commercial, which from day to day affect its value. He knows that the value of stock, although substantially dependent upon the soundness of guarantee and the rate of interest which it yields, is nevertheless affected from day to day by what may be called merely moral influences—by passing gleams or shadows, flitting prejudices it may be, which affect the popularity though not the permanent value of the stock—or merely from sympathy with the rise or fall in other stock of a similar character. The public has neither the leisure nor the knowledge sufficient to judge with confidence, and is generally more encouraged or depressed by the rumours or facts of the day than there is reason to be. All these things the jobber has to take into account; and as it is no easy matter to be a prophet, he must either be a lucky or a clever fellow if he does not sometimes come to grief. Great gains usually alternate with great losses in this kind of business. One would think these jobbers would soon die of worry and anxiety,—and often enough they are to be seen very down-in-the-mouth. But Nature is kind, and fits the back to the burden. Or rather, most of these men have been born with the peculiar temperament of the speculator: they have an extra amount of hopefulness, and get through life, with more excitement indeed, but hardly with less equanimity, on the whole, than any other men engaged in trade.

The most novel feature in the economy of capital during the last year or two, has been the establishment of great credit-companies. The special object of these companies is to provide money for carrying out industrial or financial enterprises which are worthy of support. The credit-companies do not directly engage in these enterprises: they simply launch them, or at least provide the capital requisite for carrying them on,—charging a commission for their aid. One of these, the International Land Credit Company, is worthy of notice here, because its operations display in a remarkable manner the system of financial co-operation which is now being established throughout Europe, as well as the great amount of social good which may be effected on the mere principle of self-interest. There is no safer security than land; but the prime requirement in financial

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operations is, that the security should not only be perfectly safe, but readily negotiable. In other words, the bonds, representing the money advanced, should not only be certain to be paid when due, but the holders of them should be able to sell them easily, or get money advanced upon them. Not one, but several financial establishments are needed to accomplish these ends on a large scale; and the International is the last and crowning company of a series previously established. It will deal with land everywhere, but at present its field of operations is in Austria. In Austria there are estates of immense size, held by individual proprietors, many of them heavily burdened with mortgages contracted on the most usurious terms. Half-a-dozen years ago some foreign capitalists discerned the fine field that was here open to them; but before foreign capital to a large amount could be attracted, it was indispensable to establish the perfect soundness of the security and the negotiability of the mortgage bonds. The first step towards this was the establishment at Vienna of the *Vindobona* — a joint-stock company which, on receiving a percentage or commission, guarantees the repayment of loans on estates, as well as the regular payment of the interest. In this way, the creditor acquired a double security — first, the land itself, secondly the capital of the Vindobona. Next, land-banks were established which advanced money on these bonds or mortgages to their full amount—thus rendering them negotiable. Next it was seen that a large and most profitable business might be carried on by the purchase and re-sale of estates—purchasing them in block, and re-selling them immediately in comparatively small portions, say of 100 to 500 acres. To accomplish this, the Banque de Credit Foncier et Industriel was established, which has agents all over Austria, who examine into titles and values, who find out proprietors ready to sell and small capitalists ready to buy, and in fact manage the whole of this part of the business, while the Bank furnished the funds. This business proved so profitable, and the field of operations was found to be so extensive, that it was resolved to invite the co-operation of capitalists all over Europe. Hence the establishment of the International Land Credit Company. The business of this company is simply to raise funds for carrying on the highly profitable operations above-mentioned, the money being readily obtained from the public upon bonds issued by the Company, and bearing 5 per cent interest, and which are rendered more than usually negotiable, owing to the number of local land-banks and other financial establishments which are affiliated with the International. The credit of conceiving so remarkable a series of co-operative companies, and of successfully establishing it, is due to M. Langrand-Dumonceau, of Brussels. The security offered is the most complete that can be imagined:—1. The land; 2. The double amount for which the purchasers give their bond; 3. The capital of the Vindobona; 4. The capital of the Banque de Credit Foncier et Industriel; and lastly, The immense capital of the International. But what is chiefly remarkable, from our point of view, is the system of financial co-operation herein displayed — a system which is destined to be ere long immensely developed — until, in fact, Europe shall become but one country as regards industrial finance, the spare capital of each country being drawn to common centres, and seeking the best market wherever that may chance to be found.

This wealthy and busy precinct has a literature of its own—journals whose special task it is to record its operations and set forth its condition. But it has more than this; for the whole country takes an interest in its bulletins. In all our daily newspapers there is a department of news, never omitted, which is scanned with devout attention by

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hundreds of thousands of readers, yet which is certainly not indebted for its popularity to any attractiveness of style or appearance. It is the driest column or columns in the paper. It is full of figures, and tables of figures (usually so repulsive to readers), preceded by a few paragraphs, seemingly of a very stereotyped aspect, and couched in language peculiar to itself. Therein we read of "Consols for delivery," "Reduced and New Threes," "Turkish Consolidés," "Danish Scrip," "Greek Coupons," "New Granada Deferred," "Spanish Passives," "Russian Threes," "Chilian Sixes," and other such things hard to be understood by the uninitiated, however conversant they may be with the grammar of Lindley Murray and the Dictionary of Dr Johnson. We also read that "the market is easier," or that it "opened flat," that it "assumed a more lively appearance," or that it "showed a falling tendency," or "great depression." This never-omitted and much-studied portion of the paper is the City article, in which the health and spirits of the Money Market are described pathologically; and the price of stocks and shares, and the condition of all established companies quoted on 'Change, are carefully recorded. A single glance at this portion of the 'Times' will show the magnitude and variety of the enterprises quoted on 'Change. Besides the loans to foreign governments, there are upwards of 600 kinds of stock or shares in the official list, connected with railways, mines, docks, joint-stock banks, colonial government securities, and miscellaneous enterprises.

The City article is no longer read merely by a particular class of the community. All classes, and all places in the country, have a direct interest in the facts which it records. It is read with interest not merely in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, and the other great centres of industry, but even in uncommercial cities like Edinburgh, where men live by the learned professions only, and who scorn trade in the old sense of the word. In truth, nearly all men in this country are traders now, though many of them trade as it were by proxy. The joint-stock system of enterprise has of late years drawn the whole community into its vortex. As a nation, we have grown very rich. It is computed that the annual savings of the nation amount to the enormous sum of £80,000,000. Like thrifty men, we desire to employ that sum, our spare money, in the most profitable manner. Nowadays, too, we have the whole world open to us as a field of commercial and financial enterprise. In commerce, at least, nations are now brethren. No nation objects to the introduction of foreign capital to develop its resources. These two facts—the vast increase of wealth in this country, and the magnitude of the field open for its employment—have given an extraordinary expansion to the joint-stock system; an expansion which has been greatly aided by the passing of the Limited Liability Act. Previous to the passing of that Act, it had been proved by long experience that business could be conducted as ably by a board of directors as by a private firm. True, the management of a public company is never so economical as that of a private firm, and the supervision of a salaried board of directors is seldom so vigilant as that of private partners, whose whole fortune is at stake in the concern. But, on the other hand, a joint-stock company obtains the command of a far larger amount of capital than private firms—which gives it a great advantage; and, moreover, in many cases, it is insured of a large amount of business, in consequence of its shareholders being also its customers. Take, for example, the case of a joint-stock bank. It may have a thousand shareholders, and all these shareholders are its customers. They have not only subscribed the capital by which the business is carried on, but they intrust

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all their money to its keeping, and get all their loans and discounts from it. In this way they make business for it, and at the same time share in the profits of that business. They not only get from it the usual interest on their deposits, and the usual advantages of monetary accommodation, but they share in the profits which arise from this form of business.

The Limited Liability Act has greatly lessened the risk incurred by shareholders, by limiting the liability of each to the amount of capital for which he has subscribed. Shareholders are now comparatively at their ease. They elect from their own number a Board of Directors, whom they pay for conducting or at least supervising the business of the company, and they know that at the worst they cannot lose more than the sum which they have chosen to subscribe. The system, on the whole, has worked remarkably well. It is also accomplishing a revolution in the ideas and financial habits of our people. It offers a higher rate of profit than the interest obtainable upon deposits in banks, and thereby more effectually puts an end to hoarding, extends the spirit of enterprise among all classes, and draws into active use the whole spare money of the people. Clergymen, lawyers, doctors, noblemen, and tradesmen alike, now become shareholders in joint-stock companies. Each, while pursuing his own calling, invests his reserve funds in some financial, trading, or industrial enterprise. He thus obtains the profits of another trade while following his own. We are at the outset of a new era in social progress, and one which is probably the highest to which material civilisation can attain. It is the era of Co-operation. Hitherto Competition has been regarded as the most efficient agent of social progress. But the principle of competition is one of rivalry and struggle—it is a system of beggar-my-neighbour—most useful in the earlier stages of civilisation, but one most unworthy of civilisation in its maturity. It is costly, for it requires many companies and establishments to do the work which would be more economically performed by one; and it is full of social unhappiness, and fruitful in the bitter feelings of rivalry and jealousy, because each establishment seeks its gains at the expense of the others. The new system of co-operation, on the other hand, seeks to unite and fuse into one the hitherto rival interests of the trader and his customers, of the consumer and the producer. Take for example the case of a company for the supply of gas, or water, or any other necessary or luxury of life, and there you find that a large portion of the customers are also shareholders. By-and-by the system will be more fully developed, and the social advantages will be commensurately increased. Say that a little town is desirous to supply itself with gas or water; then a company will be formed, with a capital apportioned in many small shares, so that nearly every householder may be a member. In this way the company will insure for itself the largest possible number of customers—opposition and jealousy will disappear, and the little community will have but one interest in the matter. In like manner, also, a town may supply itself with bread, or groceries, or butcher-meat, or any other article for which there is a general demand. The employés, too, of the company, by holding shares in it, may be made to participate in its interests, and to discharge their duties with more scrupulous diligence than is usually to be found in a hireling or salaried agent. No doubt the time is still distant when the system of co-operation shall reach this development; nevertheless, its coming may be calculated upon. And thus, at the present hour, we are witnessing the initial stage of a principle which will revolutionise our system of industry, and accomplish results fraught with a vast increase of happiness and prosperity to the community.

Large as are the annual profits of our nation, it seems beyond doubt that a considerable portio-

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immense capital recently invested in joint-stock companies has been drawn from little hoards, which previously lay dormant. But the peculiar feature of the new position is this—that instead of keeping their reserve funds in bank, men now invest them in joint-stock enterprises, for the sake of obtaining a higher rate of profits. Banks give a comparatively low rate of interest, for they have to pay themselves for taking charge of deposits, and for finding appropriate employment for their customers' money. But by becoming a shareholder in a joint-stock enterprise, a man employs and invests his money without the help of intermediate parties, and hence is entitled to and obtains the profits of trade subject to no abatement. It might be supposed that, owing to this change, the amount of deposits in the banks would be diminished—and to some extent this will be the case (making allowance for the increasing wealth of the community); but it must be remembered that the money thus abstracted from the banks is in great part returned to them from another quarter. The decrease in the deposits of individuals is compensated by the deposits of the new companies. Each company opens an account with a bank, and deposits with it its spare funds; so that what the banks lose in one form they gain in another. This change, however, is important in one aspect. Banks do not speculate. They lend their money only on the best and most negotiable securities, and abstain from employing it in industrial enterprise. Hence, although they are of inestimable value in sustaining commerce, they never take direct part in the establishment of new branches of industry, or the development of new national resources. The joint-stock companies, however, do this as their general feature. They make railways, they open mines, they manufacture gas, and engage in all manner of reproductive enterprise. In fact, the distinction may be stated thus:—The companies *make* the securities upon which the banks *lend*. Money on loan, we think, would have become cheap of late years but for the great growth of joint-stock companies. If the great and ever-increasing profits of our people had been deposited, as before, with the banks, these establishments would have had so much money to lend compared with the amount of securities upon which they make their advances, that the rate of interest would have fallen. But the new companies have immensely increased the amount of securities upon which banks are in the habit of lending; they have made almost every man a trader, and supplied him with a form of property which banks will lend upon; and in consequence of this, *inter alia*, the rate of money has not only maintained itself, but has greatly advanced. In fact, men nowadays keep their reserve funds, not in the banks in the form of money, but in the form of bonds, shares, and coupons—negotiable when necessary, and bearing a higher interest than the banks could give. To keep money in bank (save what is absolutely necessary for one's ordinary expenditure) is now an exploded custom. All that we think of commanding, or keeping in reserve, now is, not cash, but the paper representative of property, and the interest which comes to us as the holders of these symbols or title-deeds of wealth.

Strange to say, in this City of Gold, gold cannot be seen. We know, from official returns, that so many millions of gold lie in the vaults of the Bank, and we infer that some thousands of sovereigns are kept in each of the other banks, as small change for their customers' wants. But the precious metal makes no appearance in the business transactions of this City of Money. Bits of paper, with some writing on them, are the potent agents of the scene. Paper, paper everywhere; but no gold—not even bank-notes. Let a man go to buy some shares. He sees the rate they are quoted at, and, going into the dingy office of his broker,

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commissions him to buy. The broker runs out into the busy crowded room of the Stock Exchange, finds or calls out for some one who has shares of the kind to sell, makes a bargain at the current rate, and brings back either a cheque or a stamped agreement to purchase, which he hands to his client. Coupons or certificates are given on one side, and a cheque on the other. But no gold—not even notes! The same takes place in the Royal Exchange and Mincing Lane—only bills and produce are there dealt in, instead of stocks. If you pay a man, you give him a cheque. If you discount a bill, you get the produce in a cheque. If you obtain a loan from your banker on stock, the amount is placed to your credit, and you tell your creditor to draw on you, or give him a bill. It is really a strange thing to contemplate — so much wealth changing hands: money ceaselessly *in transitu* — yet not a sovereign to be seen. It is but the ghost of money that occupies the city; or rather, it is money in its most civilised form — convenient and inexpensive. It is the cheque-system — the credit-system; and, after all, money itself is nothing else than a form of credit—a thing (whatever its substance) which men by common consent have agreed to recognise as a definite symbol of wealth—a representative of property.

The truth is, the whole operations of this monetary metropolis would come to a standstill if the payments and exchanges of property had to be carried on in gold. A single dealer sometimes lends, or pays, or receives a million sterling or more in a single day; and dealings to the extent of several hundred thousand pounds are by no means exceptional occurrences on the part of single individuals. Probably not less than fifty millions of property are changing hands, in loan or purchase — in banks, discount-houses, on 'Change, or in Capel Court—every day. Fancy what it would be if men had to carry about with them such a mass of gold. A stout porter finds it difficult to carry £500 in gold even for an hour or two. What a sight, then, it would be if the busy hive had to trot about thus burdened! Ants in their hive, carrying about their eggs as big as themselves, would be a joke to it. And consider, too, what insecurity there would be—what occasions for loss of the precious coins—what temptations to theft or robbery—if the transactions in this busy place were so conducted. It would be quite impossible to carry about such a mass of gold as is needed to liquidate the engagements which daily take place. Still more, even if it were possible to carry about these loads of gold, the gold itself could not be got. To suffice for the operations at the banks and on 'Change, fifty millions of gold would not be enough. Yet such an amount of the yellow metal could not be procured. Happily the gold is not wanted. Cheques, bills of exchange, and bank-notes are found to be equally valuable and negotiable—they represent property quite as reliably as gold, besides being infinitely more portable, safe, and convenient. And hence they—or rather, bills and cheques'—constitute to all intents and purposes the only currency on 'Change and throughout the monetary city. By means of them, transactions to the extent of tens of millions take place daily, without a single sovereign or even bank-note being visible.

We have styled the narrow but all-important precinct of which we write the City of Gold. Yet we have had to say that no gold is visible there. If gold be regarded as an equivalent expression for wealth and property, our title is correct, for the whole place abounds in wealth, and deals in it. Nevertheless it is the City of Gold even in the literal sense of the term, for its whole existence, all its operations, depend upon the presence of gold in one part of the locality—in the Bank of England. The gold, it is true, is invisible. The thousands who operate there never see it. It lies hid in the strongest chambers

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of the Bank, and no one sees it or counts it but the party who makes out the official return. But, visible or invisible, its presence and amount regulates the operations of the Bank, and those operations regulate and affect all the other operations of the precinct. The value of stocks and shares rises or falls, panic or prosperity occur, according as much or little of the yellow dross is reported to be in the occult chambers of Threadneedle Street.

Hence it is that the paragraph in the City Article which is most closely studied is that which relates to the supply of gold. The two brief lines which tell how much gold was taken to the Bank or withdrawn from it, are in reality the vital point of each day's monetary news. If gold is being deposited largely in the Bank, the dealers are all elate, and business and enterprise go ahead; if much gold is being withdrawn from the Bank, every one becomes uneasy; enterprise stands still. How is this momentous effect produced? The practical answer is, that the movements of the precious metal regulate the Bank's rate of discount, and the rate of discount affects the whole industry of the country. If traders can borrow, or get their customary advances, on easy terms, say at 4 per cent, they have every inducement to extend their business and employ as many men as possible; but if they have to pay 8 or 10 per cent, their margin of profit is seriously diminished, if not altogether swept away. Hence every fluctuation in the Bank rate is watched with intense interest throughout the whole country, and most of all in this monetary metropolis. But in this precinct, as elsewhere, the community is divided into two classes which are very differently affected by the changes in the Bank rate. Trade and Money, we have said, are the great powers which together set agoing the whole business of the precinct; traders and money-dealers constitute its population. A high rate of discount is disadvantageous for the trading and commercial classes, but, on the other hand, it is very profitable to the banks and money-dealers. An increase in the rate is virtually a transfer of a portion of the profits of the former into the pockets of the latter. Bankers like a high rate of discount, the trading classes do not. But both of them are alike interested in watching the movements of gold, as productive of the changes in the rate of discount—or, in other words, in the value of money on loan.

But why, it may be asked, should a little more or less gold in the Bank of England produce such immense effects upon the trade and prosperity of the country? All the engagements which are contracted in this monetary metropolis, as well as throughout the country, although carried on solely by means of cheques and bills, are bound to be met, if required, by payment in the legal money of the country. This legal money is gold and Bank of England notes. Gold, in exceptional times, may not be easily procurable; but the other element of the legalised currency — namely, bank-notes—may be manufactured in any quantity. It may be asked, then — by the uninitiated reader, we mean—When gold, at these rare times, becomes scarce, cannot its temporary deficiency be compensated by an increase in the issue of notes—which in the eye of the law, as well as in the estimation of the public, are as valid a tender as gold? It must be remembered, however, that these notes are a legal tender only so long as the Bank is ready to give gold for them on demand. The first duty of the Bank is to take care that it is at all times in a position to do this. It must insure the convertibility of the note. It must always be ready to give gold for its notes whenever such payment of gold is demanded. It is necessary, then, to observe to what extent such a demand for gold-payments is likely to arise, before we can decide as to the propriety of the measures which the Bank takes to meet such a contin-

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gency. As gold becomes scarce, does the public lose faith in the notes, and rush to the Bank to have them converted into gold? By no means. Experience enables us to speak with perfect confidence upon this point. It is not a question of opinion, but a simple matter of fact. No such loss of confidence in the notes of the Bank has ever occurred, either in our own time, or in that of our fathers and grandfathers. The Bank of England note is a tender which no one ever mistrusts. People take the notes as readily when there is not a spare sovereign in the Bank, as when its coffers are overflowing with the precious metal. Even in times of the direst commercial crisis, of the worst monetary panic, the public ask only for notes. The notes serve their purpose as money quite as well as gold does, and they greatly prefer them. The convertibility of the notes is never endangered, and people would much rather have the notes than an equivalent sum in gold. This is a fact beyond dispute. As a medium of internal circulation—as a means of settling accounts among ourselves—Bank of England notes are accepted everywhere and at all times as preferable to specie. Indeed, we may go further than this, and say that a cheque upon a good bank is preferable to either, although it is not a legal tender at all. Gold is quite unneeded by us in our monetary transactions with one another. And even if it were announced that the Bank could not give us gold for its notes for a twelvemonth to come, not one man in a hundred thousand would care. The public at large neither require the gold nor desire it.

Who, then, are the parties whose action at times produces a drain of gold from the Bank? They may be classed under three heads. It may be the Bank of France, or any other great foreign bank, which buys up bills of exchange upon London, and sends them here to be cashed, in order to supply itself with gold from the stock kept on hand by the Bank of England. Or it may be our own Government, which, by making loans to a foreign State, necessitates a corresponding export of the precious metals—or which, in times of war, has to export specie to provide supplies for its army abroad. Or finally, and as is most frequently the case, it is great capitalists, great money-dealers, who convert their money into gold or silver as best suits their purpose for the time, and who transfer it from one country to another, wherever they can make the largest profits upon it. It is these agencies, and not any mistrust of the notes, which produce the occasional heavy demands for gold upon the Bank of England. It is extremely rare that such drains ever become so great as to be a *real and unavoidable* embarrassment for the Bank. In times of war, indeed—as, for example, during the long and gigantic contest with France under the First Napoleon—the Government may have to send its last sovereign abroad in order to sustain the military operations of itself and its allies. But, save in such extremely exceptional circumstances, which have occurred only once in our history, the drain of gold for export never assumes a magnitude such as really (that is to say, apart from the artificial restrictions of the present Bank Act) to imperil the position of the Bank. The export of three or four million sterling of specie usually produces such an effect upon the rate of exchange, as of itself to render any further exports of the kind unprofitable; hence the drain ceases. And moreover, as experience amply shows, in two or three months all the gold thus exported returns to us. These, then, are the causes which produce the occasional drains of gold from the Bank, and such are the limits by which these drains are circumscribed. But never—not in a single instance—is gold demanded from the Bank

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from any loss of faith in its notes. No one doubts the value of the Bank of England's notes, and the power of converting them into gold is never desired save as a means of procuring gold for export, by the parties and for the purposes which we have specified.

This City of Gold is based upon gold,—and the foundation is found to be pre-eminently unstable and perilous. The golden base perpetually oscillates to and fro, and each of its greater oscillations is felt like the shock of an earthquake. It rises and falls, expands and contracts, and sometimes seems to slip away from beneath the City altogether. Then goodly houses go down by the dozen—not because they are ill-built—not from any fault of the architect or occupants, but simply because the foundation upon which they all stand has given way. Of late years these oscillations have become more frequent and more serious; and every ten years or so, a convulsion takes place—not of nature, but by Act of Parliament—which spreads terror and disaster through the Golden City, and paralyses the whole country as effectually as if an earthquake had strewed with ruins the great seats of our national industry. The merchant and the manufacturer, the shopkeeper and the day-labourer, alike find their trade stopped, and their gains swept away. Suffering and want spread over the land, as if there were a great famine. There is a paralysis of trade, a dearth of employment; and the hard times are felt by the mill-worker and the bricklayer, not less than by the magnates of the trading and commercial world. Is there not something wrong here? Ought the presence or absence of a few millions of gold to make the vast difference between national prosperity on the one hand, and national disaster and widespread suffering on the other? How will posterity speak of us when it sees that we made the huge fabric of our national industry stand like an inverted pyramid, resting on a narrow apex formed of a chamberful of yellow dross? Will they not laugh at our folly, our barbarism? When the usual supply of gold is temporarily diminished, why should our usual credit-system be restricted in proportion, or totally suspended? Of what use is Credit but to take the place of payments in coin? Was it not for this purpose, and for this alone, that credit and paper-money were adopted? Why, then, not make use of our credit-system as a means of compensating the temporary absence of gold? Why not tide over the difficulty instead of aggravating it? and so avoid the tremendous sufferings which are ever-recurrent under our present system of monetary legislation. Suffering thousands and starving myriads signalise each great monetary crisis. Even during the last year, though the crisis of evil has been escaped, the usurious Bank-rate of 9 or 10 per cent has swept away the profits of trade into the pockets of bankers and capitalists. Parliament inflicts misery upon the country out of an antiquated deference to some bits of yellow dross. Is this wisdom, is it humanity, is it civilisation? It is barbarism and folly, preached up by the moneyed interest, the high priests of Mammon, at the expense of the community.

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CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART IX.

SECURITY ON THE "RAIL."

From what I can gather from the newspapers, the Railway Boards in England are showing no very zealous desire to co-operate with the Board of Trade in the adoption of measures of security against ruffianly travellers. They would seem to imply that their whole concern is in the transit of the man or the trunk committed to their charge; that they are no more responsible for the morals than for the good manners of those they convey.

They argue briefly thus: The individual is to us a mere parcel of merchandise, for whose transport to a certain place we alone contract. He may be a heaven-born conversationalist, or the most foul-tongued blackguard and blasphemer; we have no possible means of ascertaining to which category he belongs. There are no tests known to us by which he can be analysed; nor, if there were, is there in the rapid process of railway despatch the time to apply them.

We do not, for instance, condition to carry gunpowder, explosive shells, detonating-bombs, or such-like, by our passenger trains; but yet if any traveller fills his portmanteau with Congreve rockets instead of linsey-woolsey, we have no help for it.

The carpet-bag you have just kicked back into its place under the opposite seat may be choke-full of the most inflammable and explosive ingredients, so that it was little short of a miracle that you, and all the others in your compartment, were not blown to the height of St Paul's. Was it ever suggested, however, that all luggage should be carefully rifled and examined before a train started, and that astute and intelligent practical chemists should be engaged to determine the contents of any suspicious phial or mysterious-looking powder, carefully investigating so-called hair-washes and pretended shaving-soaps? I am afraid the practice would but ill conduce to that rapidity of transit for whose sake

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we start with a train in front and a train behind, and a bewildered station-master and a stupid signalman. In good sooth, no one would endure it; and yet apply the difficulties of the luggage to the men, and you have at once all the embarrassments under which these Boards of Direction are now labouring.

There is not, in one word, any possible mode of ascertaining what sort of person is about to be conveyed from London to Exeter, any more than what may be the contents of his valise or his writing-desk.

It would be perfectly charming if there was any diagnostic process by which passengers could be sorted and distributed, and the care by which the small box marked fragile is separated from the rude contact of some coarse material applied to humanity.

Unhappily this is not so, and the most delicately-fashioned organisations are now obliged to take their chance in juxtaposition with all that is coarse, ill-bred, and brutal. But what an Elysium would the rail be if this great discovery could be effected! Imagine the station-master calling out, "The gentleman with the brown mustache here with these ladies; the stout gentleman next compartment with the parties for Stockport. This way, ma'am; there is the nursery-train. Not there, sir, if you please; the rowdies are in that carriage yonder." This, I regret to say, cannot be; and so long as goats can afford the fare, they are free to travel with sheep, and even with lambs.

It is clear enough, so far as prevention goes, the railway folk are powerless; and yet prevention is the great desideratum; because, no matter what amount of surveillance you establish—what rapid communication with the guard—what co-operation with passengers in the adjoining carriage,—a row in a compartment will always be a most unpleasant incident, and its due investigation a matter of no small difficulty. The aggressive individual may have a colleague, apparently unacquainted with him—a Pal, as the slang would call him—ready to depose in his favour, and so to confuse testimony, that if the guard were not astute as Baron Martin, and as much master of the Law of Evidence, he might most excusably be puzzled which side to believe, and hesitate to determine whether the lady-complainant was an injured innocence or an outraged and offended Dido. Indeed, one has only to imagine for a moment the power of a restless, capricious, irritable passenger to summon to his or her aid a railway-guard at any instant to adjudicate upon some supposed grievance, to make railroad travel the most refined species of mental torture ever conceived by man. Fancy a police-court, with the chance of a collision and a smash—and certainly the prospect is not enticing; and yet this is exactly what we should have. The timorous invalid in the double blanket yonder, is alarmed that his *vis-à-vis* has a leather case slung round him that may contain a telescope, but not impossibly may hold a revolver. He does not like his look; his eye is cold and stern; he is abrupt of speech, and has a short, sharp way of replying when addressed. The other passengers have got out, and he is alone with this stranger, who has now divested himself of his overcoat and thrown his gloves into his hat—preparations, and for what? The terrified rings at once to summon the guard, and to whisper his fears—fears so palpably expressed, and so plainly acknowledged, that the stranger cannot for a moment doubt he is regarded as a murderer. Meanwhile the uneasy virtue in the next carriage is screaming for aid, because a bagman has stuck a glass in his eye, and is emulating the admiring stare of Lord Dundreary.

The incessant and frivolous appeals of silly, unreasonable, and affected travellers would soon demonstrate that the worst miseries of the rail are not the physical perils, but all the varying moods

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and capricious humours of a vexed humanity.

I repeat, therefore, the Direction can do very little. They can establish a periodical inspection, and send a guard down the train at intervals to peep into the cages and see that the beasts are not tearing each other; or if they be, that they are tearing the animal that was the first to spring on the others: beyond this they are powerless. What is then to be done? I have thought much over the subject, and, I grieve to say, without any great light having broken in upon me. At last, however, an expedient did present itself to my mind, which, if not capable of meeting all the difficulties of the case, certainly will serve to lighten and diminish many of the ills which now render English railroads something worse than Hounslow and Bagshot in the days of Dick Turpin.

This is the age of qualifications. To enable a man to be one thing, he must first of all show that he has been something else, albeit occasionally very different. To be a "Commissioner" anywhere, you must have been a barrister of six years' standing; though what the aforesaid six years represented, except idleness, bitter beer, newspaper reporting, and cigars, I never met the man who could tell me. To be a tide-waiter, or a police constable, or a gauger, or a Foreign-Office clerk, you must not only undergo examination in Ollendorf and Colenso, but be a proficient in a variety of things that the day after your appointment you will sweep from your brain as so much unprofitable rubbish.

Now let us apply this system to the rail. Let every man who travels, and who does not sometimes, provide himself with a certificate as to character, signed by two householders, and countersigned by a physician. They need be neither long-winded nor diffuse; indeed, brevity, which is the soul of wit, is the quintessence of wisdom. By producing this—a small piece of card, we shall say—when he demands his ticket at the pay-office, the clerk is enabled at once to assign him his suitable and appropriate place in the train. A very few initial letters, whose signification may be immediately acquired, will serve every purpose of indication. Thus, a gentleman asking a first-class for Chester, hands in his card marked "P. S.," and is at once recognised to be Perfectly Safe. Another, with a mere "S." (Safe), will be accepted as one with a somewhat inferior amount of surety; "H." would imply Hazardous, and demand a certain amount of precaution; while "D. T.," no longer symbolic of spirituous insanity, would inspire an extreme watchfulness, as signifying Dangerous in a Tunnel.

You will say, however, that no man would willingly carry about with him a written and authorised disparagement of his character, that he never would expose to public gaze a declaration that pronounced him a "D. L." (not Deputy-Lieutenant, however, but Dangerous to Ladies); but there you would be wrong, since, in default of even this qualified amount of character, he would be obliged to travel in a certain compartment called the "Unqualified Car," where every species of unwarranted rascal and vagabond entered without question. Better a thousand times the meekest voucher for a man's good behaviour, the mildest assurance of possible good-conduct, than this complete outlawry!

What immense facilities would the system offer to travel! The timid elderly gentleman or the nervous lady, by a very small addition to her fare, could journey with a company warranted "S. R." (Safe and Respectable); while harder organisations would practise a courageous economy by entering the compartment labelled "G. C." (Generally Correct); and a still bolder class, trusting to self-protection, would step into the smoking-van, where "Latakia" was permitted, and ladies came "if they liked it."

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MOUNTAINEERS AND BALLOONERS.

I like harmless associations. I am always pleased to hear of "Antiquarian Societies;" "Horticultural Unions," and even Clubs for the Collection of Beetles and Butterflies, find favour with me; and one of the chief reasons of my esteem for them is, that they are usually modest and unobtrusive. Your collector is ordinarily a peaceful, retiring, self-contained man; his coin, or his manuscript, or his fragment of majolica completely engross him; and, if they render him indifferent to the great interests and events around him, they also serve to make him very tolerant of others who take a different view of life and its duties.

Besides this, they now and then emerge from the dark recesses of their lucubrations, and contribute a noticeable fact or two to the mass of our knowledge. There is, however, one Society whose members are constantly thrusting themselves before public attention, inviting observation as to their doings, and asking interest for their exploits, which has ever appeared to me the most absurd, the most uninteresting, and the most barren of all useful results, of all known associations. I mean the "Alpine Club."

Why men should form themselves into a club to climb mountains, has no more common sense in it than that they should unite to have their hair cut or their teeth extracted in common.

A Whist Club, a Driving Club, a Cricket Club, has its significance. You want co-operation, and you unite to secure that amount of companionship which your pursuit requires; but what division of wit—what reciprocity of skill—is there in tramping over a glacier? What you need is a guide and a pair of strong shoes. But why associate yourself with others for this? You cannot affect to say that a single fact in science—a single useful or even curious observation—has ever resulted from your union. You have gone up to the Grands-Mulets or the Col du Géant, and you have come down again—two events interesting doubtless to yourself, but of no more moment to the world to which you publish them than the name and birthplace of the peasant who made your alpenstock. Now I do not object to this mode of passing your time, only provided that you are not vainglorious enough to write letters about it in the newspapers. Be pleased to bear in mind that if every one was to record some remarkable incident in life, simply because it possessed a great interest for himself, we should have our newspapers filled with details more personal than pleasing. One gentleman would have to record his having drunk twenty-one tumblers of whisky-punch at a sitting; another his having eaten six pounds of beef-steak at a meal,—feats just as curious and fully as perilous as the ascent of Mont Blanc. Climb your mountain, in God's name; go up eight or ten thousand feet above the sea, and take your fill of frost-bites and ophthalmia and embarrassed respiration, and come down again when you've had enough of them; all I ask is, don't ask me to read about you—don't swagger down into Chamouni with the little band in front of you, as if you were a hero, and had done something beyond blistering your feet and inflaming your eyelids. For all that is useful in human nature, you are not a whit better than a dancing dervish. He, like you, puts himself out of the pale of society and Windsor soap for a period, and I never knew any one that liked his company the better for it.

Now, let it not be supposed that I who write this am one who hold cheap manly exercises and athletic pursuits. A late critic—he was a Cockney, to be sure—in noticing a volume of these lucubrations,

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describes me as a *laudator temporis acti*, and consequently would persuade the world that I am, as regards muscular Christianity, on the retired list. To this I beg to answer, that I am ready to row, ride, swim, spar, or pitch a sledge with him to-morrow; and that I pledge myself, if he be the better man, to give him all the honour of his victory in a future page.

Your pleasant men are, besides, very rarely pedestrians. Horsemen and yachting-men are almost always companionable. The pursuit that exacts too much physical labour, is an enemy to that repose of mind so essential to agreeability. The strain on the tendons is felt on the intellect; and the fellow, weighted with hobnailed shoes and shrouded with a blue gauze veil, is not in the condition favourable to easy genial talk, and that light gossip that are so enjoyable. Mind that I distinguish the Mountaineer, the man of glaciers and crevasses, here, from the pleasant fellow who strolls with you after breakfast through the plantations, talking of everything, from the poet Tennyson to Piedmontese truffles. There is a certain business-like preoccupied air in your regular walker, that gives him a strong resemblance to the penny-postman. You see that he has a number of distinct places to visit, and that he is conning over in his mind his "addresses" as he goes.

Take all the pleasantest men of your acquaintance, and tell me frankly how few are there Mountaineers amongst them; and did you ever meet an Alpine Clubbist that you didn't wish at the top of the Righi?

Is there not an intolerable sameness in all their talk? Is it not always the same story of the "steps cut with the hatchet," and of "the rope that was too short"? Have you not the brave bold guide and the bad stupid one as regularly as Hogarth's two apprentices; and are you not heartily sick—I am—of "We were distinctly seen from Chamouni, and could plainly hear the salute of guns with which they welcomed our appearance on the summit"?

I never read one of these descriptions without envying the inhabitants of Holland, and thinking what a blessing it must be to live where there are no Alps, and consequently no bores to climb them.

But there is another objection to this sort of fraternity. The great mass of men cannot afford to do anything extraordinary or uncommon without becoming positively insupportable. We all of us have some experiences of the creature who has been up the Nile, and talked sphinxes and pelicans till we wished him under the Great Pyramid. Your Alps walker is, however, a greater infliction again, for he insists on dashing his explorings with a touch of personal heroism. It was *he* who did or did not do something but for which the whole party would have been precipitated, or engulfed, or swept away, heaven knows how or where.

There is but one condition on which I could forgive these mountain-climbers—which is, that they would not come down again.

Next to these in order of utter uselessness are the people who go up in balloons, and who come down to tell us of the temperature, the air-currents, the shape of the clouds, and amount of atmospheric pressure in a region where nobody wants to go, nor has the slightest interest to hear about.

Is there any one, I ask, who couldn't write a balloon ascent just as amusing as those we read of every week in the papers?

You start with the account of all the cubic feet of gas employed in the inflation, and then you proceed to describe how all Kent or Surrey, or wherever it was, lay beneath you like a map, and "we could see the Thames meandering for miles like a silver thread." Then come clouds, and a smart shower of rain, and two loud claps, "louder than any thunder, made by the sudden col-

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lapse of the balloon as we gained the great altitude of" a hundred thousand miles, let us say. Of course the Queen's health is drunk here, and "my companion essayed—with not very remarkable success, I own—a verse of our national anthem."

Then you bob about for an hour and a half, realising the old nursery rhyme, "Here we go up, up, up," and at last you come down, down, but not downy, but into a tree; and the grapnel drags, and one jumps out, and the other is pitched after him; the balloon is secured by the country people, and all return to town, to go over the selfsame weary exploit some weeks later; the worthlessness of the whole being but poorly concealed under the mockery of a scientific report, that might for every possible purpose have been as well composed at the "Star and Garter" as at a height of five thousand feet above the earth.

Modern medicine has a grand imaginative vein through it, and who knows but the time may come when an asthmatic patient will be sent up to respire above the clouds, or bronchitis will be treated by an atmospheric pressure of so much to the inch? Till then, however, these gentlemen's experiences have no interest for us; and when we hear of Mr Glaisher "in nubibus," we are tempted to cry out, like the man in the play, "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?"

THE LUXURY OF LIBERTY.

It would form a very strange and a very instructive subject of inquiry, to investigate how far the great law of compensations—that give-and-take principle which really seems the essential condition of all organised nature—enters into all the acts and events of our daily life; showing us not merely that there is no such thing in existence as unalloyed good or evil, but that for every benefit we receive a certain sacrifice is exacted; and that the good things of life are ticketed with their price, like the objects in a bazaar.

A proper understanding of this would take away a great deal of that discontent and grumbling one sees around us; and men would learn that within certain limits happiness was pretty equally distributed, and that even those who appear to have won the great prizes, have somehow or other paid for them more heavily than we wot of. What particularly led me to reflect on this matter was the state of excitement, amounting to irritation, that is now witnessed in certain parts of Southern Italy at the sudden increase of all taxation. Hitherto, all that they have known of a "United Italy" has been rose-coloured. New schemes of industry developed, railroad activity, public works, private enterprises, national festivals, royal receptions, crosses, pensions, and promotions, have all had their day; but at last has come the hour when the "whistle" must be paid for. To enable the State to be generous, it must be rich, and this is precisely the thing it is not. In the maintenance of a great army and a very costly fleet Italy has spent enormous sums, and is pretty much in the condition of a man who has laid out so much money in bars and padlocks, that there is nothing left inside the house to guard. The State, however, wants money, and having taken all the loose cash of the convents and church-lands, has at last to come down on the laity.

"This, then, is liberty!" cries the labouring man in the street. "Liberty means dear bread, dear beans, dear oil and wine and maccaroni. In the old days of bad government all these were cheap. If I only worked five days a-week, and gave two others to the saints and my own pleasures, I had enough! This new Freedom, however, has put an end

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to all this. To make this United Italy, it would seem that I must work more and eat less than heretofore." And this is perfectly true. I have not a word to say against Liberty. I only premise that it is a thing to be paid for. Occasionally it is well worth the money. As we deem it in England, and occasionally as America shows us, it is one of the veriest shams and humbugs that has ever misled humanity.

Now, the assertion is not perhaps pleasant to make or to listen to, but it is a fact, that corrupt governments are generally cheap ones —that is to say, that oppressive rulers are often disposed to conciliate their subjects by the diffusion of material benefits, while they grind them down by restrictive laws and tyrannical edicts. The duchy of Modena, for instance, was more arbitrary in its sway—more insolently irresponsible in the exercise of its wayward rule—than any country of modern Europe, and yet no people ever paid less taxes than the Modenese.

How lightly were the Neapolitans taxed under the Bourbons! and so we might proceed upwards and show that for every concession to freedom there came a price, till we reached Tuscany, where enlightenment and civilisation stood certainly highest in the peninsula, and where, at the same time, taxation was heaviest, and men saw that liberty was just as much a luxury as plate-glass, or jewels, or champagne: that is to say, it was a charming thing if you could afford it, but was by no means a positive necessity; and, like all luxuries, it had only charms for those who had tasted of it, and felt its attractions.

Liberty has very fine things in her gift, it is true. Personal freedom, immunity from arrest without sufficient cause shown and legal authority invoked, free discussion, free speech, religious toleration, untrammelled education, —are no small boons; but there is not one of them whose due appreciation does not exact either a certain amount of reflection, or of information; whereas the humblest and the most narrow-minded can comprehend the hardship of increased taxation, and there is no intelligence so limited but can take in the fact, that it is less pleasant to pay ten centimes than five.

Liberty, besides, was always represented to be as much a man's birthright as the air he breathed. Our reformers told us that we are only, in asking for it, demanding our own: how came it then that it was so costly? Why, if it were the inalienable possession of humanity, should it be paid for? This certainly is capable of explanation, but we are not to be surprised if the masses have not hit on the solution as readily as we might wish.

The organised pressure which we call Liberty requires policemen, and magistrates, and jails, and penitentiaries, and courts of law to punish libel and repress slander, not to speak of all the appliances to prevent religious freedom from degenerating into blasphemy, and free speech becoming a scandal and a shame; and these are all parts of a very costly machinery.

Irresponsible governments work cheap, just because they can dispense with all this mechanism. The Pacha who says, "Cut off his head," does not cost the State he serves one-fiftieth part of a Chief-Justice, before whom the culprit comes after five months' imprisonment, to be arraigned by an Attorney-General with four thousand a-year, and a corps of witnesses like an army. I don't say I prefer Ottoman justice to English; but if I want the latter, I must be content to pay for it. Now the Italians at this moment are in that crisis which all people must pass through, and they want all the benefits of good government and all the cheapness of the bad.

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The misfortune is, there are nations that would positively prefer tyranny, oppression, and cruelty, if they only came accompanied by cheapness and an easily-provided existence, to all the benefits of the highest civilisation, if linked with a high tariff; just as the Irish peasant liked his old lawless, reckless, devil-may-care landlord, that sometimes took a shot at him, sometimes forgave him his rent, better than the modern agriculturist with his Scotch steward, who will neither overlook arrears nor weeds, and who, if he is never cruel, is equally far from any impulsive generosity in his behalf.

Naples, like Ireland, is just in this state of awakement. They have each of them emerged from barbarism, but it was a barbarism so congenial and so cheap withal, that they'd almost rather have it back again, than all this new-fangled Freedom, that makes bread so dear and saints' days so seldom.

"TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE, AND THE POUNDS WILL," ETC. ETC. ETC.

What should we say if an order came forth from the Master of the Mint, or some such competent authority, "That all the copper coinage of the country should be submitted to a most searching test to ascertain its purity — that penny-pieces and halfpennies were no longer to pass current without a new certificate of their genuineness, while gold and silver were to circulate as usual—all warranty of their unadulterated value being deemed needless"?

I ask, would not the common-sense reading of such an edict be, that it was exceedingly absurd and ridiculous?

Would not men of ordinary intelligence say, "It is not of very great moment to me that I am now and then imposed on by a 'rap halfpenny:' I can sustain the loss with composure, and bear it without fretting; but if I constantly find a number of bad shillings in my change, and if occasionally I detect some spurious sovereigns in my purse, the affair is more serious, and I am certainly disposed to resent it"?

This is precisely what our Government is at this moment enacting in England with respect to Civil-Service employment. The men who are to fill all the inferior offices of the State are to be rigidly and severely examined, while all those who succeed to the higher employments are to enter upon them untried, untested, and unproven. To be a Gauger, you must be a historian, a geographer, an arithmetician, and a naturalist. To be the Governor of a colony, you may be a "Cretin"! To convey a despatch across Europe, you must prove your efficiency in French and decimal fractions, and such other knowledge: to be the writer of that same despatch, no such test is asked of you. The bearer of the message is put through his parts of speech. The writer may—and very often does, too—revel in all the unrestrained freedom of bad grammar.

Perhaps you will say that the system is progressive, and that, these initial tests once submitted to, the man proves his fitness for the highest office. To this I simply say, When did you ever hear of a penny-piece growing into a crown; or have you any experience of a farthing that became a sovereign? No; the whole system is based on this great principle, Take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves; and certainly so they have done. This legislation is all theirs. It is they who have decreed it. They have declared aloud that shocking abuses are

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abroad. The poor are hourly defrauded. "No one can tell the number of base penny-pieces that are in circulation. This must be looked to at once." It is thus the pounds have spoken, and God help the pennies! Gold and silver legislate for bronze and copper, and of course bronze and copper have nothing to say to it. Now, if I know anything about myself, I am not a Radical—not, perhaps, so much because these people have not occasionally a show of reason in what they ask, as from the dislike I have ever felt for their company. They are an overbearing, dogmatical, obtrusive class, loud of speech, coarse of manner, and insolent in bearing; but, without any Radicalism whatever, I would in all humility ask, Why keep all your tests for the coppers? Why not now and then analyse a sixpence? If I could screw up courage enough, I would add, Why not put a half-sovereign in the crucible? Surely it is of more moment that these be genuine than the others. Would not the nation have more patience for a penny-postman that missent a letter, than for a governor who lost a colony? and yet it is for the penny-postman's education we are so vitally concerned; and the governor may be anything, only a shade above the requirements for Bedlam.

Have able and efficient public servants by all means; even in the lower walks of office take care that you are not served stupidly or ill. Let the penny-pieces be genuine copper; but, in heaven's name, don't ask them to be more, and do not submit them to the test applicable to bullion, while you let the same bullion go free unquestioned.

But this is not all. The pennies are not merely required to be good pennies, worth four farthings, but they are asked to be useful in various other ways foreign to their original intention: as ounce weights, letter-pressers, and heaven knows what besides; that is, the Tide-waiter is examined in acoustics, and the War-Office clerk probed in comparative anatomy and numismatics. Like the Irishman's pig, you want him to go to Cork, and you turn his head to Fermoy.

In the name of all that is Chinese, what is this for? Why must a man bring to one pursuit in life forty acquirements that would adapt him for another? If you go to a dentist to relieve you from the pangs of a toothache, is your first inquiry whether he has ever operated for cataract, or how often he has tied the subclavian artery? And yet this is not all; for if the dentist, being a bungler, should smash your jaw, and then tell you it is a satisfaction to you to know that the man who makes his artificial teeth is thoroughly up in osteology, and a deep proficient in animal chemistry, he would be exactly carrying out the present system. Are we, I ask once more, to take all the gold and silver on trust, and only scrutinise the brass?

What amount of shamefacedness could promulgate such a plan, is hard to conceive. I have heard from a Secretary of State, French so execrable that it would reject the veriest unpaid attaché. I have read despatches from similar hands that would have "plucked" an exciseman; and are these to enjoy high place and station and salary, and yet some poor-devil clerk go out a beggar and houseless because at the age of forty he cannot render Bonnycastle's Algebra, or "mention all the one-eyed men of distinction since the days of William Rufus." I implore most eagerly that there should be some test for the bullion. Let us have a Secretary for the Colonies put through his physical sciences. I'd like to examine the Senior Lord of the Admiralty on the best mode of "footing turf" in a wet bog; and with all his varied acquirements, I'd like to take the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the merits and demerits of the Bauchet system of horse-training. The "Pounds,"

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however, will not have this, for they are resolved to "take care of themselves." Perhaps the theory is that they are too elevated for observation—that if the base of the pyramid be ornamented, it is no matter what is at the top.

At all events, the abuse is now unbearable. If the crown-piece shirk the crucible, you have no right to throw the penny into it. If we must become Prussian or Pekinite—for they are about the same—make a free trade in office life, open the Indian Viceroyalty to competitive examination, and let the First Lord of the Treasury go up to Burlington House, and be put through his Colenso like the rest of us. But, above all, let us not keep all the scrutiny for the small people—all the prizes for the big ones. Do not stamp education, in fact, as you do "cheap broth"—a very good thing for the poor; and do not be, as the adage says, "Penny wise and pound foolish."

CENTENARIES AND COMMEMORATIONS.

I fervently hope that no indiscreet but enthusiastic admirers of mine in some future age will ever think of honouring me by a centenary. I know the temptation will be strong. I feel that a grateful posterity will be eager to repay what contemporaries have been so lax in acknowledging. I can imagine, too, how the words "O'DOWD COMMEMORATION" would read on a placard; and I can fancy the "snobs" of another century running about with "original portraits" and "curious manuscriptal remains" of what they will doubtless call "Our Immortal Humorist." Now I hereby desire to place on record my formal protest against the whole proceeding. It is not that the great Shakespeare sham has given me a hearty disgust to such celebrations, but that I feel that they are false in logic as in taste; and there never was, and probably never will be, a reputation high enough to stand above the ridicule that attaches to such vulgar and low-lived adulation.

Had the great Bard's bust been anything but plaster-of-Paris, it would have blushed at the company by which it was surrounded. In the first place, these people start with something very like a vote of censure on their ancestors, who, having had a great man amongst them, were stupid enough not to recognise his genius or admit his greatness. Now, for my own part, I suspect that the ordinary vice of every age is in over-estimating itself, and consequently thinking far too highly of its own products, whether the same be enormous gooseberries or great generals. I am strongly disposed to believe that our present-day gods and goddesses will be thought very little of by our next-century successors, and we ourselves held proportionately cheap, for the intense admiration we have accorded them. There is this, however, to be said for the judgments of contemporaries, that they could recognise and appreciate the fitness of the man to his time; and this, of course, no opinions of a remote posterity could pretend to vie with.

I remember hearing how congregations used to cry at Dean Curwen's sermons. I bought the book, and I vow I almost cried too over the ten-and-sixpence I paid for it; and yet there is no denying the power this man wielded. The scenes his churches witnessed of enthusiastic feeling—of benevolence, exaggerated to a perfect hysterical passion—are not transcended by the records of Mrs Siddons in Lady Macbeth. The offertory-plate was filled with brooches, rings, bracelets: what-

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ever of ornament adorned the brow or breast of beauty, was thrown half-frantically to swell the sum that went to assuage the sorrows of wretchedness, or save from destitution the widow and the orphan. Read one of these appeals now, and if it will move you to contribute a sixpence, you must have a heart open as day to melting charity; and yet this was the subject of Grattan's beautiful eulogy—this was he who, in feeding the lamp of charity, exhausted the lamp of life, &c.

Now, we have nothing to induce us to believe that our grandfathers and grandmothers were a soft-hearted generation. From all that we can learn of them, they were pretty much like ourselves. They had the same sort of pomps, vanities, and temptations as we have, and doubtless met them in a spirit like our own. I am willing to admit that they were not worse, but I do not believe that they were better than us. How came it, then, that this preacher, whose eloquence, to our thinking, is anything but impassioned, and whose appeals we can read now as coolly as we con over our 'Bradshaw,' moved enraptured audiences at his will, and made even those who came to deny his powers remain to testify, by solemn acts of benevolence, to his persuasiveness? Take what is before our eyes at this moment: is there any one bold enough to say that Spurgeon's sermons, to which twenty thousand persons weekly listen in rapt wonder and worship, will some fifty years hence have fifty readers—ay, even five? And not that the man has not power and ability—his success has put that much on record; but that there is a species of power and ability that must come aided by the individuality, and that they who have not witnessed the exercise of these gifts, when so accompanied, are not fair judges of the effect.

We are often wrong, then, in saying that this or that man who achieved a celebrity in some by-gone day would not have been distinguished had he lived in our own era. The chances are we should have taken him at the same price as our forefathers did. Let us be slow to disparage the age in which a charlatan was made much of—not only because there never yet was a time without such examples, but also because the charlatan was undeniably a cleverer fellow than we are willing to believe him. There are, however, now and then instances of men so transcendently great, that what they have done remains an authority for future ages, and becomes an eternal possession to the land that bore them. These men, if they be writers, imbue the language with their own genius, enriching the humblest who talks with the bright flashes of their soul, the charming vagrancies of their fancy, and the heart-stirring eloquence of their passion. Such men commemorate themselves. What can you do for them?—how exalt them, how honour them? Let your homage take what shape it will, it must ever be in its proportions absurdly unequal to the object of its devotion. A statue has its meaning, certainly, but beyond that we can do nothing. Of the success of commemoration festivals, processions, concerts, monster dinners, brass bands, and brass orators, let that sad spectacle in honour of Shakespeare testify.

A small town in the east of Italy, where Rossini had once passed some time, conceived the idea of commemorating the great Maestro's sojourn amongst them by a statue. The zeal was unhappily greater than the wealth, and after some months of unwearied toil the managing committee announced the sad fact, that although one high-spirited individual had of himself contributed the pedestal, which was already built, and ready to receive the statue, the moneyed contributions only reached twelve hundred francs. In this dilemma they, with a courage that all must commend, waited on the illustrious

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composer, and asked in what way he would himself advise this sum to be appropriated. "You want a statue," said he, thoughtfully; "and you have, it seems, only got as far as the pedestal."

"Yes, Illustrissimo, that is our case."

"And you have twelve hundred francs besides towards your object?"

The committee bowed their acquiescence.

"Give me the money then, and I'll stand on the pedestal half an hour next Tuesday. I must leave on Wednesday, or I'd repeat the performance."

I wish I could record that the committee had been men of sufficient generosity to appreciate, and of taste to avail themselves of, this offer. That unadorned pedestal would have been a monument to make their town illustrious for ages. A neat inscription, too, could have recorded the fact "that here, on such a day in May," &c. &c.

We go to visit battle-fields with the very vaguest information as to the position of the contending hosts; here, however, one small platform would hold us to the hard fact where the great Maestro had stood, and one-half the imagination we deploy to people La Haye Sainte or Hougoumont would suffice to present Rossini before us, with his roguish eye, his humorous mouth, and that general look of self-satisfied shrewdness that is the most marked characteristic of the great composer.

Now, I might ask, is there not something in this suggestion of Rossini's well worth our consideration? Are there not men amongst us who would like to sell their reversion of future fame for a little present assistance? That ten thousand I am to have at my grandmother's death, is to me a mere dissolving view of affluence. I want it now. I won't go so far as to wish the old lady in paradise, though why that should be accounted a hardship is not so easy to understand. But in my pressing need I am ready to barter my "great expectations" for something of present fruition. I might like a statue very much, as a hero; but to the pride of that commemoration of me in the next century, it is just possible I might prefer a suit of clothes now. Would not Shakespeare himself rather have had one jolly evening's carouse with Ben Jonson, than to have been assured of that blessed exhibition of maudlin penny-a-liners and dramatists that we all witnessed a few weeks ago?

The Florentines have just announced a commemoration of Dante. It is to take place next April, on the five hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. That they will deal with the matter with more taste than ourselves is easy to believe—that whatever of literary distinction Italy possesses will aid and assist the festival, we may feel assured. It is as much the revival of Italian greatness which will be celebrated as the fame of the greatest of all Italians; and yet the difficulties will be immense. What can they say for Dante that his works have not said immeasurably better? How proclaim the fame that already fills the earth?

What man, when a sou'wester is straining the canvass and making the foretopsail like a board, so that the craft cleaves the water like a fish, takes down the bellows by way of increasing the wind? Yet this is precisely what your commemorators are doing. They are running about with that wretched bellows of theirs, to add to the gale that is only short of a hurricane; and so once more I say, Let me have no commemoration.

When the Crimean war broke out, Mr Gladstone declared that he would have no loan: the generation who made the war should pay for it. So say I. I will not borrow what posterity may have to pay. I leave it, of course, to an intelligent public to understand in what way I prefer to take out my "immortality."

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PERSONAL AND PECULIAR.

Gracious and compassionate reader, it is not often that I inflict you with a personality; nor, indeed, do I remember such a transgression since the day on which I told you about a certain friend of Gioberti. I am now, however, disposed to sin once more. The occasion is a letter I have this morning received from Mrs O'D., and which, touching a little as it does on "Men and Women, and other Things in General," is not foreign to the matter of these papers.

A great contemporary—one of the very pleasantest fellows that ever talked at a dinner-table—Jules Janin, once made a *feuilleton* on his own marriage. Now I am not fully certain I should like to have gone so far as this, but I see no objection to quoting certain portions of Mrs O'Dowd's correspondence, reserving to myself the right which Ministers are wont to exercise in blue-books, of omitting all that is most piquant, and consequently most interesting. With an abruptness worthy of Demosthenes she opens thus: "They are at it again, dear Corny, as bad as ever, and never was anything less provoked by our people. The Dublin demonstration was beautiful, and the coal-porters preserved the peace with their bludgeons in a manner that made every one delighted; and the consequence is, that the savages in the north, driven frantic by the elegant success here, came down on our poor suffering co-religionists, as Doctor Cullen said, "like a wolf on the fold," and they have half destroyed the town of Belfast. The cry is now '*Sauve qui peut!*' Lord Carlisle is gone already, and, with the help of the Virgin, I mean to be off by Saturday. When this reaches you, you will therefore look out for a comfortable house in some pleasant city where there is a nice social circle, with a good climate and everything cheap. You wouldn't know Dublin, how dear it has grown. Nobody thinks of anything better than a car; and the Viceroy, I'm told, puts the household one day every week on cold mutton, and makes Friday a black fast, which is very popular with our people. Whisky-negus is given at the Castle balls, and the aide-de-camps are reduced to a pint of Guinness at dinner; and no wonder, mutton is ninepence, and as much bone as meat.

"There's another reason too, Corny, why I want to leave this. Tom M'Grath says it's all bother about your being a Commissioner or anything else under the Government; that you're just gallivanting about the Continent for your own fun—dining out wherever you can, and making love wherever they'll let you: a nice life of it, and very respectable to a man of your time of life, seeing that on your birthday last Tuesday you were * * *." Here I avail myself of the ministerial asterisks, and proceed. "And that's not all; but that you are abusing the Church and the Cardinals, and everything that is holy and decent, not even sparing the country that gave you your birth and your wife—two blessings that you oughtn't to forget, no matter, as Tom says, however perverted foreign habits have made you.

"You may think how pleasant my situation is, that I never go out to take tea that I don't hear somebody say, 'Write off that to your husband, Mrs O'Dowd—it will be as good as a box of cigars to him;' or, 'There's a bit of gossip for Corny; that's what he lives on just now.'

"And is this the 'place under the Government,' 'the roving commission to look after the state of Europe'?

"It was only yesterday Mrs Brady said to me, 'Mrs O'Dowd, you'll find yourself quite a celebrity

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on the Continent. You'll be as well known as Barney Williams or Mr Cobden!' Wasn't that a nice speech to make to a respectable married woman?

"Tom will take me as far as Dover, and then go back; so that, if you want to write home or make any family inquiries, he will be for the present your"—heaven forgive Mrs O'Dowd her orthography!—an additional "r" would have cost her so little; and she need not have written the word, "Co-respondent!"

It was a small thing to be vexed about, but I couldn't get over it; and I walked about all day muttering to myself, "My co-respondent, Tom M'Grath!" My second reflections were these: Married life is little suited to the habits of the Continent. It will do, perhaps, with the natives, because *they* wear their chains gracefully, and occasionally festoon them, as I have seen certain jaunty galley-slaves do, in picturesque loops all around them; but we Saxons or Celts take a more serious view of our sentence, and accept the words "for life" with a far graver significance. Then we have a regular glut of what are called the "delights of a home." Our detestable climate and coal-fires, our small houses and peculiar notions of hospitality—all lead us to assemble in our own "wigwams," and exchange the amenities of civilisation with our own Squaws.

The foreigner is not driven to this. The nights are never too wet to go out to the café or the theatre; nor, reciprocally, to prevent some two or three intimates to drop in and chat with your wife. I have grown to like this. I have lived long enough to feel that to hoard up one's genial pleasantry—one's conversational stores—one's social resources in many ways, for mere home consumption, is as arrant avarice as to swear you will never give sixpence away for anything but for family expenses. I hold myself above that. Now my late experiences in life have largely developed these charities in my nature. I cannot remember the day I have played the miser of my gifts, for I do not know when I last dined at home. If Mrs O'D. should join me, what becomes of these rich outpourings of my pleasantry? How am I to give way to the expansive richness of my fancy, in describing my life in Ireland, on my own estate, in my paternal halls, surrounded by my attached peasants? Those hunting-parties!—ah, those hunting-parties! how Compiègne and Fontainebleau pale before them! That great country-house, filled with distinguished guests—how, I ask, am I to dash off one of these grand frescoes, when Mrs O'Dowd stands by with a whitewash brush to "smudge" the whole picture?—and she would. I know that woman well. Her own sister told me that as a child she never built a card-house herself, but went all round the table, knocking down the others.

That has been her mission through life. The world is full of these stone-and-mortar people, who would rather take shelter in a dungeon than under a silken canopy.

What is to be done? The peril is imminent. Shall I be jealous of Tom M'Grath, and order her peremptorily to go reside with her mother?—a grand Russian sort of policy that! Being jealous is, however, a great mistake in connubial strategy. It is simply showing your wife a raw spot in your nature which she may irritate at will; and I shrewdly suspect Mrs O'D. would "hit the blot" at once. Besides this, "mocking is catching;" and even already I am not over well pleased with my friend Tom's attentions. What business was it of his to dilate upon my life and habits? Why should he bring under my wife's notice those broadcast opinions I am scattering, and which would be as cruelly spoiled by Mrs O'D.'s supervision as ever was a French comedy by the Censor?

To telegraph to my wife that

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the Continent was in a fearful state — "honeycombed," as Mr Disraeli says, with conspiracy, and perfectly mined by Red Republicanism — would have defeated all my strategy. Genuine woman as she is, she'd have been in ecstasies at the idea of such excitement. She'd have preferred a barricade to a new bonnet any day; and, womanlike, would have confronted the worst perils of a mob for the mere pleasure of one day recounting them. Were I to say, therefore, The revolution may break out next week, it would only add speed to her lest she should arrive too late.

To assure her, as I now in all truthfulness do you, my bland reader, that the cheapness of the Continent was all sham and delusion, would have provoked the less logical than practical reply, "No worse for me than for you, Mr O'Dowd." I might be taken suddenly ill and die—I mean, to have my death reported to her. There was much to be said in favour of this course, but Mrs O'Dowd was a woman of strong measures. She might remarry, and the complication become troublesome. I had just finished 'Enoch Arden,' and had no ambition to appear in that now popular part.

Torn with opposing conflicting thoughts, I paced my room in a state of almost frenzied perplexity, when the thought struck me, I shall go back to Ireland—I am wanted there suddenly. There is to be a great Art Exhibition of Irish products next May, and am I one of them? It is important to see how many cubic feet they may be able to accord me—in what section I am to stand—how I am to be illuminated when they show me by gaslight.

"Mrs O'Dowd," I telegraphed at once, "tell the committee that I agree. I am doing wonders for the Exhibition here, and will be in Dublin by Tuesday — Friday at farthest. Show this to Guinness.

"O'Dowd."

If that was not enough to puzzle ordinary brains, I'm a Belgian! I pictured to my mind Mrs O'Dowd's face of embarrassment as she asked whether I was an "object of industry" or one of "the fine arts"?

Such, *intelligente publico*, is my present condition. I make the explanation in all frankness, so that if—which will be much more matter of regret to me than to you—if, I say, I should fail to make my appearance before you next month, you will neither believe the stories in circulation that I have been hanged in Poland or murdered in an English railway; that I am under sentence of bigamy, convicted of felony, or a major-general in the Federal army of America. I am simply preparing myself—as certain English noblemen are said to do for their appearance as Irish Viceroys — by a course of *poses plastiques*, which being accomplished, I resume my O'Dowderies, expecting the continuance of your gracious and most gratifying approval.

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MAX MÜLLER'S SECOND SERIES.

We have here the Second Series of Lectures which Max Müller (for all the world writes simply *Max Müller*, without any prefix—a sign, we take it, of general friendliness and respect) has delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain on the science of language. No one could reasonably expect that it would equal in interest the first series, which naturally took possession of the salient topics and the wide theoretical views now connected with the scientific study of language. But though, on this account, necessarily inferior to their predecessors, these Lectures will, we are sure, be greedily seized upon by that omnivorous person, the General Reader, who is avid of instruction when conveyed in a clear and intelligent manner. They are somewhat miscellaneous in their character, and the observations they may suggest to us will be of the same miscellaneous description.

The study of languages by those who wish to enjoy or fully to comprehend the various literatures of the world, ancient or modern, and the study of language itself, or articulate speech, as the pre-eminent gift or faculty of the human race, are two very different things. The ordinary scholar who delights in his Horace, and fights over again the battles of Homer, may be as ignorant of all that pertains to this latter study as the mere English reader, left benighted, as it is generally supposed, or relegated to such limited culture as he can extract from the literature of one modern language. Even our fortunate scholar, our model student, educated after that manner which all Europe seems at present to approve, which presents *words* as the chief object of knowledge, and inducts us into thinking by a literature obscured to the youthful mind by a thousand difficulties,—even he may at length be able to detect the most delicate shades of meaning in a Greek or Latin epithet, and yet may never have dreamt of that laborious and ingenious study which the scientific etymologist is now engaged in. It has long been a favourite theme of the speculative philosopher to describe what *might have been* the origin and progressive development of human speech. Well, the scientific etymologist undertakes, by collating all the languages of the earth, and all the histories of those who speak or have spoken them, to solve the same problem. The psychologist, arguing from the nature of human thought and the order of human knowledge, forms his theory, and it is well and necessary that he should do so; but his theory remains a mere speculation till it is verified by the analysis and the history of the actual languages which have been spoken by man. Do not let the rapid speculator, content with his, perhaps, too facile method of deduction—his inferences from broad psychological principles—look with contempt upon the slow labours of those who proceed by the historic or etymological method; nor let these last, confident in what seems to them the secure basis of fact, despise the bold generalisations of those who take their stand on the philosophy of mind: the two classes of thinkers are necessary to each other. The philologist would never have given a useful direction to his labours if he had not been also in some measure a psychologist; and it is above all things gratifying to observe that some of the most important conclusions arrived at by the speculative philosopher have been con-

'Lectures on the Science of Language, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.' By Max Müller, M.A. Second Series.

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firmed by those who have carefully analysed the various languages of mankind, and (so far as this is possible) traced their course historically.

Nothing is more easy than to dabble in etymology, and no study is more laborious than that of the veritable philologist. Thus it happens that as all persons are capable of amusing themselves, or pestering their neighbours, by fantastic derivations, and as very few are able or willing to pursue those studies that would enable them to discriminate between these etymologies *of the ear* and such as are sanctioned by general principles (deduced from a wide examination of the changes which language undergoes), there grows up a popular incredulity as to the results obtained by the philologist. In general, the ignorant man is too credulous; here it is a hasty *in*credulity which the unscientific person has to guard himself against.

"I do not wonder," says Max Müller, speaking of another branch of his subject—namely, of the marvellous feats which have been performed in the interpretation of hieroglyphics and of other ancient inscriptions—

"I do not wonder that the discoveries due to the genius and persevering industry of Grotefend, Burnouf, Lassen, and last, not least, of Rawlinson, should seem incredible to those who only glance at them from a distance. Their incredulity will only prove the greatest compliment that could have been paid to these eminent scholars. What we at present call the Cuneiform inscriptions of Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, Artaxerxes, &c. (of which we now have several editions, translations, grammars, and dictionaries)—what were they originally? A mere conglomerate of wedges, engraved or impressed on the solitary monument of Cyrus in the Murghâb, on the ruins of Persepolis, on the rocks of Behistun, near the frontiers of Media, and the precipice of Van in Armenia. When Grotefend attempted to decipher them, he had first to prove that these scrolls were really inscriptions, and not mere arabesques or fanciful ornaments. He had then to find out whether these magical characters were to be read horizontally or perpendicularly, from right to left or from left to right. Lichtenberg maintained that they must be read in the same direction as Hebrew. Grotefend, in 1802, proved that the letters followed each other, as in Greek, from left to right. Even before Grotefend, Münter and Tychsen had observed that there was a sign to separate the words. Such a sign is, of course, an immense help in all attempts at deciphering inscriptions, for it lays bare at once the terminations of hundreds of words, and, in an Aryan language, supplies us with a skeleton of its grammar. Yet consider the difficulties that had yet to be overcome before a single line could be read. It was unknown in what language these inscriptions were composed; it might have been a Semitic, a Turanian, or an Aryan language. It was unknown to what period they belonged, and whether they commemorated the conquests of Cyrus, Darius, Alexander, or Sapor. It was unknown whether the alphabet used was phonetic, syllabic, or ideographic. It would detain us too long were I to relate how all these difficulties were removed one after the other; how the proper names of Darius, Xerxes, Hystaspes, and of their god Ormusd, were traced; how from them the values of certain letters were determined; how, with an imperfect alphabet, other words were deciphered which clearly established the fact that the language of these inscriptions was ancient Persian; how then, with the help of the Zend, which represents the Persian language previous to Darius, and with the help of the later Persian, a most effective cross-fire was opened; how even more powerful ordnance was brought up from the arsenal of the ancient Sanskrit; how outpost after outpost was driven in, and a practical breach effected, till at last the fortress had to surrender, and submit to the terms dictated by the Science of Language."

It would be a poor return for such almost heroic patience, for such knowledge, ingenuity, and perseverance, to treat their results with a smile of incredulity. Yet here, as elsewhere, an intelligent public, aware that discoverers must have enthusiasm as well as patience, will often hold itself in a state of suspended judgment. Our system of interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics, for instance, *may* admit of revisal or improve-

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ment; Max Müller, in one passage of these lectures, seems to think that it is still incomplete; and even discoveries of another kind, of which he speaks more confidently, may not yet have assumed their final shape. It is unhesitatingly proclaimed to be the "great discovery" of the modern science of language that Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Celtic, and other languages of ancient Europe, are related to some prior and unknown language, to which the name of Aryan has been given, in precisely the same manner in which the modern languages, French, Italian, and Spanish, are related to the Latin. This may be so; but if there was an Aryan language, the parent of Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic, just as Latin was the parent of French and Italian, there must have been an Aryan people and an Aryan civilisation that have departed without leaving any traces of their existence—that are utterly unknown to history. It is difficult, in short, to frame a history of these Aryans that shall correspond with the part their language is said to have played. One may here acknowledge a perplexity without being rashly sceptical. The study of Sanskrit is a comparative novelty; first impressions may not endure; another generation of scholars, aided by the labours of their predecessors, may stand on a vantage-ground which we do not occupy; the 'Rig-veda,' the oldest form of Sanskrit, and reputed to be the oldest book in the world, is not yet translated; it is not unreasonable, under such circumstances, to give a certain qualified assent to this theory of an Aryan people, from whom so many other peoples are to be derived. One may rather accept it as the best hypothesis which enlightened men can at present form than the last discoverable truth.

"No sound scholar," writes Max Müller, "would ever think of deriving any Greek or Latin word from Sanskrit. Sanskrit is not the mother of Greek and Latin, as Latin is of French and Italian. Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin are sisters, varieties of one and the same type. They all point to some earlier stage, when they were less different from each other than they now are, but no more. All we can say in favour of Sanskrit is, that it is the eldest sister; that it has retained many words and forms less changed and corrupted than Greek and Latin. The more primitive character and transparent structure of Sanskrit have naturally endeared it to the student of language, but they have not blinded him to the fact that in many points Greek and Latin — nay, Gothic and Celtic—have preserved primitive features which Sanskrit has lost."

The readers of the *First Series* of these Lectures will remember that some rather bold hypothesis was put forth on the origin of language. Discarding what he called the *Bow-wow* and *Pooh-pooh* theory — the hypothesis that interjections and the imitations of the cries of animals, or the sounds made by inanimate objects, would form the first rude speech of man—the lecturer had recourse to the bold expedient of supposing that there was some occult connection between certain roots, or primitive words, and the things signified. In the *Second Series* the same idea is put forth, but with still more vagueness and vacillation. The lecturer was at perfect liberty to discard, in what terms he pleased, the *Bow-wow* theory: it is the unintelligible nature of the hypothesis he substitutes that we should quarrel with. Analysing the oldest dialects of human speech which remain for our examination, we eliminate, as our simplest elements, certain roots, primitive words, or what to us are representatives of primitive words; and the meaning of such words was apparently determined, just as the meaning of any word we now use, by custom and tradition. No analysis and no historical investigation enables us to rise to the origin of language, to explain why any object about which men had occasion to speak should have been associated with any one of these

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syllables more than with another. If, therefore, we are resolved to frame any theory upon this subject, it must be from conjecture, from a balance of probabilities. We try to put ourselves in the position of men who had a language to form, who had the need and desire to communicate with each other, and found themselves in the possession of a sound-producing organ, an organ which, in one way or the other, they as spontaneously used as any of their limbs; for a child cries as readily as it kicks, and all through boyhood noise is as delightful as motion. We try to fancy what would be the steps of their progress. It must be a matter of conjecture; only let the conjecture be intelligible.

Max Müller says:—

"I believed, and still believe, that in the science of language we must accept roots simply as ultimate facts, *leaving to the physiologist and the psychologist the question as to the possible sympathetic and reflective action of the five organs of sensuous perception upon the motory nerves of the organ of speech.*"

What does he in this, and other like passages, *mean?* What is the question he leaves to the psychologist and the physiologist? If we had the first articulate words uttered by man before us, we might perhaps frame some question for the physiologist; we might ask him what connection there was between uttering *such* sounds and the impression of certain objects. But no one pretends that in Sanskrit roots, or in any other roots, we have the first articulate syllables that man made use of for the communication of his wants or his commands.

That cries, shouts, interjections of all kinds, form a part of human speech, is plain enough; and many of the animals about us share in this rude species of language, if language it is to be called. But how are we to describe the passage from this inarticulate language to the articulate speech of man? Man being an imitative creature, it has at all times been a favourite supposition that his first words would be coined by an imitation of the cries of animals—that out of these cries he would make names for *them.* Such naming, however, could only form the commencement of a language—give an example, so to speak, of what might be done with this admirable pipe, this throat, these lips, ever breaking forth in some sound or other.

Max Müller admits that such imitations may carry us to a certain point on our road, but how are we to account, he asks, for words of objects which emit no sound, and are not immediately associated with such as do? He seems to think it impossible that men, after having framed, accidentally so to speak, a certain number of vocal signs, and having found the utility of them, should purposely frame other signs *by a mere variation of those they already possessed.* Yet such a stage in the process does not appear to us very difficult to imagine. *Having some words and wanting others,* one can imagine these other words coined by some variation of those already in use. Our lecturer puts the case thus:—

"That sounds can be rendered in language by sounds, and that each language possesses a large stock of words imitating the sounds given out by certain things, who would deny? And who would deny that some words originally expressive of sound only, might be transferred to other things which have some analogy with sound? But how are all things which do not appeal to the sense of hearing—how are the ideas of going, moving, standing, sinking, tasting, thinking, to be expressed?"

We will not long detain our readers over a matter on which they have probably come to the conclusion that nothing quite satisfactory can be said. The early stages by which the first people framed a language, are as irrecoverable as those early stages in each man's individual consciousness by which he advanced to the complete use of his senses. The suggestions which we would offer to bridge over

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the passage from the inarticulate language of animals to the articulate speech of man, are briefly these: 1*st*, That the imitation of the cries of animals, or of other natural sounds made for the purpose of designating the objects connected with them, would, owing to the very structure and play of the human organs, assume the form of an articulate sound. If a man imitates the sound of a bird, he, from the very configuration of his larynx, mouth, lips, makes a very different sound from the bird. It is a man's imitation of the bird. It would only be after repeated trials that he would eliminate, so to speak, the human element, and produce a truly bird-like sound. If he calls a bird from its cry a *pee-wit*, he puts consonants in his imitation that were not really pronounced by the bird. Thus the imitation of the *inarticulate* cry becomes, by the spontaneous play of the human organs, an *articulate* sound or word. It may, indeed, be said, that it is from the habit of using consonants that we put them in our imitations; and we readily admit that, when a nurse tells a child to say *bâ* to a sheep, or *moo* to a cow, these are but nursery words; there is very little effort of imitation in them of the bleating of a sheep or the lowing of a cow. But without questioning at all that the habit of using articulate speech would render an imitation of the inarticulate still more difficult, we think it may be safely asserted that, from the difference in his organisation, the first imitations that a man would attempt, would not be such artistic, perfect imitations, as he afterwards learns to make, but would be a *human rendering* of an animal sound. He would frame a word out of a cry. And, 2*d*, That when a few words were thus produced, others would be formed, not only in the manner Max Müller points out, by transferring these words to "things which have some analogy with sound," which is rather to increase the *meanings* of words than to add to the stock of them; but in the much more simple manner of varying the sounds already produced, so as to produce a new vocal sign for the new emergency. This process, as it could only be wanted, so also it could only take place, in the earliest stages of the formation of a language. If a people in possession of a considerable vocabulary want a name for a new object, they fix, as Max Müller shows, on some quality of that object, for which quality a name already exists, and thus the object readily obtains a name. In this manner wheat may have been named from its *whiteness*, because there was already a word for *white*. But if there were no name for *whiteness*, or any other marked quality of wheat, by what process could men name it, but by varying some articulate sounds already used as a name, and applying the new variety of sound to the object to be named? If they had already called something *bi-bo*, they must call this other thing *bo-bi* or *fo-fi*. This operation appears improbable to us only from its great simplicity, and because it is an operation we can scarce be called upon to perform: we coin words from other words, guided entirely by the *meaning* of those other words; but there must surely have been a time when men coined new words, *after the pattern of other words*, by altering, transposing, combining the syllables of which they were composed.

We shall all agree with Max Müller in discarding the idea of a solemn convention, at which it was agreed that certain chosen sounds should be used as signs for certain objects or actions. Before such a convention could take place, language must already have advanced to such a stage as not to need it. If we really wish to form a conception how language might have arisen, we must transport ourselves to the family group, or the tribe consisting of several family groups. The intimate nature of the union of such groups, and the comparatively few objects, and the often-repeated

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and periodical nature of the actions and events that would require naming, would favour the establishment of some articulate sign, which might at first be a mere sportive invention of one of the group. Amongst some savages we know that it is an amusement to invent new words by altering the pronunciation of, or otherwise transforming the old ones. And although in these cases the savage only substitutes one name for another, and does not name a thing that previously had no name at all, yet this facility of playing with *mere sounds* enables us to comprehend how names for things yet unnamed might arise to the infantine intellect of the savage.

Mr Bates, in his delightful book, the 'Naturalist on the Amazons,' which, amongst its other charms, has that unspeakable charm of truthfulness in it, so that one feels always under good guidance,—Mr Bates, writing about the native Brazilians, says:—

"But language is not a sure guide in the filiation of Brazilian tribes, seven or eight languages being sometimes spoken on the same river within a distance of two or three hundred miles. There are certain peculiarities in Indian habits which lead to a quick corruption of language and segregation of dialects. When Indians, men or women, are conversing amongst themselves, they seem to take pleasure in inventing new modes of pronunciation, or in distorting words. It is amusing to notice how the whole party will laugh when the wit of the circle perpetrates a new slang term, and these new words are very often retained. I have noticed this during long voyages made with Indian crews. When such alterations occur amongst a family or horde, which often live many years without communication with the rest of their tribe, the local corruptions of language become perpetuated. Single hordes belonging to the same tribe, and inhabiting the banks of the same river, thus become, in the course of many years' isolation, unintelligible to other hordes, as happens with the Collénas on the Zurúa. I think it, therefore, very probable that the disposition to invent new words and new modes of pronunciation, added to the small population and habits of isolation of hordes and tribes, are the causes of the wonderful diversity of languages in South America."

This and several other curious customs are mentioned in these Lectures—customs which show a readiness in some savages to modify *the sounds* of their language in a manner which to us would be impossible, because we should never think of uttering a new sound by way of variety of language. Any sound we use has already some meaning. Suppose we made a rule that throughout the English language some half-dozen syllables, wherever they occur, should be struck out, and other syllables arbitrarily substituted, what gibberish we should make of many of our words! It is a process we could not condescend to. Yet the Tahitians have a custom of this description. What was gibberish one moment becomes a word the next. They arbitrarily choose a mere sound, and substitute it for others.

"The Tahitians have another and more singular mode of displaying their reverence towards their king, by a custom which they term *Te pi*. They cease to employ in the common language those words which form a part, or the whole, of the sovereign's name, or that of one of his near relatives, and invent new terms to supply their place. As all names in Polynesia are significant, and as a chief usually has several, it will be seen that this custom must produce a considerable change in the language. It is true that this change is only temporary, as at the death of the king or chief the new word is dropped, and the original term resumed. Vancouver observes that, at the accession of *Otu*, which took place between the visit of Cook and his own, no less than forty or fifty of the most common words which occur in conversation had been entirely changed."

The Kafir women have a custom of a similar kind. Every word which "happens to contain a sound similar to one in the names of their nearest male relatives," must have some substitute for it. Thus temporary diversities of the most arbitrary character are introduced into the language of the women.

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We quote these anecdotes to show that there may be a dealing with language such as to us appears too infantine, too irrational, to be possible. Words are with us wedded to sense, and we cannot treat them as mere sounds—as mere sounds to be modified at our pleasure. The first English wag who, from the top of a stage-coach or omnibus, called the driver a *brick*, was struck by some analogy between the solidity of a brick and the solid qualities of the driver. But the Indian wag whom Mr Bates encountered was satisfied with distorting the names, the articulate sounds attached to things; and these alterations, if they pleased his simple companions, were repeated, and took the place of the original word, or were added to the vocabulary. The Tahitians and the Kafir women find no difficulty in arbitrarily substituting one syllable for another through a considerable number of words, and adopting for language what at first must have sounded like gibberish. All this makes it easy to comprehend that there was a time when the coinage of new words, as they were really wanted, would sometimes proceed on the simple plan of merely altering or transposing the syllables of words already in use.

There is no necessity for us to imagine (as our lecturer seems to think there is) that these early linguists were in the habit of repeating to themselves a list of merely articulate sounds, and then, as occasion required, choosing one of these for the new name that was wanted. "There never was," he says, "an independent array of determinate conceptions waiting to be matched with an independent array of articulate sound." No one, we believe ever made so fanciful a supposition. The mere articulate sound would have no independent prior existence for the savage; he would call it into existence at the time he first made use of it for the purposes of language. Max Müller seems to have reasoned himself into the persuasion that Thought—which in its simplest form is the memory of objects—that thought, and such articulate sounds as we use as words, could not, from the nature of things, exist separately; that we could neither think without language, nor ever increase our vocabulary merely by some new combination of articulate sounds which till that moment had not been a word at all. Such appears to be the meaning of the following, and of other similar passages we meet with in these Lectures:—

"It matters not whether the sound is articulate or not; articulate sound without meaning is even more unreal than inarticulate sound. If, then, these articulate sounds, or what we may call the body of language, *exist nowhere, have no independent reality*, what follows? I think it follows that this so-called body of language could never have been taken up anywhere by itself, and added to our conceptions from without; from which it would follow again that our conceptions, which are now always clothed in the garment of language, could never have existed in a naked state. This would be perfectly correct reasoning if applied to anything else; nor do I see that it can be objected to as bearing on thought and language. If we never find skins except as the integuments of animals, we may safely conclude that animals cannot exist without skins."

Leaving these obscurities behind us, we have to thank the lecturer for a brief and clear account of the mechanism of speech, for his investigation of the alphabet, of the various vowels and consonants which compose articulate sounds, and for much interesting information as to the distribution of these through the various languages spoken on the earth. The early language of every people was probably very limited in its repertory of sounds. "Where we find very abundant alphabets," he remarks, "as, for instance, in Hindustani and English, different languages have been mixed, each retaining for a time its phonetic peculiarity." There are some languages which dispense with what to us seem the

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most elementary sounds, in which our labials are absent, or exist in a very obscure rudimentary state.

"We are so accustomed to look upon *pa* and *ma* as the most natural articulations that we can hardly imagine a language without them. We have been told over and over again that the names for *father* and *mother* in all languages are derived from the first cry of recognition which an infant can articulate, and that it could at that early age articulate none but those formed by the mere opening and closing of the lips. It is a fact, nevertheless, that the Mohawks, of whom I knew an interesting specimen at Oxford, never, either as infants or grown-up people, articulate with their lips. They have no *p*, *b*, *m*, *f*, *v*, *w*—no labials of any kind; and although their own name Mohawk would seem to bear witness against this, that name is not a word of their own language, but was given to them by their neighbours. Nor are they the only people who always keep their mouths open, and abstain from articulating labials. They share this peculiarity with the five other tribes who together form the so-called Six Nations. The Hurons likewise have no labials, and there are other languages in America with a similar deficiency."

The gutturals are seldom altogether absent; yet they are so in the Society Islands, and the first English name their inhabitants had to pronounce, Captain *Cook*, could not be approached nearer than *Tute*. The *d* is never used by the Chinese; neither is the *r*. They say *Eulope* for Europe; *Ya-me-li-ka* for America, and the name of Christ is distorted into *Ki-li-yse-tu*.

If we in England are rich in our alphabet, we make the very wildest and most extravagant use of it in our written language. Our orthography is the most anomalous, we believe, on the face of the earth. Those who have at heart its reformation, will rejoice to be able to quote the authority of Max Müller in their favour. Assuredly, if we could once get over the grotesque effect that novelty has in this instance, we should all become reformers here, we should all be advocates for a truly phonetic system of spelling. But this first impression of the grotesque is too strong to be overcome. Our reformers must proceed gradually. They have a good cause. All the world admits that it is of infinite importance that every boy should be taught to read, and to read so as to make a pleasant occupation of it. But poor boys, especially in agricultural districts, can give but scant time to their schooling. Now if a reform in our spelling would abridge the labour of learning to read by one-half—which we think is a moderate statement—there could be no better expedient for promoting the education of the people. The argument most gravely insisted on against such a reform comes from the etymologists, and the lovers of historical association; it is precisely this argument which Max Müller, a philologist *par excellence*, would teach us to disregard. Speaking on the subject of phonetics, he says:—

"I ought not to omit to mention here the valuable services rendered by those who for nearly twenty years have been labouring in England to turn the results of scientific research to practical use, in devising and propagating a new system of 'Brief Writing and True Spelling,' best known under the name of the *Phonetic Reform*. I am far from underrating the difficulties that stand in the way of such a reform, and I am not so sanguine as to indulge in any hopes of seeing it carried for the next three or four generations. But I feel convinced of the truth and reasonableness of the principles on which that reform rests; and as the innate regard for truth and reason, however dormant or timid at times, has always proved irresistible in the end, enabling men to part with all they hold most dear and sacred, whether corn-laws or Stuart dynasties, or Papal legates or heathen idols, I doubt not but that the effete and corrupt orthography will follow in their train. Nations have before now changed their numerical figures, their letters, their chronology, their weights and measures; and though Mr Pitman (or Mr Ellis*) may not live to see the results of his

* We insert this gentleman's name because, without disparaging the claim of any one else, we believe that no one has wrought with greater zeal in this matter, or with more self-sacrifice.

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persevering and disinterested exertions, it requires no prophetic power to perceive that what at present is pooh-poohed by the many will make its way in the end, unless met by arguments stronger than those hitherto levelled at the 'Fonetic Nuz.' One argument which might be supposed to weigh with the student of language—viz., the obscuration of the etymological structure of words—I cannot consider very formidable. The pronunciation of languages changes according to fixed laws; the spelling has changed in the most arbitrary manner; so that if our spelling followed the pronunciation of words, it would in reality be a greater help to the critical student of language than the present uncertain and unscientific mode of writing."

It is not the poor man only, or the country lad, who would receive a benefit from this phonetic reform. The competitive examinations have revealed — if the revelation was wanted—what a plague to all classes is the present mode of spelling. It is a case of sheer arbitrary memory. How often does one hear it said, "I can spell the word if you do not ask me; I shall spell it right if I do not think about it." And, by the way, is it quite so equitable as it is supposed to be, to make bad spelling a fatal blot in these examinations? When, in the House of Commons, some remarks were made on the unnecessary severity of those examinations which the candidate for the civil service has to pass through, it was thought sufficient answer to reply that a large portion of the rejected were rejected on account of their spelling. If this were the sole cause of their failure, the answer is not to us at all satisfactory. It is a mistake to suppose that immaculate spelling is a sure test of general education, or the want of it a sure sign of general ignorance. With such an orthography as we have, it is mere habit and a mechanical memory that insure good spelling. Many minds are so constituted that while they can remember a train of thought, or a fact of interesting knowledge, they cannot retain a mere sequence of words or figures. Such men shall discourse well and ingeniously of the origin and development of the British constitution, and all their lives long they shall not be master of a single date in English history. If they know it to-day, they will have forgotten it to-morrow. We have heard it said—we cannot ourselves vouch for its truth—that more than one literary man of eminence has felt himself plagued all his days by the anomalies in our spelling. Many a faithful servant of the public spells well enough, but he requires the *moral aid* of a Johnson's Dictionary within reach: it is seldom that he consults it, but he would immediately begin to feel alarmed if he knew that his oracle was removed. Set such a man down to a *dictation*, and his fear of blundering would inevitably produce a large crop of blunders. We can only hope that the examiners are not so given over to pedantry as to prevent a shrewd, honest young fellow from obtaining his promised clerkship merely because he doubled his *p* or his *t* at the wrong place, or substituted *e* for *i*.

In one of these Lectures we have an interesting account of Bishop Wilkins's scheme for a universal language. In 1668 the Bishop published his 'Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language.' By a real character he means (what the Chinese are said to possess) a character which should stand for things, and not for the words of things, so that all people throughout the world, without knowing any language but their own, might communicate together through this written character. This part of the Bishop's project does not appear impracticable. To what extent such a written character would be useful is another question; there must be some manifest utility to prompt the natives of different countries to make themselves acquainted with it. *Jones*, *Brown*, and *Robinson* would have found it useful on their Continental tour; but we doubt if

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they would have given themselves the trouble to learn it. Shy men, and men who are accustomed to speak their own language with accuracy, and who are annoyed at the consciousness that in a foreign language they are making themselves ridiculous by vile pronunciation, if not by false grammar, would be delighted with such a mode of communication. Many a man would travel, and sojourn in foreign cities, who now sulks at home, if wherever he went he could take out his pencil and his pocket-book, and express himself clearly by a written character, and not be reduced to stammer something which will make him look like a fool or an idiot. But this class is not so numerous in the various countries of the world that a new written character would be generally learnt for their accommodation; and if it were not generally known, it would, of course, be useless. The idea has been lately taken up by *Don Sinibaldo de Mas* in his 'Idéographie;' "a memoir on the possibility of forming a written character in which people of all nations, without understanding each other's language, can communicate." Why not adopt at once for this purpose the Chinese characters, or so many of them as would be necessary? Thus we should be at once at home in China, and the difficulty would be obviated of obtaining the general concurrence to any arbitrary system of signs. Let all educated people in Europe forthwith set about learning so much of the Chinese character as to be able to hold written communication therein. This might be the germ of a written language common to all the civilised world. Perhaps *Don Sinibaldo de Mas*, as he went on some diplomatic mission to China, has fully considered this. We have not had an opportunity of learning the details of his scheme.

But Bishop Wilkins had projected not only his real character, but a philosophical language to be pronounced by living lips. In this undertaking Max Müller gives him credit for great ingenuity, and intimate acquaintance with the nature of language itself; but he also points out what indeed is a fatal defect in the scheme which the Bishop has elaborated. His philosophical language makes no provision for any advance in human knowledge. He surveys and classifies all human knowledge as it existed in 1668; and having arranged it into *genera* and *species*, and so forth, he gives to each thing a new and philosophic name based on this classification. Thus our advances in science, as in chemistry and zoology, which lead to new classifications, would utterly dislocate and destroy the language.

Amongst the most instructive of these Lectures is the one "On the Root Mar." It is an admirable illustration of the modern science of etymology, as contrasted with that hap-hazard etymology which allowed itself to be guided simply by the sound and the meaning of words. What Voltaire intended as a sarcasm—"L'étymologie est une science où les voyelles ne font rien, et les consonnes fort peu de chose"—is boldly accepted by the modern etymologist. Similarity of sound or meaning is but of secondary importance. "We know words," says our lecturer, "to be of the same origin which have not a single letter in common, and which differ in meaning as much as black and white." The rules by which letters are changed one for the other are deduced from a wide examination of the languages in question; and the application of these rules enables the etymologist to detect the same root under various forms. These forms, again, by the habit we have of thinking in metaphors, come to represent most opposite ideas. A word, for instance, which signified *soft*, might become in one form to mean something *lovable*, in another something *foolish*—ideas altogether antagonistic. We will

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not venture to quote any of the illustrations here given, because their force and pertinency would not be felt unless the whole lecture were perused.

Under the guidance of the scientific etymologist it becomes highly interesting to trace (so far as his successful labours at present enable us) the same elements of speech as they appear in the different languages of man and in the most remote regions of the world. For within our historic period, and amongst the civilised nations known to us, there appears to be no such thing as an absolutely new coinage of speech. Whatever may have passed in a prehistoric period, or whatever may now be going on amongst some voluble savages, we know of nothing *new* in language that is not a reconstruction of the *old*. Everything that has a date has also a derivation. It seems here as if we had lost the faculty of making bricks from the original *clay*, and could only build by redisposing the bricks which our ancestors had moulded. In the following quotation the reader will easily perceive the modification we should make: "since the beginning of the world" is not the expression we should have used, but the general drift of the passage we are very far from disputing.

"We thus see," says Max Müller, "how languages reflect the history of nations, and how, if properly analysed, almost every word will tell us of many vicissitudes through which it passed on its way from Central Asia to India, or to Persia, to Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy; to Russia, Gaul, Germany, the British Isles, America, New Zealand; nay, back again, in its world-encompassing migrations, to India and the Himalayan regions from which it started. Many a word has thus gone the round of the world, and it may go the same round again and again. For although words change in sound and meaning to such an extent that not a single letter remains the same, and that their meaning becomes the very opposite of what it originally was, yet it is important to observe that since the beginning of the world no new addition has ever been made to the substantial elements of speech any more than to the substantial elements of nature. There is a constant change in language, a coming and a going of words; but no man can ever invent an entirely new word. We speak to all intents and purposes substantially the same language as the earliest ancestors of our race; and, guided by the hand of scientific etymology, we may pass on from century to century through the darkest periods of the world's history, till the stream of language on which we ourselves are moving carries us back to those distant regions where we seem to feel the presence of our earliest forefathers, and to hear the voices of the earth-born sons of Manu."

We commit our readers, and ourselves too, with great confidence to the guidance of Max Müller on matters strictly philological. We should hesitate long before we disputed any rule of etymology which had received the sanction of his judgment; and even individual derivations which startle us at first, we are willing to receive on his authority; we receive them at least till substituted by others still more cogently supported. But in that province which is common to the psychologist and the philologist, whenever the lecturer discourses on the nature and functions of language itself, we are compelled to observe that a safer guidance will be found in many an old-established author amongst us, Scotch or English. No one can deal with the wide subject of mental philosophy without being compelled to discuss, with more or less fulness, the nature of the connection between Thought and Language. Now, glancing back in memory at the list of our metaphysical writers of repute, we must say that there is hardly one of them from whom a student would not derive more precise and intelligible views on this subject than he will from the Lectures before us. On this subject the lecturer is very vague. We, in our part of the island, who have had in our universities a Metaphysical

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Chair, well filled through many generations, are probably more alive than our neighbours to a deficiency of this kind. Not that we claim to judge all men by what is loosely called "Scotch philosophy." Our own systems, doubtless, have their defects or their shortcomings, and there is scope enough for progressive development; but we are familiarised to the difficulties of these subjects. If there is much unexplored, we know where, at least, there is a solid piece of ground to stand upon. We can make a shrewd guess whether the lecturer who comes before us (let him come from what part of the world he may, or have been educated at Berlin, or Göttingen, or Paris, or Geneva), whether he has himself any sure footing in these speculative regions. An English audience, when metaphysics are touched upon, are either at the mercy of their present teacher, and are led whithersoever he pleases; or else they refuse to be led at all—they stand stock-still. We in Scotland have calmly seen the various systems of German metaphysics tower above our heads into transcendental altitudes; we have seen our neighbours clapping their hands at the cloud-built edifice, and comparing it, to our disparagement, with the modest structure of the Scotch philosophy; but we have seen these huge clouds that for a time took possession of the sky sink down and disappear—vanish into viewless vapour—while we have steadily progressed, adding stone to stone, and re-shaping here and there our more terrestrial building.

Our present lecturer, we apprehend, has been led into vague and exaggerated statements on this subject—the connection between Thought and Language—by the almost excusable partiality which every master in any one science is likely to have for that science. The chemist finds in physiology only a series of chemical problems; the electrician could explain both physiology and chemistry, could he once get his electricity fairly in play upon them. Max Müller sees on all sides some problem of language. Language is with him essential to all reasoning; mythology is only a "diseased language;" and all that we want towards settling our religious and philosophical differences, is a thorough knowledge of the language we use in our controversies. We can hardly believe that, on sober consideration, Max Müller would deliberately assert these three propositions which we have just set down. But with more or less distinctness they are asserted in these Lectures; the first very positively; in the second and third he has perhaps confused himself and his hearers by not distinguishing clearly what he means by mythology, or definition.

1. "Without speech no reason," says Max Müller; and he censures Locke and Brown for not acquiescing implicitly in this assertion. They make what, we are persuaded, will seem to mankind in general certain exceptions, certain qualifications which are absolutely necessary. A reasoning which is carried on in propositions must, of course, require the aid of language; a reasoning whose object is to convince others must, of course, be carried on in language; and it is difficult to conceive any reasoning upon such simple subjects as a State and a Church without using the symbol of language. It is very certain that the complex organisation we call a State or a Church could not have been developed without the aid of language. But where the act of comparison or judgment (which constitutes the essence of reasoning) requires only the memory of individual objects, language is not indispensable. We may use it even here, and use it in the silence of our thoughts, from inveterate habit; but we may also limit the process of our mind to the memory of objects, and the perception of their relations. The discovery of means to an end will surely be allowed to be a process

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of reasoning. Now, an inventive mechanician, meditating how to complete his design, carries his machine in his mind's eye, tries this or that expedient, applies a wheel or shapes a crank, and might spend a whole day in laborious cogitation without the least aid of language. He might have the habit of muttering to himself; but he also might conduct his mental operations without the least reference to language. The first word he uttered even to himself might be a cry of joy at his success—the old philosopher's triumphant *Eureka!*

In the earliest stages of society there would be few processes of thought in which the aid of language would be absolutely essential. Language was first wanted and first framed for *the communication of thought*, for the utterance of our wishes and desires. It was afterwards, when the very materials of thought became (and became partly through the aid of language) of a more complex nature, that language assumed its second character *as an instrument of thought.*

2. On the subject of mythology our lecturer makes some excellent observations; we would particularly notice the distinction he has so ably drawn between the religion and the mythology of the ancient Greeks, and the clear summary he has given us of the several theories of the Greeks themselves on the origin of their mythology. But when he himself would explain this origin, he appears to resolve it ultimately into the influence of language upon thought: a *word* becomes a *person;* forgetting that in the personification of natural objects there is also a preliminary process of thought, which, in some way or other, must get itself expressed in language. No doubt the given *word* aids marvellously in building up a mythology; but the most essential part of the process is that tendency which human beings have to see a power or a will like their own in the activities of that external nature which presents itself to them at once as benefactor and as tyrant. In order that his explanation should wear a more satisfactory appearance than it otherwise would do, Max Müller extends the term mythology to a class of cases to which it was never yet applied, and in which the influence of language upon thought is manifest enough.

"After the definition," he says in his concluding lecture, "which on several occasions I have given of mythology, I need only repeat here that I include under that name every case in which language assumes an independent power, and reacts in the mind, instead of being, as it was intended to be, the mere realisation and outward embodiment of the mind."

Accordingly, he would classify under the same category the Myths of the Dawn, which every reader of Max Müller knows form his favourite topic on ancient mythology, with the fabulous account of the barnacle goose, once stoutly asserted by the naturalists of England. There was a goose called the barnacle goose; there was a shellfish that had also got the name of barnacle, and which often clung to pieces of floating timber. There projects from the shell of *this* barnacle what the modern naturalist calls the foot of the animal, and what, at a distance, has some resemblance to feathers. This slight resemblance to feathers, coupled with the identity of name, gave rise to the fable that the barnacle goose came out of the shell of the barnacle that grew upon *the tree.* Max Müller has given us some very amusing extracts from old writers, who were not content with asserting all this as the then orthodox doctrine relative to barnacle geese, but who solemnly declare that they had *seen* the bird in the shell of the barnacle, and are minute in their description of the manner of its birth, nutrition, &c. Here there can be no doubt that the identity of name, favoured by the slight similarity we have mentioned, tyrannised over the imagi-

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nation. We have no grave obligations to call this by the term of "modern mythology;" and we are ready to believe that some of the fables of ancient mythology might be explained in a similar manner. But whether it is ancient or modern fable that we are dealing with, there is an essential difference between such cases and the myths of the Dawn. These resulted from a personification of the Dawn itself—that luminous and coloured appearance in the sky which preceded the sun. This is not an instance of the influence of language over thought, but of the spectacle of nature over thought. We who know the dawn as nothing but the light of the sun seen before the orb itself has risen above the horizon, may have some difficulty in regarding the dawn as a separate phenomenon. But to a people quite ignorant of our doctrine of the refraction of light, it would present this independent appearance. Like the rainbow, it would, in some inexplicable way, belong to the sun, but it would be an independent *thing*. Like the rainbow, or the wind, or the sun itself, it would not long remain a *thing;* it would be a power, a person, a companion of the sun. It heralded the sun, it was destroyed by the sun, or else it was carried off by certain demons, and certain other demons or deities of the Day again brought her back to be reunited to the sun.

Amongst the numerous myths of the Dawn which Max Müller discovers amongst the fables of Greece, he ranks, we may mention, the famous tale of Troy. Homer's epic, by gradual accretions and transformations, grew out of some scarce recoverable myth. Helen was the Dawn, snatched away by lawless suitors, who represent the *Panis* robbers of the night, and she is recovered by the sun-bright Greeks.

"The siege of Troy is but a repetition of the daily siege of the East by the solar powers that every evening are robbed of their brightest treasure of the West. That siege, in its original form, is the constant theme of the hymns of the Veda. *Saramâ*, it is true, does not yield, in the Veda, to the temptation of Pani, yet the first indications of her faithlessness are there, and the equivocal character of the twilight which she represents would fully account for the further development of the Greek myth. In the 'Iliad,' Briseïs, the daughter of *Brises*, is one of the first captives taken by the advancing army of the West. In the Veda, before the bright powers reconquer the Light that had been stolen by Pani, they are said to have conquered the offspring of Brysaya. That daughter of Brises is restored to Achilles, when his glory begins to set, just as all the first loves of solar heroes return to them in the last moments of their earthly career. And as the Sanskrit name of Panis betrays the former presence of an *r*, Paris himself might be identified with the robber. . . . . That the beautiful daughter of Zeus, the sister of the *Dioskuroi*, was one of the many personifications of the Dawn, I have never doubted. Whether she is carried off by *Theseus* or by *Paris*, she is always reconquered by her rightful husband. She meets him again at the setting of his life, and dies with him, pardoned and glorified. This is the burden of many a Dawn myth, and it is the burden of the story of *Helen*."

3. The third occasion on which our eminent philologist shows his tendency to overrate the influence of language upon thought, is where he speaks of the too well known effect of obscurity of language on the discussions of philosophers and divines. No observation is more just or more frequently made than this, that if disputants did but use their words in exactly the same sense, there would be an end to many a discussion. But this observation is only accurate when it is kept within its proper limits. Between the most intelligent of living men, using an instrument of communication that should convey the meaning of each most distinctly to the other, there would still remain topics enough for controversy.

To define words so that two disputants shall attach to them exact-

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ly the same meaning, and to define words so that the meaning attached to them shall be strictly in accordance with fact or truth, are two very different things; and Max Müller has overstepped this distinction. In this latter sense, a perfect definition is the last result of all our inquiries and discussions. To say of such a definition that it would put an end to disputes, is simply to say that men have attained, and generally acquiesced in, the last discoverable truth. Our lecturer has permitted himself to confound these two very different ideas connected with the word *definition*—the one pointing to a perfect instrument for the communication of thought, the other to the truest thought that can be gathered under the word.

"I shall, in conclusion," says Max Müller, "give two or three instances to indicate the manner in which *I think the science of Language might be of advantage to the philosopher.*

"Knowledge, or to know, is used in modern languages in at least three different senses.

"First, we may say, a child knows his mother, or a dog knows his master. This means no more than they recognise one present sensuous impression as identical with a past sensuous impression. This kind of knowledge arises simply from the testimony of the senses, or sensuous memory, and it is shared in common by man and animal.

"Secondly, we may say, I know this to be a triangle. Here we have a general conception, that of triangle, which is not supplied by the senses alone, but elaborated by reason; and we predicate this of something which we perceive at the time by our senses. We recognise a particular sensuous impression as falling under the general category of triangle. Here you perceive the difference. We not only recognise what we see as the same thing we had seen before, but we must previously have gathered certain impressions into one cluster, and have given a name to this cluster, before we can apply that name whenever the same cluster presents itself again. This is knowledge denied to the animal, and peculiar to man as a reasonable being.

"Thirdly, we say that man knows there is a God. *This knowledge is based neither on the evidence of the senses nor on the evidence of reason.* No man has ever seen God, no man has ever formed a general conception of God. Neither sense nor reason can supply a knowledge of God. What are called the proofs of the existence of God, whether *ontological*, *teleological*, or *kosmological*, are possible only after the idea of God has been realised within us. Here, then, we have a third kind of knowledge, which imparts to us what is neither furnished by the organs of sense, nor elaborated by our reason, and which, nevertheless, possesses evidence equal, nay superior, to the evidence of sense and reason.

"Unless these three kinds of knowledge are carefully distinguished, the general question, How we know? must receive the most contradictory answers."

Here Max Müller has given us, in a few words, his theory of the nature of human knowledge — a theory which we will resist the temptation of discussing. He may be right or wrong in his theory; but it is unmistakable error to say that the *science of language*, or any logical or etymological definitions of the word *knowledge*, or *to know*, can help us in receiving it. What ideas we shall gather under this word knowledge, is precisely the subject of controversy. He thinks our knowledge of God is intuitive; others consider it a legitimate inference from the purposes, or great purpose (let us say the development of man), seen in creation. How can anything whatever, which can be described as specially pertaining to the science of language, assist us in determining this dispute? It is open to every disputant to do as Max Müller has here done—simply to beg the question by making his own definition of knowledge.

In the same triumphant way he defines the words "faith" and "to believe." He says:—

"When we speak of our belief in God, or in the immortality of the soul, or in the Divine government of the world, or in the Sonship of Christ, we want to express a certainty independent

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of sense, evidence, and reason, yet more convincing than either—evidence not to be shaken either by the report of the senses, or by the conclusion of logical arguments."

Very true; he who has a consciousness of this *kind of certainty* wants a word to express it; but what of those who have no such consciousness? Can you bring conviction to them out of the science of language?

"Faith," he says, a little further on, is that "*organ of knowledge* by which we apprehend the Infinite." By "faith" is generally understood the knowledge or the thought itself, not a specific "organ" of knowledge. His system of philosophy, we presume, needs such an organ, and therefore he frames this definition. Some of his learned coadjutors at Oxford are teaching at this moment that we cannot apprehend the Infinite. Max Müller would apply philology to *their* case. He thinks that men have called the Infinite "a negative idea, because *infinite* is derived from *finite* by means of the negative particle *in!*" Mr Mansel will hardly accept this as either a sufficient answer to, or a fair account of, the difficulty he put before the public, when, arguing from the relative nature of human knowledge, he said of the Absolute and the Infinite that they involved a *negation of the conditions* of human knowledge.

Max Müller says, with perfect truth, that before discussing the *supernatural*, men ought to have already defined to themselves what they mean by the *natural*. A better hint could not be given to our controversialists. But the definition must be wrought out by clear thinking; the Professor of Language cannot, as such, give us the requisite definition. The Professor of Language is not *ex officio* the arbiter of all disputes. What is a *miracle?* is a question often asked at the present day. The old and familiar answer was, that it was the power of God producing an event other than such as are produced by the same power, in what is called the course of nature. There has grown up in some quarters an indisposition to make this contrast between the *miracle* and the *course or constancy of nature*, and new definitions of the miracle have been lately hazarded. Some have called in Mr Babbage's machine to help them to explain their new account of miracles. That or any other machine might continue, say they, producing one effect for a certain long period of time, and then—still under its own mechanical laws—it might produce suddenly some quite novel effect. What we call a miracle may be some such quite novel effect produced at long intervals by the operation of the constant laws of nature. In which case, we may add, the worker of the miracle—that is, the prophet who stands before us as such—must have been either himself deceived as to the nature of the wonder that was wrought, or he must be supposed to have had a *miraculous knowledge* that just at a certain moment the apparently anomalous event would be produced; and he must have taken advantage of this knowledge to represent to the public that such extraordinary event was accomplished by God in answer to his prayer! Whether this is a very enlightened view of the subject, we will not here discuss. We prefer the old definition of a miracle. But such ideas are rife, and Max Müller proposes as a remedy, or method of arbitrament, the study of language!

"Here," he says, "a large field is open to the student of language. It is his office to trace the original meaning of each word, to follow up its history, its changes of form and meaning in the schools of philosophy, or in the market-place and the senate. He ought to show how frequently different ideas are comprehended under one and the same term, and how frequently the same idea is expressed by different terms. These two tendencies in language, *Homonymy* and *Polyonymy*, which favoured, as we

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saw, the abundant growth of early mythology, are still asserting their power of fostering the growth of philosophical systems. A history of such terms as *to know* and *to believe*, *finite* and *infinite*, *real* and *necessary*, would do more than anything else to clear the philosophical atmosphere of our day."

It might do much to make our discussions sharp and distinct, it could do nothing towards finally determining our doubts and difficulties where two different ideas really present themselves to the mind, and we have to choose between them. If the question is, What ought to be the definition of the term *miracle?* it cannot suffice to give us a history of the old definitions which it is sought to discard. Max Müller very pointedly alludes to "an excellent article lately published in the 'Edinburgh Review' *On the Supernatural*, ascribed to one of our most eminent statesmen." That article would modify, in some respects, the ideas hitherto attached to the word *supernatural*. Would he arrest the speculations of the eminent statesman whom he here compliments, by some history of the word? All our philosophical terms, and all our terms for immaterial existence, Max Müller himself assures us, are modifications of some root originally applied to a sensible object, or to an act appealing to the senses. It has become a philosophical term by the growth of thought, and the professor of the science of language has only to watch that growth; he can have no power, and, we presume, no wish, to arrest it at a certain stage.

There was no necessity for our professor of the science of language to exalt unduly the importance of the study to which he is attached. It has its own great and most legitimate interest. The present volume is full of attractive matter on the great subject of language; and, looking back upon it, we regret that we have allowed ourselves to be carried away from these into discussions of a more abstract nature. But it is too late to retrace our steps. The valuable remarks and curious etymologies with which the volume abounds, will certainly be best studied in the work itself; while perhaps the few precautionary or qualifying observations we have made will not be altogether useless.

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THE LIFE OF JESUS.

It is a reproach frequently addressed to the Church, that she is more disposed to utter fulminations against the heretics who assail her, than to reply with sound reason and argument to their attacks. People say that the clergy are as ready as ever to denounce, and, when the occasion serves, to persecute, but that they are very slow to do manful battle for their faith, and meet their antagonists with their own opinions. Such a reproach has a specially severe meaning in an age so generally tolerant and reasonable, entertaining so large an amount of amiable, devout, and intelligent heretics, and feeling itself so capable of calm discussion upon every subject under the sun. Toleration has indeed become so universal that we have not only ceased to persecute, but have to a great extent ceased to understand the conditions under which persecution is possible; and people have even been known to assert that the 'Essays and Reviews,' and indeed Dr Colenso himself, instead of being condemned, should have been answered. This idea, however, like most effusions of popular sentiment, contains, along with a little truth, a great deal of injustice. When theology was treated scientifically, and the assailants of Christianity were men who had the grace to wait a response, and to accept in good faith the *rôle* of Deist, Atheist, or Sceptic, it was practicable enough to prepare replies to all their arguments, and Christian apologists were not wanting; but the matter has entirely changed since those days, in England at least. The utterances of sceptical opinion, which may be considered most dangerous, are at present about as unanswerable as a popular novel. In saying so we do not mean to imply any sneer at the popular qualities which make such a work as M. Rénan's 'Vie de Jésus' attractive to the ordinary reader. There is no reason why a book should be less worthy of consideration or thought because it is so written as to be always pleasant to read. The impossibility of serious reply to such a production arises from a perfectly different cause. It is because of its ephemeral and momentary nature that it is next to impossible for the defenders of Christianity to reply specially to such an attack. Unless, indeed, we could secure a previous understanding with the intending assailant, and so have due entry into the lists along with him in all the stately politeness of chivalry, it is difficult to see what the Christian champion can do. What his adversary has prepared and elaborated by the toil of years, by travels and researches which demand leisure, he must either reply to flying, putting not only himself but his argument under the most serious disadvantages—or he must be content to record only his denial and disapproval of it, in face of a generation which, at the height of its admiration, has already half forgotten what its enthusiasm was about. A few months ago the work of which we speak was discussed everywhere. Last summer we found it in its primitive shape, an imposing volume, in the chief bookseller's shop of a little Scotch country town, where French literature seldom penetrates. In spring, straying vaguely into Detken's, in Naples, in search of the English traveller's chief solace, the novels of the Tauchnitz series, we found not only that popular body of literature, but even the multitudinous volumes of Dumas and his disciples, lost and buried under a locust flood of little volumes in yellow paper, the cheap edition of the 'Vie de Jésus.' The book had thrust itself into all kinds of editions in the meanwhile, and had ranged freely between and beyond the antipodal

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regions of the High Street, Kennaquhair, and the Palazzo Reale. A book of such universal prevalence would seem, at first sight, the work of all others which it was the Church's duty to answer. And it is very possible that at the present moment conscientious "apologists" are labouring hard after the airy footsteps of M. Rénan, and making a solid response at their leisure to his production. But in the mean time the whirligig Time has brought about its revenges. The tide has turned. The "wind of doctrine" has swept over Christendom and disappeared. The shelves that once groaned under his various-sized octavos have now forgotten Rénan. Care and research are necessary today to find a single copy of the book which a little while ago lay as thick as autumn leaves. Under such circumstances, what is the Christian critic to do? So far as it is possible to reply by a rapid magazine article or flying *feuilleton*, he has a chance of following on the traces of his agile opponent, but there are many people who object to such weapons of religious defence. To meet the highly-polished and cunningly-prepared arrow thus delivered flying, by the heavy artillery which requires both time and space for its evolutions, is manifestly impossible; for the sparkling projectile has flown into oblivion and darkness long before the great guns can be got in order, and the world does but pause to ask what it is all about when the tardy broadside rings into all the echoes. To be sure, it is a very good thing that such assaults upon the common faith should be ephemeral as well as periodical; but it is at the same time rather a hard case for the Christian teacher who has addressed himself to their serious consideration.

Such being the case, the most effectual, and indeed almost the only way to meet an assault such as we have described, is one which has finally produced the little volume entitled, 'The Christ of the Gospels and the Christ of Modern Criticism,'* an admirable though brief exposition at once of M. Rénan's books, and of the historical and philosophical as well as Christian principles which negative its conclusions. Principal Tulloch's Lectures have already fulfilled the primary and immediate purpose for which they were in no respect after date, and, having done so, come as fitly as modestly to the public, not so much in refutation of the brilliant Frenchman's idyll, as in calm remonstrance and protest against the principles at once of historical inquiry and moral criticism, which have produced this last and newest exposition of the ideas of the nineteenth century. Religious declamation or pious horror would be out of place from a chair in which theology has to be treated as a science, and where to prove all things is as necessary as to hold fast that which is true. Nor is it, fortunately, the custom nowadays to impute motives, or set down, as in more primitive times, a religious speculatist as naturally an impious man. Principal Tulloch himself is one of the chief leaders of religious thought in Scotland, and is neither afraid of speculation, nor disposed to confine it within artificial limits. On the contrary, he considers it a necessary instrument in the Church, destined to weed and winnow the superfluous matter which attaches itself to every real substance of truth; and it is, accordingly, without any undue heat or prejudice that he looks at M. Rénan, whose real qualities of scholarship he acknowledges without hesitation, and against whose honesty he makes no suggestion. The faults he alleges against the book are of a more radical quality. To call it blas-

* 'Lectures on M. Rénan's "Vie de Jésus."' By John Tulloch, D.D., Principal of the College of St Mary, in the University of St Andrews. Macmillan: 1864.

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phemous would have been easy. The critic, in the present case, goes much farther, and calls it unphilosophical. He finds fault with its principles, not only in a religious but in an intellectual point of view. He describes it as at once theoretical and dogmatic, rejecting the Catholic belief with the bland elevation of superior intelligence, yet claiming from its readers a faith in its own assumption, which no Pope has yet been able to extort from the unwilling world. As even popular oblivion cannot make the 'Vie de Jésus' otherwise than interesting to everybody who is disposed to consider the subject it treats as the most important subject of discussion in the world, it may be worth while to sketch briefly the nature of M. Rénan's book. It is a new biography of the Founder of Christianity, treated according to the popular method of modern biography; and the writer is a scholar of acknowledged eminence, learned in all the intricacies of Asiatic literature, and professing to enter with a perfectly candid and unbiassed mind upon the consideration of those singular phenomena which attended the origin of the Christian religion. Such a man, one might say at the first glance, was a very fit historian of an era so momentous; but there are a few drawbacks to set against his qualifications for the office. The first and most important of these is, that though M. Rénan is not at all prejudiced against the great Author of Christianity, but, on the contrary, displays everywhere a great and even patronising partiality towards the wonderful Being whose life he relates, he sets out with an established theory concerning the world and its management, which from the first settles arbitrarily the most important questions involved. In the world, as it appears to M. Rénan, there are no complications except such as can be disposed of scientifically. He makes up his mind before he begins, that no supernatural power of whatsoever description has any hand in the matter. Like those humble descendants of the mummers of old who still linger about Scotland, the French savant has to send some one before him with a broom to sweep the stage clear for his drama; and it is with an apparent ignorance of any other reasonable theory of existence that he draws up the curtain, and discloses to his audience the clean and tidy platform upon which humanity has to work out its history—a world, to wit, out of which, by a careless exercise of will, he has cleared everything divine and mysterious, leaving only Man and Law to fight out the oft-repeated battle through innumerable ages. Such a clean sweep at the beginning simplifies matters, though, at the same time, it eliminates the true soul of philosophy from the argument which follows, making it rather a laborious arrangement of facts to fit a theory, than an impartial examination of the actual for the demonstration of the true. Along with this, it is, however, plain that the acute and keen intelligence of the biographer has been struck to a wonderful degree by the character which he has set himself to portray. But for a little affectionate contempt for the extreme simplicity of the Galilean peasant which restores his balance of superiority as a historian, the philosopher would become an enthusiast; and even with that saving clause he lingers over the picture he is making with a kind of half-adoration. To account for the influence exercised by a man of humble station and uncultivated powers, not only over his own generation but over centuries of distant time and worlds of alien people, does indeed require that everything that is most noble and perfect in mind and spirit should at least be allowed to the individual who has occupied so singular a place in the world.

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M. Rénan accordingly depicts the Author of our religion in the warmest and brightest colours. So far from attempting to lessen the beauty of His character, he sets it forth, as we have said, with graceful enthusiasm, elaborating many a charming vignette by the way of that fair Eastern landscape, which he concludes to have imparted so much of its reflective calm and pastoral beauty to the soul of the young Nazarene. He describes to us, in very full detail, what Jesus knew and did not know, and the processes of thought and growth of ideas in His mind. He touches lightly, with a tender regret, on those unfortunate moments in which, beguiled by the wiles of his friends and the necessities of the time, this wonderful Reformer permitted Himself to be seduced into thaumaturgical performances and pretences of miracle. By these means,—by the beauty of Christ's character, and even, for M. Rénan is bold, of His person—by the enthusiasm of His followers, and the ingenuity of His disciples, and the mingled wants and credulity of the age,—the new biographer of Jesus of Nazareth does his best to account for Christianity. We do not at present pause to notice the still more profound difficulties he plunges himself into—difficulties much darker and uglier than those which he gets clear of by ignoring any sort of divine agency in the matter. We do but state the conditions under which he works, and the nature of the production thus evolved. He depicts to us a world busy and full, teeming with unintelligible creatures, each of them a profound secret to his neighbours, most of them unspeakably mysterious to themselves—all running their heads from time to time against the dead walls of law and order, which encompass their blind existence, yet by times addressing wistful looks towards a sky which, to the poetic souls among them, looks to have something behind its unfathomable depths. If any one ever made it, that unknown Being has retired behind His cloudy curtains, and left it to its own devices. But then amid the crowd there arises a Man, who not only marks Himself everlastingly upon the broad canvass, but affects the lives and fills the thoughts of myriads of people hundreds of years after, people more enlightened in many particulars than Himself—all this without any sort of influence in the matter except the ordinary laws of human influence — the power of natural greatness, genius, and truth. This is the picture M. Rénan draws, without, perhaps, quite perceiving all its difficulties; and indeed it is no light task for any historian to account for a wonderful and continuous religious movement in a world left all by itself to its own devices, without the possibility of any interference on the part of God.

It is this assumption, to start with, against which Dr Tulloch opens his protest. He complains that, while M. Rénan professes to enter upon the consideration of his subject with a mind entirely impartial and unbiassed by theory, it is in reality upon a foregone conclusion that he bases his entire argument. "The Gospels are partly legendary, because they are full of miracles;" such is the primary statement of the historian who proposes to interpret anew the life of Christ — a life wholly miraculous, according to Christian conception. To reject a certain miracle, or even all miracles, as insufficiently proved, is a different thing from the rejection of every miraculous possibility in the world, which is the conclusion with which M. Rénan sets out. The real meaning of this conception of the universe is ably set forth by Principal Tulloch in the following passage:—

"Here there can be no doubt of M. Rénan's philosophical sentiments, and as little doubt of the manner in which

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he applies them to history. It is his evident principle, as it is that of the whole school to which he belongs, to ignore the reality of any spiritual or divine government of the world. The order of the universe is fixed in certain laws, which exclude all personal intervention, and remain unchanging for ever. It is the business of science to discover these laws; it is the function of the historian to recognise their operation, and to interpret by them the whole course of past phenomena; for it admits of no question, that they are the same laws which we now see operating round us, which have been without deviation operating from the beginning. There is and can be no room, therefore, in history for miracle. There is no room even for God, save as the poetic or philosophic ideal of an inflexible system of law. This is Positivism in its general conception—the startling creed of a widely-prevailing philosophy. Not only Christianity, but Theism, is held to be a philosophical mistake. The world has not advanced, nay, has retrograded, from the days of the great schools of Greek science. It is the spirit of Lucretius, the recognition of his *inexorabile Fatum*, which is the highest point of wisdom, and to which the world must return, as the spring of its highest progress, and the consummation of all knowledge. It is somewhat hard for the Christian apologist to be thus continually dragged from the fair field of historical evidence to a discussion of the ultimate principles of all truth. And yet it is a very instructive fact, that every school of unbelief is now driven to this resource. It makes its chief attack upon Christianity from behind general principles, not merely inimical to the Church and the supernatural foundation upon which it rests, but inimical to all religion—inimical, in fact, to all spiritual philosophy and every noble creative art and product of civilisation which has its root in the spiritual life of man—the sphere in which man is allied to a higher divine life than the mere nature around him which he can see and handle. For this is the real question involved in Positivism. It is not, as writers like M. Rénan ingeniously put it, a question between law and caprice, order and arbitrariness, in the government of the world. There is no Christian thinker who believes that the government of the world is otherwise than by general laws. The universe of nature is conceived by all reflective minds as a great order or *cosmos*, and the course of history, apparently irregular as it has been, as a consistent development in the great system of things. The Theist recognises the principle of *order* quite as plainly as the Positivist; but what he does not admit is the merely material character of this order. He maintains, on the contrary, that order is everywhere the direct expression of a living Divine will, which rules in and by the order. He acknowledges, equally with the Positivist, that the material facts or phenomena in the midst of which he lives are capable of classification into general laws, continually subsisting, and of which they may be regarded as the issue or manifestation; but he does not allow that these material phenomena or their laws exhaust the realities of being. On the contrary, he holds that the highest being of man is not contained in them, but is a part of, and is closely allied to, a higher order of being, transcending and embracing the other. Every higher activity of our nature presupposes and springs from this higher order of being. Religion has no meaning apart from it. Philosophy, as it has been conceived by all the highest minds of the human race—by a Socrates or a Pascal, or even by a Pythagoras or a Kant—has no basis without it. Art of every kind, poetry, painting, sculpture, imply and appeal to it, and, save for the inspiration they draw from thence, would be merely the toys of an idle and frivolous luxury. Civilisation in its legislative and judicial institutes, and in all the more characteristic and elevating forms of its manifestations, rests upon it, grows with its growth, and decays with its corruption. That man is something more than matter, that there is a divine spirit in him, and a divine spirit above him, in whom alone he lives, and that this divine order of being is higher than the mere material order, and may for wise and beneficent purposes supersede and traverse this lower order; that, in short, there is a living Supreme Will directly governing all things, and communing with and controlling the will of man—an Almighty and Personal hand, which none can stay from working,—such a faith is indeed eminently Christian. But it also lies more or less obscurely at the root of every form of religion, and every conception of man as a being capable of rational and moral progress. And this is what Positivism, if not in all cases expressly, yet in its essential character implicitly denies; for it acknowledges nothing higher than nature,

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and the system of laws into which nature may be resolved.

"Such a philosophy, if philosophy it can be called, necessarily excludes all idea of miracles. It rejects the miraculous from history because it has already rejected God from the world. Let it pretend as it may not to impose theory upon history, it does so in the most obvious and sweeping manner. For why are miracles incredible? Not because they have been examined and found to be devoid of credit, but because the world proceeds by general laws, and not by personal agency. Deny this latter fact, and of course no miracle can have ever happened—for a miracle in its very idea presupposes personal agency. But admit the reality of Divine Intelligence and Will governing and acting in every manifestation of nature and of history, and it is impossible to exclude the idea of miracle, or at once set it aside."

Principal Tulloch follows up this statement of the entire basis of the question by entering into M. Rénan's special argument in respect to the miracles of the New Testament, which is in its way a skilful and specious piece of writing, with all that apparent candour and abstract air of justice which is so captivating to an inexperienced reader. "No miracle," he says, "has ever been performed before an assembly of men capable of verifying the miraculous character of a fact;" and he proceeds to state the circumstances under which it might be possible to convince himself, or any other person similarly enlightened, of a miraculous event. "Were a worker of miracles to present himself in these days," he says, "with pretensions sufficiently serious to be discussed, and to announce himself, we shall suppose, as capable of raising the dead, what should we do? We should appoint a commission composed of physiologists, physicians, chemists, and persons trained in historical criticism. This commission would choose a dead body; would assure themselves that it was in reality a dead body; would select a room for the experiment, and arrange an entire system of precautions necessary to place the result beyond doubt. If under such conditions the raising of the dead was effected, a probability nearly equal to certainty would be obtained. However, as an experiment must be always capable of repetition, as those who have once done a thing must be able to do it again, and there can be no question of easy or difficult in regard to miracles, the miracle-worker would be invited to reproduce the miraculous fact in other circumstances upon other dead bodies in another company." To this singular proposal, in which the strength and weakness of M. Rénan's mode of argument is very remarkably shown, Dr Tulloch replies by a very lucid and striking description of the difference between historical and scientific facts:

"M. Rénan has here fallen into so plain a confusion as to confound a fact of experience, a profound historical incident, with a scientific conclusion. Facts of incident and contingency—and all historical facts, miraculous or otherwise, are of this class—belong to a sphere of their own, different from the scientific, and rest on their own characteristic and appropriate proof. Whether anything has happened or not is a question of contingency to be settled by the evidence of those who profess to have seen the thing happen. Did they really see it? were they truly cognisant of it? And were they capable of judging, not by scientific tests, but by the ordinary exercise of their senses and their judgment, whether what they saw was a reality, and not an illusion? Are they honest men, and have they no inducement to say that the thing happened if it did not happen? Such is the nature of historical evidence. Scientific evidence is of a different character; the evidence not of personal testimony but of continual demonstration. Scientific facts, unlike facts of mere contingency or incident, are truths of nature, which, once discovered, admit of repeated verification, because they rest on the constitution of things—the existing laws of the material universe: they are equally true at all times, therefore, and their proof can be demonstratively exhibited at one time as well as another. In the case of

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such facts personal evidence is of no consequence. No amount of such evidence, apart from scientific experiment and demonstration, could establish, for example, the law of gravitation, or the law of equilibrium of fluids. You or I may believe these scientific truths, because of Newton's statements on the one hand or Pascal's statements on the other; but any number of such statements does not form the appropriate evidence of such truths. They rest, on the contrary, on the evidence of direct observation and experiment, capable of constant repetition, and of being exhibited in formulæ of the utmost exactness and certainty. M. Rénan asks with triumph, 'Who does not know that no miracle has ever been performed under the conditions laid down by him?' May we not ask with a more justly-founded confidence, Who does not see that a miracle performed under such conditions would be no miracle at all? So soon as you can reduce any fact within scientific laws and conditions, it necessarily ceases to bear the character of a miracle. It is the very idea of miracle that it transcends these laws and conditions; that it is an incident or occurrence appearing within the sphere of human experience, but incapable of being resolved by the ordinary laws which govern this experience. If it can be so resolved, it loses all pretension to be miraculous, or even marvellous. If the case supposed by M. Rénan could really occur, the conclusions which he draws from it are not those which would really follow. The true inference would be, not that miraculous powers had been intrusted to certain persons, but that raising the dead was a natural or scientific process, and not an exhibition of miraculous or supernatural power at all. How could it be, if capable of spontaneous repetition in the manner suggested? for is not this capacity of repetition just the characteristic of a scientific fact? Is not the process described the very process by which some new truth or law of science is discovered and verified? A miracle, on the other hand, implies as its essential idea a special and extraordinary exercise of divine power which, from its very nature, it is absurd to suppose repeated with a view to verification. It pleased God Almighty, let us suppose, with a view to man's good and the demonstration of His own glory, to interpose in human affairs, arresting the ordinary action of the laws of nature, as in the case of immediate recovery from sickness or restoring the dead to life again. The operation of the natural forces which make up the course of human experience, and which only subsist at any moment, because God who appointed them continues them, is temporarily set aside for some wise end, so that the Original Will—of whom alone all these forces are, and whose power alone they express—is made bare, stands forth, as it were, in direct demonstration and authority. This is the Christian idea of a miracle—the will of God in direct and extraordinary exercise. This is the nature of the fact which M. Rénan insists upon calling together an assembly of scientific persons to settle. Is this the hand of God? They are to determine the question by experiment, and by an application of scientific tests. If the hand of God raises a dead man to life, it must repeat the process under a more rigorous and vigilant scientific scrutiny before the scientific notables can determine whether the thing has been really done or not. It is surely needless to add, that no miracle has hitherto been performed under such conditions, for the conditions entirely divest the supposed act of all divine character—nay, of all moral import."

Dr Tulloch does not conclude this clear and striking discrimination without an example. He takes from the Gospel the simple narrative of one of those resuscitations to which M. Rénan refers. It is the story of the widow's son :—

"Our Lord in the course of His journeys went into the city of Nain, and as He went ('and many of His disciples and much people went with Him'), He met a funeral procession, with the dead body of a young man carried on an open bier, according to the custom of the East, and his weeping mother following the bier 'And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And He came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still. And He said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother. And there came a fear on all: and they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us; and, That God hath visited His people.' Think of this scene, a touching and memorable incident, one among many, though few so striking, in the life of our Lord;

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then recall for contrast M. Rénan's laboratory and assembly of scientific commissioners prepared to investigate the alleged resuscitation of a dead body, carefully selected and scientifically scrutinised. The contrasted facts are of an entirely different order, and the issue contemplated in the one case is quite distinct from the issue alleged in the other."

This, it appears to us, is meeting the question in its fullest and clearest signification with a quiet force, which is infinitely more powerful than any heat of indignation. There is, however, besides this ably-indicated difference, a certain peculiarity in the story of the evangelist, which in this case neither M. Rénan nor his critic take note of. It is the entire simplicity and the spontaneous—what one might call accidental—character of the whole transaction. No thought of proving anything, even His own divine mission, appears in the words or in the act of the merciful visitor, whose compassionate heart was suddenly touched by the mother's tears. Of all the miracles of the New Testament, it is perhaps the one most entirely unconnected with conscious purpose and intention. The divine traveller stands before us, giving out of His liberality, as a human traveller, benevolent and sympathetic, might have given tears or alms to the desolate woman. *He* had the higher gift in His power, and He bestowed it out of the pity of His heart. He does not turn round to say, "Believe in me since I have raised this man from the dead," but goes silent upon His way, one may well believe, with sad thoughts of that infinite sea of human suffering, of which he had dried up one bitter drop, but with which the broader balance of nature and necessity forbade Him to interfere more largely. The miracle came out from Him like rays from the sun, or like, what is a better image, kindness and consolation from a good man, spontaneously, with no purpose beyond. And if one were but to take the narration simply, without the need of proving anything by it, it would not be difficult to perceive in most of the miracles of the Redeemer, not only this spontaneous, unprepared character, but along with it a wonderful sadness, as if the very solace He gave made Him but mourn the more over the awful margin of anguish which it did not consist with the purposes of Providence that He should relieve. What other meaning could be in those otherwise unnecessary tears which He wept over the grave He was about to open? It is unquestionable that the miracles are referred to both by Himself and His disciples as proofs of His mission; but yet it is only in a very few instances that He seems to have propounded them with this secondary end in view. Otherwise the story reads in most cases as if it had been a certain relaxation of divine self-control, a certain human susceptibility bursting into the composure of Godhead, which constrained Him to touch and heal—accompanied always by that divine melancholy, the grief of God over that grief of man which in the maintenance of His own larger order and universal system it was not meet to cure.

Such an idea is, however, so far from the thoughts of M. Rénan, that it does not seem for a moment to occur to him that there are still a great many people in Christendom who believe unfeignedly that Jesus of Nazareth was the Son of God as much as the Son of Mary; not a man of wonderful genius and high originality, but actually a Divine person. He does not recognise the possible existence of such an idea, but addresses himself as calmly to the narrative of that young life in Galilee, of the influences that went to the formation of so beautiful a character, and the circumstances which combined to beguile it from its natural *rôle* of tender reform and pious contemplation, into the more tragical Messianic character, as if it was agreed that all rational persons were of his way of thinking, and any other

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conception of the story impossible. In this satisfied and unpolemical mood the biographer proceeds to his picture, drawing it, as we have said, tenderly, and lingering upon the beautiful outline with patronising but genuine admiration. M. Rénan himself is much better educated, and more thoroughly informed than the noble young enthusiast whom he contemplates in the valleys of Galilee—and he is not unconscious of his advantages; but, nevertheless, he is aware that the figure he portrays is one unparalleled in the world. It is this, apart from all theories, which is the chief feature in his book—its argument in respect to miracles, and its criticism of the Gospels, are matters important enough to be treated in detail; but the grand peculiarity of the work is its full and clear confession of the personal sublimity and singularity of Christ. That excellence without parallel, that unequalled purity and moral grandeur, are *not* legendary. M. Rénan has heart and power to perceive that the human imagination is incapable of so magnificent an invention; and so far from desiring to detract from the glory of the figure which it his ambition to portray, his evident desire and intention is to add to it, and record more distinctly, according to his own ideas, its wonderful elevation and majesty. In so doing, it is impossible not to feel that he has served the cause which he means to injure. As it is, however, not only the French philosopher but the Christian critic whom we have at present before us, we prefer to give Principal Tulloch's conclusions on this subject rather than our own. In an eloquent passage he thus sets forth, in the first place, the profound importance to Christianity of this unparalleled character of Christ:—

"There is no religion whose interest centres in the person and character of its founder in the same degree as Christianity. Christ is Christianity. In Him are all its truths, all its motives, all its glory summed up. In this respect it differs entirely from Mohammedanism or Buddhism, or any other religion which has largely influenced the world. They rest upon many influences. Christianity rests, above all, on Christ. It is the spiritual beauty and perfection of His character which has given it the hold it has upon the intelligence of the most intelligent nations of the world—which has given it the sway it has over the most spiritual and exalted souls that have ever lived in the world. . . . Christianity has been the highest spring of human civilisation; its most preserving strength. Why so? Because it has given to humanity a spiritual ideal—a perfect religious conception—which has been the light of the world. There has been no visible growth in this ideal, and no decay in it. It burst upon the world with a sudden illumination, perfect as it now is. It grew up *occulto velut arbor arvo*—a 'root out of a dry ground.' In the lapse of ages it has suffered no change, no diminution. Christian creeds have imperfectly defined, Christian institutions imperfectly represented it. Some Christian heroisms have even feebly imitated it. But nowhere has there been any advance beyond it. It remains the Light of the World, as it declared itself to be eighteen centuries ago. Whatever has suffered change, or seems like to suffer change—whatever revision may await systems or ceremonies, modes of Christian thought or Christian government—this ideal remains lustrous with the same radiance—'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever'—an example of all love and nobleness—of all grace and all true grandeur; inexhaustible in its spiritual fulness, incapable of improvement in its spiritual proportions. Art and life alike—the responsive intellectual and the responsive moral ideal in us—have found in it, and continue to find in it, a perennial fountain of inspiration: they catch some newer and higher and more celestial aspect of it; they reach perhaps, with the deepening thoughtfulness of increasing ages, some truer comprehension of it; but the manifoldness of its excellence exceeds their imitative grasp. It still towers above them, sympathetic at every point to the touch of human aspiration, but outreaching the highest possibility of human endeavour."

Such a wonderful existence, he proceeds to show, must have had a

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fit cause and origin; and it is perfectly consistent and intelligible to the Christian who recognises "the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," in this most marvellous and unparalleled Man. "It is but fair, however, to require from one who denies this supernatural origin, an adequate and consistent explanation of a fact which has appeared to the general intelligence as well as to the eye of faith, so clearly to involve the supernatural, and to be unintelligible without it." M. Rénan admits the fact fully and clearly, and he accounts for it as he can with much elaboration and care—for naturally it is a matter upon which a man of candid mind, kept back by inexorable theory from the only simple explanation, must have found it hard to satisfy himself. A thousand dead men raised to life would be less of a miracle to account for than this Jesus, to the secret of whose existence even great Semitic scholarship can give but little clue; indeed, to pause upon the question of miracles at all, while this greatest of all wonders remained to be discussed, is but another proof of the limited nature of human perceptions even in their most acute development. M. Rénan's explanation is, that Christ was produced by Judaism, the most austere and narrow of all religious systems, and by the lovely pastoral landscapes and simple rural manners of Galilee—these two working together, but chiefly and most powerfully the last, upon the gracious and tender influence of which he enlarges with a dainty eloquence which makes one fain to believe, though experience is little in favour of the idea, that the soft hills and green pastures, the sweet shadow of olive woods and glimmer of inland waters, are not only full of moral influence, but of the loftiest inspiration. It is thus that Dr Tulloch examines the singular explanation which M. Rénan gives of the origin of Christ:—

"Jesus, according to M. Rénan, was the natural offspring of Judaism. He was the incarnation of its moral genius and its Messianic dreams—nothing more. Nature, the teaching of the synagogue, and the enthusiasm of the populace, made Him what He was. Could such a character spring out of such influences, and be produced from such sources? It appears to us wholly impossible. We may allow even so much for the sweet natural genius and the charming susceptibility of Jesus, but the result is still incredible; for let genius be of the most transcendent sort, it must yet connect itself by definite links with its age and time. The most admirable and unique human genius is found to stand in close intellectual and moral relation with its contemporaries. Its growth is understood from what they were, and the influences, direct or indirect, which they exercised upon it. There is in all cases, if not an entirely clear, yet an intelligible affinity between the highest genius and the tendencies in the midst of which it arose. This connection is entirely wanting in the case of Jesus. M. Rénan, indeed, talks of moral maxims that were rife in the synagogues, and kindred teachers, such as Hillel and Gamaliel. But his constant affirmations on this subject rest on no evidence, and receive no countenance even from his own detailed descriptions. The whole picture of Judaism which he draws is opposed to them. He keeps repeating statements about the moral teaching of the synagogue—statements, let it be remembered, confessedly founded on sources not in existence till two centuries after the Christian era—but he cannot point to any correspondimg features in the actual Judaism of the time. The features which this Judaism presented are sufficiently well known. Phariseeism and Sadducceism represented its two predominant tendencies; and what they were, especially how utterly immoral they were, no one has better shown than our author. The former had lost the very idea of morality—had obscured and perverted its most obvious and fundamental obligations. A superstitious formalism, consecrating the most frivolous external observances, was its only principle, and baneful and malicious fanaticism its only passion. The Sadducees were without any pretence of spiritual feeling—materialists by profession, ambitious of power, wealth, pleasure, but without a particle of serious thought or sentiment. With both these great parties Christ

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had confessedly no relations except those of hostility. It is even a subject of congratulation to M. Rénan, that his hero, in the progress of His moral development, was so far removed from them in the quiet village of Galilee. . . . . But when we look for any evidence of moral culture in the north any more than in the south—in Galilee any more than in Jerusalem—M. Rénan gives us nothing but picturesque description and dogmatic appeal to the Talmud. He has nowhere indicated, nowhere even explained, the marked contrast which, according to him, existed between the Judaism of Galilee and of Jerusalem. And for such a contrast there is not the slightest historical foundation. The spirit of the north was of a more free, simple, and natural character. The tendencies of Judaism had not then developed into the same hardened opposition. All that was characteristic in Judaism necessarily reached its most prominent expression in the capital. But withal, the Judaism of the north and of the south was substantially the same. . . . The disciples were Galileans. They were, one and all, members of the northern synagogues, and may be taken, from the mere fact of their association with Christ, as above the average examples of the religious and moral spirit which characterised the synagogues. Do they then show, apart from the direct influence and instruction of their Master, any lofty spiritual tendency, any characteristics of spiritual wisdom? Could St Peter, or even St John, before the day of Pentecost, when they accompanied our Lord on His Galilean journeys, be conceived as giving utterance to any such sermon as that on the Mount? . . . If the religious feeling of Galilee had been so much higher than the religious feeling of Jerusalem, would we not have had in the Gospels abundant traces of the fact? If such maxims as compose the Sermon on the Mount had been a common moral currency in the Galilean synagogues, could we not have found some evidence of this in the disciples of our Lord as well as in our Lord Himself? In short, M. Rénan's elaborate contrast, and the inferences he founds upon it, have, as we have said, no historical foundation. . . . The Christ of the Gospels, then, is unintelligible on M. Rénan's principles. There is really no foundation for the character which he has drawn. The origin of Christianity cannot be explained even by the most favourable concurrence of natural causes in Galilee eighteen centuries ago. Nature may do much for a responsive soul; but even its most glorious combinations have in themselves no creative effect. Sweet genius and a charming spiritual susceptibility may constitute an attractive character, and even rise to a height of powerful and commanding influence in dealing with current spiritual influences. . . . This is the obvious secret of such characters as those of St Francis of Assisi and others. Marvellous as their career and the power which they exercised may be, we understand them readily, because we see the conditions out of which they sprang. But these conditions we nowhere see in the case of Jesus. Let nature and genius have all the effect that can be ascribed to them, they have nowhere produced such a character; they have in no case —not even in one memorable case which will occur to most minds, that of Socrates—approximated to the production of such a character. No mere human influences have ever germinated into such a consummate expression of wisdom and love, of grace and truth. The loftiest human model still stands, with its strange mixture of loftiness and lowness, of Divine light and human darkness, of righteousness of aim and error of practice, at an infinite distance. Nor was this model, be it remembered, the production of Jewish soil and of an effete age."

We have quoted so largely in order to give a fair idea of the grave and searching yet gentle examination which M. Rénan's popular book has here met with. The point is, to our own thinking, of all others the one only and utterly vital point for Christianity. Christ *is* Christianity, as Principal Tulloch well says. If it was in the power of any assault to dim that spotless image, there would then be occasion in earnest to tremble for our faith, with all its divine consolations—consolations for which neither sceptic nor philosopher has any substitute to offer. Perhaps there is nothing which more clearly shows the wonderful pre-eminence of the portrait of the Gospels, than to contrast it not only with the ideal characters which from time to time Genius has produced, but even with the

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reproductions through the hands of lesser artists of that picture which came fresh out of the tender memory of John and Matthew, and their brother evangelists. From the Jesus of a popular sermon to the Son of God in Milton's majestic epic, almost every man who has touched the subject has thrown an involuntary cloud over the original portrait; and in respect to Art, the failure has been yet more striking. Here and there a gleam of divine significance has stolen into the face of the child-Saviour, as depicted by the greatest of painters; but we have never seen a picture which expressed divinity in the maturity of manhood, or would lead an uninstructed mind to the idea that the greatest of beings was there represented. It is the poise of the suspended figure, the reality of an attitude which is neither flying nor standing, which touches the spectator even before so famous a canvass as that of the 'Transfiguration;' it is not any divine effulgence in the image of the Redeemer; and still less is there any sentiment of Godhead in the muscular Christ of Michel Angelo. The only pictures of Him in which we remember to have felt a kind of shadow of the Divine, are those of the early Byzantine Christ, large and severe and pathetic, in which primitive art, struggling in chains of palpable difficulty, has yet set an expression of ineffable tenderness and sorrow and awful simplicity, which, to our own thinking, is the most impressive yet attained by art, unless, indeed, we were to except Mr Holman Hunt's wonderful 'Light of the World,' under the eyes of which one would scarcely dare to think an ill thought.

If, however, we were to accept M. Rénan's account of the Gospels as books which grew into their present proportions under the hands of an innumerable quantity of authors, each man adding to his scanty MS. any incident or utterance that struck him specially, the wonder would be more and more increased; for of all modes of producing a picture full of such divine unity, this is about the last which could be supposed successful. At the same time, the account he gives of the Gospels is, in our judgment, a very important part of M. Rénan's book. It is one which perhaps his peculiar scholarship makes him more capable of treating thoroughly; and though we feel Principal Tulloch's explanation of his theory in respect to the Gospels of Matthew and Mark to be quite satisfactory, there is a little haste and imperfection in the lecture which discusses this point. M. Rénan dwells very strongly upon the difference between the earlier Gospels and that of John, which is indeed a very interesting distinction, and one which, apart from the learned and inaccessible discussions of scientific theology, the ordinary public would be more likely to find interest and instruction in than in many sermons. How far this characteristic distinction may have arisen from a difference of audience we do not undertake to decide; but an intelligent reader will perceive that in various specified cases the audience mentioned in the Gospel of John is of an altogether different character from the rustic crowds of Matthew. There is, in the first place, Nicodemus, with whom the Master treated in private of high and difficult matters, which it would have been utterly impracticable to discuss on the mountain or the shore of the lake, in presence of a fluctuating and ignorant multitude; and, towards the end of the Gospel, it is with the intimate circle of His immediate disciples, gathered round Him in awe, and dismay, and painful half-comprehension, like people at a deathbed, that the Saviour talks —speaking to them things which they understood "afterwards," as the record itself pathetically says. Such an auditory was little likely to be addressed in the broader general discourses with which the ministry of

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Christ began. To deliver to them, under such circumstances, another Sermon on the Mount, would have been a proceeding entirely false to that human nature which was ever surpassed but never contradicted by Jesus of Nazareth; and what is unquestionably true of the discussions which begin, and of the wonderful and affecting intercourse which closes this Gospel, has also, so far as we are able to judge, every appearance of being applicable to the intervening portions. It is not the outdoor crowd which can do nothing but listen, but the groups in the porches of the synagogues, on the steps of the Temple, curious and hostile, laying traps for the speaker, whom we perceive dimly through John's narrative; and the distinction is natural enough, and easy to understand. But the question is one which demands larger space and fuller treatment. It is to John we owe the narrative, unequalled in human literature, of these last communings with His chosen friends, which are to most Christian souls the most profoundly affecting part of the history of Christ. His is the story of that last mortal meal, where, as yet unassailed and uncondemned, the Redeemer sat among His followers with the prescience of death in His eyes, addressing to them those counsels and those promises of which it was hard for them to see the occasion; while they, alarmed and dismayed and awe-stricken, asked bewildered questions, and knew not what they said. The other day we went with reverence to see the remains of the great picture in which this subject has been represented by one of the greatest of painters, and which, to our eyes, looked more impressive under its film of decay and partial destruction than had it been as fresh and perfect as at first. But John is unspeakably a greater artist than Leonardo. With him there is no conventional grouping—no arbitrary attitudes. The awe and perplexity of the sad group, the explanations they seek in each other's eyes, the baffling veil of incapacity which bewilders their human comprehension of the Divine Sufferer, and makes even sympathy and love fall short in the effort, are such as no imagination ever gave form to. The difference between the painter and the evangelist, reminds us of a still greater difference in the comparison of Christ with Socrates, which is so much in favour with critics. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the last act of our Lord's life and the scene in the Athenian prison, where the philosopher accepts his doom while discussing general principles with his friends, and receives death with a certain indifference which is not even destitute of humour, treating his judges and executioners with a sober and tolerant contempt which is altogether human, and has not a spark of divinity in it. They have done their worst, poor creatures as they are; and now let us talk of more interesting matters. Such is the sentiment of the scene in which one of the very greatest of merely human personages is the chief actor, and which is told by lips no less skilful than those of Plato. So far as literary power goes, the evangelist had little chance with the philosopher; and it would be hard to explain, even by M. Rénan's learned commission of "physiologists, physicians, chemists, and persons trained in historical criticism," how the simple apostle has so infinitely transcended the great Italian and the greater Greek. Such a miracle is harder to account for than even restoration from the dead.

This is not a place to enter into any discussion of that which we, in common with all Christians, regard as the most awful event ever consummated in this world; but we cannot refrain from making one final extract from Dr Tulloch's valuable little book, in which he sets forth, with what seems to us a fine originality as well as unquestionable

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force and eloquence, one remarkable point of difference between the death of Christ and those of all the human martyrs and victims of popular ignorance or rage, with which the sceptical critic would fain confound it :—

"'The modern theory of Christ's character by those who deny His divinity, is that of a great religious hero and martyr; one who died to vindicate human liberty and the right of spiritual intelligence against the oppression of priestcraft, and the servilities of a godless material power. This is so far the view of our author. In the closing period of His career Christ is to him something of such a hero and martyr. But he is conscious also how imperfectly such a character fits Christ, and especially the Christ of the Passion. . . . And what a story is that! What a picture of infinite mysterious sorrow—of shadow deeper than all other shadow that has ever lain on our earth! as Jesus withdrew from His disciples about a stone's cast, and fell on His face and prayed, saying, 'Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me.' . . . But is this the characteristic spirit of the hero and martyr? Do we feel, as we read the story of the Passion, that we are contemplating merely the struggles of a great human soul? Is that agony and bloody sweat, that cry of impassioned mystery, that weakness and shrinking as from death, and, finally, that horror of great darkness as He hung upon the cross, and felt that God had forsaken Him—is all this of the nature of heroic martyrdom? Is it not something entirely different from the steadfast rejoicing willingness of a Paul—'I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand;' from the blind headlong rapture of an Ignatius, 'Suffer me to be the food of wild beasts—do not intercede for me. Fire and the cross, the assaults of wild beasts, the tearing of my limbs, the breaking of my bones, the grinding of my whole body—I welcome them all'? Assuredly it is. As we stand in spirit by the side of the sleeping disciples and watch their suffering Lord; as we hear Him cry from the cross, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' we feel we are entering into the communion of a deeper and more mysterious sorrow than the world has ever known—a sorrow which is not weakness—a sorrow in which no notes of mere martyr-triumph mingle, which no gleam of rejoicing heroism illumines, but which becomes bright with an awful meaning, then, and only then, when we recognise in it the reality of a Divine Sacrifice for the sins of the world, the offering of Him who, 'though He knew no sin, was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.'"

It is difficult to go on after a conclusion so solemn; but we may permit ourselves to say, by way of winding up, that the alarm which is created in the Church by the appearance and sudden popularity of such a work as that of M. Rénan, is, though perhaps natural enough, an unreasonable panic. It is not only its ephemeral character which makes the impression produced unimportant; it is a much deeper and more radical incapacity. The school of thinkers to which M. Rénan belongs, and to which also belong some very eminent minds among ourselves, is entirely destructive in a religious point of view. It has nothing whatever to substitute for the hopes and consolations it takes from us. But there are a few, and only a very few, minds in this world which are so self-contained and self-sufficing as to be able to do without these consolations and hopes. To many of us life is so hard that it is the most we can do "to use," as says the special poet of our generation, "a little patience ere we die" —to most, some little light upon the darkness of the hereafter, some possibility of a life more worth living than this, is a primitive necessity of existence. The multitude have never been affected by the winds of doctrine which blow about the higher altitudes of intellect; and by the multitude we mean, not the poor, but the broad, general mass of common people—people of natural sympaties, warm affections, and active lives, who can no more spend their time in discussion than in any other unprofitable pastime. Let the *savants* take care of themselves. We cannot tell what may be the case in France among the

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poor, to whom M. Rénan, with an adroit adaptation which agrees but poorly with the dignity of his philosophy, has sent his book wrapped in a flattering preface; but notwithstanding chance infections, which may ruffle the composure of here and there a parish priest, any general effect in England is impossible. Christianity itself does not undertake to satisfy all the questions of the wistful spirit, but there is nothing else which makes any response at all out of the awful darkness in which, one time or other, every living soul loses some precious thing. The intellectual classes are, as we have said, limited in number, and presumably able to take care of themselves; and to persons consciously self-sufficing our argument may not seem a lofty one. But we are persuaded it is true. Mere scepticism attempting only to deprive us of our hopes will never reach the popular heart. "Consider the horizon," says M. Rénan, addressing the poor; "there rise the tints of the dawn, deliverance by means of resignation, labour, liberality, reciprocal support — deliverance by means of science, which, penetrating the laws of humanity, and more and more subduing matter, will found the dignity and the true liberty of all men. Let us prepare, each by doing his duty, this paradise of the future." Such a paradise does not accord with English imaginations; but even were it attained—had science done her best, sanitary and otherwise, and "reciprocal support" been realised in its highest ideal, the most intimate and profound of human miseries would still remain to be somehow provided for. People would still die, and hearts still break, and even the much-contemned priest would convey more consolation than M. Rénan. In England we are rather fond of taking fright upon this subject, and conceiving danger to the religion of the people where no danger exists. *That* is founded upon more imperative necessities, and wants that go deeper down. It is good that the Church should meet frankly and boldly all her assailants; but she may at the same time take comfort in reflecting that the vast mass of her members are human creatures, and that no amount of eloquence is likely to convince them, instead of bread, to accept a stone.

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TONY BUTLER.

PART XIII.

CHAPTER XLV.—A SHOCK FOR TONY.

If Tony Butler took no note of time as he sat at breakfast with Sir Joseph, he was only sharing the fortune of every man who ever found himself in that companionship. From one end of Europe to the other his equal could not be found. It was not alone that he had stores of conversation for the highest capacities and the most cultivated minds, but he possessed that thorough knowledge of life so interesting to men of the world, and with it that insight into character which is so often the key to the mystery of statecraft; and with all these he had a geniality and a winning grace of look, voice, and demeanour that sent one from his presence with the thought that, if the world could but compass a few more like him, one would not change the planet for the brightest in the firmament. Breakfast over, they smoked; then they had a game at billiards; after that they strolled into the garden, and had some pistol-firing. Here Tony acquitted himself creditably, and rose in his host's esteem; for the Minister liked a man who could do anything—no matter what—very well. Tony, too, gained on him. His own fine joyous nature understood at once the high-hearted spirit of a young fellow who had no affectations about him, thoroughly at his ease without presumption; and yet, through that gentleman element so strong in him, never transgressing the limits of a freedom so handsomely accorded him.

While the hours rolled over thus delightfully, a messenger returned to say that he had been at each of the great hotels, but could find no trace of Colonel Chamberlayne, nor of the missing bags.

"Send Moorcap," said the minister.

Moorcap was away two hours, and came back with the same story.

"I suspect how it is," said Tony. "Chamberlayne has been obliged to start suddenly, and has carried off my bags with his own; but when he discovers his mistake, he'll drop them at Naples."

Sir Joseph smiled—perhaps he did not think the explanation very satisfactory; and perhaps—who knows?—but he thought that the loss of a despatch-bag was not amongst the heaviest of human calamities. "At all events," he said, "we'll give you an early dinner, Butler, and you can start by the late train for Genoa, and catch the morning steamer to Naples."

Tony asked no better; and I am afraid to have to confess that he engaged at a game of "pool" with all the zest of one who carried no weighty care on his breast.

When the time for leave-taking came, Sir Joseph shook his hand with cordial warmth, telling him to be sure to dine with him as he came through Turin. "Hang up your hat here, Butler; and if I should be from home, tell them that you are coming to dinner."

Very simple words these. They cost little to him who spoke them, but what a joy and happiness to poor Tony! Oh, ye gentlemen of high place and station, if you but knew how your slightest words of kindness—your two or three syllables of encouragement—give warmth and glow and vigour to many a poor wayfarer on life's high-road, imparting a sense not alone of hope, but of self-esteem, to a nature too distrustful of itself, mayhap you might be less chary of that which, costing you so little, is wealth unspeakable to him it is be-

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stowed upon. Tony went on his way rejoicing; he left that threshold, as many others had left it, thinking far better of the world and its people, and, without knowing it, very proud of the notice of one whose favour he felt to be fame. Ah, thought he, if Alice had but heard how that great man spoke to me—if Alice only saw how familiarly he treated me,—it might show her, perhaps, that others at least can see in me some qualities not altogether hopeless.

If now and then some thought of that "unlucky bag"—so he called it to himself—would invade, he dismissed it speedily, with the assurance that it had already safely reached its destination, and that the Colonel and Skeffy had doubtless indulged in many a hearty laugh over his embarrassment at its loss. "If they knew but all," muttered he, "I take it very coolly. I'm not breaking my heart over the disaster." And so far he was right—not, however, from the philosophical indifference that he imagined, but simply because he never believed in the calamity, nor had realised it to himself.

When he landed at Naples he drove off at once to the lodgings of his friend Damer, which, though at a considerable height from the ground, in a house of the St Lucca Quarter, he found were dignified with the title of British Legation, a written notice on the door informing all readers that "H. B. M.'s Chargé d'Affaires transacted business from twelve to four every day." It was two o'clock when Tony arrived, and, notwithstanding the aforesaid announcement, he had to ring three times before the door was opened. At length a sleepy-looking valet appeared to say that "His Excellency"—he styled him so—was in his bath, and could not be seen in less than an hour. Tony sent in his name, and speedily received for answer that he would find a letter addressed to him in the rack over the chimney, and Mr Damer would be dressed and with him by the time he had read it.

Poor Tony's eyes swam with tears as he saw his mother's handwriting, and he tore open the sheet with hot impatience. It was very short, as were all her letters, and so we give it entire:—

"My own darling Tony,—Your beautiful present reached me yesterday, and what shall I say to my poor reckless boy for such an act of extravagance? Surely, Tony, it was made for a queen, and not for a poor widow that sits the day long mending her stockings at the window. But ain't I proud of it, and of him that sent it! Heaven knows what it has cost you, my dear boy, for even the carriage here from London, by the Royal Parcel Company, Limited, came to thirty-two and fourpence. Why they call themselves Limited after that, is clean beyond my comprehension." If Tony smiled here, it was with a hot and flushed cheek, for he had forgotten to prepay the whole carriage, and he was vexed at his thoughtlessness.

"As to my wearing it going to meeting, as you say, it's quite impossible. The thought of its getting wet would be a snare to take my mind off the blessed words of the minister; and I'm not sure, my dear Tony, that any congregation could sit profitably within sight of what—not knowing the love that sent—would seem like a temptation and a vanity before men. Sables, indeed, real Russian sables, appear a strange covering for these old shoulders.

"It was about two hours after it came that Mrs Trafford called in to see me, and Jeanie would have it that I'd go into the room with my grand new cloak on me; and sure enough I did, Tony, trying all the while not to seem as if it was anything strange or uncommon, but just the sort of wrapper I'd throw round me of a cold morning. But it wouldn't do, my dear Tony. I was half-afraid to sit

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down on it, and I kept turning out the purple-satin lining so often that Mrs Trafford said at last, 'Will you forgive my admiration of your cloak, Mrs Butler, but I never saw one so beautiful before;' and then I told her who it was that sent it; and she got very red and then very pale, and then walked to the window, and said something about a shower that was threatening; though, sooth to say, Tony, the only threat of rain I could see was in her own blue eyes. But she turned about gaily and said, 'We are going away, Mrs Butler—going abroad;' and before I could ask why or where, she told me in a hurried sort of way that her sister Isabella had been ordered to pass a winter in some warm climate, and that they were going to try Italy. She said it all in a strange quick voice, as if she didn't like to talk of it, and wanted it over; but she grew quite herself again when she said that the gardener would take care that my flowers came regularly, and that Sir Arthur and Lady Lyle would be more than gratified if I would send up for anything I liked out of the garden. 'Don't forget that the melons were all of Tony's sowing, Mrs Butler,' said she, smiling; and I could have kissed her for the way she said it.

"There were many other kind things she said, and in a way, too, that made them more than kind; so that when she went away, I sat thinking if it was not a temptation to meet a nature like hers—so sweet, so lovely, and yet so worldly; for in all she spoke, Tony, there was never a word dropped of what sinful creatures we are, and what a thorny path it is that leads us to the better life before us.

"I was full of her visit, and everything she said, when Dr Stewart dropped in to say that they had been down again at the Burnside to try and get him to let Dolly go abroad with them. 'I never liked the notion, Mrs Butler,' said he, 'but I was swayed here and swayed there by my thoughts for the lass, what was best for her body's health, and that other health that is of far more value; when there came a letter to me (it was anonymous), saying, "Before you suffer your good and virtuous daughter to go away to a foreign land, just ask the lady that is to protect her if she still keeps up the habit of moonlight walks in a garden with a gentleman for her companion, and if that be the sort of teaching she means to inculcate." Mrs Trafford came to the door as I was reading the letter, and I said, "What can you make of such a letter as this?" and as she read it her cheek grew purple, and she said, "There is an end of our proposal, Dr Stewart. Tell your daughter I shall importune her no more; but this letter I mean to keep: it is in a hand I know well." And she went back to the carriage without another word; and to-morrow they leave the Abbey, some say, not to come back again.'

"I cried the night through after the Doctor went away, for what a world it is of sin and misery; not that I will believe wrong of her, sweet and beautiful as she is, but what for was she angry? and why did she show that this letter could give her such pain? And now, my dear Tony, since it could be no other than yourself she walked alone with, is it not your duty to write to the Doctor and tell him so? The pure heart fears not the light, neither are the good of conscience afraid. That she is above your hope is no reason that she is above your love. That I was your father's wife may show that! Above all, Tony, think that a Gospel minister should not harbour an evil thought of one who does not deserve it, and whose mightiest sin is perchance the pride that scorns a self-defence.

"The poor Doctor is greatly afflicted: he is sorry now that he showed the letter, and Dolly cries over it night and day.

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"Is it not a strange thing that Captain Graham's daughters, that never were used to come here, are calling at the Burnside two or three times a-week?

"Write to me, my dear Tony, and if you think well of what I said, write to the Doctor also, and believe me your ever-loving mother, ELEANOR BUTLER.

"Dolly Stewart has recovered her health again, but not her spirits. She rarely comes to see me, but I half suspect that her reason is her dislike to show me the depression that is weighing over her. So is it, dear Tony, go where you will: there is no heart without its weary load, no spirit without that touch of sorrow that should teach submission. Reflect well over this, dear boy; and never forget that though at times we put off our troubles as a wayfarer lays down his pack, we must just strap on the load again when we take to the road, for it is a burden we have to bear to the journey's end."

Not all the moral reflections of this note saved it from being crushed passionately in his hand as he finished reading it. That walk, that moonlight walk, with whom could it have been? with whom but Maitland? And it was by her—by her that his whole heart was filled—her image, her voice, her gait, her smile, her faintest whisper—that made up the world in which he lived. Who could love her as *he* did? Others would have their hopes and ambitions, their dreams of worldly success, and such-like; but he—he asked none of these; *her* heart was all he strove for. With her he would meet any fortune. He knew she was above him in every way—as much by every gift and grace as by every accident of station; but what did that signify? The ardour of his love glowed only the stronger for the difficulty—just as his courage would have mounted the higher the more hazardous the feat that dared it. These were his reasonings — or rather some shadowy shapes of these flitted through his mind.

And was it now all over? was the star that had guided him so long to be eclipsed from him? was he never again to ask himself in a moment of difficulty or doubt, What will Alice say?—what will Alice think? As for the scandalous tongues that dared to asperse her, he scorned them; and he was indignant with the old minister for not making that very letter itself the reason of accepting a proposal he had been until then averse to. He should have said, "*Now* there can be no hesitation—Dolly must go with you *now*." It was just as his musings got thus far that Skeffy rushed into the room and seized him by both hands.

"Ain't I glad to see your great sulky face again? Sit down and tell me everything—how you came—when—how long you're to stay—and what brought you here."

"I came with despatches—that is, I ought to have had them."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that some of the bags I left at Turin; and one small fellow, which I take to have been the cream of the correspondence, Chamberlayne carried on here—at least I hope so. Haven't you got it?"

"What infernal muddle are your brains in? Who is Chamberlayne?"

"Come, come, Skeffy, I'm not in a joking mood;" and he glanced at the letter in his hand as he spoke. "Don't worry me, old fellow, but say that you have got the bag all right."

"But I have not. I never saw it—never heard of it."

"And has the Colonel not been here?"

"Who is the Colonel?"

"Chamberlayne."

"And who is Chamberlayne?"

"That *is* cool, certainly; I think a man might acknowledge his godfather?"

"Whose godfather is he?"

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"Yours — your own. Perhaps you'll deny that you were christened after him, and called Chamberlayne?"

Skeffy threw up his embroidered cap in the air at these words, and, flinging himself on a sofa, actually screamed with laughter. "Tony," cried he at last, "this will immortalise you. Of all the exploits performed by messengers, this one takes the van."

"Look here, Damer," said Tony, sternly: "I have told you already I'm in no laughing humour; I've had enough here to take the jollity out of me"—and he shook the letter in his hand—"for many a day to come; so that whatever you have to say to me, bear in mind that you say it to one little disposed to good-humour. Is it true that you have not received these despatches?"

"Perfectly true."

"Then how are we to trace him? His name is Colonel Moore Chamberlayne, aide-de-camp to the Lord High Commissioner, Corfu."

Skeffy bit his lip, and by a great effort succeeded in repressing the rising temptation to another scream of laughter, and, taking down a bulky red-covered volume from a shelf, began to turn over its pages. "There," said he at last—"there is the whole Staff at Corfu; Hailes, Winchester, Corbett, and Ainslie. No Chamberlayne amongst them."

Tony stared at the page in hopeless bewilderment. "What do you know of him? Who introduced you to each other? Where did you meet?" asked Skeffy.

"We met at the foot of the Mont Cenis, where, seeing that I had despatches, and no means to get forward, he offered me a seat in his calèche. I accepted gladly, and we got on capitally: he was immense fun; he knew everybody, and had been everywhere; and when he told me that he was your godfather——"

"Stop, stop! for the love of heaven will you stop, or you'll kill me!" cried Skeffy, and, throwing himself on his back on the sofa, he flung his legs into the air, and yelled aloud with laughter.

"Do you know, Master Damer, I'm sorely tempted to pitch you neck and crop out of the window?" said Tony, savagely.

"Do so, do so, by all means, if you like; only let me have my laugh out, or I shall burst a blood-vessel."

Tony made no reply, but walked up and down the room with his brow bent and his arms folded. "And then?" cried Skeff—"and then? What came next?"

"It is your opinion, then," said Tony, sternly, "that this fellow was a swindler, and not on the Staff at all?"

"No more than he was my godfather!" cried Damer, wiping his eyes.

"And that the whole was a planned scheme to get hold of the despatches?"

"Of course. Filangieri knows well that we are waiting for important instructions here. There is not a man calls here is not duly reported to him by his secret police."

"And why didn't Sir Joseph think of that when I told him what had happened? All he said was, 'Be of good cheer, Butler; the world will go round even after the loss of a despatch-bag.'"

"So like him," said Skeffy; "the levity of that man is the ruin of him. They all say so at the Office."

"I don't know what they say at the Office; but I can declare that so perfect a gentleman and so fine a fellow I never met before."

Skeffy turned to the glass over the chimney, smoothed his mustaches, and pointed their tips most artistically, smiling gracefully at himself, and seeming to say, "You and I, if we were not too modest, could tell of some one fully his equal."

"And what's to be done—what's to come of this?" asked Tony, after a short silence.

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"I'll have to report you, Master Tony. I'll have to write home—'My Lord,—The messenger Butler arrived here this morning to say that he confided your Lordship's despatches and private instructions to a most agreeable gentleman, whose acquaintance he made at St Jean de Maurienne; and that the fascinating stranger, having apparently not mastered their contents up to the present——'"

"Go to the——"

"No, Tony, I shall not; but I think it not at all improbable that such will be the destination his Lordship will assign assistant-messenger Butler. The fact is, my boy, your career in our department is ended."

"With all my heart! Except for that fine fellow I saw at Turin, I think I never met such a set of narrow-minded snobs."

"Tony, Tony," said the other, "when Moses, in the 'Vicar of Wakefield'—and I take it he is more familiar to you than the other of that name—was 'done' by the speculator in green spectacles, he never inveighed against those who had unfortunately confided their interests to his charge. Now, as to our department——"

"Confound the department! I wish I had never heard of it. You say it's all up with me, and of course I suppose it is; and, to tell you the truth, Skeffy, I don't think it signifies a great deal just now, except for that poor mother of mine." Here he turned away and wiped his eyes hurriedly. "I take it that all mothers make the same sort of blunder, and never will believe that they can have a blockhead for a son till the world has set its seal on him."

"Take a weed, and listen to me," said Skeffy, dictatorially, and he threw his cigar-case across the table as he spoke. "You have contrived to make as bad a debut in your career as is well possible to conceive."

"What's the use of telling me that? In your confounded passion for hearing yourself talk, you forget that it is not so pleasant for me to listen."

"Prisoner at the bar," continued Skeffy, "you have been convicted—you stand, indeed, self-convicted—of an act which, as we regard it, is one of gross ignorance, of incredible folly, or of inconceivable stupidity—places you in a position to excite the pity of compassionate men, the scorn of those severer moralists who accept not the extenuating circumstances of youth, unacquaintance with life, and a credulity that approaches childlike——"

"You're a confounded fool, Skeffy, to go on in this fashion when a fellow is in such a fix as I am, not to speak of other things that are harder to bear. It's a mere toss-up whether he laughs at your nonsense or pitches you over the banisters. I've been within an ace of one and the other three times in the last five minutes; and now all my leaning is towards the last of the two."

"Don't yield to it then, Tony. Don't, I warn you."

"And why?"

"Because you'd never forgive yourself, not alone for having injured a true and faithful friend, but for the far higher and more irreparable loss in having cut short the career of a man destined to be a light to Europe. I say it in no vanity—no boastfulness. No, on my honour! if I could—if the choice were fairly given to me, I'd rather not be a man of mark and eminence. I'd rather be a commonplace, tenth-rate sort of dog like yourself."

The unaffected honesty with which he said this did for Tony what no cajolery nor flattery could have accomplished, and set him off into a roar of laughter that conquered all his spleen and ill-humour.

"Your laugh, like the laugh of the foolish, is ill-timed. You cannot see that you were introduced, not to be stigmatised, but to point a moral. You fancy yourself a crea-

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ture—you are a category; you imagine you are an individuality—you are not; you are a fragment rent from a primeval rock."

"I believe I ought to be as insensible as a stone to stand you. But stop all this, I say, and listen to me. I'm not much up to writing—but you'll help me, I know; and what I want said is simply this:—'I have been tricked out of one of the bags by a rascal that if ever I lay hands on I'll bring bodily before the Office at home, and make him confess the whole scheme; and I'll either break his neck afterwards, or leave him to the law, as the Secretary of State may desire.'"

Now, poor Tony delivered this with a tone and manner that implied he thought he was dictating a very telling and able despatch. "I suppose," added he, "I am to say that I now resign my post, and I wish the devil had me when I accepted it."

"Not civil, certainly, to the man who gave you the appointment, Tony. Besides, when a man resigns, he has to wait for the acceptance of his resignation."

"Oh, as for that, there need be no ceremony. They'll be even better pleased to get rid of me than I to go. They got a bad bargain; and, to do them justice, they seemed to have guessed as much from the first."

"And then, Tony?"

"I'll go to sea—I'll go before the mast; there must be many a vessel here wants a hand, and in a few weeks' practice I'll master the whole thing; my old yachting experiences have done that for me."

"My poor Tony," said Skeffy, rising and throwing his arms round him, "I'll not listen to it. What! when you have a home here with me, are you to go off and brave hardship and misery and degradation?"

"There's not one of the three—I deny it. Coarse food and hard work are no misery; and I'll be hanged if there's any degradation in earning one's bread with his hands when his head is not equal to it."

"I tell you I'll not suffer it. If you drive me to it, I'll prevent it by force. I am her Majesty's *Chargé d'affaires*. I'll order the consul to enrol you at his peril—I'll imprison the captain that takes you—I'll detain the ship, and put the crew in irons."

"Before you do half of it, let me have some dinner," said Tony, laughing, "for I came on shore very hungry, and have eaten nothing since."

"I'll take you to my favourite restaurant, and you shall have a regular Neapolitan banquet, washed down by some old Capri. There, spell out that newspaper till I dress; and if any one rings in the meanwhile, say His Excellency has just been sent for to Caserta by the King, and will not be back before to-morrow." As he reached the door he put his head in again, and said, "Unless, perchance, it should be my godfather, when, of course, you'll keep him for dinner."

CHAPTER XLVI.—"THE BAG NO. 18."

Almost overlooking the terraced garden where Damer and Tony dined, and where they sat smoking till a late hour of the night, stood a large palace, whose vast proportions and spacious entrance, as well as an emblazoned shield over the door, proclaimed it to belong to the Government. It was the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; and here now, in a room projecting over the street beneath, and supported on arches, sat the Minister himself with our two acquaintances, Maitland and Caffarelli.

Maitland was still an invalid, and rested on a sofa, but he had recovered much of his former looks

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and manner, though he was dressed with less care than was his wont.

The Minister, a very tall thin man, stooped in the shoulders, and with a quantity of almost white grey hair streaming on his neck and shoulders, walked continually up and down the room, commenting and questioning, at times, as Maitland read forth from a mass of documents which littered the table, and with which Caffarelli supplied him, breaking the seals and tearing open the envelopes before he gave them to his hand.

Though Maitland read with ease, there was yet that half-hesitation in the choice of a word, as he went on, that showed he was translating; and indeed once or twice the Prince-Minister stopped to ask if he had rightly imparted all the intended force to a particular expression.

A white canvass bag, marked "F. O., No. 18," lay on the table; and it was of that same bag, and its possible fortunes, two others, not fully one hundred yards off, were then talking: so is it, that in life we are often so near to, and so remote from, the inanimate object around which our thoughts and hopes, and sometimes our very destinies, revolve.

"I am afraid," said the Prince, at last, "that we have got nothing here but the formal despatches, of which Ludolf has sent us copies already. Are there no 'Private and Confidentials'?"

"Yes, here is one from Sir Joseph Trevor himself," said Caffarelli, handing a square-shaped letter to Maitland. Maitland glanced hurriedly over it, and muttered, "London gossip, Craddock's divorce case, the partridge-shooting—ah, here it is! 'I suppose you are right about the expedition, but say nothing of it in the despatches. We shall be called on one of these days for a blue-book, and very blue we should look, if it were seen that amidst our wise counsels to Caraffa we were secretly aware of what G. was preparing.'"

"It must be C. was preparing," broke in Caraffa; "it means Cavour."

"No; he speaks of Garibaldi," said Maitland.

"Garibaldi!" cried Caraffa, laughing. "And are there still *gobemouches* in England who believe in the Filibuster?"

"I believe in him, for one," said Maitland, fiercely, for the phrase irritated him; "and I say, too, that such a Filibuster on our side would be worth thirty thousand of those great hulking grenadiers you passed in review this morning."

"Don't tell the King so when you wait on him to-morrow, that's all!" said the Minister, with a sneering smile.

"Read on," broke in Caffarelli, who was not at all sure what the discussion might lead to.

"Perhaps, too, you would class Count Cavour amongst these *gobemouches*," said Maitland, angrily; "for he is also a believer in Garibaldi."

"We can resume this conversation at Caserta to-morrow before his Majesty," said Caraffa, with the same mocking smile; "pray, now, let me hear the remainder of that despatch."

"'It is not easy to say,'" read he aloud from the letter, "'what France intends or wishes. C. says——'"

"Who is C.?" asked Caraffa, hastily.

"C. means Cowley, probably,—'that the Emperor would not willingly see Piedmontese troops at Naples; nor is he prepared to witness a new map of the Peninsula. We of course will do nothing either way.'"

"Read that again," broke in Caraffa.

"'We, of course, will do nothing either way; but that resolve is not to prevent your tendering counsel with a high hand, all the more since the events which the next few months will develop will all

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of them seem of our provoking, and part and parcel of a matured and long-meditated policy.'"

"Benissimo!" cried the Minister, rubbing his hands in delight. "If we reform, it is the Whigs have reformed us. If we fall, it is the Whigs have crushed us."

"'Caraffa, we are told,'" continued Maitland, "'sees the danger, but is outvoted by the Queen-Dowager's party in the Cabinet—not to say that from his great intimacy with Pietri many think him more of a Muratist than a Bourbon.'"

"Per bacco! when your countryman tries to be acute, there is nothing too hazardous for his imagination: so, then, I am a French spy!"

"'What you say of the army,' read on Maitland, "'is confirmed by our other reports. Very few of the line regiments will be faithful to the Monarchy, and even some of the artillery will go over. As to the fleet, Martin tells me they have not three seaworthy ships in the fifty-seven they reckon, nor six captains who would undertake a longer voyage than Palermo. The three-decker Monarca was afraid to return a salute to the Pasha, lest her old thirty-two pounders should explode; and this is pretty much the case with the Monarchy—the first shock must shake it, even though it only come of blank cartridge.

"'While events are preparing, renew all your remonstrances; press upon Caraffa the number of untried prisoners, and the horrid condition of the prisons. Ask, of course in a friendly way, when are these abuses to cease? Say that great hopes of amelioration—speak generally—were conceived here on the accession of the new King, and throw in our regrets that the liberty of the press with us will occasionally lead to strictures whose severities we deplore, without being able to arraign their justice; and, lastly, declare our readiness to meet any commercial exchanges that might promise mutual advantage. This will suggest the belief that we are not in any way cognisant of Cavour's projects. In fact, I will know nothing of them, and hold myself prepared, if questioned in the House, to have had no other information than is supplied by the newspapers. Who is Maitland? None of the Maitlands here can tell me.'" This sentence he read out ere he knew it, and almost crushed the paper, when he had finished, in his passion.

"Go on," said Caraffa, as the other ceased to read aloud, while his eyes ran over the lines. "Go on."

"It is of no moment, or at least its interest is purely personal. His Lordship recomends that I should be bought over, but still left on intimate relations with your Excellency."

"And I see no possible objection to the plan."

"Don't you, sir?" cried Maitland, fiercely; "then *I* do. Some little honour is certainly needed to leaven the rottenness that reeks around us."

"Caro Signor Conte," said the Prince, in an insinuating voice, but of which insincerity was the strong characteristic, "do not be angry with my Ultramontane morality: I was not reared on the virtuous benches of a British Parliament: but if there is anything more in that letter, let me hear it."

"There is only a warning not to see the Count of Syracuse, nor any of his party, who are evidently waiting to see which horse is to win. Ah, and here is a word for your address, Carlo! 'If Caffarelli be the man we saw last season here, I should say, Do not make advances to him; he is a ruined gambler, and trusted by no party. Lady C—— believes in him, but none else!'"

This last paragraph set them all a-laughing, nor did any seem to enjoy it more than Caffarelli himself.

"One thing is clear," said Car-

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affa at last, "England wishes us every imaginable calamity, but is not going to charge herself with any part of the cost of our ruin. France has only so much of good-will towards us as is inspired by her dislike of Piedmont, and she will wait and watch events. Now, if Bosco be only true to his word, and can give us a 'good account' of his treatment of Garibaldi, I think all will go well."

"When was Garibaldi to set out?" asked Caffarelli.

"Brizzi, but he is seldom correct, said the 18th."

"That Irish fellow of ours, Maitland, is positive it will be by the thirteenth at latest. By the way, when I asked him how I could reward this last piece of service he rendered us in securing these despatches, his reply was, 'I want the cordon of St Januarius.' I of course remonstrated, and explained that there were certain requisites as to birth and family, certain guarantees as to nobility of blood, certain requirements of fortune. He stopped me abruptly, and said, 'I can satisfy them all; and if there be any delay in according my demand, I shall make it in person to his majesty.'"

"Well," cried Caffarelli—"well, and what followed?"

"I yielded," said the Prince, with one of his peculiar smiles. "We are in such a perilous predicament, that we can't afford the enmity of such a consummate rascal; and then, who knows but he may be the last knight of the Order!" In the deep depression of the last words was apparent their true sincerity, but he rallied hastily, and said, "I have sent the fellow to Bosco with despatches, and said that he may be usefully employed as a spy, for he is hand-and-glove with all the Garibaldians. Surely he must have uncommon good-luck if he escapes a bullet from one side or the other."

"He told me yesterday," said Caffarelli, "that he would not leave Naples till his Majesty passed the Irish Legion in review, and addressed them some words of loyal compliment."

"Why didn't he tell you," said the Prince, sarcastically, "that seventy of the scoundrels have taken service with Garibaldi; some hundreds have gone to the hills as brigands; and Castel d'Ovo has got the remainder; and it takes fifteen hundred foot and a brigade of artillery to watch them?"

"Did you hear this, Maitland?" cried Caffarelli; "do you hear what his Excellency says of your pleasant countrymen?"

Maitland looked up from a letter that he was deeply engaged in, and so blank and vacant was his stare that Caffarelli repeated what the Minister had just said. "I don't think you are minding what I say. Have you heard me, Maitland?"

"Yes; no—that is, my thoughts were on something that I was reading here."

"Is it of interest to us?" asked Caraffa.

"None whatever. It was a private letter which got into my hands open, and I had read some lines before I was well aware. It has no bearing on politics, however;" and, crushing up the note, he placed it in his pocket, and then, as if recalling his mind to the affairs before him, said: "The King himself must go to Sicily. It is no time to palter. The personal daring of Victor Emmanuel is the bone and sinew of the Piedmontese movement. Let us show the North that the South is her equal in everything."

"I should rather that it was from *you* the advice came than from *me*," said Caraffa, with a grin. "I am not in the position to proffer it."

"If I were Prince Caraffa I should do so, assuredly."

"You would not, Maitland," said the other, calmly. "You would not, and for this simple reason, that you would see that, even if accepted, the

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counsel would be fruitless. If it were to the Queen, indeed——"

"Yes, per Bacco!" broke in Caffarelli, "there is not a gentleman in the kingdom would not spring into the saddle at such a call."

"Then why not unfold this standard?" asked Maitland. "Why not make one effort to render the monarchy popular?"

"Don't you know enough of Naples," said Caraffa, "to know that the cause of the noble can never be the cause of the people; and that to throw the throne for defence on the men of birth is to lose the 'men of the street'?" He paused, and with an expression of intense hate on his face, and a hissing passionate tone in his voice, continued, "It required all the consummate skill of that great man, Count Cavour, to weld the two classes together, and even he could not elevate the populace; so that nothing was left to him but to degrade the noble."

"I think meanwhile we are losing precious time," said Maitland, as he took up his hat. "Bosco should be reinforced. The squadron, too, should be strengthened to meet the Sardinian fleet; for we have sure intelligence that they mean to cover Garibaldi's landing; Persano avows it."

"All the better if they do," said Caraffa. "The same act which would proclaim their own treachery would deliver into our hands this hare-brained adventurer."

"Your Excellency may have him longer in your hands than you care for," said Maitland, with a saucy smile. The Prince bowed a cold acknowledgment of the speech, and suffered them to retire without a word.

"It is fated, I believe," said Caffarelli, as they gained the street, "that the Prince and you are never to separate without anger; and you are wrong, Maitland. There is no man stands so high in the King's favour."

"What care I for that, Carlo mio? the whole thing has ceased to interest me. I joined the cause without any love for it; the more nearly I saw its working, the more I despised myself for acting with such associates; and if I hold to it now, it is because it is so certain to fail. Ay, my friend, it is another Bourbon bowled over. The age had got sick of vested interests, and wanted to show what abuses they were; but you and I are bound to stand fast; we cannot rescue the victim, but we must follow the hearse."

"How low and depressed you are to-night! What has come over you?"

"I have had a heavy blow, mio Carlo. One of those papers whose envelopes you broke and handed to me was a private letter. It was from Alice Trafford to her brother; and the sight of my own name in it tempted me to see what she said of me. My curiosity has paid its price." He paused for some minutes, and then continued: "She wrote to refuse the villa I had offered her—to refuse it peremptorily. She added, 'The story of your friend's duel is more public than you seem to know. It appeared in the "Patrie" three weeks ago, and was partly extracted by "Galignani." The provocation given was an open declaration that Mr Maitland was no Maitland at all, but the illegitimate son of a well-known actress, called Brancaleone, the father unknown. This outrage led to a meeting, and the consequences you know of. The whole story has this much of authenticity, that it was given to the world with the name of the other principal, who signs himself Milo M'Caskey, Lieut.-Col. in the service of Naples, Count, and Commander of various orders.' She adds," continued Maitland, in a shaken voice, and an effort, but yet a poor one, to smile.—"She adds, 'I own I am sorry for him. All his great qualities and cultivation seemed to suit and dignify station; but now that

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I know his condition to have been a mere assumption, the man himself and his talents are only a mockery—only a mockery!' Hard words these, Carlo,—very hard words!

"'And then she says: 'If I had only known him as a passing acquaintance, and thought of him with the same indifference one bestows on such, perhaps I would not now insist so peremptorily as I do on our ceasing to know him; but I will own to you, Mark, that he did interest me greatly. He had, or seemed to have,'——this, that, and t'other," said he, with an ill-tempered haste, and went on. "'But now, as he stands before me, with a borrowed name and a mock rank'——There is half a page more of the same trash; for this gentle lady is a mistress of fierce words, and not over-merciful, and she ends thus:—'I think, if you are adroit, you can show him, in declining his proffered civility, that we had strong reasons for our refusal, and that it would be unpleasant to renew our former acquaintance.' In fact, Carlo, she means to cut me. This woman, whose hand I had held in mine while I declared my love, and who, while she listened to me, showed no touch of displeasure, affects now to resent the accident of my birth, and treat me as an impostor! I am half-sorry that letter has not reached its destination; ay, and, strange as you will think it, I am more than half tempted to write and tell her that I have read it. The story of the stolen despatch will soon be a newspaper scandal, and it would impart marvellous interest to her reading it when she heard that her own 'secret and confidential' was captured in the same net."

"You could not own to such an act, Maitland."

"No. If it should not lead to something further; but I do yearn to repay her. She is a haughty adversary, and well worth a vengeance."

"What becomes of your fine maxim, 'Never quarrel with a woman,' Maitland?"

"When I uttered it, I had never loved one," muttered he; and they walked on now in silence.

Almost within earshot—so close, indeed, that had they not been conversing in Italian, some of their words must have been overheard by those behind—walked two other friends, Damer and Tony, in close confab.

"I must telegraph F. O.," said Skeffy, "that the bag is missing, and that Messenger Butler has gone home to make his report. Do you hear me?"

A grunt was the reply.

"I'll give you a letter to Howard Pendleton, and he'll tell what is the best thing to be done."

"I suspect I know it already," muttered Tony.

"If you could only persuade my Lord to listen to you, and tell him the story as you told it to me, he'd be more than a Secretary of State if he could stand it."

"I have no great desire to be laughed at, Skeffy."

"Not if it got you out of a serious scrape—a scrape that may cost you your appointment?"

"Not even at that price."

"I can't understand that; it is quite beyond me. They might put *me* into Joe Miller to-morrow, if they'd only gazette me Secretary of Embassy the day after. But here's the hotel; a good sleep will set you all right; and let me see you at breakfast as jolly as you used to be."

CHAPTER XLVII.—ADRIFT.

The dawn was scarcely breaking as Tony Butler awoke and set off to visit the ships in the port whose flags proclaimed them English. There were full thirty, of various sizes and rigs; but though many

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were deficient in hands, no skipper seemed disposed to accept a young fellow who, if he was stalwart and well grown, so palpably pertained to a class to which hard work and coarse usage were strangers.

"You an't anything of a cook, are you?" asked one of the very few who did not reject his demand at once.

"No," said he, smiling.

"Them hands of yours might do something in the caboose, but they ain't much like reefing and clewing topsails. Won't suit *me*." And thus discouraged, he went on from one craft to the other, surprised and mortified to discover that one of the resources he had often pictured to his mind in the hours of despondency was just as remote, just as much above him, as any of the various callings his friends had set before him.

"Not able to be even a sailor! Not fit to serve before the mast! Well, perhaps I can carry a musket; but for *that* I must return to England."

He fell to think of this new scheme, but without any of that hope that had so often coloured his projects. He owed the service a grudge; his father had not been fairly treated in it. So at least, from his very childhood, had his mother taught him to believe, and in consequence vehemently opposed all his plans to obtain a commission. Hard necessity, however, left no room for mere scruples; something he must do, and that something was narrowed to the one single career of a soldier.

He was practical enough in a certain sense, and he soon resolved on his line of action; he would reserve just so much as would carry him back to England, and remit the remainder of what he had to his mother.

This would amount to nigh eighty pounds—a very considerable sum to one whose life was as inexpensive as hers. The real difficulty was how to reconcile her to the thought of his fallen condition, and the hardships she would inevitably associate in her mind with his future life. "Ain't I lucky," cried he in his bitterness, and trying to make it seem like a consolation—"Ain't I lucky, that, except my poor dear mother, I have not one other in the whole world to care what comes to me—none other to console, none other before whom I need plead or excuse myself! My failure or my disgrace are not to spread a wide-cast sorrow. They will only darken one fireside, and one figure in the corner of it."

His heart was full of Alice all the while, but he was too proud to utter her name even to himself. To have made a resolve, however, seemed to rally his courage again; and when the boatman asked him where he should go next, he was so far away in his thoughts that he had some difficulty to remember what he had been actually engaged in.

"Where to?"

"Well, I can't well tell you," said he, laughing. "Isn't that schooner English—that one getting under way yonder? Shove me aboard of her."

"She's outward bound, sir."

"No matter, if they'll agree to take me," muttered he to himself.

The craft was "hauling short" on the anchor as Tony came alongside and learned that she was about to sail for Leghorn, having failed in obtaining a freight at Naples; and as by an accident one of the crew had been left on shore, the skipper was too willing to take Tony so far, though looking, as he remarked, far more like a swell landsman than an ordinary seaman.

Once outside the bay, and bowling along with a smart breeze and a calm sea, the rushing water making pleasant music at the bow, while the helm left a long white track some feet down beneath the surface, Tony felt, what so many others have felt, the glorious elation of being at sea. How many a care "blue water"

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can assuage, how many a sorrow is made bearable by the fresh breeze that strains the cordage, and the laughing waves we cleave through so fast!

A few very eventful days, in which Tony's life passed less like reality than a mere dream, brought them to Leghorn; and the skipper, who had taken a sort of rough liking to the "Swell," as he still called him, offered to take him on to Liverpool, if he were willing to enter himself regularly on the ship's books as one of the crew.

"I am quite ready," said Tony, who thought by the time the brief voyage was completed he should have picked up enough of the practice and the look of a sailor to obtain another employment easily.

Accompanied by the skipper, he soon found himself in the consul's office, crowded with sailors and other maritime folk busily engaged in preferring complaints or making excuses, or as eagerly asking for relief against this or that exaction on the part of the foreign government.

The consul sat smoking his cigar with a friend at a window, little heeding the turmoil around, but leaving the charge of the various difficulties to his clerks, who only referred to him on some special occasions.

"Here's a man, sir," cried one of the clerks, "who wishes to be entered in the ship's books under an assumed name. I have told him it can't be done."

"Why does he ask it? Is he a runaway convict?" asked the consul.

"Not exactly," said Tony, laughing; "but as I have not been brought up before the mast, and I have a few relatives who might not like to hear of me in that station——"

"A scamp, I take it," broke in the consul, "who, having done his worst on shore, takes to the sea for a refuge?"

"Partly right — partly wrong," was the dry answer.

"Well, my smart fellow, there's no help for it. You must give your name and your birthplace; and if they should prove false ones, take any consequences that might result."

"What sort of consequences might these be?" asked Tony, calmly; and the consul, having either spoken without any distinct knowledge attached to his words, or provoked by the pertinacity of the question, half irritably answered — "I've no time to throw away in discussing casualties — give your name or go your way."

"Yes, yes," murmured the skipper. "Who knows anything about you down here? — just sign the sheet, and let's be moving."

The sort of good-humoured tone and look that went with the words decided Tony, and he took the pen and wrote "Tony Butler, Ireland."

The consul glanced at the writing, and said, "What part of Ireland? name a town or a village."

"I cannot; my father was a soldier, quartered in various places, and I'm not sure in what part of the island I was born."

"Tony Butler means Anthony Butler, I suppose?"

"Tony Butler!" cried the consul's friend, suddenly starting up, and coming forward; "did *you* say your name was Tony Butler?"

"Yes; that is my name."

"And are you from the North of Ireland—near the Causeway?"

Tony nodded, while a flush of shame at the recognition covered his face.

"And do you know Dr Stewart, the Presbyterian minister in that neighbourhood?"

"I should think so. The Burnside, where he lives, is not above a mile from us."

"That's it—the Burnside—that's the name of it. I'm as glad as fifty pounds in my pocket to see you, Tony Butler," cried he, grasping Tony's hand in both his own. "There's not a man from this to

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England I'd as soon have met as yourself. I'm Sam M'Gruder, Robert M'Gruder's brother. You haven't forgot *him*, I hope?"

"That I haven't," cried Tony, warmly returning the honest pressure of the other's hand. "What a stupid dog I have been not to remember that you lived here! and I have a letter for you too from your brother!"

"I want no letter of introduction with *you*, Tony; come home with me. You're not going to sea this time;" and, taking a pen, he drew a broad line of ink across Tony's name; and then turning, he whispered a few words in the consul's ear.

"I hope," said the consul, "Mr Butler is not offended at the freedom with which I commented on him."

"Not in the least," said Tony, laughing. "I thought at the time, if you knew me you would not have liked to have suggested my having been a runaway convict; and now that you *do* know me, the shame you feel is more than enough to punish you."

"What could have induced you to go before the mast, Butler?" said M'Gruder, as he led Tony away.

"Sheer necessity. I wanted to earn my bread."

"But you had got something—some place or other!"

"I was a messenger, but I lost my despatches, and was ashamed to go home and say so."

"Will you stop with me? Will you be a clerk?" asked the other; and a certain timidity in his voice showed that he was not quite assured as he spoke. "My business is like my brother's — we're 'in Rags.'"

"And so should I be in a few days," laughed out Tony, "if I hadn't met you. I'll be your clerk, with a heart and a half—that is, if I be capable; only don't give me anything where money enters, and as little writing as possible, and no arithmetic, if you can help it."

"That will be a strange sort of clerkship," said M'Gruder, with a smile; "but we'll see what can be done."

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IN THE GARDEN.

SUMMER is dying, slowly dying—
She fades with every passing day;
In the garden alleys she wanders, sighing,
And pauses to grieve at the sad decay.

The flowers that came with the spring's first swallow,
When March crept timidly over the hill,
And slept at noon in the sunny hollow—
The snow-drop, the crocus, the daffodil,

The lily white for an angel to carry,
The violet faint with its spirit-breath,
The passion-flower, and the fleeting, airy
Anemone—all have been struck by death.

Autumn the leaves is staining and strewing,
And spreading a veil o'er the landscape rare;
The glory and gladness of summer are going,
And a feeling of sadness is in the air.

The purple hibiscus is shrivelled and withered,
And languid lolls its furry tongue;
The burning pomegranates are ripe to be gathered;
The grilli their last farewell have sung;

The fading oleander is showing
Its last rose-clusters over the wall,
And the tubes of the trumpet-flower are strewing
The gravel-walks as they loosen and fall;

The crocketed spire of the hollyhock towers
For the sighing breeze to rock and swing,
On its top is the last of its bell-like flowers,
For the wandering bee its knell to ring.

In their earthen vases the lemons yellow,
The sun-drunk grapes grow lucent and thin,
The pears on the sunny espalier mellow,
And the fat figs swell in their purple skin;

The petals have dropped from the spicy carnation,
But the heartless dahlia, formal and proud,
Like a worldly lady of lofty station,
Loveless stares at the humble crowd.

And the sun-flower, too, looks boldly around her;
While the bella-donna, so wickedly fair,
Shorn of the purple flowers that crowned her,
Is telling her Borgian beads in despair.

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See! by the fountain that softly bubbles,
  Spilling its rain in the lichened vase,
Summer pauses!—her tender troubles
  Shadowing over her pensive face.

The lizard stops on its brim to listen,
  The butterfly wavers dreamily near,
And the dragonflies in their green mail glisten,
  And watch her, as pausing she drops a tear—

Not as she stood in her August perfection!
  Not as she looked in the freshness of June!
But gazing around with a tender dejection,
  And a weary face like the morning moon.

The breeze through the leafy garden quivers,
  Dying away with a sigh and moan:
A shade o'er the darkening fountain shivers,
  And Summer, ghostlike, hath vanished and gone.

W. W. S.

SYMBOLS.

Still hearts, whose passions never stir,
  At times I envy your repose;
Smooth lakes, where coyest wild-fowl whir,
  Ye feel no troublous ebbs and flows.

Yet, tropic hearts, your fiercer play
  Of sun and storm, of noon and night,
Is dearer than perpetual day
  In Arctic summer's glacial light.

Great clouds, which bear upon your backs
  The sunshine, in your breasts the storm—
Alps of the air, whose pathless tracks
  Ye course with ever-changing form;

By morning touched with aureole light,
  At sunset stranded, firing far
Your dull distress-guns, or at night
  Raced through by many a startled star—

Ye are the types that Genius loves!
  So, moulded by an inward stress,
A shade, a storm, it o'er us moves,
  A power to threaten or to bless.

W. W. S.

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THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS REPORT—

III. THE LONDON SCHOOLS.

THE London Schools included in the Commission of Inquiry were four—Westminster, Charter-House, St Paul's, and Merchant Taylors'. The Commissioners also obtained evidence, with a view of assisting their general purpose, of the working of the City of London School and King's College School, although their official duties did not extend to these comparatively modern establishments.

A London school, as the Report observes, differs from a country school by the mere fact of its position; and, so far, very disadvantageously. Instead of the almost unrestricted freedom of range (now that the old-fashioned bounds have become all but nominal) which makes schoolboy life at Eton, at Harrow, or at Rugby so wholesome and delightful, the schoolboy in London is of necessity either restrained within very close bounds indeed, or remitted to the perilous liberty of the streets. No "Crick run" of some twelve miles over brook and through brier, as at Rugby; no rambles of long hours in Windsor Park, such as the young Etonian rejoices in, or over the breezy "Hills" which are the time-honoured haunts of Winchester collegers and commoners, are known to the young scholar whose school-life is in the great city. At Westminster, indeed, there is an enclosure of ten acres, sufficient for the encouragement of cricket; and there is the great highway of the Thames open for boating; Charter-House has also some five acres of play-ground attached to it; but these are, after all, but poor substitutes for the liberty and variety enjoyed by the public-school boy who looks from his study window over the broad weald of Harrow, or the playing-fields of Eton, or who has his prospect limited even by the elms of Warwickshire.

St Paul's and Merchant Taylors' have nothing better than paved courts attached to them; the cricket-grounds are distant and private, and their arrangements more like those of ordinary clubs. Further, the majority of the boys at these London schools are day-scholars, and see very little indeed of each other out of school hours. Even the minority who are boarders, are in many cases, as at Merchant Taylors' and St Paul's, lodged in houses which have scarcely any connection with the school itself, are not kept by masters, and are in no way under school discipline. Public-school life, under such limitations, is shorn of many of its healthiest pleasures and most valuable associations; it may be that it also escapes some of its temptations to extravagance and idleness. It may still be a life pleasant enough for the boy, and excellent in its training for the future man; full of wholesome emulation to work, and not without its genial companionship in hours of relaxation: incomparably better than any French *lycée* or German gymnasium; but yet wanting in some of the not least important elements which go to make up the English idea of public education. As Dr Hessey admits, there is a "scantiness in the recollections of '*lusisse simul*,' which has a tendency to make boys look back to their school as a place of mere work, and to their youthful days as a period of 'solitude in a crowd,' checkered by no corporate feeling." If, in spite of these drawbacks, Paulines, Merchant Taylors', and Carthusians alike regard their old school (as we are assured they do) with loyalty and gratitude, it says much for the suc-

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cessive masters who have taught there; much also for the strong tenacity of our English affections.

The precedence amongst the metropolitan schools in general reputation, though not in point of numbers or antiquity, must be conceded to Queen Elizabeth's foundation at Westminster. It has lost nearly all its aristocratic prestige, and much of its old renown for scholarship; it has sunk from three hundred to less than half the number; it has had its name connected with terrible tales of bullying and fagging—partly fabulous, no doubt, but with too much leavening of truth; yet still, the advantages of a wealthy foundation, the strength of old traditions, and the eminence of some of its masters, have enabled it to make a struggle more or less successful to retain its rank amongst public schools. Though it has no chance of competing with the great schools at cricket, it maintains a plucky though desperate contest on the river against the overwhelming odds of Eton; and though the days are past when almost all the college tutors at Christchurch were appointed from the Westminster students (such was their reputation for sound scholarship), yet the "old Westminsters" now at Oxford will not admit that they are looked upon as in any way inferior to the men from any other public school.

Nevertheless, the glories of Westminster have departed. "The old connection of the school with great families has gradually ceased to exist." The late Duke of Richmond continued to send his sons there to the last; but, for nearly half a century, the names of most other noble families who once were hereditary Westminsters have disappeared from the roll. Possibly the reputation for fagging and bullying which clung to the school for some generations, while public-school life elsewhere was being softened down into better accordance with the tone of a gentler age, had something to do with this decline; though in former days even this gave it a sort of popularity. "If you want to send a boy to rough it in the army," the Duke of York used to say, "send him to Westminster school." * It has also been said that it was not always fortunate in its head-masters; but the main reason has lain, no doubt, where Dr Liddell finds it—in the increasing objections to the locality. The surroundings of the school are very different now from what they were when snipes could be shot in Battersea fields. It is principally a mothers' question, as all the witnesses admit; and the strength of the conjugal influence (perhaps not unfairly exercised on such questions) comes out rather amusingly in the evidence. Fathers—old Westminster men themselves—make up their minds to send their boys to the old school; but the mothers come down and look at the place, and are shocked at the closeness and confinement; they have "a prejudice" (as one of the Westminster masters loyally considers it) in favour of country air. And in spite of the wish on the part of the fathers to keep up the old connection, "the general reply," says this witness, "used to be, 'I should be very glad to send my son, but *my wife will not let me*.'" Sir James Graham himself, an enthusiastic lover of his old school, in a brilliant speech in the House, attributed his first lessons in oratory to having listened to the debates when a boy at Westminster; yet he concluded with these words—"But I do not send my son there, because Lady Graham objects to the situation of the school." One witness, however, gives it as his opinion (which the Commissioners have been bold enough to print) that this conjugal influence "is on the wane."

Westminster School, like Eton, is made up of two classes of scholars, combined for the purposes of educa-

* Mr Mure's Evidence, 917.

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tion, but in many respects as distinct as if they formed two separate schools. There is the original body of Queen's scholars—always forty in number from Queen Elizabeth's days till now—who are lodged, boarded, and educated in the "Grammar School" attached to the collegiate church of St Peter. Round them has been gathered, as at Eton, a body of "foreigners" or "pensioners" (now generally known as "town-boys"), who are taught by the same masters, but enjoy no advantages from the foundation, and are lodged in separate buildings. Provision was made in the original statutes for their reception; and from a very early period they have considerably outnumbered the foundation scholars. The remarkable difference is, that whereas at Eton the oppidans have, from time immemorial, claimed (whether justly or unjustly) a higher social status, the town-boys of Westminster make no assumption of the kind; rather, the Queen's scholars take the higher ground, if any such distinction be admitted. The seats of honour are theirs, both in the Abbey and in the school itself; they alone have the privilege of being actors in the annual Latin Play; and they have, besides, a special privilege of admission to the debates in both Houses of Parliament: in the House of Commons they have seats assigned them at the back of those usually occupied by peers when present. The right is perhaps not so highly valued now as it was in former times; the lateness of the hour at which the most important debates usually come on being incompatible with the school regulations as to locking up. But many scholars of an older generation speak warmly of the interest and advantage they derived from it in their own school-days, when our representatives kept earlier hours.

If the social position of a scholar of Westminster thus entails no inferiority, either real or conventional, his solid advantages are very considerable indeed. By the operation of some very wholesome and necessary reforms, he now gets his board (as ought always to have been the case) almost entirely free, although he has to pay a sum of seventeen guineas per annum for his education.* There can be no question but that this is an abuse which requires to be at once remedied. Both the present and the late head-master consider that it is implied by the statutes that their education should be entirely gratuitous, and that it should be covered by the stipends assigned to the masters. But while the revenues of the Chapter have very much increased, the surplus seems to have been regularly divided among the governing body, while the stipend of the masters has remained very nearly stationary. The head-master at present receives from the college estates something under £40; a sum which might have made him "passing rich" in the days of Elizabeth, but which is ludicrously insufficient now. There is evidence that the system of receiving fees from the Queen's scholars began at least as early as Dr Busby's time; but these fees were then small, and were no doubt received (as in the similar case of the Winchester scholars) in the way of presents: time, the great nursing mother of abuses, has ripened this system into a fixed charge for every scholar of a sum about equal to what is paid under the head of tuition by *non-foundationers* at Rugby or Shrewsbury. One very energetic protest had been already made upon this point by the father of a Queen's scholar, elected in 1860, who went so far as to refuse to pay the sum at all, until informed that his son "would be removed from the foundation" in default, the Chapter pleading the sanction of the Queen, as visitor, to the charge in question. He then paid under protest, and applied to the Home Secretary "to be in-

* The whole cost to a foundation scholar is now about £34 per annum.

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formed what her Majesty really did sanction;" and in reply was referred to his solicitor. The complainant, of course, did not lose the opportunity of laying his case before the Commissioners in a letter which will be found in the Appendix,* and received from them an assurance that they "would have regard to the subject in their inquiries." The representative of the Dean and Chapter was pretty closely pressed upon the question by the Commissioners. He contended that the statutes had never been confirmed by Queen Elizabeth; that the funds which might be available for the increase of the masters' stipends in some proportion to the increased wealth of the canons are now in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commission; and refused to admit that, even setting aside the legal and technical questions, the school has any moral claim to a greater share in the capitular revenues. There are very few readers of his evidence who will not agree in the expression of opinion which it draws from Lord Clarendon, and which appears to be shared by the rest of the Commissioners, "that somehow or other, whether by usance, or statutable or any other reason, the school which is allied to the cathedral foundation has not shared in the increase of income to an extent which appears to be proper and right." And the Report most properly recommends that in future "the Chapter should take upon themselves the whole cost of the tuition of the Queen's scholars," such a course appearing to them to be "consistent with, at least, the spirit of the statutes," although they "do not feel called upon to express any opinion" as to the legal statutory obligation.†

The most important advantage, however, which a Westminster scholar enjoys, is the assistance which is offered him, if he shows fair ability and industry, towards a university education. Besides some exhibitions of smaller value, there are awarded every year, by competitive examination amongst the Queen's scholars only, three exhibitions to Christchurch, Oxford, whose present value is £150 per annum, and will eventually be £170, exclusive of rooms in college; and three other exhibitions to Trinity, Cambridge, worth £40 each, usually augmented from other sources, and tenable with a college scholarship. It is not surprising that, with the limited number of competitors for these great prizes, the Dean of Christchurch should complain that Westminster sends him up "but few good boys;" but this complaint of indifferent scholarship has only arisen within living memory, and we should have preferred to have found a remedy for it by such improvements in the college itself, and in the system of election into it, as might have insured a higher class of competitors, than to recommend, as the Report does, the throwing open the election to boys who are not on the foundation.

The present form of a boy's election as a Queen's scholar is a very peculiar one, and must have existed almost unchanged from very early times. Quaint and old-fashioned as it is, with a flavour of scholastic pedantry about it which would have delighted Queen Elizabeth herself, it is not without many points of recommendation. It is, as Dr Scott remarks in his evidence, "probably the only living relic of the old disputations,"—those tournaments of Latin and logic, in which Queen Bess was wont to reward the successful champion with a purse of gold from her own virgin hand, and her successor James distributed liberally the more economical guerdon of royal applause and criticism. We will give the late head-master's (Dr Liddell) description of a "challenge," as the competition is called, —premising that no boy can compete for election on the foundation

* Appendix, p. 78.

† Report, p. 169.

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who has not been already a member of the school, either as a boarder or a town-boy, for at least one year previous; a restriction inherent in the nature of the present mode of examination, but which we agree with the Report in considering prejudicial to the best interests of the school, as it seems certainly unwarranted by the statutes.

"All the candidates for vacant places in college are presented to the master in the order of their forms; there were commonly between twenty and thirty, from the fourth form upwards. The two lowest boys come up before the head-master, having prepared a certain portion of Greek epigram and Ovid's Metamorphoses, which has been set them a certain number of hours before. In preparing these passages they have the assistance of certain senior boys, who are called their 'helps.' The lower of the two boys is the 'challenger.' He calls on the boy whom he challenges to translate the passage set them, and if he can correct any fault in translating, takes his place. The upper boy now becomes the challenger, and proceeds in the same way. When the translation is finished, the challenger (whichever of the two boys remains in that position) has the right of putting questions in grammar; and if the challengee cannot answer them, and the challenger answers them correctly, the former loses his place. They attack each other in this way till their stock of questions is exhausted. The first challenge is called the 'unlimited challenge,' in which they may ask any number of questions they like. These questions are all in grammar, and sometimes the boys were so well prepared that I have known two boys go on until nine o'clock at night, having begun early in the morning. After this unlimited challenge, by which a clever boy who is low on the list may get to the top, what is called the limited challenge began, in which the questions are limited to a certain number, the challenge ceasing after these questions were exhausted. Of course, a great deal depended upon the ability of the boys, and also on the ability of the 'helps,' who could train an inferior boy so as often to enable him to take places beyond his merit and position. The 'helps' stand by during the challenge, and act as counsel to their 'men,' in case there be any doubt as to the correctness of a question or an answer. The head-master sits as moderator, and decides the point at issue."

These challenges went on sometimes for six or eight weeks consecutively before the places were finally settled, and the candidates spent weeks, or even months, beforehand in the preparation. "It was very hard work," says Dr Liddell, "because every one of them had his usual school-work to do besides." The "help" is allowed to receive from his pupil £5 in books, if he is successful in the competition. Sometimes, it is confessed that the severity of the trial had this bad effect, that after the strain was over, and the places awarded, the successful boys relapsed into idleness. For this placing lasted virtually during the four years of their college life, until they moved off in succession to the university, until the present master introduced a regulation by which those who were notoriously idle were formally degraded. There used also, as Dr Scott observed, to be a tendency to "special pleading and quibbling" —no doubt a relic of the old scholastic system—but this has been checked, and has disappeared. The great expenditure of time, both on the part of boys and master, is another admitted drawback, almost inseparable from the system. On the other hand, its advantages are not less obvious: and we do not wonder that, even apart from its historical interest, which we think with Dr Scott forms "a strong reason in its favour," the challenge is so popular with Westminster men, old and young, that he would shrink from even suggesting its abolition. The connection between the senior boys and those to whom they act as "helps" in this examination is wholesome and advantageous to both; and while they appear to get a greater amount of *bonâ fide* work out of their pupils while in training, than could be secured by any other kind of private tuition, they are themselves benefited by being compelled to keep up an accurate knowledge of grammar, and it gives them, in Dr Liddell's opinion, "habits of teaching and organisa-

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tion which are most valuable." But its greatest advantage is that it is calculated to give a boy in some measure the training in which most of our public schools, and even our universities, seem to have become lamentably deficient, which is yet so necessary and valuable in after-life —the habit of bringing out acquired knowledge aptly and readily on the spur of the moment, of putting questions and expressing answers with ease and clearness, not upon paper, but to a living and speaking opponent, in which many of our highly-educated men so commonly and so miserably break down, while the half-educated so often succeed. We could wish that the Commissioners in their Report had noticed in stronger terms a defect, as it seems to us, in modern high-class education generally, which the present system of examination in our universities is likely rather to aggravate than to amend. That they do themselves recognise the importance of some such training, is evident from some of their remarks by the way. They quote with approval the opinion of Dr Hessey of Merchant Taylors', that the public speeches there, to which he pays great personal attention, are "a most valuable means of bringing out boys' talents and character, and of giving them ease and self-possession;" and they recommend the adoption of similar recitations at Charter-House. Lord Lyttelton endorses Dr Moberly's testimony that the speeches at Winchester improve the boys' utterance and articulation, by the suggestion that it also "takes away a great deal of their false shame;" and Mr Commissioner Thompson notices in the course of this inquiry at Westminster, that there have been "complaints on the ground of the system of examination at other schools, that they neglect to provide any means of encouraging presence of mind, self-reliance, and fluency of speech." But what inducement can the authorities of public schools have to spend their time and energies in fostering these valuable qualities, so long as university examinations remain what they are? Both in the scholarships and in the honour-classes, nearly the whole weight is given to the work done on paper. The *vivâ voce* examination tells upon the final result in scarcely any perceptible degree. It is said in defence of this admitted preponderance of the paper-work, which has gradually and steadily increased within present memory, that it is the best test which can be applied as to a candidate's real acquirements: that when a young man comes to stand up face to face with three or four examiners, he gets nervous and distressed, fails to do himself justice, and, in fact, loses his head. Undoubtedly this is very true, and is likely to become more and more true every year, in proportion as *vivâ voce* examination becomes less frequent; but nervous awkwardness in a young Englishman is a defect rather to be corrected than indulged; and inasmuch as the work of his after-life will certainly not have to be done wholly upon paper, and as he will most probably be called upon to show his knowledge and his ability in some other way than in writing books, it is well that he should learn betimes not only to acquire and digest his knowledge, but to have it readily producible on demand; and that he should learn to face manfully positions which may be quite as trying to a nervous man as the candidates' side of an examination-table. The young student who cannot answer with tolerable grace and self-possession the calm questioning of a gentleman who, after all, has not the least wish to puzzle or set him down, and whose only possible object is to get him to do his best, will be very apt to make failures in any line of moderately public life, whatever may be his powers in the closet. The independent voter who catechises the county member, the dissenting cobbler who attacks the parson, are commonly as much their inferiors in good sense as in learning; but the train-

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ing of the tap-room and the conventicle has given them a coolness and a power of fence which our high-class education neglects more and more to cultivate. The nervous diffidence which unsteadies the memory and fetters the tongue may be very interesting, but will be found highly inconvenient in practical life. The scholar is so much in danger, even under the most favourable circumstances, of becoming conversant with books rather than with men, that if he is to bring the power of his knowledge and his intellect to bear in any useful way upon society hereafter, we must not abate him of any help that we can give to make him not only the full man and the exact man, but also the ready man of the philosopher's axiom. But even the power of fluent and graceful oral translation from one language into another —"a good construe," as schoolboys used to term it—a practice of which even statesmen and orators have acknowledged the value in after-life—has grown a rare thing at our universities. The art is not cultivated, because it does not pay. It will not affect, except in the remotest manner, a man's place in the class-list, or his chance for the "Ireland." And the admiring crowd of young students who were known in older times to rush to the Oxford schools to hear the examination of some candidate of repute, no longer think it worth their while to attend. The outward and visible glory of that arena has departed. The veriest hum-and-haw bungler, whose performance would not be tolerated in the first class of a national school, may have secured his Oxford first already—upon paper. He is a well-read and intelligent scholar, no doubt; but you do not wonder that if he emerges from his chrysalis undergraduateship into a country parson, his church is commonly empty; or if he has to make a speech hereafter as a county magistrate, his friends mercifully pull him down by his coat-tails. Westminster is right, therefore, in maintaining that the challenge system has the great recommendation of promoting that readiness of scholastic fence which the taste of the age carried to excess in the old disputations, but which has its value none the less as an element of training, and for which modern education provides no efficient substitute. On the same grounds, and not without justice, the Westminster men defend another of their peculiar institutions—the annual "Play." Every one knows that the Queen's scholars present a Latin Comedy, by royal authority, just before the Christmas holidays every year; and those who have been amongst the audience know how cleverly, on the whole, it is acted. Objections have been made to the custom, and there have been rumours from time to time of an intention to abolish it. But independently of the familiar acquaintance which it gives a boy with the most elegant form of colloquial Latin, it is fairly argued that it encourages a wholesome confidence and readiness in the actors, and has a tendency to form good readers and speakers. Sir Robert Phillimore's evidence on this point is decided and emphatic:—

> "I think the advantages of that play have of late years been very much underrated. . . . . Such boys as took part in the play soon got accustomed to speak with great fluency. Everybody knows that the Westminster play was always well sustained and acted; and Lord Granville once said that he never understood Terence until he saw the plays acted by the Westminster boys. It was not more the discipline of the boy's mind which resulted from the study of the play, which was advantageous to him, than the readiness in speaking and replying which it produced. Dr Hawtrey, when Provost of Eton, often said, 'I wish I could get Eton boys to speak as well as the Westminster boys do;' and I have always attributed that fluency and readiness to the discipline and training which the boys undergo in practising the speaking of the lines which they have to repeat at the play."—Evidence, 997.

The school (consisting of the

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Queen's scholars and town-boys united) is at present divided into ten forms, under six masters. The emoluments of the under-masters, of whom one only receives anything from the Chapter—an annual payment of £15—are necessarily low, from the smallness of the numbers in the school; so low, that Dr Scott confesses the difficulty which he finds in meeting with such men as he would desire to fill vacancies as they occur. The Commissioners recommend an increase to these salaries by an addition of five guineas a-year to the present charge for tuition; which would raise the average total expenses, for a boy not on the foundation, to about £120 a-year. Cheap education, at any rate, forms no part of their scheme of school reform: but it seems unfortunate that in every instance where a "recommendation" on this point goes forth on their authority, it is in the direction of a fresh demand upon the pockets of the parents, who already in many instances feel the pressure of educational charges severe enough. It is at least doubtful how far such increased charge would act for the real interest of Westminster School, so long as such schools as Marlborough can afford to give an education of admitted excellence at a considerably lower price. No doubt, in this as in other cases, numbers regulate the profits: but a school which has unhappily fallen in numbers will hardly fill its list by raising its terms.

Some suggestive details of the palmy days of Westminster will be found in what the Report justly terms "the interesting evidence" of Mr Thomas Mure. In Dr Carey's head-mastership there was a system of what was known as "private reading," probably peculiar to the school. It will be best described in this witness's own words:—

"Every boy [in the sixth and the form next below, the 'Shell'] was required to enter upon a career of private study, and to ask the head-master permission to read particular books. The head-master watched over this private study. . . . . He went round every Saturday with a pen in his hand, and made marks on the pages of the book which the boy was reading, comparing it with a similar entry made the previous week. He had the boys up one by one for examination. It came round to each boy once a-fortnight, and he questioned him for about three-quarters of an hour, in order to ascertain whether the progress which he professed to have made was real and true. He conducted the examination entirely himself; and the result was that at the time I was a boy there I had read the 'Æneid' of Virgil twice over, the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' of Homer twice over, Xenophon's 'Anabasis,' the 'Cyropædia' of Sophocles, about twelve of the tragedies of Euripides, the 'Tusculans' of Cicero, and Sallust. You will probably think that those who did that were unusually willing readers, but I assure you there were many such cases. . . . . There were many in the college who had beaten me. I only mention my own case because I know the facts more accurately. It was but an average case, showing the working of the school."—Evidence, 887, 891.

We do not know what the present generation of schoolboys, Westminster or other, will "probably think" of this amount of reading. It is open, of course, to the pertinent remark of Mr Vaughan, put by way of question, that there might have been "more reading, but a less critical method of reading books than there is now." We believe this to be very true, and Mr Mure partly admits it, though he says that the boys were "well grounded in grammar before they began this system," and that in the lower forms, for two years, they "were never allowed to pass over a single word without repeating every rule of construction, and parsing every part of speech." It is much too difficult a question, and too exclusively scholastic for discussion here, whether, presuming this careful grounding in the early stages, Greek and Latin authors might not be read through in the higher forms of schools more rapidly and in much larger portions than is usually the case; and

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whether, in following the German scholars in the minuteness of their criticism, some valuable time is not wasted which might be better employed, at least for average scholars, in widening the range of their classical reading, infusing at the same time more spirit and less tediousness into the school-work; and whether, even for the comparatively few who are likely to carry their scholarship higher, much of the critical knowledge would not come in their riper years by careful reading and observation, as it must have come originally to the great authorities whose formidable *apparatus criticus* they are expected to consult, and to which they are accustomed to pay almost a slavish deference. Both time and pains are surely sometimes wasted, under the present system, in mastering Hermann's interpretation of a crabbed (and probably corrupt) passage, only to find him contradicted by Wunder; or in wading through columns of very German Latinity, merely to inveigh with the writer against the *ineptiæ* and *fatuitas* of some rival annotator. The Report regrets the discontinuance of the old system of private reading, and suggests the "practicability of restoring it as a subject well worthy of the consideration of the authorities of the school." There is also something worth considering in Sir Robert Phillimore's remarks, made in confirmation of Mr Mure's previous evidence :—

"I concur entirely in what Mr Mure has said about private studies; and I also agree with him in another observation he made (I speak openly in the presence of Mr Scott, to whom I and all other old Westminsters are under great obligations); and that is, that reading a portion of several authors at one time is much less advantageous to the boy than if he is reading only one, if he read that one thoroughly. Not only was there the attraction of novelty when one was reading Horace, Homer, and other books, but the general discipline of the mind was far greater than when a boy was reading extracts and scraps from several works."

We believe that the use of extracts and *excerpta* has lately been given up at most good schools in favour of continuous reading in the same author; but there seems too much tendency in modern regulations at Oxford to accept "portions" of authors as "books," even for the highest honours; and it is comparatively rare to find among young scholars of repute one who has read either of Homer's noble poems in their integrity. Such a man's scholarship may be accurate and critical; but if the classics deserve to occupy the high and exclusive ground they do, this fragmentary acquaintance with them is hardly satisfactory.

Mr Mure notes in his evidence what must be taken as a very singular fact, if he is correct in his impression—that the scholarship at Westminster has declined ever since the elections to the Christchurch studentships have depended upon competition instead of family interest. When Jackson was Dean of Christchurch, "he did not deny," says Mr Mure, "that he elected those belonging to old Westminster and Christchurch families." This lasted "up to Gaisford's reign."

"When the system of competition and special examination as to the merits of each boy was introduced, and the examination was thrown completely open, the decline of the college was contemporaneous with the change. That is a very singular thing, and I cannot account for it, but I have no doubt whatever about it."

Besides the "private study" just spoken of, there formerly existed at Westminster a system of private tuition (which is a totally different thing) somewhat similar to that which is now so popular at Eton. Dr Liddell, on his appointment as head-master, abolished it entirely; chiefly, he says, on grounds of economy; but he "did not find it in a satisfactory state;" and his opinion as to the working of such a system, even under the most favourable circumstances, is very cautiously guarded. Educated him-

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self at the Charter-House, he never considered that the boys there "suffered in the preparation of their lessons from the want of private tutors:" they "were thrown more upon their own resources and their grammar;" and when he went up to Christchurch, far from experiencing "any disadvantage from having had to rely chiefly on himself in learning his work," he "generally found himself able to answer questions (with regard to the grammar) better than most of the men in the lecture." He thinks that "unless you have a very large staff, the pupil-room gives the masters more work than they can do, and impairs their energies;" that as to the alleged advantages of the intercourse between tutor and pupil,—"if there were a small number of pupils and plenty of time to devote to each of them," no doubt the connection would be valuable. It is tolerably plain what his opinion would be of the Eton tutors and their happy families of sixty or seventy. Lord Lyttelton closes the examination on this point by some leading questions which pretty well dispose of the whole subject:—

"169. Therefore, so far as I understand the matter, as it relates to the whole question of the moral superintendence of the boys, all the benefits of private tuition are obtained just as fully as at Eton or Harrow?—I think they are obtained very fully. 170. The parents will look to the boarding-house masters for an account of the general conduct and character of the boys?—They did so. 171. They would wish their boys to consult the boarding-house master in any difficulty?—Yes, they did so."

Dr Scott, the present master, is more favourable to the Eton system than his predecessor. He does not indeed consider that its adoption at Westminster would be advantageous, though he has introduced it in special cases as "a rare exception;" in no case would he allow it to be, as it plainly is at Eton, and in a less degree at Harrow, "a substitute for teaching which ought to be given in form—increasing the expense to the parent without just ground, and leading to considerable waste of time and labour."* But he considers that private tuition is valuable, as "stimulating an honourable ambition amongst the tutors themselves." This is probably true: but it seems rather hard that the pupil should have to pay for it. The other London head-masters—Dr Kynaston of St Paul's, Mr Elwyn of Charter-House, Dr Hessey of Merchant Taylors'—are unanimous in their disapproval of the system. The latter boldly declares it to be "the bane of public schools."†

The system of fagging as it exists at Rugby and Harrow, and its connection with the monitorial authority recognised at those schools, has been already discussed in these pages; and we have spoken unhesitatingly in favour of both, under due regulations and restrictions. We have even ventured to doubt whether at some public schools the present tendency is not to consult too much a boy's personal ease and comfort, and whether some of the rougher edges of school life have not been polished down so carefully as to risk the damage of some of its most valuable features. But there are two of the London schools where the old traditional discipline of fifty or a hundred years back is maintained, if not in all its ancient rigour, still in a degree which makes the fagging there a very different kind of apprenticeship from anything at Harrow or Rugby. These schools are Westminster and the Charter-House. The system at the former school is so very peculiar, that if there had not been an old Westminster man (Lord Devon) sitting on the Commission, who was thoroughly versed in the forms and ceremonies peculiar to the college, it seems very doubtful

* Appendix, p. 202.

† Merch. Taylors' Evid., 382, &c.

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whether the evidence given on that subject would ever have been put into intelligible shape. Even as it is, pages are filled with apparent contradictions and subsequent explanations, which arise chiefly from the examiner and the witness totally misunderstanding each other. The complication is increased by there being, in the case of this particular school, an array of what may be almost called hostile witnesses in attack and defence of the internal discipline of the college, who do on many points really contradict each other, though probably each believe that they are stating the truth. Complaints, more or less definite, have been made from time to time of the severity of the fagging system among the Queen's scholars. In 1846, an appeal was laid before the Queen as Visitor, by the father of one of the boys, and the case was investigated by the Dean and Chapter in obedience to her Majesty's command. It so happened that, during the sitting of the present Commission, a gentleman had felt himself obliged to remove his son, one of the juniors in college, in consequence of his being subjected to what he described as "slavery of the most irritating and oppressive kind," and "degrading and dangerous punishments." This was a very serious charge against a public school in modern times; and as it was made before the Commissioners in the most straightforward and open manner, after due communication on the subject with the head-master, Dr Scott, and prepared to be supported by the evidence of the sufferer, they very properly devoted a great deal of time and attention to its investigation. It is due to the gentleman who has felt himself thus obliged to incur what he feels to be an unpleasant publicity, to say that he disclaims any wish to conceal his name, or to shrink in any way whatever from the responsibility of the charge. We prefer, however, in dealing with the case, to describe the complainants by an initial only; the rather, because, without intending to impute (as the Commissioners do not impute) either to father or son any intentional misrepresentation, it is impossible to read their evidence, as contrasted with that of the witnesses for the defence, without feeling that facts have been either misunderstood or misrepresented, and that the whole complaint, though by no means unfounded, is made in a very exaggerated tone. To discuss details which occupy fifty double-columned folio pages of a blue-book* would be hardly desirable even if it were possible here; but to this volume of the evidence all who are interested in the wellbeing of Westminster School will find it worth their while to refer. The printing of those pages, with all their repetitions and contradictions, has been no waste of public money. Indeed, it may be said of this 'Public School Evidence' in general, that if those who are interested in it (and who is not interested in it, directly or indirectly?) will give themselves the trouble to read it, the results of the Commissioners' inquiries are likely to be very important indeed. Whatever or whether any official action may be taken by the Government in pursuance of it—for ourselves, we think the less the better—the reforms which head-masters, and the public to whom head-masters look for support, are likely to promote, in consequence of the publication of these volumes, will not be unimportant.

The present system—or rather, it may be hoped, the past system—of college fagging at Westminster seems to have retained some of the most objectionable features of those days when a fag's life was that of a small menial. We are not taking our estimate of it from the complaint laid before this Commission;

* Evidence, Part I., p. 475-525.

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for the reasons already given, we do not consider that statement altogether trustworthy. We will take simply the admissions of the headmaster, and of boys on the foundation who, with something of that partial blindness which makes the lover see all perfections in a very ordinary face, consider the internal economy and administration of the college to be "the best you can have"—"in short, a system incapable of improvement."* But it is at least so peculiar a system as to require a somewhat tedious explanation in order to be understood at all.

All who are elected as Queen's scholars go at once into college as "juniors;" their position in the school (which of course has been already gained during the year in which they have been non-foundationers) may be high or low; but as juniors they are fags, and in that position they remain for one year. The boy who is elected head of his remove into college has certain privileges and immunities which make his position very much better than that of his newly-elected fellows; so much so, that he is called the "liberty-boy." The difference in his fortunate lot is fully expressed by the old classical formula in which, from time out of memory, they are received into the college community—"You be free (*liber*), all the rest be slaves (*servi*)."

The duties of a boy during his junior year in college are certainly such as to justify the term. He has, of course, all the ordinary fagging practised at other public schools, in the way of running on messages, fielding-out at cricket, &c. But besides this, he is expected to be a sort of walking storehouse of small provisions for his senior's ordinary wants. The contents of the pocket of his college waistcoat makes the uninitiated wonder what manner of waistcoat it may be. He is expected to carry in it, and to produce upon demand, "two pieces of india-rubber, two pieces of gutta-percha, ditto of sealing-wax, two pencils, two pieces of pen-string, two wedges, two knives, two *dips* (little round globular ink-bottles), and two dip-corks;" one witness (the complainant) adds to these, "an unlimited quantity of note-paper, small and large size, ditto ditto of quarterns (square pieces of paper), ditto ditto pens:" but another witness explains that these latter articles are carried, not in the pocket, but in a portfolio which he is obliged to take with him into school. These stores are not for his own use, but for the convenience of his seniors, who never carry the necessary supply upon their own proper persons, but call upon any junior who is at hand to supply the want of the moment. The senior allows his junior to procure in his name at the stationer's a certain supply of the necessary articles, which he then expects to be always forthcoming when wanted. But it is not only his "senior" who is his master, as would be the case in almost any other public school; he has practically two masters besides, in the boys of the second and third election (*i. e.* in their second and third year of college) to whom he is specially attached, and who can make similar demands upon him at any moment. The system may be more clearly understood by a few questions and answers from the Evidence:—

"3147. (*Sir S. Northcote.*) Instead of the senior keeping his own pen-knife, the third election his, and the second election his, the junior is supposed to keep them all, and to have them always produceable? Yes; sometimes the second and third elections do not give him theirs; but as a general rule they do.—He is bound to produce them not only to his own senior, and to his own second election, but to any one? Yes.—Who may take them? Yes.—Supposing the boy to whom he gives the pen-knife, and who is not his own senior, does not return it to him, is that his loss? Yes.—He must get another? Yes.—Does that frequently happen? Yes, I daresay it does. Not very fre-

* Mr Stewart, Evidence, 3352, 3353.

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quently, I should think.—For how many is the boy to be supplied with paper? for his own senior only, or for the two senior elections? For anybody who calls for it."

Besides keeping up this travelling supply, he is expected to leave certain drawers in his bureau, in which his pen-knives, pens, and paper are contained, always open for his seniors' accommodation. About twice in every fortnight it comes to his turn to be "call;" he has then to get up (awaking himself as he can) about four o'clock during a considerable part of the year, to light the fire in chamber (first raking out the cinders from the grates), to call such of the seniors as desire it at any subsequent hour, and to repeat the call, if necessary, until those young gentlemen get up. He is even expected (at all events in theory) to be at half-a-dozen bedsides, on pain of punishment, at the same hour precisely. If any of the seniors get up at this early call for the purpose of reading (as is very frequently the case at Westminster), he is expected to provide for them a cup of tea or coffee at any hour between four and six; and for this purpose he has to keep a kettle boiling during that time. At six o'clock a second call relieves him of these duties; and it is not until half-past six that an individual called "College John" (who seems to have an easier time of it than any junior) makes his appearance on the scene, cleans boots and shoes, &c., but finds the lighting of the fires and the calling of the boys, which would have been a servant's work in any well-regulated school, already done for him. "The grates are never cleaned at all," except by the boy who is "call" raking out the cinders. The fags' duties during the day do not differ very materially from what might be required at any other public school. After locking up, as tea forms no part of the regular college meals—only supper at eight o'clock—the junior has to make for his senior, as often as he may require it, which seems to be two or three times in the course of the evening, either tea or coffee as he may choose, to wash up his tea-things, and to perform any other services in the way of fetching and carrying which may be required.

The evidence of boys and masters alike proves that the constant interruptions to which a junior is liable at any and every moment during the evening, are a very serious hindrance even to a studious boy; and Dr Scott himself admits that "a boy who is tempted to be idle, as most of them are, finds very considerable difficulty in doing his work." One boy in turn every evening has to light the gas, to keep the fire up, and to go round to collect any orders from the seniors (messages into the town, &c.) for "College John," who is in waiting at six o'clock for that purpose. There is a special form of words religiously observed on this and on several other occasions. The junior has to make proclamation in this style, and in no other: "Any more orders? John is going off." A young gentleman who, upon one occasion, thought proper to substitute the more refined announcement, "John is about to leave," got into considerable difficulties. "He was had into the upper election-room, and the seniors talked to him for a long time." It is to be hoped that the results of this lecture upon the preference due to simple Queen's English were not wasted; and one wishes that it were possible to summon some of our modern fine writers before the Westminster board of critics.

As a Westminster fag discharges most of the duties of "College John," so also in rotation he acts as college-porter. One boy each day is exempted from school-work for the purpose of keeping guard over the college during the absence of the others in school. He is called "*monitor ostii*," or more frequently known by the Greek term

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"*Monos.*" His duties are "to see that college is not entered by improper persons," and to answer any inquiries that may be made. The office is fully recognised by the head-master, who says, in the course of his examination, that he has sometimes to complain of the absence of *Monos* from his post.

"3507. (*Mr Thompson.*) There is no one to see whether he is in college or not? No.—He is there alone? Yes. I have sometimes myself had to set *Monos* an imposition for being *non inventus*.—Then you recognise the importance of the office? Unless there is some servant to watch, *Monos* must do so, or the property in the college might be swept off.—Might not *Monos* be swept away too? He never has been. I think *Monos* would make it heard, and in that event I should certainly send down a senior to see what was the matter."

This important office, however, is not intrusted to an ordinary junior, but is held in turn by the boys of the "second election" and the "liberty-boy."

This state of bondage (we are really using only the Westminster language) continues during the whole of the first year, when, from a "junior," a boy becomes one of the "second election." Not that his servitude ends here, but it assumes a different form, which is one of the peculiarities of the Westminster system. These second-election boys have,* as one of the Commissioners satirically puts it—and Dr Scott admits the position to be "quite correct"—"two vicarious duties which they performed—one was to be punished themselves for others occasionally, and the other was occasionally to punish for others."† Their business, in short, is "to see that the fags do their seniors' work." They are expected to instruct these latter in all their duties (including the correct use of the English language) upon their first admission into college, and to insure their due performance afterwards. If anything goes wrong in this matter, the second election are responsible in their own persons. The Westminster system is that of the old nursery-rhyme, "The stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to worry the pig," &c., until the desired result is obtained by a series of stimulants. If a senior finds that his tea or coffee is not made to his taste, or that any other service has been neglected, he no more thinks of inquiring into the details of the junior's delinquency, and inflicting the necessary chastisement, than the mistress of an English house would think of getting up from her dinner-party and going down into the kitchen to box the scullion's ears for not boiling the potatoes. As one of the witnesses —himself a senior—very naïvely puts it before the Commissioners, "it would be a great bore for the senior to go into the under-election room to superintend; he might as well do everything himself." "Supposing," he adds, "that I had bad tea brought to me one night; I know it is bad, but it would be a great bore if I had to go and see that the fellow made it properly."‡ Of course; so the senior either thrashes or reprimands, according to his own humour or the flagrancy of the case, his "second election"—the responsible minister; and the second election passes on the thrashing or the reprimand, *en ricochet*, to the offending junior. One of the Commissioners observes that this vicarious system is likely to be worse for the juniors than a direct government by

* Or rather had, for Dr Scott has now formally abolished the abuse. The present tense, in all cases, must be taken as referring to the state of things at the date of the inquiry. The head-master, in consequence of the facts brought to his knowledge, immediately issued written rules abolishing not only this delegated punishment, but all kicking, striking with rackets or cricket-stumps, &c., all fagging between eight and ten at night, and the supplying of pens and paper by the juniors.

† Evidence, 3430.

‡ Evidence, 3252, 3254.

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their more legitimate masters—in fact, "to make the second election more severe than the seniors themselves would be." But this the witness is unwilling to admit; he thinks rather, that "if he got licked occasionally by the senior, it might teach him a little consideration for his junior perhaps." We should fancy, on the other hand, that the licking would lose nothing in the transmission.

The punishments to which a fag is liable for distinct neglect of duty have taken a very objectionable shape at Westminster, even assuming that cases of undue severity in their infliction may now be rare. It is not necessary to take our view of them from the account given by the complainant, Mr M——, especially as he admits that they were never so inflicted upon himself, and other witnesses deny having either seen or heard of such cases in their own experience. One of the seniors informs us that the common punishment was "buckhorsing."

"2980. (*Lord Lyttelton.*) That was boxing the ears, was it? Yes.—(*Lord Clarendon.*) Buckhorsing was rather severe, was it not? That depended upon circumstances. Of course, you could hurt a fellow very much, but not so much as with your fists.—But it was done several times, was it not, backwards and forwards? It was not confined to one side. I got buckhorsed pretty often. It did not do me any permanent injury. Of course it stung at the time.—Do you think that at that time you always deserved it? Sometimes I did, sometimes I did not."

"Tanning" is a severer punishment, inflicted with a stick or racket, or cricket-stump; but inflicted, according to the witnesses, only by monitors for offences against discipline: "if a boy drank too much, if he went out of bounds, or was smoking, or in a case of bullying, or anything of that sort." But there was one abominable process—admitted by all witnesses to be unjustifiable, and to have fallen into complete disuse, there having been only one instance of it within their recollection—called "tanning in way." "Way" was the washing-place, into which a junior, for what was considered some grave failure in his duties, was taken by the orders of his senior, made to put one leg up on a sink, and in that position kicked (with a short preparatory run) by his "second election." It is due to the present generation of Westminster to say that the witnesses examined by the Commission decidedly reprobated the custom, and denied all complicity or knowledge of even the single instance which had occurred of such a punishment in their own time: but they admitted that such kicking was "certainly the old idea supposed to be part of the punishment," and only remitted of late years because the seniors then in power had a general feeling against it. Dr Scott himself, who appears not to have known of the existence of such traditionary barbarity until Mr M——'s complaint was made, speaks of it as "atrocious;" and he has issued a distinct edict (in which he appears to have been anticipated by the proper feeling of the seniors), that no such punishment shall take place in future. One or two more of what may be called (as compared with this "tanning in way") the pleasant eccentricities of Westminster discipline, and we have done with the subject. Lord Clarendon asks—availing himself of some of Mr M——'s revelations—

"3014. Is there another form of punishment—hitting on the calves of the legs with a racket? Yes; or anywhere: not particularly about the calves of the legs.—And with the top of the cap on the hand, laying the hand down on the table, and hitting with the sharp sides of the cap—is not that a punishment used? It is generally used by 'helps,' who are helping town-boys into college. Every town-boy, when he tries for college, has a help. This help has to see that he does a certain amount of work; and if he does not do it, he licks him occasionally, at discretion. If the help happens to be a second election or a junior, he is not allowed to use a racket or a stick, and therefore they lick them with a cap or a book.—(*Mr Thomson.*) Is it considered

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absolutely necessary that they should lick them? If they cannot get them to do any work.—(*Sir S. Northcote.*) Has the help any particular interest in getting the boy whom he is helping into college? Yes; he gets £5 worth of books if he gets him in.—(*Mr Thompson.*) So that in fact it is the same motive which induces a jockey to flog his horse? Yes; or a schoolmaster to flog his pupils."

It will be observed that even a Royal Commissioner, when he condescends to joke with a witness, does not always get the best of it.

Much of the hardship of a junior's life at Westminster is a consequence of the insufficient staff of servants: this is fully admitted by the head-master, Dr Scott, but it is a point which is not within his control: the college, being really a dependency of the collegiate church of St Peter, is subject, as to all its domestic arrangements, to the control of the Dean and Chapter; and although this body have of late years shown a spirit of greater liberality in the many improvements which have been made (especially during Dr Buckland's deanship), they have in former years been very grudging guardians to their scholars —regarding the school, as Dr Scott suggests may have been the case, "somewhat as a nuisance, which it was desirable to abate as much as possible." The Commissioners in their Report "invite the serious attention of the Dean and Chapter" to the manifest need of additional servants to relieve the juniors at least from the menial offices of lighting the fires and attending to the gas.

Something of the same kind of service is required from the fags at the Charter-House. The charge of keeping up the large school fires, day and night, devolves upon two juniors, called "fire-fags," who hold that office for a year. Six times a-day these two boys of twelve or thirteen have to lift and carry to the fire a large scuttle of coal, the size of which, compared with the powers of the little witness whom they examined, evidently astonished the Commissioners. These fires, if carefully made up the last thing before going to bed, retain sufficient heat throughout the night to keep the water tolerably hot for the use of the upper boys in the morning. The seniors at the Charter-House appear to be somewhat luxurious in the matter of washing—*in cute curanda plus æquo operata juventus*—requiring hot water for this purpose, not only in the morning, but at dinner-time and tea-time also; and indulging upon each occasion in a dry towel, which the fag has some trouble to provide, having sometimes to purvey them by "cribbing" from other boys. They have also to brush their masters' clothes, wash their combs and brushes, and clean out the washing-basins—duties which plainly ought to be performed by servants. Sometimes, as the junior under examination expresses it, "the water will not get hot, the boiler is not big enough,"—or other boys poke the fire and interfere with it, and the unlucky fire-fag gets a thrashing—a pretty severe one—for what is not his fault after all. The Charter-House fagging system owes something of its severity to the small number of the fags compared with their masters; there being only about twelve of the former (at the date of the Commissioners' inquiry) to some ten or eleven who have the right of fagging them. On the other hand, this right is (or should be) better guarded from individual abuse than is the case at most other schools, inasmuch as it does not follow, as a matter of course, from mere seniority of standing, but requires to be formally conferred by the head-master's act, if he is satisfied that a boy's general character will justify his being invested with it. No boy can fag until he has received what are technically called his "privileges;" and upon any proved abuse of power these would be at once withdrawn. It is fair to say that nothing in the evidence goes to show that "bullying" forms any cause of complaint at Charter-

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House. But a schoolboy's notion of bullying is probably not exactly the same as his mamma's. One of the young Westminster witnesses stoutly denies that he ever saw any bullying there, though he admitted it might be possible; indeed, he had heard of a case, in his own time, which might be considered such: "there was a fellow put in a cupboard and smoked."

"3118. (*Lord Clarendon.*) How was he smoked—with brimstone? No, with brown paper and wood, and one thing or the other. . . . 3124. Was it one big boy who shut up one little boy, or several boys combined? It was done by several boys; it was one boy who planned it, and got them to do it.—3125. What had the unfortunate boy done? Nothing, I think. That was the reason why it was considered bullying.—3126. If he had done anything very wrong, it would not have been bullying? Not such wanton bullying."

But though the royal foundation at Westminster may fairly take the highest rank amongst the London schools, yet by far the most ancient and wealthy of them is that which John Colet, Dean of St Paul's, founded in the year 1510 in St Paul's Churchyard; whose first master was William Lilly, and which claims to have been the first school in England in which Greek was taught. He founded it for the free education of "children of all nations and countries indifferently," but "Londoners and his own countrymen in particular," to the number of one hundred and fifty-three, having regard to the mystical number of the draught of fishes. They were to be instructed by a master and "sur-master," "in good and clene Laten literature;" to the exclusion of all which he terms "barbary and corruption, and Laten adulterate," and such as he says "may rather be called blotterature than literature." At this fixed number of 153 the school has remained ever since, though in other respects it has gone through many changes. The modest estates which the founder vested in the Mercers' Company in trust for this purpose now produce nearly £10,000 a-year. The school itself, founded distinctly as a day-school—for the scholars were specially forbidden even to bring their meat and drink there—gradually became in a great measure a boarding-school for country as well as London boys, since the early hours at which the school opened in the morning proved more and more inconvenient to parents whose boys were not on the spot. It has now (the hours having been altered) again resumed its original character, some few boys only boarding with a clergyman not connected with the school. The scholars are appointed by nomination, by the Court of Assistants of the Mercers' Company; the appointments being looked upon generally as a piece of valuable patronage, which each member of the electoral body (about twenty-eight in number) exercises in rotation, in behalf of his friends, as used to be the case in the elections into college at Eton and Winchester. No examination has been customary, nor does any seem to be actually required by the statutes, except that the candidates should have sufficient acquaintance with English and Latin to "be able to read and write his own lessons." The natural consequence has been the introduction from time to time, as the head-master complains, of "most wretched" boys into the school. One honourable exception, however, in the exercise of this patronage, comes before the Commission in evidence—let us charitably hope there may be others. Canon Blakesley, one of the wardens of the Company, thus describes the course he has adopted since he became a governor:—

"When parents have applied to me for their sons, and I was satisfied of the respectability of the applicants, I have taken their names down, and examined the children myself to find out who was the most promising boy, and to that one I have given my presentation. . . . I never pledge myself actually to adhere to this practice. For instance, if I had

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a request made for a presentation for the son of a man of letters who was in straitened circumstances, I should not think myself bound to subject the child to the usual test."—Evidence, 927, 936.

But in very few cases are nominations made in such conscientious accordance with the spirit and intent of the founder.

In some points St Paul's is what many parents would consider a model school. There is no fagging, and no flogging. "That truly British institution, the rod," is, to Mr Commissioner Vaughan's astonishment, unknown in those happy precincts. There is only its weak substitute, the cane. Even that instrument, however, in able hands, had been made in former times to do a good deal of duty. Now, only six formal cuts are administered, always on the hand; but when the present head-master first entered upon his duties, he found a good deal of what cricketers call "lively hitting to all parts of the field" going on—"especially about the legs and back;" so much so, that "the noise alone formed a great obstruction to the progress of the school duties." The reason why the young Paulines are neither fagged nor birched lies in the fact of the school being exclusively a day-school. When boys only associate with each other in the school-room, under the immediate eye of the masters, and separate immediately afterwards for their several homes, any system of fagging would be neither possible nor desirable; and any exceptional instances of the kind the master would very properly check: so also, having little or no connection with the school except during lesson hours, the only offences which usually come under the master's eye are those of idleness or disorder; the moral discipline of the boys must be supposed to rest wholly with the parents, and those graver moral offences, to which the punishment of flogging in most public schools is now almost exclusively confined, can very rarely come under the master's cognisance. Of course, a mere day-school education in a city like London, and where the boys, as at St Paul's, spend perhaps two hours of the day in going to and returning from school, with an additional hour's break in the middle of the day, when they are allowed to go wherever they please to get their lunch or dinner, is liable to the serious objection that the gravest moral misconduct may go on without either master or parent being aware of it. In fact, Dr Kynaston fairly disclaims for himself any real responsibility for his scholars in any respect except their school-work; "he has not an opportunity of observing the moral conduct of the boys, except in their general propriety of demeanour, and in matters of discipline between the master and the boys."* This, with the want of social intercourse in the boarding-house and the play-ground, which has been already noticed, is the point in which London day-school life falls so far short of the best public-school training. Such school friendships as are formed depend, it is confessed, somewhat on the accident of "going home the same way," or some other chance association. Yet with all these disadvantages, one is pleased as well as surprised to find that it used to be said of the Paulines at the universities, that they "hung together more than other schools;" though it was "perhaps because they went up only three or four together, not like a large school, where they send up thirty or forty."

St Paul's is lavish in prizes and exhibitions to the universities—too lavish, in proportion to the amount of competition for them, as the head-master boldly complains, and as the Commissioners fully agree. There are usually not more than five or six boys who go off to college

* Evidence, 523.

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every year (a strangely small proportion, when it is considered that the 153 scholars are "almost invariably" the sons of clergymen or professional men — "West-End boys"), and all of them get exhibitions. The captain of the year gets one of £120, for four years, tenable with any scholarship at any college in either university; the next has one of £100 to Trinity, Cambridge; the next £80, and the Court give as many of £50 each as may be required, "to any one that the examiners say is fit to go to the university." Besides this liberal provision, the Court of Assistants is in the habit of giving an *honorarium* to those who, after leaving school, obtain scholarships or honours at the universities, or what the Commissioners term "certain *supposed* distinctions in public competitive examinations." Not less than £160 was expended under this head in the year 1860. The Secretary, in drawing up the report on these points, relieves his mind from the dryness of detail by a touch of satire not uncongenial to him. He observes, in the name of the Commissioners, that "the principle of giving a boy an exhibition on the mere certificate of the examiners that he is not absolutely unfit to hold it, is to us a novel one;" and that "to bestow a sum of money upon a young man as a reward for having obtained a considerable addition to his income, is a proceeding the reasons of which are not self-evident." The truth is, the school trust has so much money that they do not know what to do with it. "They have a present available surplus of at least £2500 per annum," with a prospect of £2000 more if the school lasts until 1888; and it is due to the Court of Assistants to say that they have for some time been considering what is best to be done with it; whether to increase the numbers of the school on its present site—which would be very difficult, and not very desirable—or to remove it altogether into the country, or to retain the present school, increasing it to 200, and add a second affiliated school for boarders at a distance from town. But the Commissioners recommend the sale of the present site, where the noise of the traffic seriously interrupts the work of the school, and which is said also to affect the health of the boys, and the erection of a new school for 500 boys in some such locality as Pentonville or the new Victoria Street; still maintaining Dean Colet's foundation for the purposes for which he plainly intended it—"a day-school to which the dwellers in London were to have access for the purpose of acquiring the highest literary culture." They think, with the Bishops of London and Manchester, that the need of such schools in London is at least as great as ever, and that "the want of a more thoroughly grounded and higher element in the secondary classes of our professions is producing in some quarters slow but irremediable mischief." They recommend no addition to the 153 scholars on the foundation, but that the election should be strictly competitive, and that the non-foundationers, whose numbers would be so largely increased, should be eligible to all the exhibitions, which might then be at least doubled in number. With these reforms, it is their opinion that the school "might and ought to become the first in London, and one of the first in Great Britain."

The school attached to Sutton's Hospital of the Charter-House differs in one essential point from St Paul's; all the boys on the foundation are boarders. These are now fifty-four in number, who receive gratuitously board, lodging, education, medical attendance, and clothing. They are nominated, subject to a mere formal examination, by the sixteen governors (amongst whom are the two Archbishops) in rotation, excepting that, under a late arrangement, two scholars in every year are selected by competition. Every foundation scholar

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who chooses to go to the universities receives, on passing a moderate examination at the age of eighteen, an exhibition of £80 per annum, to any college, for four years: or an outfit of £100 is given him, if he goes into the army or navy, or otherwise requires such help. Besides the foundation scholars, there have usually of late been between forty and fifty boarders, and about the same number of day-boys. But at one time, in consequence of what seems to have been a sudden and temporary popularity, the numbers rose in a remarkable manner; in the year 1825 there were as many as 480. The cause of this sudden rise and collapse is explained in the very amusing and characteristic evidence of the present Dean of Peterborough — an old Carthusian, and late head-master of the school:—

"I was a boy in the school, in 1818, at the height of its prosperity; Dr Russell had just introduced the Bell system. The Bell system was turning a public school into a national school, making the boys teach each other and govern each other. It had a wonderful effect at first; it captivated people most immensely. . . . We were drawn up before the governors, examiners, and visitors to question each other; we were drilled to handle particular sets of questions, which were to be answered before the examiners, Dr Mant and Dr Doyley, who were, to boys' ideas, a little soft. I was præpostor myself at one time, and I had been trained to ask these questions, as well as to give these answers, and these gentlemen went away wonderstruck. . . . Our parents were taken in; they saw what appeared to them the results of this wonderful teaching, and said nothing could be equal to it; but when the sons became old enough themselves to go to the university, and to judge of it, then down fell the school. . . . Each separate form had a cocky little boy who was put at the head of the class, and who taught the rest of the boys. Dr Russell reigned *Jupiter Tonans* over the whole of the school, working himself brilliantly and indefatigably. He thought the work of the school was going on beautifully, but he was certainly taken in by apparent results. On one occasion, I remember the sixth form were dancing to a chorus of Dante instead of construing a play of Sophocles, as he thought. There was a præpostor of one form who, being a little mite, but a clever scholar, was put by Dr Russell at the head of his class, but he said it was torture to him above everything; he felt all the responsibilities of his place. Dr Russell would call out, 'Fifth form, where is your præpostor?' 'Please, sir, here he is!' and they would hold him up by the neck. You cannot wonder if after that the school fell."—Evidence, 544–546.

In the next ten years the numbers had sunk to ninety-nine. The larger numbers were more than the school or the boarding-houses could fairly accommodate, and some of the bedrooms were "crowded fearfully."

"The governors interfered, but I do not think Dr Russell cared very much. There is a memorandum in Dr Russell's hand,—'The governors were pleased to order that their former order limiting the number of boys should be attended to.'"

And after relieving his conscience by this entry, the indefatigable Doctor went on crowding his rooms as before, and petting his little præpostors. One feature in his system was the attempt to do away with corporal punishment; which was "a great shock," says the Dean of Peterborough, to the feelings of the school. He tried to substitute a system of pecuniary fines, which the school voted "most ungentlemanly." In fact, there was a regular popular rebellion, whose object was "the abolition of fines and the restoration of flogging." The Doctor gave way; and "I think," continues the Dean, "we had our hearts' content."

"The day after abolishing fines, when we all walked into school together, we found a perfect forest of birch rods, and I should think that the whole school-time of two hours was expended in the use and application of them."

This popular "right of birch" is maintained in all its integrity at Charter-House to this day, and is enjoyed about twice or three times a-week,—rather a high average in

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these days, as proportioned to the number of boys. The Commissioners consider this somewhat too great an indulgence, especially as it follows upon ordinary school faults, if a boy's name is found in the "black book" three times in one week.

The recommendation of the Report is, that Charter-House, as being chiefly a boarding-school, should be removed into the country, its foundation scholarships being thrown open, as in other cases, to general competition. Archdeacon Hale, the "Master" (not schoolmaster) of the Hospital, would strongly object to both. He argues, with some truth, against this perpetual competition, that "there is no reason whatever to believe that the founder proposed to educate only clever children:" certainly, if all these old benefactions are to be thus disposed of, it is time that some modern benefactor should arise to found an hospital, like old Sutton's, for the stupid ones. "Opening" foundations may, in a certain sense, be merely limiting them to boys who have already the advantage over their fellows of natural genius, or opportunities of superior early instruction. If the electors who have these valuable prizes in their gift would only regard them conscientiously as public trusts; if gentlemen who are perfectly able to give their sons an independent education would abstain from shameless solicitation for what is, after all, a charity,—a larger reform would be effected than all these competitive examinations will ever effect. After all, it is a hard case that a hard-working clergyman or professional man, with half-a-dozen children, or a widow thrown upon her own resources with a young family, should be excluded from these educational aids because their boys do not happen to be geniuses.

It remains to say a few words on the excellent school maintained by the Merchant Taylors' Company. It has no foundation, strictly speaking; the Company even deny any legal obligation to maintain the school at all; "they consider that no one could challenge their act if they were to abolish it altogether." It is, in point of fact, a private school, though it has usually ranked amongst the public ones. "If we choose to expend £2000 a-year on it," says the Master of the Company in his evidence, "well and good; but if we choose to put that money into our own pockets, we may do so." Expending, however, as they do, something more than this sum annually in salaries to masters and the general maintenance of the school, they are enabled to reduce the total school-charges to each boy as low as £10 per annum. This does not include board, with which, in fact, the school arrangements have nothing to do: as in the case of St Paul's, the boys either board at home or wherever their parents choose to place them. Some of the masters take boarders (which is not the case at St Paul's); but this is entirely a matter of private arrangement. The education given is so good, and the terms so low, that the nominations, which are given by the "Master, Wardens, and Assistants" of the Company in rotation, are pretty eagerly sought after by professional men and the higher class of tradesmen. Probably the great attraction, in many cases, lies in the liberal endowments which the school has received in the way of scholarships and exhibitions. Though the Oxford Commissioners, and the Privy Council together, have made sad havoc with Sir Thomas White's magnificent foundation at St John's—which formerly made Merchant Taylors' the richest school in England—there still remains to it a very considerable share of university good things. It has no longer its thirty-seven fellowships, virtually entered upon immediately on leaving school, and tenable for life, which it enjoyed up to 1862; these have shrunk, under the Privy

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Council ordinance, into twenty-one scholarships of £100, tenable for seven years, of which three are to be filled up by competition annually. Besides these, the school has a large number of exhibitions from different benefactors of £60 and under, so that no boy of the most moderate merit enters the universities without some such assistance. The number in the school is formally limited to 250, and always keeps a little over that mark.

It is not surprising that, with these stimulants, Merchant Taylors' appears to have had a larger proportion of university honours than any other of the London schools.* This success seems to be attained under some disadvantages. The staff of classical masters is clearly inadequate, being only six to 260 boys—44 on the average to each; and even of these six, the four undermasters teach mathematics also. Dr Hessey admits the insufficiency of his staff, and has no doubt but that the liberality of the Company would at once increase it; but there is at present no accommodation, in the way of class-rooms, for a greater number. His evidence shows a system of hearty and earnest work throughout the school, which may go some way towards explaining its successful progress under difficulties. Its system has some peculiar features, which quite deserve more special notice than the Commission has bestowed upon them in its brief report. The boys themselves are partially employed as what may be called pupil-teachers. It is no doubt the remains of a very ancient system (still in existence also at Winchester College), and had prevailed in the school to even greater extent before the time of the present head-master. When a young boy enters the school who is rather backward, or at any time when he may seem to require temporary help,—the head-master, to use his own words, "recommends to the parent some discreet elder boy who is willing to undertake the charge," and to whom a small fee is paid for his trouble. The monitors (the head-boys in the school) are also occasionally employed in looking over some of the lower boys' exercises, or even taking a form in the absence of one of the masters; which they do, says Dr Hessey, "very nicely indeed."

"The monitors look over certain exercises, and mark any passage which they consider objectionable. When a monitor has examined an exercise, he puts his name at the bottom of it. I then glance over it, and call the boy up, when I perhaps say to him, 'B—— has looked over your exercise, and I agree with his criticism: I should have marked the same faults myself.' Or I call up the monitor, and say, 'Do you mean to find fault with this particular passage?' He does not like to be found out in marking a fault where there was none, and this makes him more careful for the future. Or perhaps I say, 'How is this? You have allowed this mistake to pass.' . . . It makes them critical, obliges them to look into many minute points, and thus improves their own scholarship."

Flogging is very rarely used. A mode of punishment is adopted occasionally, in the higher part of the school, which is no doubt effective in judicious hands. The offender receives a "public rebuke:" "the school is silent," says Dr Hessey, while I tell him my mind in reference to his particular offence. . . . It produces a considerable effect upon the school; the boys are very unwilling to have themselves brought up to me; not that I am severe in my way of punishing

* Between 1839 and 1862 the school has gained at Oxford, where most of its boys go, 11 Classical and 10 Mathematical Firsts in "Finals," and 16 Classical and 7 Mathematical Firsts at "Moderations," besides other distinctions: and has had three high Wranglers and three Bell's scholars at Cambridge. This is the more creditable, because the average number who go up to the universities at all is only about eight per annum: "the smallest proportion," says the Report, "of any of the schools under review."—Report, p. 205.

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them, but that they do not like to fall under my censure or displeasure." Dr Hessey thinks that his system is on the whole successful. If his own account of it be a fair one, it at least deserves to be:—

"When a boy goes to the sixth form, I call him to me, and say to him, 'You are now coming under me; I trust that you will be honest, and a truth-teller. I have no interest whatever except in your progress. Let us be on good and honourable terms with each other:' and the boys perfectly understand me. . . . Of course, there is a black sheep occasionally. A boy will tell a falsehood now and then; but I had rather occasionally be deceived than lead the school to understand that I thought I had a set of deceivers about me."—Evid., 617.

On the whole, the Londoners have sufficient good schools—*sua si bona norint.* It may be doubted whether they appreciate them sufficiently: people do not even know, says Archdeacon Hale, where the Charter-House is.* They may be made more generally available than they are, if some of the Commissioners' recommendations be carried out. But unless it be in the exceptional case of the Charter-House, they will be wise to resist any scheme of removing them into the country. The Report declares that "the evidence does not appear to confirm the view, that a school in London is less healthy," though this is a view very popularly entertained. St Paul's and Merchant Taylors' should remain, as they now are, the great day-schools of the metropolis, their cheap and excellent education spread over a larger area by judicious reforms; and though the objections to the removal of Westminster are said to be mainly "sentimental," it is a sentiment with which we cordially sympathise: it would be "no longer," as one of the witnesses says, "Westminster School."

* Evidence, 1502.

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MEMOIRS OF RICHARD WHATELY.

TOWARDS the construction of a biography which is to repay the trouble of reading, two incidents are absolutely necessary. First, there must be proper materials with which to work; and next, the biographer should be capable of making use of these materials when he gets them. We are sorry to say that we can discover little trace of the presence of either incident in the volumes now before us. To do him justice, Mr Fitzpatrick makes no pretence of fitness in any respect for the task which he has undertaken. "I cannot say," he observes, in his preface, "that I was at the Archbishop's elbow through life." In point of fact, his acquaintance with the Archbishop was of the slightest kind. They bowed when they passed each other in the street, and perhaps shook hands if by chance they happened to meet in a room. Access to Archbishop Whately's unpublished correspondence he certainly had none; and, judging from the results, seems to have held little confidential communication with persons in this respect more fortunate than himself. To be sure we are told that "some able men who possessed that great advantage, but whose names our author is not at liberty to disclose, have supplied that deficiency [what deficiency?] by placing at his disposal much valuable memoranda and notes." And to get possession of "*much notes*," whether they be really valuable or not, is a feat worth achieving. But the true spur to action on the present occasion was neither knowledge of the subject nor the "*much notes and memoranda*" here alluded to. On the contrary, "A letter from Oxford," in 'Notes and Queries,' requesting illustrations of the inexhaustible fund of wit and humour which was perpetually flowing from the late Archbishop, fired the soul and stirred the ambition of Mr William John Fitzpatrick. Was he not conversant with not a few of the reputed sayings and doings of the late Archbishop? Could he not, by a little diligence in applying to his Grace's chaplains and flatterers, make himself master of more? It was evident that the point of view in which the public desired to look at Dr Whately was the comic point. Only let him succeed in collecting jokes enough, and he might certainly hope to describe a Merry-Andrew as well as anybody else. To work therefore he went, and the results are two volumes post octavo, made up of scraps and anecdotes; the former evidently supplied by ladies and gentlemen who had taken the measure of their correspondent, the latter entirely his own.

"The able men who possessed that great advantage," and who "placed at Mr Fitzpatrick's disposal much valuable memoranda and notes," had reasons of their own for keeping their names out of sight. What these names may have been we shall not stop to inquire; but this judgment at least may safely be hazarded—they gave him no assistance in the compilation of his introductory chapter. That is his own throughout; and we learn from it that "when George IV. lay in his cradle, there lived at Nonsuch Park a young cleric named Joseph Whately;" that "Nonsuch Park was begun by Henry VIII. and finished by Queen Elizabeth;" that "Queen Anne, and subsequently James I., occupied it;" that "in 1730 the Duke of Grafton sold it to Joseph Thompson, Esq.;" that "by-and-

'Memoirs of Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin. With a Glance at his Contemporaries and Times.' By William John Fitzpatrick, J.P. London: Richard Bentley.

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by, in 1591, Lord Lumley conveyed it to the Crown." We admit the importance as well as the peculiarity of this information; but what connection it has with the late Archbishop Whately is not quite so evident. Richard Whately was not born at Nonsuch Park, nor yet in the prebendal house at Bristol "which is still pointed out." Moreover, his father was not a *prebend*, but a *prebendary*. But this is not all. "Richard," we are assured, "was the youngest of eight children, most of whom died 'unsung,' though neither 'unwept nor unhonoured.'" It is satisfactory to know that among the Whatelys the good old custom still prevails of singing dirges, or *dragees*, over the coffins of such members of the family as die at home. The unfortunates to whom Mr Fitzpatrick alludes so touchingly paid the debt of nature, we presume, far from the paternal roof. Had circumstances brought them back to die in their own beds, their *wakes* would have been kept with all the fervour which marks similar proceedings in the Liberties of Dublin, or among poteen-inspired mourners of St Giles in London. However, we are consoled by the information that they were neither unwept nor unhonoured. But here a fresh trouble awaits us. We cannot quite see, from Mr Fitzpatrick's account of the matter, which of the eight Whatelys are really dead, and which still alive. Of the four daughters he disposes satisfactorily enough. Only one, "the relict of a physician," survives; the other three sickened, died, were waked, and, we suppose, buried. But over the fates of the brothers a veil of mystery is spread.

"The Rev. Thomas Whately, rector of Chetwynd, and the senior of the late Archbishop by fifteen years, is also still alive. William Whately officiated for some time as a vicar in Berkshire; and Joseph, who, having assumed the name of Hasley by royal sign-manual, and represented St Albans in two parliaments, prematurely died some five-and-forty years ago."

Is Joseph Whately dead? and if he be, what has become of him? "Having assumed a new name, sat in two parliaments, and died"—what next? As to William, he may still be officiating, for aught we know to the contrary, as vicar or rector—or what not—if not in Berkshire, somewhere else. We ask for explanations on these heads, and hope that when Mr Fitzpatrick prepares a new edition of his work he will supply them.

It is not, however, solely on points like these that Mr Fitzpatrick is carried, by the power of his own genius, out of the common course of mundane affairs. We are informed, for example, that under the care of a Mr Phillips, who kept a school in Bristol, and was always referred to by Dr Whately as a skilful and judicious teacher, Richard Whately *received a comprehensive course of general instruction*. This is at least curious. Neither among men nor among horses were we aware till now that it was possible to *receive a course* either of instruction or running. The former were supposed to receive or acquire some amount of knowledge, greater or less, *by going through* a course of instruction; the latter, to win or lose plates according as they were first or last in getting over the course. But Mr Fitzpatrick knows better, and is, besides, singularly instructed, in his own way, respecting Oxford and its usages. Thus we learn from him not only that Richard Whately was placed, at the age of eighteen, in Oriel College, but that Oriel was then the great school of speculative philosophy; that Whately at once attracted attention because of his originality; "that notwithstanding this originality, and the notoriety incident to it, his undergraduate course is said to have been quiet;" that obtaining a double second, he was still, "in the scholars' race, more than once tripped;" and that "from the time he entered Oxford, Whately was remarkable for a

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certain amount of originality, both of thought and action, which sometimes amounted to rank eccentricity." In spite of all this, however—in spite of the eccentricity which caused his "undergraduate course to be quiet," and his frequent trips in the scholars' race, Whately "at last made good his footing, and turned the corner cleverly." "In 1808 he graduated, and in 1810 he won a twenty-guinea prize." In 1811, the highest honours which it was possible to confer, unless the Provost's chair of Oriel, reached Whately in the shape of a Fellowship; and in 1812, he became a Bachelor of Divinity. "In estimating the value of these triumphs," continues our author, "it must be remembered that Whately, even at this early period of life, was beset with enemies, who first reviled him as an impudent pretender, and at a later date stigmatised him as an object of grave suspicion." A second-class in classics and mathematics, and election to a Fellowship of his College, were, equally with the prize for the English essay, legitimate grounds of triumph to Whately; but they must have shrunk into nothing in comparison with such a premature elevation to the dignity of Bachelor of Divinity as is vouched for here. We are sorry to say, however, that we doubt the fact of the elevation. We suspect that in 1812 Whately attained, as other men do, by length of standing, the right to take his Master's degree, and that the Bachelorship of Divinity came later. Be this, however, as it may, Mr Fitzpatrick, we are afraid, allows a lively imagination to run away with him when he describes Oriel, in the days of Whately's freshmanship, as the great school of speculative philosophy in Oxford. If Oriel ever deserved to be so considered, in contradistinction to other colleges, it was after Newman, Keble, and Whately himself had become fellows; and their own tastes, as well as the course of events elsewhere, led them into speculations which, whether philosophical or not, exercised for good or for evil no little influence over the minds of the rising generation.

We began this paper by confessing that we could discover little trace in Mr Fitzpatrick's pages of either of the incidents, a happy combination of which is necessary to the production of a readable biography. No letters, no papers, no journals of the man about whom he proposed to write, appear to have been placed at Mr F.'s disposal. A little gossip more or less trustworthy, with a few curt answers to questions asked, appear to comprise the sum total of his stock in trade—if we except newspaper articles, notices in magazines or annual registers, and here and there a county history. But it is too evident that, had the whole wealth of Whately's private diaries been handed over to Mr Fitzpatrick, and all who were deepest in Whately's confidence stood at his elbow to prompt him, the reading public, so far as this biography is concerned, would have gained little from the circumstances. Mr Fitzpatrick and Archbishop Whately have nothing in common. The former is not only incapable of understanding what the latter was, but he cannot always express in intelligible English the ideas, such as they are, which fill his own mind. What, for example, does he mean to say in sentences like these: "The choice of a profession was now the question. It is impossible to doubt, from the deep thought evinced in his able lecture 'On the Influence of the Professions on the Character,' that the adoption of the clerical was other than the result of mature consideration. We do not think that Whately was likely to have been unduly dazzled by the many brilliant minds which flung their light around him, and had already fired the ambition of numbers who soared merely to fall."

We are inclined to believe that our readers, like ourselves, have by this time had enough of Mr Fitzpatrick and his crudities. That

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worthy but misguided man writes himself, we perceive, J.P. on his title-page; and asks us to bear in mind that he is "author of 'Lady Morgan; her Career, Literary and Personal,' and of 'The Life, Times, and Contemporaries of Lord Cloncurry,' &c." The letters J.P. stand, we presume, here as elsewhere, for Justice of the Peace. Let us express the hope that the Justice's law is better then his literature. As to 'Lady Morgan; her Career, Literary and Personal,' and 'The Life, Times, and Contemporaries of Lord Cloncurry,' we confess that we never saw one or other of them. But if to Lady Morgan and Lord Cloncurry Mr Fitzpatrick has meted out the same measure of injustice which he has dispensed to Archbishop Whately, then he will have contrived to render two very silly, and, to the utmost extent of their poor ability, very pestilent people, even more ridiculous after death than they made themselves in their lifetime.

Richard Whately, the hapless victim of an Irish J.P.'s attempt at authorship, was the youngest son of the Rev. Joseph Whately, one of the Prebandaries of Bristol. He was born on the 1st of February 1786, in Cavendish Square, London, during one of those temporary sojourns in the capital with which his family were acccustomed to refresh themselves. After passing through a good private school, he was entered at Oriel College, Oxford, of which Mr Copplestone, subsequently Provost, and by-and-by Dean of St Paul's and Bishop of Llandaff, was then the classical tutor. Mr Whately's career as an undergraduate was respectable, but by no means brilliant. He maintained a fair place in the lecture-room, and generally acquitted himself well at collections; but he neither astonished his teachers, as the late Sir William Hamilton did, by the extent and accuracy of his scholarship, nor, like Keble, won both their admiration and affection by throwing over the commonest College exercise the halo of a poetic mind. Neither can it be said of him that he was popular with his contemporaries. A tall gaunt figure, manners rude, sometimes bordering upon boorishness, and an aptitude in saying sharp things in season and out of season, offended the multitude, who seldom care to look far into the characters of those who tread upon their corns. But beneath this rough exterior there were qualities which gradually worked to the surface and did their owner yeoman's service. Copplestone, in particular, found out ere long that his queer-mannered pupil was no common man; and the pupil, not much accustomed in those days to be treated kindly, opened his heart to the tutor, and they became fast friends. Certainly there were few points of resemblance between the constitutions, moral and intellectual, of the two men. But the attachment thus commenced remained unbroken to the last; they shared each other's confidence through life.

We are not prepared to say that Whately ever deserved to be regarded as a great man; but he was, throughout the whole of a career which extended beyond the average duration of human life, an able and industrious man. As an undergraduate he lived a good deal alone, and was never idle. Besides holding his own in classics and mathematics, he studied French, German, and Italian, and read a great deal of history, annotating as he went along. Logic, metaphysics, and, above all, political economy, likewise, attracted his attention, for his talents were as discursive as his capacity of labour was immense. His powers of conversation, also, though very peculiar, were always great. In general he harangued somewhat after the fashion of Coleridge, but controversy never came amiss to him, and he was especially brilliant when provoked to support a fallacy or maintain a paradox. How far his possession of these qualities may have helped him to the Fellow-

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ship which in 1811 he obtained, we are not prepared to say; but he was certainly not indebted for that advancement to the honours carried off in the schools; and the English prize essay, creditable to the College as it was, would not have turned the scale in his favour had it stood alone.

Whately was by nature a hard worker. He could never "rest and be thankful" himself, nor allow anybody else to rest out of whom he conceived that work ought to be got. He was, likewise, a great reformer of abuses, real and imaginary. This is conspicuously shown in the declension which his opinions underwent, from what are generally regarded as High Church dogmata to their opposites. He had no belief latterly in tradition, and very little in the doctrine of an apostolical succession, both of which had originally found favour with him. On the other hand, his faith in the great principles of Christianity never wavered. However oddly he might at times enunciate that faith, however eccentric he might be in his manner of discharging the functions of his office, Whately, from boyhood to the hour of death, remained firm in his acceptance of the fundamental principles of Christianity. For example, he looked to a life beyond the grave, solely on the grounds laid down for that inheritance in the New Testament. Unlike Lord Brougham and other philosophers whom he admired, Whately scouted the idea of the natural immortality of the soul. All the inferences which these draw from the phenomena of dreams, and the exercise of memory and imagition, went with him for nothing. He was as much convinced as they that the vital principle in man, and indeed in all animals, is immaterial: but he found, neither in that conviction nor in the speculations of Aristotle and Plato, the slightest reason for coming to the conclusion that the soul of man must necessarily be immortal. On the contrary, he filled several pages of his commonplace-book with observations which show that, in his opinion, not one of the heathen philosophers entertained or had the faintest reason for entertaining decided views on that subject; and that Aristotle in particular, to whom Lord Brougham refers as accepting a future state of reward and punishment, distinctly rejects the notion. We recommend our readers to look into this interesting little essay, which they will find in the volume entitled 'Miscellaneous Remains,' which the piety of Dr Whately's gifted daughter has induced her to publish. It will amply repay the light labour of a perusal.

Besides busying himself in the correction of College and University abuses, and indulging his natural taste for literary and philosophical composition, Whately threw himself into the work of tuition, both public and private. Besides teaching a class as one of the recognised tutors of Oriel, he read at by-hours with a select few of the more aspiring undergraduates, and helped them in the race after honours. It is characteristic of the man that he persevered in this course, not only in spite of a constitutional dislike to the occupation, but in some sort because the occupation was distasteful to him.

"It is curious to consider," he wrote in 1818, "what it is that makes public tuition such a poison to me as it *seems* to be. . . . The thing that most fatigues the mind seems to be that which is felt as a task; I mean that the latter circumstance is the cause of the former, not *vice versa*. So, at least, it is with me, who often do the same thing with pleasure when voluntary, which fags me when I am compelled to it. This, however, is the case both with private and public tuition; but the latter seems to derive its greatly superior effect from the additional *anxiety*. Every man requires to be separately watched, and requires, in some degree, a different treatment; and hardly ever will the whole of a class be going on well. So, as compared with private tuition, it is like balancing ten things at once. Besides this, there is a personal interest in each

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private pupil which, if he goes on well, is a vast lightening of labour, and which is felt in but a very weak and watery manner towards each of so many public pupils. I work from a sense of *duty;* but my affections cannot be engaged by a body corporate."

If Whately took a personal interest in each of his private pupils, a large majority of those who profited by his instructions and scholarship repaid the feeling fourfold. To the case of one of these gentlemen, recently taken away from among us, we may be permitted to allude.

The late Mr Nassau Senior, going in for his bachelor's degree, was plucked. He failed, if we recollect right, in divinity—to break down in which, as it formed the first subject on which the aspirant was then examined, rendered fruitless any amount of general learning, and insured immediate rejection. Nowise distrustful of himself, Mr Senior determined to try again at the next examination; and, in the meanwhile, looked out for a private tutor with whom to read. He called upon Whately, and expressed a wish to be received by him as a pupil. Whately, never very tender of the feelings of others, though as little delighting in the pain which he inflicted as man could well do, scarcely took the trouble to look his visitor in the face, but answered, "You were plucked, I believe. I never receive pupils unless I see reason to assume that they mean to aspire at honours." "I mean to aspire at honours," replied Senior. "You do, do you?" was the answer. "May I ask what class you intend to take?" "A first class," said Senior, coolly. Whately's brow relaxed. He seemed tickled with the idea that a lad who had been plucked in November, should propose to get into the first class in March; and he at once desired Senior to come to be coached. Never were tutor and pupil better matched. Senior read hard —went up, as he had proposed to do, into the schools in March—and came out of them with the highest honours which the examining masters could confer. Senior and Whately became fast friends at once; and to Senior, more perhaps than to Earl Grey himself, Whately was, in point of fact, indebted for his advancement to the see of Dublin. For Senior, a man of great talent—which a very silly manner and a vast amount of vanity could not mar—made himself useful to the Whigs in various ways, and was especially consulted by them in the preparation of their new Poor Law. It happened that, during an interview with Earl Grey, the latter spoke of the death of Archbishop Magee, and of the difficulty which he experienced in finding a successor for that prelate from among a body so tinctured as the more eminent of the clergy then were with Toryism. "You need not go far for a man who will fill the see with credit to you and honour to himself," said Senior. Then followed an account of Whately — of his scholarship, his reforming propensities, his acquaintance with the principles of political economy, and his Liberalism. Lord Grey listened attentively, inquired farther about Whately, and finally, in a manner most gratifying to the subject of this sketch, offered him the archbishopric. But we must not anticipate the incidents of our story.

Whately pursued the tenor of his eccentric way as fellow and tutor of Oriel from 1812 till the summer of 1822. He contracted during that interval various intimacies, some of which carried within them, from the first, the seeds of early dissolution; while others, founded on general similarity of tastes and views, promised to be, though all were not, enduring. Dr Newman, for example, a very young man when Whately and he first became acquainted, acknowledged the influence of a nature harder than his own, yet bore the yoke impatiently. Arnold and Blanco White, on the other hand (the latter a Spanish exile for conscience' sake, who fixed his residence in Oxford, and was much sought after by the

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more intellectual of the resident members of the University), took to him with all their hearts. Arnold continued on terms of the closest intimacy with Whately till his own death. It was not so with Blanco White. That unfortunate man, after going through every phase of religious belief, from the highest Anglicanism down to the depth of Unitarianism, took refuge from further doubt in total infidelity; and then, though not without a pang, Whately threw him off. What a story is his! How distressing to read, yet how full of warning and instruction, especially to the young Keble, Pusey, and others of their way of thinking. On the other hand, Whately was all along in a state of restrained antagonism. He went with them so far as to assert the natural independence of the Church upon the State, arguing only for the beneficial effect to both of a union on fair terms. But the doctrine of apostolical succession—with its necessary inference, that there is a marked difference between Churches, one of which is episcopally governed, while the other acknowledges no special episcopal order among the clergy—he received at first with considerable misgiving, and by-and-by with derision. This and his contempt for the doctrine of tradition, a feeling which he never concealed, placed between him and the founders of the Tractarian school an impassable gulf. It was not so in the case of Arnold. Arnold, as we need scarcely stop to explain, held and taught that the Church both is, and ought to be, the creature of the State; that the clergy, whether bishops or presbyters, take their proper place in society only when they feel themselves to be as much servants of the civil power as magistrates or constables; and that the idea of receiving, from the imposition of hands, any special character of sanctity, is the merest superstition. Now, no one could reject this notion more decidedly in his own way than Whately. Yet diversity of opinion on that point never interfered with the friendship between the two men, probably because both of them considered that no great principle was at issue; —that the question was one of speculative opinion, and nothing more.

Besides Newman, Arnold, Keble, Pusey, and Blanco White (the latter an outsider), Whately numbered among his contemporaries and acquaintances at Oxford, Davison, Froude, R. Wilberforce, Spencer, Hawkins, Lloyd, and Hamden. It cannot be said, however, that, with the exceptions above enumerated, he looked much into that gifted circle for the companions of his lighter hours. Already that taste began to develop itself which became a master-passion in later life. He delighted in being looked up to, and infinitely preferred to the society of giants in intellect that of persons who were willing to make his views their own. Let us not, however, be unjust to such men as Hinds, late Bishop of Norwich, Dr Fitzgerald, afterwards Bishop of Cork, Dr Dickinson, Bishop of Meath, and Dr West. They were indeed Whately's satellites, and owed to him the preferments to which they attained. But looking to the circle in which they moved, and the principles which they professed, their worst enemy, if they have one, will not deny to them the possession of great good sense, and at least a fair measure of literary and practical ability.

Whately removed to a vicarage in Suffolk in 1822, and shortly afterwards took to himself a wife. A family came fast to add to his cares, and to stimulate his industry. It was untiring. He did little for his parish, it is true. His training as a college don—liberal don as he was—disqualified him from dealing usefully with a peasant population. But he studied hard and wrote much, on a great variety of subjects. In 1822, the first year of his incumbency, he preached the Bampton Lectures, selecting for his

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subject a characteristic theme—'The Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in matters of Religion.' These were followed by essays: one series intended for the edification of rustic labourers; another, 'On the Difficulties in the Writings of St Paul, and in other parts of the New Testament.' The latter maintains, in a scholarly manner, the Arminian view of St Paul's theology, and shows, at once ingeniously and distinctly, that to the writings of the great apostle the advocates of Calvinism have no right to appeal. The work attracted considerable attention at the time, and was quoted against the author many years afterwards, with no small measure of acrimony, by the more violent of the ultra-Protestant party over whom he was called upon to preside when appointed to the see of Dublin.

Whately was out of his element as vicar of Halsworth and Chadiston. He never complained, for it was not in his nature to give utterance to complaints on any subject; but it is certain that he received with unmixed satisfaction, in 1826, the announcement that Earl Granville, then Chancellor of the University of Oxford, had nominated him to the headship of St Alban's Hall. It was the position which, above all others, he could have most desired at that time to hold. University life had become to him second nature, and he returned to it with a mind overflowing with plans for the correction of abuses and the promotion of sound learning. Whether his plans were in every instance wise as well as practical, may be doubted. But whatever Whately willed, that he laboured assiduously to bring about; and Oxford soon felt again that a reformer, and a very troublesome one, was in the midst of it.

One special object of Whately's abhorrence and contempt was the study of logic, as it was then conducted in the University. The only text-book in use was Aldridge's—a queer, quaint, and ill-arranged epitome of the Aristotelian, or rather Socratic, system of syllogistic argumentation. The new Principal of St Alban's Hall had not been many months in office before his great work, 'The Elements of Logic,' made its appearance in a separate form, with a preface which told many truths, and did not care to tell them pleasantly. 'The Elements of Logic' was accepted at the time, and may still be considered to be a work of very considerable power. It popularises a science which had been so dealt with previously in England as to deter the keenest appetite from approaching it; and it had the additional merit of inciting other, and some of them better qualified, labourers to enter upon the same field; but it met with large opposition too. Sir William Hamilton attacked it fiercely; and the 'Edinburgh Review' itself, forgetful of past obligations to the author, did him as much mischief as possible by damning his performance with faint praise. And, looking at the matter from the point of view which Sir William Hamilton took up, there is no denying that the treatise lay open to many and grave objections. Logic, as taught in Oxford then, and even as Whately explained it, bears very little resemblance to that science which Professor Jardine of Glasgow, sixty years ago, rendered at once so popular and so useful. But then the question arises, whether Jardine's system was the true system; whether the groundwork for acute reasoning must be laid in a preliminary acquaintance with the constitution of the human mind; in other words, whether, in Scotland, we have not accustomed ourselves to run two distinct subjects into one, by blending metaphysics and logic together? Be this as it may, Whately did, in the cause of his favourite treatise, what he was not much in the habit of doing when his opinions were called in question. He took the reproofs of his critics in good part, and went so far as to modify, in

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some particulars, his views by the light which their reproofs afforded.

Time passed, and the mind of Oxford, as well as of Great Britain in general, began to be agitated by questions of deeper moment than the value and right construction of a syllogism. In the struggle of parties incident upon the long peace, Toryism, as Lord Liverpool had modified it, lost ground, and new principles of foreign and domestic policy rose in public estimation. On the crest of the wave, so far as fiscal affairs were carried on by it, Whately rode. He was, without being aware of it, a disciple, in many respects, of Malthus and Bentham. He advocated Free Trade, Parliamentary Reform, and a more stringent Poor-law, long before any of these became fashionable. His opinions upon Church matters were, however, less liberal, for he believed in the reality of the Church "as a body apart and independent of the State." It was the community of sentiment which on this head he created between Dr Newman and himself, which, for a brief space, knitted the two men together. But the union could not last. Both claimed the right of thinking for themselves; both were impatient of contradiction. Whately, as the senior, took the lead; and being the best informed and clearest reasoner of the two, for a while kept it. And so long as Newman was willing to receive and reflect his master's views, his master gave him in return his undivided love and confidence. He at once appointed him Vice-Principal of the Hall over which he himself presided. But whether this brought them into too close connection, or whether already Newman's imagination was beginning to outrun the pace at which Whately's more sober judgment could travel, they grew weary of one another in a year. Newman accepted, in 1827, the tutorship of Oriel, and he and Whately parted, never again to meet on their old terms of mutual confidence and friendship.

In noticing the dispute between Dr Newman and Mr Kingsley, we said as much, in our last Number, about the commencement of the Tractarian movement as a story now so old seemed to require. We content ourselves, therefore, with stating here, that neither with the movement itself, nor with the arrangements to which it led, had Whately the slightest sympathy. His notions of the Church were quite different from the notions of Pusey, Newman, and Keble. He put away from him the idea of a Christian priesthood, and made his views known far beyond his own circle, by publishing a course of sermons which maintained that negative doctrine. Now, it was of the essence of what we must be permitted to call Tractarianism (though we by no means wish to use the expression as a term of reproach), that the Christian ministry, canonically established and handed down to us, is as much a priesthood as that which prevailed under the old law. Circumstances had indeed modified the executive functions which devolved upon the new priesthood in contradistinction to the old. The one great sacrifice once offered on the cross having fulfilled, has superseded, the offering up of bulls and of goats. But the Eucharist was thereby elevated to the rank of an oblation, which it rested with an order of men, appointed in unbroken succession from the apostles, exclusively to offer. Indeed, upon the acceptance of this truth rested the claim of the Church to be believed in as a society not at all dependent on the State, though accidentally brought into alliance with it; and sacrificing more, for the sake of maintaining the alliance, than the alliance was worth. Observing how bitter Whately's opposition to these principles was, it is not easy to believe that the 'Letters on the Church, by an Episcopalian,' of which the

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authorship was attributed to him, really proceeded from his pen. Yet he never disavowed them.

At last came the time when, for good or evil, all the old landmarks by which the Tory party had heretofore steered its course were to be removed. The death of Lord Liverpool operated like the breaking down of a sluice behind which a press of water had long accumulated; and Whately, in common with other members of the self-styled Liberal party, rejoiced in the prospect of change. He gave to Mr Canning and his Administration such support as he could, believing that the force of circumstances must carry that great man far beyond the line which he professed himself anxious to hold. Of Lord Goderich he appears to have entertained no very high opinion; but Peel won his heart by the same act which separated him for ever from his Oxford constituency, and gave the first and most fatal blow to the ascendancy of Toryism. The preparations made in the first year of the Duke of Wellington's Administration for the repeal of Catholic disabilities, were not kept altogether secret from the leaders of his own party in Oxford. Peel corresponded on the subject with Lloyd, and Lloyd communicated in confidence with others, of whom some were less reticent elsewhere than they might have been. Hence, in 1828, the petition against concession was voted and signed by a far greater number of masters and doctors than had ever before taken part in the politics of the University. On the other hand, the minority took courage, and laid themselves out to gather strength; and, by-and-by, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts brought allies to them from among that respectable class which is found in universities as well as elsewhere—waverers who, having no opinions of their own, are ready, as often as crises arrive, to sail before the wind, in whatever direction it may seem to blow. But we need not pursue this subject farther. In 1829 the Catholic Relief Bill passed; in 1830 George IV. died; in 1831 Lord Grey came into office; and in 1832, amid the fury of the Reform Bill, the great Tory party was swept aside for a season.

Meanwhile Whately was winning his way in spite of a rough, and at times a rude, exterior, into that sort of favour which makes a man be followed and courted, even by those who personally dislike him. He was received as a guest at Holland House, and gave back to the lady of the mansion, in the shape of sharp repartee, as much as he got. He became popular as a University preacher, in spite of a manner in the pulpit so grotesque as to be provocative not unfrequently of mere laughter. Whether he was aware of what he was doing when he threw his leg over the side of the tribune, and rocked to and fro like a mandarin, may be doubted. He himself has told us that he was not. "All disregard of self," he says, speaking of his manner, "is so amiable, that unconsciousness seems to be almost a virtue. In the pulpit it is quite; an ambassador from heaven has no right to be thinking of himself, or trying to be a fine man. [If this virtue were practised by our clergy in singleness of heart, how much increased would be the effect produced!] When a friend, therefore, asked me whether I did not feel nervous about preaching, I replied that *I dared not;* for nervousness implies thoughts about your own appearance, when you ought to be thinking only of your hearers." Be this as it may, the effect upon the congregations which he addressed, and not least upon that which crowded to hear him in St Mary's Church, was often distressing. Thoughtful men looked at him with a feeling not far removed from shame; the more frivolous laughed aloud; yet both classes rarely failed to go away satisfied that great truths or clever sophisms had been spoken in their hearing.

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the priests chose to tell them. One result of the national system of education has been to deliver them from the fear of being turned into rats or dogs or cats by the curse of an offended ecclesiastic. But the Protestants of Ireland could not bring themselves to regard the subject from this point of view; and almost to a man refused to co-operate in perhaps the wisest scheme which the Whigs, during their thirty years' tenure of office, have originated.* And the consequence has been, that the Roman Catholics, adopting an opposite course, worked the machine as it was handed to them, so long as their own purpose seemed to be served by it; and, having established over the public mind an influence which ought of right to have fallen to the Church, are now in a condition to force on changes of which the effects will surely be seen by-and-by.

Because of his zeal in favour of mixed education, not less than on account of his anti-Calvinistic and anti-Sabbatarian views in theology, Whately began, and almost to the end continued, his career in Dublin an object of distrust and dislike to the great body of his clergy. He would have willingly removed both feelings had it been possible to do so; indeed, he strove for a while, as well by public addresses as in the intercourse of private life, to convince these gentlemen that there can be real religion where there is no bitterness — a steady maintenance of the true faith without angry disputations. But, partly because such opinions ran counter to long-cherished prejudices—partly because in this, as in other respects, Whately's manners repelled even where he desired to conciliate—his efforts to allay angry feelings resulted in rendering them more bitter. Hence the discipline which in some measure he succeeded in establishing was one built up, not upon love, but upon terror. He kept a tolerably tight hand upon curates, whom he could silence by withdrawing from them their licences; and warned off irregular preachers when threatening to invade the diocese. But the incumbents of parishes, secure in their freeholds, set his remonstrances at defiance, and followed their own line as far as the ecclesiastical law — ill-defined everywhere, but in Ireland scarcely recognised at all —would allow.

Another great objection to Whately was, that he set his face against Protestant missions to Roman Catholics, and placed no confidence whatever in the reality of conversions effected by their means. In this respect his policy differed altogether from that of his predecessor, the learned author of perhaps the ablest book which has ever been written on the subject of the Atonement. But it does not therefore follow, as Mr Fitzpatrick would have us believe, that Archbishop Magee's policy was in his day a false policy. Probably there are not two opinions now, among thoughtful men anywhere, that avowed efforts at proselytising from one form of Christianity to another produce a great deal more of evil than of good. It was not so, however, thirty years ago; and an Archbishop of Dublin, even if he distrusted the system which he found in operation, would have taken care, had he been conversant with more than college life, not to oppose it too abruptly. But here lay one source of Whately's weakness, if we may use the expression, when speaking of a man whose strength of will was indomitable. He knew nothing of human nature, except as it is seen in the halls and colleges of Oxford, and was therefore incapable of concealing, far less of compromising, his own opinions on any subject. Hence the abruptness with which, in this and other ways, he denounced practices dear to the

* The scheme is Lord Derby's scheme. The real thorough-going Whigs can lay no claim to the merit of it.

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very hearts of the whole body of the clergy, and of which abruptness the effect could hardly be other than to widen the gulf which already lay between them.

The consequence of all this was, that Whately was thrown in Dublin, even more than he had been in Oxford, upon a small circle of somewhat sycophantish admirers for habitual intimacy and association. Not that he ever became a niggard in his hospitalities, or held back from partaking in the hospitalities of others. At the Castle and in Phœnix Park he was, on the contrary, a frequent guest; and Lord Mayor's dinners and other public feasts, were, on all necessary occasions, enlivened by his presence. His entertainments in the Palace, likewise, were frequent and liberal; but he never interchanged ideas, in the proper sense of that expression, out of his own sphere. He became, again, the object of idolatry to a clique, and had all his old habits of dogmatism strengthened and confirmed.

If Whately's difficulties were great, looking to his position as one of the heads of the Church in Ireland, they were still greater when he entered, as his position compelled him to do, into the arena of politics. His incumbency was distinguished by the rise, progress, and issue of all the most important questions which followed the passing of the Reform Bill. He witnessed the great struggle about tithes; the triumph and decline of the Repeal agitation; the efforts of the Romish party to get possession of Trinity College; and the endeavour of Sir Robert Peel to make some amends to them on their failure, by the establishment of colleges, which they contemptuously rejected. It is due to the memory of the late Archbishop to say, that the part which he played on all these occasions was honest and straightforward. His evidence before the Tithe Committee was creditable to his judgment. He recommended the course which the Government eventually adopted, and which was, perhaps, the best for the Church which, under existing circumstances, could be followed. Amid the fury of the Repeal agitation he maintained a dignified reserve; and though he appears, in reality, to have anticipated that in order to avert that misfortune the Protestant Church in Ireland must be sacrificed, he never, by word spoken or written, professed to treat this consummation as reasonable or imminent. Once, and only once, it is recorded of him that he was surprised into exclaiming—"I shall be the last Protestant Archbishop of Dublin."

The mind to which so many subjects of grave importance were daily presented, found room, while paying to them due attention, to deal with almost every trifle that floated on the surface of society. Dr Whately was a believer in mesmerism, clairvoyance, and spirit-rapping. His predilection for political economy as a branch of polite education, never waned; and he succeeded, though not without considerable difficulty and opposition, in founding a chair in the University of Dublin. His success in this as in other undertakings was certainly not owing to diplomatic fencing. Whately could never condescend to wheedle or coax men to his way of thinking. The point at which he was aiming he approached by the shortest and most direct road, and woe to the luckless individuals who endeavoured to avert his onward progress. They were pushed aside by ridicule or downright bullying. There could be no more striking proof of this than was presented by his manner of dealing with the Protestant clergy on the one hand and the Romish priesthood on the other, on the question as to whether or not, and in what form, the great truths of Christianity should be taught in the national schools. The Protestants began by requiring that the Bible should be used as a class-book; the Bible being, of course, according to their

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meaning, our English authorised version. The Romanists objected, but were willing to make use of the Douay version, provided the explanatory notes were likewise read. A third party, despairing of any other escape from the difficulty, suggested that there should be no religious instruction whatever. Whately having set these gentlemen down by pronouncing their scheme to be impracticable, proceeded to coquet with the other two parties, and proposed, half in joke, that both versions, the authorised and the Douay, should be used. He did not expect, nor desire to succeed; but he did succeed in introducing those Scriptural extracts with which all who have seen the Irish School series must be familiar. It was a clumsy expedient, we must admit, having only this to recommend it, that the master could hardly explain the meaning of each sentence as it was read, without referring, more or less fully, to the existence and power of God, and to the operations of Providence. But a great principle seemed to Whately to be established by it; and in this, as in other respects, he was more intent upon establishing what he called great principles, than upon settling the details by which important practical results might be brought about. So also he overcame, by sheer strength of will, the opposition of the authorities, and established in Trinity College a Professorship of Political Economy. He seems to have been more proud of that achievement than of almost any other of his successes—and they were numerous—in Dublin. He often referred to it, on public as well as on private occasions—and not always, it must be admitted, in the best possible taste.

The man who effected all this, who revolutionised the system of popular education in Ireland—who suggested, and mainly contributed to carry into effect, a great plan of Church reform—who snubbed his own clergy because of their over-zeal in the cause of Protestantism, and conciliated the more moderate of the Roman Catholics, even while he ridiculed their favourite dogmata—was one of the greatest jokers of his day, the most uncouth creature that ever mixed in polished society, and in many respects the strangest mixture of scepticism and credulity. He ridiculed the reputed miracles of Prince Alexander of Hohenlohe, yet gave implicit credit to the impostures of spirit-rappers and table-turners. He was glad when, without profanity, wondrous works of a higher order could be accounted for by reference to natural causes; yet he professed unqualified faith in the mysteries of clairvoyance. Of his riddles, conundrums, and puns there was no end.

Whately's oddities of manner would scarcely be believed, but that the testimony which vouches for them is irresistible. His favourite attitude when attending a meeting of the Irish Privy Council was in front of the fire, if the season happened to be winter, with his coat-tails held up; if in summer, upon a chair, which he balanced on its hind-legs, with his own legs thrown over the back of another chair. It was in reference to the former practice, and of the habits of another member, who in cold weather would occasionally wear his hat, that a wag observed, "The prelate in Council uncovers what ought to be hid, and the peer hides what ought to be uncovered." He was quite as little ceremonious in the Castle drawing-room. He has been known, while waiting there, one of a large party, till dinner should be announced, to take a pair of scissors out of a case which he carried in his pocket, and pare his nails. In the same place, and under similar circumstances, he has been seen to throw himself into an easy-chair, and, drawing another near him, to swing one of his legs over the back of it. He was a greater smoker than Dr Parr, and might often be seen by passers leaning against the pillar of

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his own door in Stephen's Green with a long clay pipe in his mouth. His powers of conversation were extraordinary. There was scarcely a subject on which he could not declaim with more or less correctness, as the following anecdote will show:—It happened on a certain occasion that some clever young men belonging to the garrison, who admired the Archbishop extremely, yet wished to lay a trap for him, agreed among themselves to get possession of the table-talk at a dinner which was to come off shortly, and to divert it into the subject of fencing. They assumed that the Archbishop could not possibly be as much at home on that matter as themselves, and counted either on his being entirely thrown out—a circumstance which would be amusing because of its rarity—or, what would be equally ludicrous, on his falling into some palpable mistake in the endeavour to keep up an established reputation. Fencing accordingly supplanted, amid a brilliant circle, all other topics; and the Archbishop, interrupted in the midst of a discussion on language, held his peace. By-and-by, however, to the great amusement of all present, he interrupted the officer who was laying down the law; and, quoting one authority after another, pronounced the theory of the speaker to be a mistaken one. A friendly argument ensued as a matter of course, which the Archbishop brought to a close by jumping up from his chair, seizing the poker, and showing how the particular thrust which had been the subject of discussion could best be parried and a counter-thrust delivered. Amid a general roar of laughter the officer confessed that the Archbishop was right, and the Archbishop enjoyed his triumph as keenly and undisguisedly as if he had been declared victor in some important strife of dialectics.

Dr Whately not only affected no state as Archbishop of Dublin, but went so far in an opposite direction as to lay himself open to the charge of affecting simplicity. His equipages were of the plainest kind, and his manner of living simple and unostentatious. He even threatened to put, and was not without difficulty restrained from putting, a coat of whitewash over the gilded cornices which ornamented the ceiling in the archiepiscopal palace. At the same time, his hospitalities were on a scale of great liberality, and his wines both varied and excellent. He was an admirable host, full of wit and fun, and intolerant of a practice not uncommon among Irish Protestants, of mixing up what is called religious conversation, in not very seemly confusion with lighter matters. A prelate of the Evangelical school happened one day to be among the guests, and, persevering in this course longer than Whately's patience could endure, was at last interrupted by the Archbishop, who asked him abruptly if he knew how the best pickled cabbage was made. The bishop answering in the negative, Whately seized his opportunity, ran off into a sort of treatise on the culture and uses of the vegetable, and put an effectual stop to the annoyance.

With few men did prejudice go farther than with Whately. His likings and dislikings were both in the extreme. Among other persons who were so unfortunate as to fall under the latter category, was the Right Hon. Alexander Macdonnell, the able and indefatigable Resident Commissioner at the central or model school in Dublin. Mr Macdonnell was one of the majority who, under circumstances to which we shall presently refer, voted for the exclusion from among the text-books of the Irish National Schools of Archbishop Whately's Scripture Lessons, as well as his treatise on the Evidences of Christianity. It was an offence which Whately could never forgive, and he took the following comically childish method of showing his anger. As often as he had occasion

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to write to Mr Macdonnell, he forgot his Christian name, and instead of addressing the letter to The Right Hon. Alexander Macdonnell, he wrote upon the envelope "——— Macdonnell, Esq."

Another individual offended him by a display of considerable self-conceit. "Sir," said the Archbishop to him one day, "you are one of the first men of the age." "Oh, my Lord," replied the professor, looking unutterable things, "you do me too much honour." "Not at all," replied Whately; "you were born, I believe, in 1801."

Whately's charities were unbounded. He gave away, during the famine year, not less than £8000; and his outlay on acts of benevolence in the course of the thirty-two years of his incumbency, did not fall short of £50,000. He was quite as much hand-and-glove, likewise, quite as familiar and as amusing, with the peasantry who worked for him, or with whom he came in contact, as with their betters. Soon after his first arrival at his country-house of Still-Organ, the hay was ripe, and a number of men were called in to mow and make it. They were resting for a moment to refresh themselves on the food which the Archbishop supplied, when Whately found them. "Are you good runners?" he said. "Yes, your honour," replied several; "we ran agin' the east wind yesterday, and bate it." "Well, now, I'll give this half-crown to the man that first touches that tree." The tree grew at the other end of the field, and the field was a wide one. Up sprang all the mowers, and the Archbishop, standing behind, gave the word, "Once, twice, thrice, and away!" Away they went, and the foremost were nearing the tree, when rapid steps were heard behind them, and a pair of long legs swept by them all. It was the Archbishop himself, who, touching the tree, turned round, and laughed immoderately, —an exercise in which, after a moment given to blank astonishment, the whole field joined; and he put the half-crown back into his own pocket.

For thirty years and more, Richard Whately led the sort of life, of which, in the preceding pages, we have endeavoured to present an epitome. He was an indefatigable reformer of abuses all the while in his own way; in his own way a most conscientious Head of an archdiocese; a severe student; a voluminous writer; no orator, certainly, either in the House of Lords or in the pulpit, but in both situations a propounder of good and wise things; in politics a Liberal, without being a Whig; and in religion honest and sound, yet intolerant of fanaticism. His contempt for outward show, especially in matters ecclesiastic, carried him at times too far. For example, it became his duty, as Bishop of the Diocese, to consecrate a fine church which, about sixteen years ago, the Government built for the use of the troops in the Royal Barracks. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge then commanded the garrison, and in order to make this ceremony as imposing as possible, the troops were paraded, and the church was crammed with soldiers. At the gate leading into the enclosure within which the church stood, his Royal Highness waited with the principal Staff officers and clergy to receive the Archbishop. By-and-by, about half an hour after the appointed time, the Archbishop's carriage drove up; but, instead of arriving in his robes, the Archbishop descended from it wrapped up in a greatcoat, and, without stopping to salute any of those who stood to do him honour, passed into the vestry. There was another pause; all present expecting that, having robed, he would come forth and proceed with the consecration. Nothing of the sort. He caused the necessary entries to be made in the registry books, which were laid on the table before him, signed them, and, turning to the senior chaplain, said, "Now your church is made a church according to law; you may dismiss the con-

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gregation." And the congregation, being detained only till the Archbishop departed as he had come, was dismissed, partly amused, partly offended, with the whole proceeding.

As long as Archbishop Murray lived, Whately's influence in the Commission of National Education was, or seemed to be, supreme. He named those books which were to be used as class-books, and wrote several of them. He gave a tone to the regulations upon which the system was to be worked. His leaning, if he had any, was in favour of the prejudices of the Roman Catholics, which he guarded against attack down to the minutest point. The consequence was that, of open opposition, the weightiest amount came for a while from the Protestant clergy. Had they but thrown themselves heart and soul into the movement, they might have guided its course to this day. They not only held aloof, however, but openly denounced the whole scheme as deliberately intended for the overthrow of Protestantism and the establishment of Popery in Ireland. On the other hand, the acquiescence of the great body of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics was, as the result has shown, hollow throughout. Partly out of deference to the wishes of Archbishop Murray, partly with the deeper design of making themselves masters of the situation, they accepted for twenty years the boon which the Government gave them, subject to an occasional growl of remonstance from Archbishop Cullen. At last Dr Murray died, and Dr Cullen becoming Romish Archbishop in his room, matters underwent a change. First a book of sacred poetry, which Whately had arranged, and in part compiled, was objected to. With miraculous unanimity, all the Roman Catholic children in all the schools of Ireland suddenly discovered that its teaching impugned the faith. Next it was found out, that to place a volume of evidences of the truth of Christianity in the hands of young people, was to suggest doubts which otherwise might never have occurred to them. And, finally, the Board determined on disusing for the future Whately's favourite treatise, his Lessons from the Bible. The Archbishop's indignation knew no bounds. He remonstrated and protested in every quarter where the faintest hope of being attended to presented itself; and at last, finding his efforts vain, withdrew from the Board. No heavier blow ever fell upon an enthusiast in the cause of good. The object for which he had laboured during all the years of his Primacy was defeated; and Whately became, as enthusiasts are apt to do when their favourite schemes go wrong, soured and despondent.

His abandonment of the Board, and the openness with which he denounced its proceedings, effected a sort of reconciliation between him and his clergy. And the setting up by some members of his family of a sort of orphanage, in which the children of Roman Catholics were received, and trained to become Protestants, led some of the more zealous of the body to speak of him as a converted man. It was a great mistake. Whately continued to the last what he had been since his arrival in Dublin—an honest believer in the impolicy, not to say the iniquity, of interfering with the religious convictions of any class of Christians. And his objection to the Board, and to the system of education which it promoted, lay entirely in this, that both had departed from the principle on which they were originally established. It may be, it probably is, true enough that wounded self-conceit gave pungency to this objection. Whately loved his own works, because they were portions of himself, and the rejection of any of them from the list of recognised text-books was an outrage which he could not bear patiently. But he was too keen-sighted not to see that his books were thrown aside, because whatever religious

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instruction they conveyed was not Romish instruction; and that the next demand of the body which had achieved this preliminary triumph, would be, either that to the priests exclusively the religious instruction of the children attending the national schools should be committed, or else that the system in Ireland should be assimilated to that in England, and separate grants of public money made to each of the great religious bodies into which the population of Ireland is divided.

The last years of Whately's life were a good deal overcast by the mortification incident to the breakdown of his favourite schemes, and by failing health. He began likewise to feel more acutely than he once did the attacks which his enemies made upon him. During the prevalence of the cholera he had delivered a charge to his clergy, which went farther than to defend them from the charge brought against them by the Romanists of neglecting their sick parishioners through fear of infection. Dr Whately, neither assenting to the statement nor denying it, laboured to prove that all comparisons between the responsibilities of Protestant clergymen and Romish priests in such a case must fail. The Roman Catholic layman is taught to believe that, however sinful his life may have been, the reception of the last sacraments of the Church, in the hour of death, will pass his soul into paradise. The Protestant is taught, whether he believe it or not, that there is no virtue in any sacrament to cleanse the guilty soul which is passing, unrepentant, into the presence of its Maker. What, therefore, is a stern duty for the priest, is not a duty for the clergyman—at the risk of catching the disease himself, and, it may be, conveying it to his wife and children. Whately was right in logic, but wrong in morals; nor did we ever hear that his charge had any effect in keeping the more earnest of the clergy away from visiting and offering such consolation as they could to the dying members of their flocks. But Dr Doyle and Dr Cullen did not fail to make the most of the Archbishop's indiscretion; and now that he was separated from them in the great work of educating the people, they took every opportunity of throwing it in his teeth.

At last the strength of his naturally strong constitution began to fail. For thirty years he had abjured the use of medicine, and when gangrene of the leg showed itself, he refused to call in the assistance of the Faculty. His remedy for every incipient illness had been abstinence and exercise; and so long as the frame retained its vigour, these served his purpose. But the old man could not throw off his coat as the young man used to do, and cleave or saw wood till he got into a violent perspiration. Even abstinence failed to be effective; and partial paralysis came on. Not even paralysis, however, could damp the Archbishop's energies. The mind was as vigorous as ever; and he compelled the feeble body to do the mind's bidding still. He went about confirming and delivering addresses to his clergy and his people, after sheer debility constrained him over and over again to sit down and rest more than once during the progress of what he was about. But not even his strong will could hold at bay the enemy which was advancing on him. In March 1863 his leg grew alarmingly worse. He refused to be treated for it, or even to give it rest. The disease gained ground, as might be expected, and he became unable to quit his bed. His bodily sufferings were very great, yet he never uttered a complaint. On the 14th of September, when his dissolution was momentarily expected, he received the sacrament of the Lord's supper, surrounded by his family; and he continued to live, with his mental faculties perfect, up to Monday the 7th of October. One of his last speeches might alone suffice to vin-

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dicate his memory from the silly charges which were, by the Evangelical clergy, brought against him in the vigour of his days. "It is a great mercy," said the Rev. T. Nelgan, who sat beside him—"it is a great mercy, my lord, that though your body be weak your intellect is vigorous still." "Don't talk to me any more," was the reply, "about intellect; there is nothing now for me except Christ."

The readers of this article can scarcely desire that we should carry it beyond the point at which we have now arrived, by presenting them with a detailed analysis of the character, moral and intellectual, of the remarkable man whose career we have been following. Enough has been stated to show that Whately was no common man. His intellect was large, his understanding untiring, his prejudices strong, his inconsistencies very striking. Never stooping to flatter others, he dearly loved flattery himself, which could scarcely be offered to him too broadly or too lavishly. A keen political economist, he was yet generous to those who stood in need. Often saying rude and harsh things, his heart was as kind as that of a woman. The greatest joker and punster of his day next to Sydney Smith, his natural disposition was tinged with melancholy. He relished the society of clever women, yet professed to hold women's judgments cheap. "They never reason," he used to say, "or if they do, they either draw correct inferences from wrong premises, or wrong inferences from correct premises; and they always poke the fire from the top." Of his literary labours it may suffice to say that they were as extensive as they were varied. Essays on all subjects—in religion, from 'The Kingdom of Christ' to 'The Origin of the Pagan Superstitions,'—sermons, lectures, charges, schoolbooks, tales, dramas, imaginary voyages, followed one another in rapid succession. The 'Elements of Logic and of Rhetoric' went through many editions. His 'Introductory Lectures on Political Economy' were four times reprinted. He edited Bacon's 'Essays,' Paley's 'Moral Philosophy,' Paley's 'Evidences,' annotating each. No subject, in fact, appeared above, none beneath, his attention. He prepared the lines which head the copy-books generally used in the Irish schools. His book of English synonyms is still extensively read; his 'Thoughts on the Sabbath' still afford ground for discussion and disputation. But more remains to be said. He never wrote a line which, though many might differ from its teaching, any one could with justice say that it was either childish or unreasonable. If Whately may not be classed among the profoundest thinkers of his day, it is past dispute that his mind never lay fallow. He was always busy, and never, in his efforts, aimed at ends which were mean or selfish. He was religious without affectation, honest and sincere, a philosopher and a buffoon, a Christian moralist and a merry-Andrew. Peace to his ashes! He deserved a better biographer than William John Fitzpatrick, J.P.

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OUR TRADE.

When Crœsus made a display of all his treasures and good fortune to Solon, the Athenian sage is said to have hastened his departure from the Lydian Court, feeling assured that such great and uninterrupted prosperity would ere long be overtaken by disaster. If Solon, or some other ancient Greek, were amongst us at present, he would probably experience a similar foreboding. The gods, in old times, were thought to be jealous of the unbroken prosperity of mortals; and it was regarded as a tempting of the gods when men thus happily circumstanced openly boasted of their good fortune. England is not only remarkably prosperous, but we all boast loudly of our prosperity. The Ministers of the Crown lead the jubilant chorus of self-congratulation. Doubtless they are desirous to make us forget the political humiliation to which England has been subjected under their rule, by extolling in an unusual manner our material prosperity. But the jubilant spirit has become infectious; and amid the lull of politics, and the stillness of the Parliamentary recess, the only voices which catch the ear are those which are uplifted in praise and admiration of the wonderful increase of our trade and commerce. As we listen, in our study, to this apotheosis of Trade, our tight little island seems to rise into the shape and proportions of a magnificent temple, thronged with busy crowds swarming out and in,—making ample use of the sanctuary, but seldom even touching their hats as they pass to the golden statue of the goddess Fortuna, which stands in the midst. There they are ceaselessly storing up the wealth that flows to them from the rest of the world. Men in strange climes, and in strange dresses, and speaking all manner of tongues, are seen preparing produce and luxuries of all kinds for the Temple, which flow thither in long streams across both land and sea. And still the work of storing goes on: gold, silver, and all precious things, the delights of life, the cream of the earth's good things, accumulate higher and higher in the chambers of the temple. And ever and anon, as the recorders announce the increasing tale, there rises a great shout from the busy throng, which sounds in our ears like that which St Paul heard of old when the people cried out with one voice, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians, whom the world worshippeth!"

It is a remarkable position which England occupies in the world. A little spot amidst the northern seas, almost invisible to the schoolboy as he seeks for it on his globe, and which inadvertently he may hide with his finger-point as he turns round the coloured sphere, the British Isles are nevertheless the heart of the world, the centre to which the thoughts and acts of men most generally tend, and to and from which the streams of material life are ever flowing. If we draw on a map the great lines of commerce, we will see what a large proportion of them converge to our shores. It was once a proverb that "all roads lead to Rome;" and England, commercially, now holds in the world at large the same predominant position which the Eternal City held in the restricted area of the Roman empire. Our country is the chief goal of the highways of commerce. Caravans, with their long strings of laden camels and horses, are ceaselessly crossing the plains and deserts of Asia,—railway-trains, drawn by the rapid fire-car, rush across Europe and America with their freight of goods,—and ships in thousands

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bring to us from all parts of the world the staple supplies of our food and industry. The sun never sets on the dominions of England: in one part or other of the globe his rays still shine on the red-cross banner of St George. But is not England herself a sun—diffusing civilisation, while adding to the material comforts of mankind? She furnishes employment to tens of millions of people in the uttermost parts of the earth. The Chinaman in his tea-plantations and mulberry-gardens—the Hindoo in his rice and cotton fields—the poor Indian miner on the Andes—the Gaucho as he follows his herds on the Pampas,—even the Negro of Africa, and the native of the far and fair islands of the Pacific—are stirred to industry and kept in comfort by the employment which we in our little island give to them. If—as has been in the æons of the Past—the British Isles were to sink slowly beneath the surrounding seas, their disappearance would be like the setting of a sun, and the world of commerce would suffer an eclipse. Why, then, should we not boast of our Trade, seeing that it not only increases our wealth, but confers benefits on mankind at large?

True, commerce does not always appear as a benefactor. With equal indifference we send forth the clothing which preserves, and the arms which destroy, life. We not only give employment, but occasion and facilitate wars. Our skill is as conspicuous in the manufacture of the enginery of war as in the fabrics and machinery of peace. True, also, we fight for markets. If a people will not accept the blessings of trade, we force them upon them at the point of the bayonet, or at the mouth of the cannon. This is indefensible—it is a reproach to civilisation—but it is natural. There is no unmixed good—but evil itself is made to develop good. The action of self-interest has been made by Providence the regulating force of human progress; and self-interest—low motive as it may seem to those who fancy they could have made the world better than its Maker has done—when rightly understood, through experience of life, ever propels us in the end towards the good. The first result of the contact of civilisation and barbarism is uniformly war. Yet slowly and surely peace is winning her triumphs. Broader and broader expands the area of commerce—wider and wider extends civilisation,—and more and more prevail the doctrines of peace and the principle of international brotherhood. The Elysian time, the golden age of the world, when there shall be universal peace, is too far off to be discernible at the present day. Wars probably will never cease out of the earth. Like the poor, they will be always with us. Nevertheless they will grow fewer and milder. The heart of the world will rest at peace, and wars will only fringe its borders—in the outlying countries not yet brought within the pale. And in effecting this happy change, the influence of commerce—the operations of self-interest—will accomplish more than all the moralising of sages or the preachings of philanthropy. Have we not felt, during this present year, how firmly the golden meshes of trade have wound themselves round the heart of the nation? Unfelt, unnoticed, in ordinary times, it is only when we raise our right arm in anger to strike that we become sensible of the golden meshes that have slowly encircled us. We are bound over to peace by chains which are not unpleasant to us. This, too, may have its bad side, but that is a question beyond our subject. Let it suffice that other nations also, our neighbours and rivals, are gradually coming into the same golden bondage, and that the more potent that bondage becomes, the less need will there be for "a policeman" in Europe.

We send forth the material com-

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forts of civilisation, and we rouse to industry and give employment to millions of human beings who would otherwise stagnate or starve. But, more valuable than all the rest, we export men also—our own countrymen. Led by the potent agency of self-interest, they invade the solitudes and attack the barbarism of the world,—peopling with a higher race the waste places, and, as conquerors or masters, leading the natives of other countries into a higher life than they could have reached of themselves. A new race has repeopled America, — a new population has grown up in Australia,—as lords of India, we are rejuvenating the effete world of the East,—a kindred destiny awaits the gigantic empire of China,—and soon Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and the African shores of the Mediterranean will likewise come under European tutelage. Where commerce goes, influence follows. And our commerce overspreads the world like a rising flood, whose outer edges indeed are gross with sand, and whose waves as they advance sweep away much and devastate not a little, but which enrich the soil and produce new and better forms of fertility, making the world more beautiful and man more happy. In the old theology of Persia, the disciples of the Good Spirit, Ormuzd, were bound to wage ceaseless war with the works of the evil Ahriman,—not only by crusading against alien religions, but by warring against all that obstructs the beauty and fertility of the earth. To keep clear and pure the watercourses, to plant fruit-trees, to extirpate weeds, to extend cultivation —these were parts of that old religion, and were regarded as not the least worthy service which man could render to his Maker. We no longer call such acts religion; yet is it not a carrying out of the beneficent work of Providence in the world—a work which is left to human hands to accomplish—which must be done by man or not at all? And thus trade and commerce have a religion of a very practical kind—invisible in and unfelt by their votaries, yet appearing in the result of their labours, and aiding most powerfully the onward progress of the world.

We are pre-eminently a trading nation, and the dry figures of the Board of Trade returns are the index of our commercial prosperity. They are the most palpable sign of our material greatness. Like the Nilometer, which has stood for ages in Egypt, recording upon its column the height of the annual inundation which regulates the prosperity of the land of Misraim, these returns show the ebb and flow of trade which regulate the profits of our merchants and the employment of our people. The ebbs shown in the returns mark the bad years, while the increase is a sure sign of present comfort and prosperity. Happily the ebbs are but occasional, while the increase in the main is steady and astonishingly great. It is marvellous to mark the increase of our trade of late years, especially from the time when the discovery of the gold-mines of California and Australia added new and immense supplies to the metallic currency of the world. We have resolved to eschew tables of figures, but in this case we make an exception. The subjoined column represents the Nilometer of the British Isles, and records upon its face the steady rise, with occasional ebbs, of the stream of trade which annually enriches our country. The exports and imports are given in round numbers, and the figures represent millions sterling :—

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OUR NILOMETER.

Year.	Exp.	TOTAL.	Imp.
1863	146½	395,470,700	249
1862	124	349,709,200	225¾
1861	125	342,600,200	217½
1860	136	346,422,100	210½
1859	130½	309,593,800	179
1858	116½	281,192,500	164½
1857	122	309,910,500	188
1856	116	288,371,100	172½
1855	95½	239,230,900	143½
1854	97	249,573,700	152
1853	99	257,210,300	158*
1852	78	218,692,300	140
1851	74½	216,745,300	142
1850	71½	200,502,700	129
1849	63½	199,741,400	136
1848	53	173,086,500	120
1847	59	175,744,300	117
1846	57¾	155,417,100	97
1845	60	173,636,400	113
1844	58½	155,540,900	97
1843	52	142,482,780	90
1842	47½	131,182,200	84
1841	51½	133,404,100	83
1840	51½	138,085,000	86

This year our exports are likely to amount to 160 millions sterling, and our imports to 280. Between 1839 and 1849 our trade increased rather more than 25 per cent; but in the next ten years, aided by the gold-discoveries, it increased 100 per cent. During the last twenty-five years our trade has trebled in amount,—the exports having risen from 52 millions to 160 millions, and our imports from 86 millions to about 280. So rapid an increase is unparalleled in the annals of commerce. The increase of our national wealth arises in the main from three different sources. It arises (1) from an increase in the produce of the soil and the rocks (of grain, animals, weaving materials, and fruits, and of coal, iron, and other metals), or from a diminution in the cost of production thereof; (2) from an increase in the amount of goods which we manufacture and export, or in a diminished cost in the manufacture of them; and (3) from a profitable investment of our spare capital in the construction of railways and suchlike enterprises abroad. The 'Economist' reckons that our annual *savings* amount to £130,000,000, and the lowest computation is £80,000,000. It is impossible to conjecture the total income of the country; but the contribution made to it by the profits on our foreign trade are rapidly on the increase. It is true, the returns of our export trade do not indicate with perfect accuracy the amount of profits arising from it. There may be over-production, causing a glut in the foreign markets, and consequently a fall of prices, and less profit to our exporting merchants. Such was the case in 1860, but, by good-luck, it was quickly righted by the sudden dearth of cotton goods which followed. It is also to be noted, that during the last two and a half years, the profits of our exporting manufacturers have not been in the same proportion to the value of goods exported as formerly. The great increase in the cost of the raw materials must be taken into account. It is only upon the manufacture of these materials that we derive a

* Previous to 1854, the official returns of the value of our Imports are of no use as showing their real value; for the scale of prices by which the official value was determined was fixed so far back as 1698, and has long ceased to represent the true value of the articles. But the official value serves to show the fluctuations in *quantity*. And as for several years after 1854, both the "official" and the "real" value of the Imports were published, we are enabled to observe the difference between these (the real value being about 2-7ths greater than the official); and by applying this ratio to the returns for the fourteen years previous to 1854, we have presented (in the prefixed table) our Imports for these years at their real value, or at least at an approximation to it sufficiently correct for our purpose.

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profit; and as the declared value of our exports includes the cost of the raw material, as well as the cost and profit of manufacture, it is obvious that when the raw material rises in price, the proportion of our profit to the total value of the goods exported will be reduced. Cotton is now fully treble the price it was in 1860; so that, although the value of exported cotton goods last year was only 10 per cent less than in 1860, the diminution in the profits of our manufacturers will greatly exceed this proportion. The *quantity* of the goods exported is a better criterion of the profits of our manufacturers than the value of the goods,—the value being largely affected by fluctuations in the cost of the raw material. It is the quantity of their manufacture (in other words, the amount of work which they get to do) that chiefly regulates the profits of the mill-owners; and, we need hardly say, it is likewise the quantity of our manufactures which indicates the amount of employment furnished to our people. Although the value of cotton exports this year promises even to exceed that of 1860, neither the profits of our manufacturers, nor the amount of employment for our operatives, will be nearly so great as they were four years ago.

Let us analyse the Board of Trade returns, and show in detail of what our traffic with foreign countries consists. The Imports are what we buy,—the Exports are what we sell. Of the 249 millions' worth of goods which we imported last year, two-fifths (103 millions) consisted of materials for our manufactures: of which amount fully one-half consisted of cotton, and rather less than one-half of wool, silk, flax and hemp, hides, oil and tallow, metals, indigo, and saltpetre. The other great branch of our imports consists of food and stimulants, or luxuries, for the subsistence of our people, and forms nearly one-third (75 millions) of our whole imports. Of this amount one-half consists of the necessaries of life—grain and flour, bacon, butter, cheese, and rice; the other half of what may be called luxuries—sugar, tea, coffee, wine and spirits, tobacco and fruit. The remaining portion of our imports consists of wood, for house and ship building and furniture, manufactured articles of dress, &c. We import twice as much cotton as corn, and twice as much corn as wool. Next, as to Exports. Of the 146½ millions' worth of goods which we sold to other countries last year, fully two-thirds (100 millions) consisted of articles manufactured by us out of foreign materials—the cotton goods alone amounting in value to 47½ millions; and less than one-third of materials of our own production (raw or manufactured), chiefly metals and coal. Cotton goods form the largest portion of our exports, and next to them metals and metal goods,—the former constituting one-third, and the latter one-fourth, of the whole of our exports. We export twice as much cotton as woollen goods, and twice as much woollen as linen. The total value of the metals and metal goods exported last year was 33 millions, but we cannot claim all this as the produce of our own materials, seeing that we imported four millions' worth of metals (chiefly copper) from other countries. It is also to be observed that while we import about 90 millions' worth of cotton, wool, silk, flax, hemp, and hides, we only export articles manufactured from these materials to an equal value: and as the value of the manufactured article may (even with the present high prices of the raw material) be stated at almost double that of the raw material, we may infer that nearly one-half of these imports are consumed in the manufacture of clothing for our own people. If this be correct, about 40 millions' worth of the textile fabrics imported are required by us for clothing. Thus, in addition to the produce of our own country, we import 75 millions' worth of food, and 40 millions' worth of the raw materials of cloth-

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ing, besides nearly 20 millions' worth of other goods, consisting of articles of dress and for household use, and wood for building and furniture:—in all, 135 millions' worth of foreign goods are consumed by us annually, simply in maintaining our present highly comfortable existence.*

The two largest items in our imports—namely, cotton and corn—are also the most variable, alike as regards quantity and price. The variations of the one are due to natural, and of the other to political causes. The state of the weather, the favourable or unfavourable nature of the season, determines whether our harvest is a good or bad one; and the difference in value between a very good and a very bad harvest is at least twenty millions sterling. In other words, in a very bad year we have to buy of our neighbours twenty millions more corn than when our harvest is decidedly good. This makes an enormous difference in the national balance-sheet. The outlay of the farmer is the same in a bad year as in a good one; the expenses of cultivation are a fixed

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* The following is a list of the chief articles imported and exported by us in 1863, arranged under descriptive heads:—

Imports.		
For Food—		
Corn & Flour,	£26,000,000	
Bacon, Butter, Cheese, .	8,800,000	
Rice, . .	1,866,000	
Sugar, .	12,367,000	
Tea, . .	10,666,000	
Coffee, .	4,155,000	
Wine, .	4,500,000	
Spirits, .	1,700,000	
Tobacco, .	3,000,000	
Fruit, .	1,562,000	
		£74,616,000
For Household Use—		
Oil and Tallow, (say) .	£4,000,000	
Paper, . .	342,000	
		4,342,000
Articles of Dress—		
Broadstuffs, Ribbons, &c.,	£5,600,000	5,600,000
For Building and Furniture—		
Wood, ...		10,760,000
For Manufactures—		
Cotton, .	£57,300,000	
Wool, . .	13,900,000	
Silk, . .	9,370,000	
Flax and Hemp,	6,150,000	
Metals, .	4,000,000	
Hides, .	2,780,000	
Indigo, .	2,400,000	
Oil and Tallow, (say) .	2,500,000	
Seeds, Flax and Linseed, .	3,370,000	
Saltpetre, .	1,100,000	
		102,870,000
For the Farm—		
Guano, .	£2,660,000	
Oilseed Cake,	660,000	
		3,320,000
		201,508,000
Articles not included, .		47,474,942
Total,		£248,982,942

Exports.		
Manufactured from Foreign Material—		
Cotton Goods of all kinds,	£47,400,000	
Woollen do.,	21,000,000	
Linen do.,	9,000,000	
Metals, (say)	8,100,000	
Haberdashery,	4,360,000	
Apparel & Slops,	2,800,000	
Silk do.,	3,000,000	
Leather do.,	2,230,000	
Jute do.,	400,000	
Hats, .	440,000	
Furniture, .	300,000	
Gunpowder,	460,000	
Sugar, refined,	500,000	
		£99,990,000
Of our own Materials—		
Iron and other Metals, Cutlery, Machinery, &c.,	£25,000,000	
Coal, . .	3,700,000	
Earthenware,	1,334,000	
Soda, .	867,000	
Glass, .	750,000	
Soap, .	250,000	
Beer, .	1,776,000	
Spirits, .	454,000	
Stationery and Paper, .	900,000	
Books, .	457,000	
Bags, .	550,000	
		36,033,000
		£136,028,000
Articles not included in this Classification, .		10,461,768
		£146,189,768

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charge, but the return depends on the skies and the weather. A fine summer is worth twenty millions in hard cash to this country, besides the many other less direct benefits which it brings. Father Sol is a very potent deity, whose favours we cannot afford to slight. His rays are a veritable shower of gold. He is fickle, it is true, though not quite so fickle as of yore; and we may hope for some slight improvement still, when by draining and planting or clearing we have rendered our Isles a more pleasant spot for him to look upon. Of late years the variations in the amount of corn imported have been unusually great. In 1859 the amount imported was not quite £18,000,000; in the two following years it rose to 31½ and 34¾ millions; in 1862 to 37¾ millions, more than double what it was in '59; last year it was £26,000,000, and this year it promises to be as much.

The variations in the import of cotton during the same years have been still more remarkable. Indeed the changes connected with the late cotton crisis are the most astounding of their kind that could well be imagined. A civil war in America suddenly sealed up the region from which we derived five-sixths of our supply of cotton; by far the most important branch of our manufacturing industry was smitten with paralysis; a large portion of the clothing of mankind became suddenly very scarce and dear; and a great alteration took place in the channels of commerce. The old cotton fields being blocked up, new areas of cultivation were opened. Instead of drawing our supplies from, and sending our money to, the West, we have been drawing our cotton from, and sending our money to, the East. India, Egypt, and Turkey are now fertilised by the golden stream which previously poured into the United States. We need not speak of the manner in which the great calamity of the cotton famine has been borne by this country. We need not describe the admirable patience of the suffering operatives, nor the magnificent charity displayed by the nation at large on their behalf. But it may truly be said that the manner in which the calamity has been met and surmounted has astonished even ourselves. A branch of industry which employs half-a-million of operatives, and whose products constitute one-third of our export trade, was suddenly paralysed; yet the general prosperity of the country hardly experienced a check, and already our export trade is rushing ahead again at its former rate of increase. Let any one study the following brief statistics of our cotton trade during the last four years, and he will discern how vast have been the changes produced by the blockade of the American ports:—

	1860.	1861.	1862.	1863.
Quantity imported, cwts.,	12,419,096	11,223,078	4,678,333	5,973,422
Price,	£35,756,889	£38,453,398	£31,093,045	£56,277,953
From United States,	£30,069,306	£26,570,399	£1,221,277	£644,138
From other countries,	5,687,583	12,082,999	29,871,768	55,633,815

The startling change in the channels of commerce is here visible at a glance. In 1860, the United States sent us five-sixths of our supply of cotton, and now they send us next to none—only one-sixtieth of their former amount. On the other hand, the rest of the world has increased its rate of supply tenfold—sending us 55½ millions worth of cotton, in place of the 5½ which it sent in 1860. Another change which is strikingly shown in the above figures is that of price. Although the quantity of cotton imported fell from 12½ million cwts. in 1860 to only 4½ in 1862, the price which we paid for cotton in the latter year was almost as great as in the former. And last year, although the quantity imported was less than one-half what we

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imported in 1860, we paid upwards of one-half more for it! So enormous has been the increase in the price of cotton, caused by the dearth on the one hand, and on the other by the general prosperity of the nations, which seems* to admit of their buying cotton clothing freely, even at unusually high prices. In truth, it must be allowed that some circumstances connected with the late cotton crisis have sufficed greatly to moderate its bad effects. In 1860 and beginning of '61, the Southern States, seeing a blockade approaching, hurried up every bale of cotton which they had on hand; this enormous amount was as speedily worked up by our manufacturers; and the consequence was, that a great glut ensued in the markets of the world.† In ordinary circumstances this glut would have produced a severe crisis in our cotton trade, and extensive failures would certainly have occurred. But, as events turned out, the over-production of 1860 proved a fortunate thing for our manufactures; for a considerable portion of the goods manufactured at low prices in that year, afterwards sold at very high prices in 1862-63. The cotton trade is still in a transition state, and fresh changes will assuredly take place as soon as peace is re-established in the United States; but these changes will be on the side of plenty; and however injurious they may perhaps be to India and the other cotton fields recently opened, they cannot fail to be highly advantageous to this country. This at least ought to be the result. But it behoves our manufacturers to bear in mind that a comparatively small amount of production when prices are at their present exorbitant height will produce a glut as certainly as a much larger production will do in ordinary times. An amount of production which may be healthy when prices are low, becomes altogether excessive if carried on when prices are high. In 1860-61 the glut was caused by cotton goods being too plentiful; but, let it be remembered, a similar glut may be produced simply from the goods being too dear. In 1860-61, the quantity of goods manufactured was greater than people required,—now, we fear, the price of the goods is greater than our customers at large can afford to pay. The proper remedy for this, we think, ought to be sought not in a diminution of production, but in a determined stand on the part of the manufacturers against the present exorbitant prices charged for raw cotton, which are quite unjustified by the real requirements and prospects of the trade.

Let us now see the kind of produce which each country sends us, and the commodities which each takes from us. China sends raw silk and tea; India sends cotton, indigo, and rice. We get our spices from the Philippine Islands, and almost all our coffee from Ceylon. We get a portion of our cotton from Egypt; hides chiefly from the Pampas of Buenos Ayres; wool chiefly from Australia and the Cape; wood from the northern countries of America and Europe; flax and tallow from Russia; corn chiefly from the United States and Russia; and the precious metals from Australia, California, Mexico, and the Andes of Peru. Of our exports, we send beer to India and Australia; coal to many places to supply coaling-stations for steam-vessels, but chiefly to France. We send cotton-yarn for manufacture to India, Holland, and Germany; and cotton piece-goods to India and China, Turkey, Egypt, the United States, and Brazil. Our

* We say "seems," because the Eastern markets are still heavy; and although the old cheap stocks of 1860-61 have been cleared off, we think it doubtful how far the new and dear stocks will be taken into general consumption.

† The exports of cotton goods from this country during the last seven years have been, in round numbers, as follows:

1857.	1858.	1859.	1860.	1861.	1862.	1863.
£39,000,000	£43,000,000	£48,000,000	£51,960,000	£46,600,000	£36,134,000	£47,000,000.

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hardwares and cutlery go chiefly to Australia, India, and the United States; and our woollen and worsted goods to the United States, India and China, Germany, British North America, and Australia. The material of war—cannon, rifles, and gunpowder—we send to any country which, unhappily for itself, may stand in need of them.

As the amount of our imports shows, we are good customers to the world at large. Having seen the kind of goods which each country takes from or sends to us, let us indicate the countries with which the greatest amount of our trade is carried on. Of the 249 millions' worth of goods which we imported last year, 84½ came from our own possessions (*i.e.*, our colonies and India; from France, 24; United States, 19½; Egypt, 16½; Germany, 13½; China, 13; Russia, 12½. Thus our own possessions send us fully one-third of our imports; France, the United States, Egypt, Germany, and China, send rather more than another third; and of the remaining 77½ millions, Russia and Holland send us fully 27 per cent. Arabia and Persia figure lowest in the list. In 1862, Persia sent us £5 worth of goods, Arabia nothing; in 1863 Arabia sent us £2 worth of goods, and Persia nothing. Japan sends a million.

The same countries which sell to us the greatest amount of goods are also (though not quite in the same order) those which buy from us the most. Of the 146 millions of our exports last year, our own possessions purchased 51 millions' worth; the United States, 15; Germany, 13½; France, 8⅞; Turkey (exclusive of Egypt), nearly 7; and Holland, 6½. Arabia and Persia again figure lowest in the list; in some years taking nothing at all, in others a thousand pounds or so—less than the amount of goods sent to our consuls and embassy. These two countries, doubtless, take very little from us; but the infinitesimal appearance which they make in the Board of Trade returns is greatly owing to their want of good and accessible seaports, in consequence of which the goods which they take from us are conveyed to them overland, and figure in the imports of other countries. Our own possessions, it will be seen, are as good customers to us in the buying as in the selling. They take from us fully one-third of our exports; the United States, Germany, France, Turkey, and Holland take another third; and the remaining third is taken in various proportions by the other countries of the world. These facts bring out in a very clear light the importance to us of our colonies and possessions. The whole cost of our colonies to the British exchequer is barely three and a quarter millions sterling, of which sum about a million is absorbed by our military stations of Malta and Gibraltar; while India costs us nothing at all, and, moreover, furnishes a profitable sphere of action for our adventurous youth, who in due time bring home with them their gains. India at present buys annually 20 millions' worth of goods from us, and Australia 12½.

We are the great carriers of the world. Thirty thousand ships sailing under the flag, or bearing the cargoes of England, says Mr Cobden, are ever on the seas, going and coming from all parts of the globe. The once solitary and unnavigated surface of ocean is now whitened with the sails and tossed by the paddles of countless vessels. Not promiscuously do these white-winged ships dot the expanse of ocean, but following and crossing and meeting one another on regular highways, which men have found, not made, on the deep. We make roads with vast labour on land,—we find them made for us at sea, in the great currents which wind through the deep, and the steady-blowing winds which traverse in similar fashion the realms of air. From the Thames, the Mersey, the Tyne, the Humber, and the Clyde, argosies and commercial armadas are ever leaving, and jostle in our es-

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tuaries with similar squadrons making to port.* The shores of these estuaries, lined with miles of docks and building-yards, ring with the clang of hammers; and vast ribs of wood and iron, curving upwards from still vaster keels, show where leviathan vessels are being got ready for their adventurous career. As we watch the launch of these vessels,—still more as we see them setting off, with full-spread sails or smoking funnels, for all parts of the world—to China or the Cape, to the St Lawrence or La Plata, to the North Sea or the Mexican Gulf, or to double the wintry promontory of Cape Horn on their way to the guano islands of Peru or the golden shores of California,—we think of icebergs and sunken reefs, of typhoons and tornadoes, as well as of fair winds and sunny seas. All the year round, a ceaseless stream of ocean-traffic is flowing to and from our shores. Last year 90,310 vessels with cargoes entered or left our ports, carrying on the foreign trade of the country.† Of this shipping, British and colonial vessels exceeded the foreign in number by one-fourth, and in tonnage (our ships being a half larger) by nearly two to one.

In regard to the amount of British shipping, we find accurate information in the official register. In the home‡ trade, employed on our coasts in conveying goods and passengers from port to port, we have 11,000 sailing vessels, averaging 75 tons burden each, and employing 40,000 men; besides 450 steam-vessels, averaging 240 tons burden each, and employing 7000 men. Engaged partly in home and partly in foreign trade, we have 1500 sailing vessels, averaging 160 tons each, and employing 10,000 men; besides 90 steamers, averaging 330 tons burden, and employing 1700 men. In the purely foreign trade we have upwards of 7000 sailing vessels, averaging 430 tons each, and employing 100,000 men; also upwards of 500 steamships, of the average burden of 645 tons, and employing 20,000 men. Thus, in our home and foreign trade, taken together, we have fully 20,000 ships, with a tonnage of 4½ millions, and employing 175,000 men. Both classes of our ships, both steam and sailing, are regularly increasing in numbers, but much the greater ratio of increase is in the number of steamers. In both kinds of vessels, too, there is a steady increase in size. Comparing the present amount of our shipping with what it was in 1850, we find that we have eleven per cent more ships, forty-four per cent more tonnage, and fifteen per cent more men. Moreover, a great economy has of late been effected in the working of the vessels. Since 1850, there has been a reduction of one-fifth in the number of men required for a certain amount of tonnage; so that our 175,000 seamen now work an amount of shipping which would have required 220,000 men in 1850.

The last feature of our trade which remains to be noticed is the traffic in the precious metals. It is a curious, and at first sight a puzzling one. It is so, at least, to those who fancy that the receipt or export of the precious metals is an indication of a country's gains or losses. Gold and silver in large quantities are constantly pouring into this country, and flying off again. The native

* The amount of the export trade from the twelve chief ports of the United Kingdom in 1862 was as follows:—Liverpool, £50,297,135; London, £31,523,812; Hull, £11,916,375; Glasgow and Greenock, £6,096,228; Southampton, £3,379,503; Newcastle, £1,968,118; Leith, 1,298,099; Bristol, £298,260; Cork, £132,130; Dublin, £48,777; Belfast, £4188.

† This statement shows clearly the vast amount of shipping employed in our trade; but it is not a guide to the number of separate ships employed—seeing that many of them make double or treble voyages, and are entered anew each time.

‡ The "home trade" includes our own coasts, together with the ports between Brest and the mouth of the Elbe.

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countries of the precious metals, Australia, Mexico, and California (through the United States), send us a large portion of their annual produce; and we send it off again, chiefly to Turkey, Egypt, and India. There is also a constant flux and reflux of the precious metals between England and the other countries of Europe, especially between this country and France. During the last five years we got 18 millions of gold and silver from France, and we sent thither nearly 40 millions. But of the balance of 22 millions thus apparently acquired by France, a considerable portion simply took its way through that country, *viâ* Marseilles, to the East. No less than 140½ millions sterling of the precious metals were imported into England during the last five years, and 138 millions were exported; so that of the enormous quantity which we received, only two and a half millions remained with us. How was this? What became of the 138 millions which no sooner reached our shores than it went off again? We made the best possible use of it. We sent it abroad chiefly to purchase materials for our industry; and the goods manufactured from these materials we in turn sent abroad, selling them to other countries. Thus we send away our gold in order that we may make a profit on the materials which the gold purchases. It is a fair exchange. The foreign country gets the value of its goods in gold, and we get the value of our gold in goods. But these goods, by being manufactured and re-exported, not only give employment to our people, but enable us to make a profit which we could not do by keeping the gold.

There are some countries which export more goods and less bullion than they import; and there is another class of countries which regularly export less goods and more bullion than they import. India is an example of the one class,—the gold and silver-producing countries, Australia, California, and Mexico, of the other. The goods which we get from the former are taken by the latter; the bullion which we get from the latter is taken by the former. Each exports what it can best spare; and, dealing with both, we pay the one by sending to it the produce of the other. A drain of gold upon any country may be occasioned simply by a change in the channels of trade. For example, as long as we drew our cotton supplies from the United States, gold was hardly needed in the trade, because the United States took from us other goods of equal value; whereas now, when we get our cotton from India, Egypt, and other countries which take less goods from us than we buy from them, we have to pay away a very large amount of bullion every year. Yet there is not a loss in the one case any more than in the other. The influx or efflux of bullion is no sign of a country's gain or loss. Australia is constantly sending away her gold, and is growing rich by the process. Her whole prosperity depends on her parting with the gold: it would be the worst evil that could befall her if she were compelled to keep it. The 'Economist,' as we have said, reckons the annual savings of the United Kingdom at the astounding sum of £130,000,000. What is there in the flow of bullion to show for this? In one year (if the 'Economist' be correct) the capital of the country increases by a sum which is nearly equal to the whole amount of the precious metals which came to our shores during the last five years,—yet of that amount all that remained with us was only two millions and a half! If the import and accumulation of the precious metals were a test of national progress in wealth, then India should be making greater gains every year than England and all Europe put together. The ebb and flow of the precious metals, therefore, is no indication whatever of the amount of a nation's gains or losses. It is an event which indicates nothing but itself,—namely, that payments in bullion are being

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made: and nothing can be predicated therefrom as to the relative condition of the sender or receiver.

An influx of bullion may be equally a sign of gain and a sign of indebtedness. Suppose the Government of any country—say Russia—raises a foreign loan of ten or twenty millions; then to that extent, or nearly so, the precious metals are drawn from other countries and poured into Russia. Is that any sign that Russia is increasing in wealth, or that the balance of *trade* is in her favour? No, certainly: it is a sign of neither of these things. The indebtedness of Russia is only increased thereby. Or again, of the immense savings which we make annually, suppose our capitalists resolve to devote ten or twenty millions sterling to the construction of railways, or suchlike enterprises, in foreign countries, which will yield a good profit. Thereupon the precious metals leave our shores in great quantity; but are we losers thereby? Would the money be sent abroad if it were not to get larger profits than the senders can get at home?—and does not the annual interest, or dividends, on the sums thus invested abroad come back to us regularly, to increase the profits or income of our people? Finally, the coming and going of the precious metals may be a sign neither of gain nor of loss, but simply of the amount of trade which a country is carrying on. The precious metals pass through this country as through a sieve; and the immense quantities that thus come and go are simply one of the consequences of our extensive trade. To a large extent our merchants act as intermediaries between countries which have little commercial relation with one another. For example, Australian and Mexican merchants order goods from China or India, between which countries and their own there is little or no direct trade, and consequently no bills of exchange in which payment can be made; moreover, gold is not money in China, and hardly yet is it a legal tender in India. Therefore these Australian and Mexican merchants give the China or Indian exporters bills upon some well-known firm in London, and send bullion to London to meet these bills when due. The exporters on their part at once get these bills discounted at their banks in Calcutta or Shanghai, where the produce is placed to their account; and the bills themselves are sent by post to London to the parties on whom they are drawn, and who thereupon have to make payment. Now, as these bills on London are always in excess of our bills on India and China, the balance has to be sent out in the precious metals: and thus the bullion which comes to us from the gold and silver producing countries for the most part simply rests here as at an entrepôt, and is quickly sent off to the East. Only, the gold must first be exchanged for silver in Europe, as it is silver only that is current money in India and China. It is only in making such payments that the precious metals are of any use to trade. Their use is to effect purchases or payments which cannot be accomplished by the ordinary means of bills of exchange. In such cases only are the precious metals needed. Indeed, the use of the precious metals is even more restricted than this. When there is a want of bills of exchange, goods may be sent abroad instead alike of bills and of gold. These goods are then sold in the foreign market, and with the proceeds the English merchant pays his foreign creditor, without a single sovereign having left this country. Instead of sending specie from this country, he buys it abroad with goods,—paying his creditor out of the stock of specie held in the creditor's own country. Gold is sent abroad only when it suits the interests of the sender to do so. Hence, to place restrictions on the export of gold, is simply to compel our traders to send goods at a bad bargain when they could

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send gold at a good one. It is an interference with the liberty of trade. It is an antiquated system, and yet it is the principle which underlies almost all the operations of the Bank of England. For example, in November, the Bank refused to discount the bills of cotton merchants simply because the proceeds of these bills were meant to be sent abroad in the shape of specie.

The movements of gold are like those of a cheque which is never cancelled. The man to whom gold is paid can make no profit by keeping; he passes it on to another, who for the same reason acts likewise, and so on,—the gold sufficing to make payments, as a cheque does, and, like a cheque, having no other use. If a man pays another with a bill of exchange, the receiver may keep it for several months,—for it is equivalent to an interest-bearing security; but no one keeps gold or cheques, for they are sterile. Gold is profitless unless it circulate: to circulate is its grand use and its normal habit. And as it circulates, flitting from country to country, making payments or purchases, and circling back again, a momentary ebb of the precious metal may occur in one country while a plethora is produced in another. But this is merely transitory—a state of unstable equilibrium which is over in a few weeks' time. Why, then, should these temporary ebbs of gold put us in a flutter? And yet, when they occur, we actually allow them to shake down our whole fabrics of trade and industry.

Any merchant can get these precious metals, whether for export or import, in the same way as he gets cotton or iron. He may order gold from Australia just as he orders cotton from India. Or, with less trouble, he can buy bills on any place he likes, and order the proceeds of the bills to be sent home to him in specie: and he will only have to pay freightage on this specie the same as he pays it on other commodities. So much elaborate nonsense is talked on this subject and on "the exchanges" that one is apt to think that the precious metals ought to be styled the "mysterious metals." Yet there is no mystery either in their influence or their movements. They can be dealt in like other commodities—bought and sold in the same way as sugar, soap, or tea.

The statistics of our trade which have now been passed in review, exhibit, in a startling manner, our dependence upon other countries. We are dependent upon them alike for food, for clothing, and for employment. Our dependence for clothing may seem a small matter, though it is not; but our dependence for food and employment is unquestionably a very serious affair. If Mr Caird is right in estimating the consumption of our people at twenty million quarters of wheat, then, during the last four years (when the average annual importation has exceeded twelve million quarters) eighteen millions of our population—three-fifths of the nation—have been dependent for grain-food upon foreign countries. But even taking the most favourable estimate that can be formed, it appears, on the average of years, that not less than one-third of our population is dependent upon grain-supplies from abroad.* This is irrespective of the nine millions'

* As, unfortunately, there are no agricultural returns for England and Scotland, a reasonable conjecture is the only approximation to correctness which can be made in estimating the amount of wheat consumed by our people. Twenty years ago it was assumed that, on an average, one quarter of wheat was consumed per head. This would give a total consumption of 30 million quarters. Mr Caird estimates it at only two-thirds of that amount. The truth may lie between these different estimates. There can be no doubt that wheat bread is more in use by the lower classes than it formerly was; the consumption of wheat in manufactures in the

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worth of animal food which we import, and two millions' worth of rice—necessaries of life; and, over and above, there are thirty-six millions' worth of sugar, tea, coffee, wines, &c.—which were luxuries in former times, but which have now become part of the ordinary diet of the people. Next, as to our dependence upon other countries for employment. We annually import about 120 millions' worth of materials, the working up of which, in factories or other workshops, gives employment to probably a million and a half of operatives, many of whom have families dependent on them. This is a startling picture, but it has two sides. In one aspect, it is the greatest eulogy which could be pronounced upon our enterprise and greatness. Our little islands no longer suffice for us. Our energies have far overpassed their limits. There is room for us to live and work here—that is all. These islands are our house and garden, but our farm is detached. Or rather, we have no farm of our own, but draw our supplies from the farms of all our neighbours. We live upon the world. We have made so much money by generations of industry, and we employ our capital so well in trade and in other profitable investments abroad, that we can command supplies of all we want from all parts of the world. On the other hand, what would be the consequences of a blockade? Would it not wither us up at once, as if the national life had been smitten with paralysis? Would not our greatness fare like Jonah's gourd, which perished in a night by the gnawing of a little worm? We say these things not in alarm or despondency. But it is well that a consideration of these things should incite us to renewed zeal in projects which are at present too little regarded. England, if she preserve her greatness, must always be dependent upon other countries; and, so far as regards trade and employment, that dependence must continue to increase. But at least let us strive to lessen our dependence upon foreign countries for food. Large tracts of ground, now lying waste, may yet be cultivated. Even between London and Southampton, in the finest part of England, there are wide expanses of level moorland, such as in the lowlands of Scotland would quickly be brought into profitable cultivation. The waste of our sewage, which is a disgrace to our civilisation, will ere long, we trust, give place to an economy which will work wonders, and make many a blade of corn grow where none ever grew before. The steam-plough, also, will do something, partly by lessening the cost of working the soil, but still more by working it deeper than is possible with horses. Finally, we ought to take measures to stock all our rivers and lakes amply with fish. A very large portion of the food of China consists of fresh-water fish,—yet in this country it is as rare as if it were a costly luxury, and by millions of our people is not tasted once in the year. Let us hope, then, that the future—among the other good things it may have in store—will see the sewage of our great towns, instead of being wasted in poisoning our rivers, applied in fertilising streams to the soil,—the steam-plough in general use,—our level waste-lands reclaimed,—our lakes and rivers amply stocked with fish,—and the luxury of oyster-beds plentifully established on our coasts. Such measures are called for by the necessities of our position. They are urgently needed to lessen, or at least to arrest the progress of, our perilous dependence upon other countries for food—a dependence which every year is increasing, and which, if the proper measures be not taken, must continue to increase

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form of starch must likewise have largely increased: and looking to these facts, as well as to the enormous quantity of wheat now annually imported into this country, we cannot but think that Mr Caird's estimate is too low.

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with the spread of luxury and the growth of the population.

These are considerations for the Government and for the general community. All that our trading classes have to think of is to extend their operations, and to do so in as profitable a manner as they can. But they have apprehensions of their own—perils which primarily affect themselves, although the whole community ultimately suffers along with them. The present year has been commercially prosperous almost beyond example: yet shadows, as if of coming calamity, have ever and anon flitted across the sunny scene, and ever and anon our commercial classes have been filled with forebodings. The City of Gold has been troubled. In Tennysonian phrase, "its dreams are bad." The ease with which evil reports find currency is symptomatic of the prevailing nervousness. Only a week or two ago —in the beginning of September— there was a panic on 'Change. The failure of several extensive firms was said to be impending, and the money market was seriously affected. The alarming report was without foundation; in part, at least, it is believed to have been set afloat by some unscrupulous jobbers who were "bearing" the market. But the panic which occurred serves to show that the trading community is by no means at its ease. Evil which all men expect, says the proverb, never comes,—all men being on the alert to prevent it. Let us hope that such will be the issue in the present case. But at the same time let us see what are the dangers to which our trade is exposed.

It is a common saying, in some quarters, that the commercial classes in this country go mad every ten years. The great crisis of 1825 was followed by the minor crises of 1837 and '39, these by the crisis of 1847, and that in turn by the grand crash in 1857. Periodical insanity is alleged to be the cause of these calamities. An ever-recurring mania for over-trading is believed to seize upon the commercial classes, and hurry them into ruin. This is a very bold assumption. A theory which supposes insanity on the part of the shrewdest and most practical portion of the community certainly lacks, *a priori*, the air of probability. That, to the parties who hold this theory, our commercial classes seem to perform acts of insanity periodically, may be true; but may not the appearance of insanity arise from the acts being viewed through a wrong medium? Suppose a person, walking up and down in front of our windows, always as he passed a particular pane of glass appeared to us to be grimacing; would it not be sane on our part, before questioning his sanity, to look whether there were not a flaw in the glass, which made him appear to be grimacing, when in truth he was walking as soberly as usual? The first question, then, which naturally suggests itself is, Is it the fact that the commercial classes of the United Kingdom do actually, and in a manner suicidal for themselves, go mad every ten years?—or is there not something, in the circumstances of the country, which at certain periods gives to their operations a semblance of recklessness, when in reality they have no such character? Before charging the whole commercial and manufacturing classes with fits of insanity in over-trading, we think it right to ascertain whether there be not some element in the case which their libellers have overlooked, and a consideration of which may place their conduct in a very different light.

"Over-trading" is a charge of recent date. The crisis of 1857 was the first occasion on which it was heard. Previous to that, another cry had been in vogue to account for the recurrence of commercial crises. They were attributed to "over-issues." That was the current theory from the beginning of the century down to 1844. Even in 1847 the old cry was heard in certain quarters, and the Bank

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was blamed for not having "contracted its issues"—*i.e.*, reduced the amount of its notes in circulation. But that was the last of it. The theory would not hold water, and it was abandoned. Facts were too strong for it, and it became exploded. Judging by the light of subsequent experience, it seems marvellous that the theory kept its ground so long. From the time of the Bullion Committee downwards, "over-issues" was the bugbear which constantly haunted the imagination of our currency-doctors, and influenced all our legislation on monetary affairs. Notably, it was the cause of the Bank Acts of 1844-5. The increase of the circulation by a million sterling or so was thought capable of producing the most momentous consequences. It "depreciated" the currency, and was the parent of our recurrent monetary crises. The upholders of the theory, it is true, never condescended to establish it by a reference to facts. They never demonstrated that in any case the currency was depreciated, nor did they show how such depreciation operated in producing our monetary crises. They could not with reason maintain that the convertibility or value of our notes was impaired,—for after the Act of 1819, every one who mistrusted the notes could take them to the Bank and get gold for them; and it is absurd to suppose that the public, with this option open to them, would keep the notes in circulation if they did not maintain their full value in relation to gold. But "over-issues" was the cry of the day; a depreciation of the currency was believed to follow every little increase in the Bank's circulation, and to occasion all our embarrassments. The difficulty is to imagine how such a theory ever originated. What are we to think of it now, when, with an addition of 300 millions sterling of the precious metals to the world's currency, it is still doubted by many authorities whether there has been any depreciation of the value of money at all? Certainly, so far as regards the value of money on loan, instead of depreciation, there has been a most notable increase.

After the passing of the Act of 1844 these much-dreaded over-issues were held to be no longer possible. Moreover, attention having been given to the subject, it by-and-by came to be seen that the importance which had been attached to fluctuations in the amount of the Bank's circulation was quite groundless. The old cry was abandoned before 1857, and no one dreamt of reviving it when the great monetary crisis of that year occurred. But if the Bank Act had rendered our monetary system perfect, what explanation was to be given of this new calamity? Then it was that the theory of "over-trading" was propounded, and it has become as current as the cry of "over-issues" used to be. The old cry has become exploded,—has the new one any better basis of support? It does not matter with what parties the cry originated—we need not speculate whether it was the result of an honest belief, or whether it was adopted as a convenient means of shielding from scrutiny our present currency-laws. All that we have to concern ourselves with is, Is it true?

What has been may, and, if not guarded against, will occur again. If over-trading were the cause of the terrible calamity of 1857, the more fully the fact is investigated and exposed the better. If it were not, then the sooner we disabuse ourselves of the idea, the sooner we shall be in a position to discover the real cause of our commercial disasters. We must get off the wrong scent before we can find the right one. The question is of momentous importance to the welfare of our trade, and should be put beyond the influence of haphazard conjectures. In so matter-of-fact a department as trade and commerce, it behoves one to eschew mere assertions and vague generalities. In commercial matters, above all things,

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let us have precision. Now, if over-trading were the cause of the disasters of 1857, what was the amount of it, and when did it begin? In the summer of that year—as every one will remember who gives attention to commercial subjects—all parties were agreed as to the soundness and prosperous condition of our trade; and not a whisper was heard of credit being overstrained to support it. Not only the mercantile classes, but our most cool and observant economists held and expressed this opinion. How was it, then, that the trade which was not felt to be excessive in the summer, broke down so utterly at the end of autumn? How was it that the credit-system of the country, which supported that trade buoyantly and prosperously in July and August, proved utterly unable to sustain it in November? Manifestly, in that short interval, there must have been a great change: either Trade must have experienced a great expansion, or Credit must have become suddenly enfeebled. Which of these things was it which happened? In the altered relations between Trade and Credit, which caused trading to become or appear over-trading, was it on the side of Trade or on the side of Credit that the alteration took place? In the brief period that intervened between the height of our prosperity and the depth of our adversity, was it Trade that extended itself, or Credit that became crippled?

The storm came upon us from America: but when it was seen raging on the other side of the Atlantic, the journals which are the most observant critics of commercial affairs — the 'Times' and the 'Economist'—were unhesitating in their assertions that a similar disaster would not extend to this country, so firm and healthy was the condition of our trade. So late as the 7th November, after several large failures had occurred — including the exceptionally bad ones of Macdonald and Monteith in Glasgow—the 'Economist' continued to reiterate unhesitatingly its testimony to the sound and prosperous character of British trade. "That this country is intrinsically better off, as regards its obligations and financial position," it said, "there can be no doubt." In another editorial article in the same number upon our Imports, it was remarked, that "one of the great sources of loss which have attended former periods of commercial pressure, has been the large accumulation of foreign products in our warehouses—the consequence of extensive and improvident importations, stimulated by high prices, and the necessary reaction which took place at such times;" but that "this cannot be said, at the present time, of any of the chief raw materials, if we except the single one of silk." Again, in a leader upon our Exports, in the same number, the editor put and answered the following decisive questions:—"Is there any evidence that the export trade of this country during the last year has been of a forced character? Has there been any glut in the home market, either of raw materials or of manufactured goods, which could have led to such a trade? Has there not, on the contrary, been a great scarcity of raw materials and a continually rising price, caused by an extending demand? The mere fact that failures have taken place in the United States, which have led to heavy losses in this country, in no way affects the general argument—unless it can be shown that those failures have been caused by losses directly resulting from the imports from this country. *No such proof exists.* On the contrary," &c. And in the same article, as if the real soundness of our trade could not be too often or too explicitly stated, it was said:—"Unlike the crisis of 1847, we have in the present year, in common with all Europe and the United States, instead of scarcity and famine, one of the most abundant harvests ever known; and, unlike the crisis of 1847, when we had obligations to the extent of more than £150,000,000 in the shape of railway-calls im-

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pending over the country, our commercial classes are now more free from such demands upon their resources than they have been for many years."

These are weighty statements. Here is a writer—a recognised authority—carefully considering the whole subject, and speaking with all the official returns and private trade-circulars before him. Here is a man who, in the presence of a great danger, anxiously scans all parts of our position, to see if there are any weak points, and can find none. Again and again, the 'Times' expressed a similar opinion. For example, on the 9th October, when the Bank began to raise the rate of discount, the leading journal in its City article remarked: "As regards the broad trade of the empire, it is impossible to discern the cause of fear. Month by month our commercial payments increase in magnitude, and yet are met with a punctuality never surpassed. All the leading bankers will testify that thus far there is an absence even of those premonitory symptoms which invariably warn *them* of the possibility of a coming struggle, long before the community at large have become awakened to it. Hence the belief may be confidently indulged that, although with our universally diffused transactions we must necessarily participate in every shock that occurs elsewhere, our commercial prosperity is destined still to continue a marvel to the world." The 'Times' and 'Economist' were right in these statements as to the soundness of our trade. What, then, caused their anticipations to be so lamentably falsified by the issue? Instead of remaining "a marvel to the world," what caused our trade to break down utterly, covering the country with wrecks and misery? The 'Times' and 'Economist' erred in their calculations simply because they looked only to the state of trade, and overlooked the effect which the American panic would produce upon our monetary system. It was the failure of the latter which occasioned the failure of the former. The cause of the crisis of 1857 was not bad trade, but a defective currency-law. It was not the fault of our commerce, but of our monetary system. *After* the crisis had done its work, indeed, the impression became general that our commerce had been running wild; and the numerous bankruptcies and suspensions were appealed to as showing that such must have been the case. This was an *ex post facto* argument of a most inconsequential kind. That thirty thousand soldiers died in a week's time—that week having witnessed a battle—is certainly no proof that the army to which they belonged was in a frightfully bad sanitary condition. Doubtless the ailing soldiers of an army are sure to be knocked over in a hand-to-hand fight, but the proportion of such cases is insignificant; and thousands more perish who, but for the battle, might have lived in health and strength for the natural term of existence. The country knows to its cost that the failures and suspensions in 1857 were disastrously numerous; but the question remains, What was the cause of them?

The supporters of the cry of overtrading founded their charge against the commercial classes on the fact that the export trade in 1857 was greater than it had ever been before. It had increased six millions above the highest amount in any previous year. True, in some of the previous years, there had been an increase not only as great, but three times greater. That was undeniable: but, said the supporters of the overtrading theory, that does not matter: it is now obvious that our merchants and manufacturers have carried trade beyond the limits which the capital of the country can support. The amount of the increase on the year may have been only six millions, but these six millions have been an excess. An export-trade of 122 millions, they said, is a forced and inflated trade, beyond the requirements of the world,

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and greater than our accumulated wealth can support. And when the exports fell—in consequence of the crisis, and of the stagnation of trade which followed—they appealed to this fact as a proof of the justice of their opinion, and said that this reduction in the amount of exports was simply owing to the country having returned to its normal amount of trade and of production. For the time, they had it all their own way. No one could bring positive proof that they were wrong. It might be—though it was not probable—that British trade had reached and temporarily exceeded the maximum which the requirements of the world permitted. But even if this had been the case, it was certainly unfair and ungenerous so bitterly to taunt the commercial classes, in the midst of their disasters, with recklessness and insanity, merely because they had exceeded a limit which—supposing it had existence—could not possibly be discovered save by actual experience.

But what is to be thought of such an allegation now? Actual experience has been acquired, and what does it show? Look back at the column of "our Nilometer," which we give on a previous page, and see how insignificant was the increase of trade which was thought to be "reckless overtrading," and the cause of all our calamities, seven years ago. Such an increase appears a bagatelle, and the ill-fated year, as figured in the returns of its trade, is passed over by the eye as a very ordinary one. Despite the limit which theorisers assigned to it as its *ne plus ultra*, British trade has continued to increase, and to an extent which throws all former years into the shade. No sooner was the year of stagnation, which necessarily followed the crisis of 1857, at an end, than trade not only resumed its old rate of progression, but began to exceed it. In 1859 the exports were eight and a half millions greater than those of 1857; in 1860 they were fourteen millions greater; and last year they were twenty-four and a half millions greater than in 1857. Yet no crisis came: the country was eminently prosperous, and every one rejoiced in the marvellous expansion of our industry and enterprise. Even the terrible cotton-dearth failed to reduce our exports to their amount in 1857; and if any such reduction were to take place, it would justly be regarded as one of the greatest calamities which could befall us. A steady increase of trade on the part of this country is what may naturally be expected, and is much to be desired. In truth, if we consider the annual increase of our wealth and of our population, and the increasing facilities for trade with other countries, it will be evident that when the Board of Trade returns are no greater for one year than for its predecessor, such a fact indicates not merely that we are not gaining ground, but that we are losing it. When the amount of labour in this country is annually increasing, and better markets are being opened for the produce of that labour, it is alike unnatural and unfortunate if our exports do not likewise show an annual increment.

Although the "excess" of exports shown by the Board of Trade returns was the chief ground upon which the charge of over-trading was brought against the commercial classes in 1857, another circumstance, peculiar to the times, contributed notably to make the charge popular with the general public. This was the publicity then for the first time given to the examination of bankrupts. Failures, which previously would have passed unnoticed by the public, then began to be reported in full detail in the newspapers, and became the subject of conversation in every city and market-place in the kingdom. Scandal-lovers delighted to recount the extravagance of the bankrupt in his wines, furniture, and housekeeping,—how much went to keep up his dog-cart, and how much was lavished on his mistress; while men of business dilated upon the nature and extent

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of the "accommodation-system," by which this reckless speculation and extravagance were carried on. It was the revelation of these cases that was new in 1857—not their occurrence. Such exceptional cases are, have been, and will continue to occur in every large and active commercial community. One may as well hope to sever shadow from sunshine, or evil from good in this world, as to find a condition of trade in which many cases of recklessness and mismanagement do not co-exist with legitimate and profitable enterprise. *Cæteris paribus*, the more numerous a population is, the greater the amount of poverty, folly, and crime; and in like manner, and from the same cause, the brisker trade is, the more numerous will be the cases of bad trading. We may regret this, as we deplore the other imperfections of human nature, but we cannot help it. It is a clog upon prosperity, but not a barrier to progress. The population of these islands has doubled since this century began, and we are afraid to say how much more numerous are the cases of crime and poverty amongst us now than they were sixty years ago; but, despite these drawbacks, the nation has advanced immensely in its social condition and prosperity. Progress in Trade is just like progress in anything else. There may be, and doubtless are, a greater number of bad failures now than in former times, but certainly there are not more in proportion to the amount of trade carried on. And if, in 1857, among the scores of bankruptcy cases revealed in detail to the public, there were some of more than usual shamelessness and recklessness, it must be also remembered that there were dozens of cases of suspensions—probably representing in value one-half of all the failures that then occurred—in which the assets of the firms not only covered all their liabilities, but greatly exceeded them.* It may well be asked, how came this to be? Here, at least, there was no "over-trading." The fault must have lain not in trade, but in something else. And that thing is the very element of the question which the supporters of the "over-trading" theory desire to overlook. It is that "something in the circumstances of the country" which, as we have previously suggested interrogatively, on certain occasions makes our commercial classes *appear* to be over-trading when in truth they are not. This element is the operation of the Bank Act; and this it is, and not periodical insanity on the part of the trading community, which is the fundamental and originating cause of our recurrent crises. They are not "commercial," but monetary crises. It is commerce indeed that suffers, but it is our monetary system which deals the blow. The commercial community is the *vile corpus* in which the disease chiefly operates, producing misery and ruin; but it is the system pursued by the Bank, under Act of Parliament, which is the source and efficient cause of the calamity.

Apart from the fatal operation of the Bank Act, what was the nature of the difficulty which our traders had to encounter? We cannot answer this question better than in the words of the 'Times.' Commenting on the large failures that were taking place, it said: "Messrs Dennistoun have houses in New York and New Orleans, and the almost total cessation of remittances from those points has rendered the stoppage unavoidable. . . . What has caused Messrs Naylor, Vickers, & Co., and Messrs Dennistoun to stop? The simple fact that each succeeding mail from America arrived without bringing them remittances of bills to enable them to apply for discount. *Their capitals were ample.*" † "Any firm with fair capital and credit is always prepared to meet a short strain;

* See a list of some of these cases given in the article on "The Economy of Capital," in the March number of the Magazine.

† 'Times,' November 9, 1857.

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but few can be expected for weeks and weeks to discharge the cost of wages, raw material, and all the other items in the manufacture of the goods they have shipped, when the returns for these goods are stopped by a convulsion so violent and so little foreseen that it is likened on the spot to an attack of epilepsy." * Such was the embarrassment which our traders had to meet,—sudden unforeseeable, and neither arising from nor revealing any fault on their part. The embarrassment, also, was as temporary in its nature as it was artificial. "In America," said the 'Times,' on the 13th of October, "the arrears now due to England and the Continent are enormous, and are accumulating every week; and the moment the panic there subsides, and the influence of the fortnightly gold arrivals again begin to be felt, the scarcity of bills upon us may be as remarkable as their present abundance. There is, consequently, nothing to excite apprehension that the disturbance will be protracted."† This, then, was the whole difficulty —perfectly artificial in its character, and temporary in its duration.‡ Any man of common sense will wonder that so slight a difficulty should have led to so tremendous a crisis. Our traders had capital enough, but they could not get money. Their credit was unquestioned, but our credit-system had wholly given way. Again we ask, Why was this?

A word will explain the matter. A drain of gold—though, as we have shown, a merely superficial event, in no way necessarily connected with national loss, or expressive of national indebtedness—under our present system, is the grand cause of the recurrent "crises" which inflict such vast losses upon our commercial classes. In 1857, in consequence of the panic and temporary suspension of cash-payments by the banks in the United States, there was a delay in the usual remittances from that country; and also, a million and a quarter of gold was sent thither from this country, partly for the purpose of purchasing American stocks, then unduly depreciated. Such investments, made by our capitalists, were as legitimate, and at least as profitable, as if iron or cotton goods had been exported to an equal value. But the export of property in specie, under our present system, has a very different effect from the export of property of other kinds. Merely temporary as was this absence of our usual reserve stock of specie, the operation of the Bank Act was such as to occasion an internal drain likewise, and ultimately, and very rapidly, shook down our fabric of trade altogether. The operation of the Bank Act, when a drain of gold takes place, is threefold—viz., 1. To raise the rate of discount even for first-class commercial bills to an exorbitant height; 2. To render many bills (*i. e.*, the form of currency by which all our larger money transactions are carried on) unnegotiable which in other circumstances would have been esteemed as perfectly good; and, 3, at the culmination of the crisis, so to reduce the *available* resources of the Bank as to render that establishment incapable of lending the customary assistance to firms upon any terms,—even though the solvency of these firms be as unquestioned as that of the Bank itself, and though their suspension would cause a panic which would endanger the position of every bank in the kingdom. For example, in November 1857, the great house of Peabody & Co., temporarily embarrassed by the suspension of payments in America, applied to the Bank for the loan of nearly a million sterling, which the Bank, with its power of issue restricted by the Act of 1844, was

* 'Times,' Oct. 26, 1857. † Ibid., Oct. 13, 1857.

‡ In truth, so ephemeral was the difficulty, that within two months after the crisis reached its height, we had not only got from America all the gold that we had sent thither, but three times as much—namely £3,200,000.

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unable to give; and all London tottered,—for it was known that if that great firm went down, dozens more would fall with it, and the panic would become universal. The suspension of the Bank Act alone prevented this catastrophe, by relaxing the arbitrary fetters on the Bank's issues, and thereby enabling it to advance the sum required. We may add, so thoroughly solvent, indeed excessively wealthy, was this temporarily embarrassed firm, that the private property of the chief partner was of itself held by the Bank to furnish sufficient security for this enormous, but urgently-needed, loan.* But if Peabody & Co. were saved — and we rejoice that they were so—why were the Dennistouns, Nayler, Vickers & Co., and many others, sacrificed? The circumstances of all these firms were alike,—why was their fate different? Each had an ample capital—each, from no fault of its own, was temporarily embarrassed; why then was not the required assistance given equally to all? Simply because we have an unworkable Bank Act which it is a point of honour with some theorists, and a point of self-interest with all money-dealers, to uphold to the last, though trade and industry go to wreck and ruin.

Without discounts, there can be no trade. A stoppage of discounts on the part of the Bank brings the whole fabric of industry to the ground. The rate of discount has been extremely high of late. Trade has now to pay twice as much for its usual discounts as it did in similar circumstances ten years ago. It may be, though it certainly is not probable, that the profits of traders are so much greater now than formerly that they can afford to pay these higher rates of discount: and if such be the case, bankers of course are quite justified in exacting them. Bankers have to make a profit on money, just as traders make a profit on goods; and the higher they can raise the rate, the better for themselves. But there is one point about which there can be no dispute. Trade must have discounts. Yet, under the existing regime, these fail trade at the very times when they are most urgently required. The Bank turns its back upon Trade: the Act says, "No—you cannot have your bills discounted upon any terms," even while there are six or seven millions of gold in the Bank. Those millions are wholly withdrawn from Trade: they were set apart, in 1844, for the purpose of securing the convertibility of the note,—a convertibility, be it noted, which is never endangered, seeing that the public never want gold if they can get notes. Moreover, there is a great blunder in the framing of the Act; *videlicet* that these six or seven millions are absolutely useless for the purpose for which they were set apart. When the Bank has exhausted its powers of issue as restricted by the Act, it has still these millions of gold on hand—yet not one sovereign of that immense sum can be used, either for discounting purposes or in exchange for notes, without violating the Act. The reserve, in fact, as established by the Act, is useless. These seven millions cannot be used to cash a single note,—so that they are helpless to preserve convertibility. Yet for the sake of keeping up this inert deposit, these millions are withdrawn from banking purposes, and the whole commerce of the country is periodically sacrificed. A drain of gold comes—a panic and "crisis" ensue—the Bank restricts its discounts, and Trade is brought to the ground. This, in brief, is the position. How long will it be allowed to last?

* For some graphic and interesting incidents connected with the threatened failure of this great firm, and of the eminent philanthropist who was at the head of it, see the recently published 'Notes on Speculation' by that veteran City man, Mr Morier Evans.

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THE DEATH OF SPEKE.

In the season when the leaves change from green to brown, and are swept round and round by the eerie autumn winds—when the summer purposes are ended, and those of winter are not yet begun—in the midst of the customary changes through which, year after year, we have all passed from summer into winter,—the electric wires startle us with the astounding news that the boldest explorer of the age has been killed in an English stubble-field by the accidental discharge of a gun. The world stands in breathless awe at such an event. It had but bare time to master that stirring history of patience, faith, endurance, and courage crowned with success, when it learned that the hero of the great triumph had become for ever deaf to the echoes of its applause —that the great heart beat no more with aspirations of achievements to come. It is impossible to overlook the parallel with Bruce, and the life extinguished by such an accident as might befall a London alderman, whose whole perils of existence lie in the transit between the drawing-room and the dining-room; and those who are least prone to read special meanings in the decrees of Providence cannot well avoid an inference from events which seem to justify their favourite scepticism by confounding the knowledge of the wise, and proving how little is to be predicted of ultimate effects from apparent causes. He who had for years stood face to face with death in all its forms—who had thus more fully than perhaps any other living man mastered all the causes and sources of danger to life—swept away by the kind of casualty that occasionally picks off an inexperienced schoolboy! What a terrible reminder of the fallibility of man! What an awfully solemn sermon on the text which tells us that the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong! Had the event occurred in that classic age when seeking the source of the Nile was proverbial as a hunt after the unattainable, the great lyric might have grouped it with the *abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem*, and the other incongruities which show that human nature is not constituted to achieve perfection.

The world knows what it has lost in the tried soldier, the bold explorer, and the sagacious discoverer; but to a little special world nearer to him, his death is the closing of a friendly eye—the extinction of a sunny smile. In the best sense of the word, he was very amiable. The charm of his sweet temper and kindly ways fell on all who came into friendly intercourse with him; and it was a sincere and fundamental amiability, fulfilling the precept of a modern sage, who said, "The best way to make people like you is to appear to like them, and the best way to appear to like them is really to like them." By the friendly hearth, in fact, he had so much good-humour, docility, and pliability about trifles, that people who saw no more of him might have formed the utterly mistaken notion that he was infirm of purpose, and wanting in the hardness of character necessary for great achievements. And so he realised that fine old idea of true chivalry, in which the hero in the field became a lamb at home.

Children, the most sure judges of true goodness of nature, were delighted with him. He took to them, not with the patronising air of people doing the benevolent, but as one of themselves. De Quincey, in one of the most spiritual of his essays, speaks of "the eternal child" that dwells in fine natures—the remnant of the simplicity and candour of childhood surviving through the sagacity and strength of manhood and its contests with the world. No man had more of this than Speke. In

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a group of children, he took and communicated enjoyment; and their sports were actually sport to the hunter of the tiger and hippopotamus. Even while these reminiscences are passing through the mind, a little group, with subdued voices, are recalling his kindly romps, and especially that occasion when an illustrious table was spread for him in vain, because it was a gala-day, and he could not drag himself from the genuine enjoyment he felt in the sports of a group of children who were making the long passages and hiding-holes of a quaint old house ring with their shouts and their laughter.

This genial assimilation with young folks and their enjoyments was a very pleasing feature, but it was one of many that went together to form the noble simplicity of his nature. This was shown powerfully in the way in which he bore his honours. Both when he returned triumphant, and when he issued the wondrous narrative of his difficulties and their conquest, the great lionising world was roaring at his heels, demanding him as its prey, but he heeded it not. He did not, like vulgar repudiators of popularity, let it overtake him that he might conspicuously repel it, but he kept quiet at his work and among his friends, avoiding all occasions of notoriety. To this line of conduct he made one characteristic exception. Like many Englishmen who become famous, he had a little world of his own in his own county of Somerset, where his social position was possibly an object of as much real pride and satisfaction as his wide fame. He belonged to an old county family of worshipful repute for many centuries. So when one of the Spekes of Jordans became famous over the world, his fame was part of the property of the district, in which its inhabitants must partake; and in his kindly nature he submitted with the best grace to the ovation offered him in his native district, knowing that to evade it would be a sore mortification to old friends and good neighbours.

One who had risen so high could not escape the fate of eminence to bring forth carpers and detractors. A solemn silence will now pervade the field of strife. We refer to it merely for the purpose of dropping a word of explanation on what seemed the most plausible charge brought forward by his censors—that in his books he has not done full justice to other persons who have laboured meritoriously, though with imperfect success, in the field of his triumph. It might be a sufficient answer to any such charge, that he does not profess to write the history of African exploration and discovery, but merely to narrate what he himself did and saw. But all who personally knew him would acquit him of any design to be even passively ungenerous. Every one who reads his fresh narratives will see that he has not been trained in the art and mystery of professional book-making. The book-writer, like the lawyer and the actor, has certain traditional conventionalities, and among them one of the most tiresome is the acknowledgment of obligations to intelligent assistants. If you analyse and estimate the rounded sentences in which these acknowledgments are usually expressed, you will invariably find that they tend to uplift the glory of the author. They place him in that rank most envied of all the niches in the temple of fame—that of the master-mind that can find good human tools wherewith his fame and fortune are to be hewn out. There are no better samples of insolent condescension to be found than these acknowledgments of assistance as they are commonly expressed. Speke was not sufficiently adroit in the craft of book-making to be acquainted with the method of that form of pride that apes humility; nor, if he had been instructed in it, would it probably have commended itself to his acceptance. He told his own story plainly and frankly, and left others to tell theirs. Before the world he thus put in no claim to the reputation of

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generosity; and the world did not know, and had no right to judge, whether generosity was or was not among his qualifications.

Those who came close to him saw that he possessed it in large measure, and that nothing could be more contrary to his nature than to be penurious or unjust to any man. He was a cheerful giver. All men have their defects, and it was easy to see that careless profusion and inability to say "No," were among his. Without the unamiable antithesis attributed to the great Roman revolutionist of being *alieni appetens*, he had a disposition to be *sui profusus*. He was penurious to no one but himself. When saving funds for his great enterprise, he lived for some time with a parsimoniousness scarcely prudent; and, on the other hand, when he thought the Government had not dealt with proper generosity to his black assistants, he rewarded them liberally from his own resources.

Our own readers have had the privilege of a longer and fuller acquaintance with Captain Speke than the rest of the world has enjoyed. It was here that, some six years ago, he gave the stirring narrative of his first adventures in Africa, and announced the dawning of his great discovery.

In giving to the world a narrative of events so distant and marvellous, and so utterly out of the reach of all the ordinary checks on accuracy, everything depended on the character of the narrator; and the editor was thus brought into a communion with him much closer and more personal than is usually necessary in the communications of contributor and editor. The better he was known, the stronger became both the respect and the attachment he inspired. The two had many friendly communings, and one especially left an impression never to be effaced. It was a pleasant summer evening, and both were strolling together under the shadow of trees smoking and talking over the great project. It was remarked to him that he had already risked his life to an extent far beyond the average dangers which the human being is likely to escape, and he should consider the feelings of those to whom he was dear—of his parents especially—before setting forth again. With a light in his eye never to be forgotten, he expressed the inner force that was driving him on to his destiny. He knew, he said, that he had hit on the Source of the Nile; he must complete his work. How would he feel if any foreigner should take from Britain the honour of the discovery?—rather die a hundred times! In this and many other conversations, he communicated so much confidence in his indomitable nature to his auditor, that when the months passed on without tidings, and the world gave him up as lost, there remained in one breast, at least, a faith that he would return, and return triumphant, as he did. It is fortunate for the world that the triumph preceded the catastrophe. It is the remaining consolation of his friends that no man of the age is safer for immortality. He who achieved what mankind had been struggling after for three thousand years, is sure to be remembered as long as the earth exists and is inhabited.

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BLACKWOOD'S

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MY LATEST VACATION EXCURSION.

It is a queer sensation, that of awakening, after a long potent sleep, in the steamer to which you have committed yourself for removal from work-day life to holiday life. The sensation is one not belonging to the railway or any kind of land-travelling. While in that, you are liable to telegrams, or you have uneasy sensations about some important matter forgotten, which it is still possible to return and put right. In a steamer, however, you are fairly off, and irreclaimable, either to the call of your own nervous apprehensions about properly fulfilled duties, or the demands of the public—unless, indeed, just before starting, you may happen to have perpetrated so picturesque a murder that a fast-sailing Government steamer must be sent after you.

The first touch of the new sensation affects personal identity. With not a single ounce of the weight of cares lately pressing on you, can you be actually the same person who, when you awoke yesterday morning, passed from laborious dreams to grapple with the possibility of so adjusting what was to be done to the hours and minutes for doing it in, that the business left over might actually be overtaken in that last available day? A slight reactionary depression is produced by so sudden a contrast, but it wears away before the lively sensations caused by leisure, freedom, and novelty.

Now begin the projects of the ramble to shape themselves in the mind — I approve not deep-laid plans framed beforehand. They are a gratuitous addition to the inevitable cares and toils of home life, and they generally fall to pieces. Project nothing more at the beginning than to get the German Ocean between you and your own special world, and then choose your pleasure-ground. Inclination gravitated, as usual, towards mountain scenery; and on this occasion fixed itself on the corner of the Alps where Austria and Bavaria meet.

He who is at large for enjoyment will cheat himself of it if he establish some goal and rush at it like a courier on urgent business. There is a good deal to be seen and enjoyed between the ocean and the Alps; and I must admit that my interest in the intervening terri-

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tories was considerably refreshed by the consideration that, since I last saw them, my old friends the Germans had come out in a somewhat new character. Discarding their reputation for innocence and somnolescent virtue, they had shown unexpected capabilities for cruelty, perfidy, and rapacity. So do surprises sometimes occur in individual life, when very quiet colourless people suddenly exhibit "a spice of the devil" in their natures. There is, for instance, that neighbour with the simple, punctual, inoffensive habits. It is almost painful to you to contemplate the uniform regularity of his walk, the dreary monotony of his life,—until the delusion is dispelled when the hue and cry is raised on him for having bolted with the funds of a savings-bank, and the property of half-a-dozen widows. So also of that picturesque cottage under the trees which, every time you pass it, refreshes you with the perfume of woodbine, the laugh of merry children, or some other token of rural enjoyment—there is little appearance of activity, enterprise, or wealth about it; but you feel, no doubt, that it is the abode of innocence and peace,—until all at once it acquires notoriety as the scene of a renowned murder. In either case, those who look back upon antecedents find that a high type of criminality did not sprout out at once, without premonitions visible to those who had occasion to look into the inner recesses of the domestic organisation. There is one thing we shall almost ever find when private families thus burst out into notoriety for crimes or scandals, that there has been going on within them an under-current of sensuality, in the midst of which evil passions have been silently nurtured and matured.

We of Britain, whether we see the failings of other people or not, are sure to see and to proclaim our own. When will there be an end of our denunciations of our notable vices, especially of our drunkenness? We may or may not let a stray arrow fly at a neighbour who has done something offensive, but we never cease lashing ourselves with the penitential thongs. And in our attacks on our neighbours we have ever systematically exempted Germany. There are political reasons for this. Ever since the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War adjusted the partition of Europe between the old and the new Church, the natural allies of Britain on the Continent were the Dutch and the Protestant States of Germany. Then, in later times, and after the unpopularity of the earlier Georges had worn away, a feeling of kindly reverence arose for that portion of Europe which was set apart as the nursery of our royalties, and the feeling that there was nothing but goodness and gentleness in Germany gained strength by the example given us in the life of that good prince so lately departed.

From such and other perhaps more occult causes, it happens that while denouncing the vices of mankind—our own especially and emphatically—we have generally passed over Germany. See how our respectabilities abuse the working classes for their drunkenness and culpable extravagance. See how these and their friends retaliate, calling upon the wealthy consumer of port and claret to pluck the beam out of his own eye before he vexes himself about the mote in that of his unwashed brother. While the contest rages, Herman takes his pot and pipe in peace, no one saying to him, in Irish phrase, "black's the white of your eye." Nay, he is even kindly patted on the back, told that he enjoys the bounties of Providence as a wise man should, and held up to the admiration of our debased and brutal population as a type of excellence. It seems to me that in this we have in some measure resembled the anchorite, whose prayers and confessions are rife with acknowledgments of his frailties and sins, and proclamations of the hold which the lusts of the

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flesh have taken on him, while his easy neighbour, who is ten times as amenable to the same charges, goes on sinning at large without disturbing his own conscience or the rest of the world about the matter. The raving there has been among us of late about narcotics and stimulants has, in fact, confused our vision and our faculties of discrimination. In their rage against the working man for offending them with the smell of his alcoholic compound and his bad tobacco, the respectables will not fairly measure his failings with those of the rest of mankind. But if we take averages, I am disposed to question whether he is much worse than his neighbours, and especially whether the average German is so much above him as many of our own people maintain him to be.

On the contrary, looking upon our working population, head-workers as well as hand-workers, as the stamina of the country, and taking them as they are with all their defects, I see them elevating our country to an amount of material wealth and greatness far beyond the possible attainments of any other portion of the world. Be our defects what they may, other countries have graver. In Germany especially, I find four heavy weights—call them domestic, social, or by any other name you like—which press down the population, and while tolerated as they are, will ever prevent it from achieving any high position either of greatness or of goodness. These weights are—

1. Excess in eating.
2. Excess in beer-drinking.
3. Excess in smoking.
4. Excess in the inhaling of foul air.

As to the first, there is no doubt a point up to which it is good both for his body and his mind that man should feed. There are instances only too abundant of degeneration caused by insufficiency of food. But there is mischief also from the habitual consumption of an excess over the quantity suited for healthful nourishment. This is one of the chief elements of mischief in those affairs where historians tell us of hardy and temperate soldiers enervated by the indolent and luxurious habits of the people they have invaded—as in many instances, from Hannibal's army in Italy downwards. Their poverty, but not their will, consents in the general case of communities underfeeding themselves; where there are the means, the defect is apt to be on the other side. Nor do the fasting ordinances of the Church of Rome do much to avert the evil. Setting aside a portion of Ireland, Brittany, and some parts of Scandinavia, where there is extreme poverty—keeping in view only the portions of Europe where the people are well off, and adjust the scale of their living more by choice and taste than from necessity—I have no doubt that the people of Scotland are the most frugal feeders in Europe; and if we look for results, among what people shall we find a better development, whether of brain or muscle?

We have been accustomed in the North to speak of the Englishman as a great eater, but in comparison with the German he is naught, and in a general estimate of the gluttonous propensities and capacities of European nations, I think it likely that he would hold a moderate place. He is apt to be fussy and talkative as to his eating, and to be loudly confessorial and deprecatory about it, as about all his other defects. Accustomed to being twitted by his northern neighbour on this head, he feels a diffidence about taking note of brother Herman's wonderful performances at table; but a Scotsman feels himself free to record his amazement that the human frame should be trained to the accomplishment of such achievements in gluttony.

Take an average man of business in London or Liverpool. At ten o'clock he is delivered at the scene of his labours, say in the public service or in his own. From that

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time to six o'clock he has been incessantly occupied with affairs—some of them complex and difficult—some of them mere matters of easy routine. He has been able to snatch five minutes for luncheon, and that has sufficed. Meanwhile Herman, besides absorbing a gallon, or perhaps two, of beer, and exhaling half a pound of tobacco, has consumed no end of soup, sodden beef, roast veal, cutlets, ham, poultry, prawns, fermented cabbage, potato-salad, asparagus, stewed prunes, apple-tart, and every other kind of eatable he could get at. He has eaten out from one to two hours of the mid-day in which the Englishman has been at his hardest work. And if we follow our countryman home from his business, much as we hear of English luxury and high living, we shall probably find that he has made his dinner on a chop and a potato or two. In great houses there are several courses, more as matter of state than because the partakers indulge in long and varied meals. With those whose household establishment is not on a pompous model, but who can easily afford themselves luxuries, I am disposed to think that in England courses more than two are the exception rather than the rule. There are, no doubt, here and there full feeders and foul feeders; but they are the exception, and rather under discountenance, even should they only reach the ordinary average of gluttony which one sees every day in the German gasthauses.

By the way, I have an idea that travellers in Germany have been inclined to be charitable to German gluttony, on account of the convenience they have felt from it. Where food is thrown everywhere broadcast, the traveller, who may be ignorant of the language and the customs of the people he is among, gets some portions of it, and is tolerant, or perhaps laudatory, to the customs which have thrown it in his way. I remember when railways were in their infancy in Germany how difficult it was to obtain a morsel of food in the midst of the journey. The correction of this deficiency, however, was a feat to which the national genius was quite equal, and it was speedily remedied. The feeding-places on the German lines are, in better etymology than either ours or the French, called Restaurations. As an estimate or guess, which may be taken at its own value, I would say that on any ordinary hundred miles of German railway the eating and drinking facilities are five times those offered on an English line. Here and there is an immense buffet, where all the elements of an abundant and varied meal exist, and ample time is given for their consumption. Then there are numerous stoppages for ten minutes or so, where there is a counter well filled with slices of ham and cold veal, sausages, fruit, and liquors of all kinds. When the stoppages are short, men and women are in prompt attendance with sandwiches and glasses of beer; and I have noted it as an exception to the slovenly lazy way in which all business is transacted in Germany, that these ministers to the need or greed of the wayfarer are prompt, active, and remarkably intelligent; the exigency of their duty, which is to provide that their fellow-countrymen shall not be subject to the horror of remaining one half-hour without food and drink, having awakened within them a promptitude and efficiency which the less momentous functions of the rest of their countrymen have been insufficient to stimulate.

It is wonderful to contemplate the laborious accuracy with which every demand for needful sustentation is met by the necessary supply. What a contrast with wanderings in Kerry, or even in the Highlands of Scotland! There is no going to an eminent waterfall—to a mountain-pass—to a distingushed scene of any kind—without finding an abundantly stocked tavern spread-

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ing its hospitable board for you. Nay, if you take to one of those mountains which have an established repute in German scenery, you shall find a comfortable tavern on the top. The castle of the Wartburg, celebrated as Luther's hiding-place, is not half-an-hour's walk from Eisenach, full of taverns, and the railway station with an abundant restauration; yet at the great gate your eye is caught by an inscription informing you where the nearest Gasthaus is, so important is it to the German mind to provide that no son of Fatherland shall run the risk of being half-an-hour without eating and drinking, and how little is it supposed that the scenery or the historical and ecclesiastical associations of the place can compensate for so long a suspension of the great functions of existence.

With us even the professed epicure or high liver—a person by no means treated with social deference—exercises a certain amount of restraint. He is generally a late diner, reserving his powers for the great occasion. He has traditions of the fastings and trainings which people with his propensities will endure for the purpose of bringing a sufficient appetite to bear upon a sumptuous meal. We are much laughed at for the solemnity with which we invest great dinners. If we want to celebrate a success or a calamity; if we have to inaugurate the majority of an illustrious person, or proclaim the distress of the manufacturing districts, or the failure of the potato crop, the ceremony must assume the aspect of a great feast. But even in this there is a testimony to abstinence or moderation, at all events as the rule of life. The German cannot come out in the same manner. Every day and all day long he eats as much rich food as he can, and therefore to him a special feast is a special practical absurdity.

I am aware that in the midst of the wild outcry against stimulants and narcotics, it will be considered a sort of blasphemy to hint that any evil can come of eating, since it is a solace largely indulged in by many of the professors of abstinence. I admit that turtle sausage and roast-pig will not rouse a man to knock down a policeman or stab his wife; but neither will much-abused tobacco, for that matter. For influence, however, on the general condition, I am prepared to hold that there is more of health and life destroyed by over-eating than by stimulants and narcotics. Even in our own country one meets with too many members of the comfortable classes whose constitutions are palpably damaged by good living, and the mark of the internal enemy is visible in the countenance of the whole German family. I remember once imparting a terrible shock to the nerves of a lady belonging to the exceedingly comfortable classes. She had been denouncing that filthy and abominable practice of smoking, and boasted that she had just got the parent of a large family dismissed from his employment because she had caught him indulging in a furtive pipe. I asked her if she had ever herself committed the act of eating turbot with lobster sauce. The imputation was not to be denied, since the empty platter which had contained that attractive but pernicious mixture was just giving place to another laden with well-seasoned haunch; nor, to do her justice, did she seem desirous to evade any conclusions that might be drawn from such an act; when I amazed her by saying that, according to my experience, she might indulge herself with a cigar or a pipe of latakia with much less prejudice to the digestive functions.

But while naturally enough indisposed to quarrel with Herman about his good table, it surprises one that those who rave so against drinking in this country should never have a word to throw at him,—nay, should sometimes adduce him as an example to be followed. What is set up as the master-vice among

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ourselves is in him a sort of amiable weakness. He is like the husband who was pronounced "a good kind of a drunken body, with no harm in him." "He does not take raw spirits like our wretched working classes," you say; but even that is not strictly true. The Schnaps is a considerable institution in Germany, and if you are an early riser, you will often see a glass of brandt-wine, or kirschen-wasser, or bitters taken, to fortify the stomach for the heavy beer-drinking of the day. But let us look at fermented liquors alone. It will shock no German to impute to him the consumption of a couple of bottles of wine in any given day—not though you should make it out to be three or four. Now the sages in chemistry tell us that the mildest wine made has 8 per cent of alcohol in it—that without that it cannot be wine at all. Strong ports and sherries have 24 or 25 per cent. Take the average German vintage at half of this—12½ per cent. Well, in proof spirit, which is a good deal above the average of the gin-palace, the amount of alcohol is 50 per cent. It follows that in a couple of bottles of this very harmless stuff there is as much spirit as in half a bottle of good gin or brandy. Then we are told that the strength of the strongest malt liquors just comes up to 8 per cent—that of the weakest wines. If we suppose that excellent liquor, Bavarian beer, to be half as strong as this, there is room for it to communicate a good deal of fire when consumed on the enormous native scale. In any place of entertainment in Bavaria, if a Kelner sees your beer-flagon empty, he immediately fills it for you without request or hint. Bavarian nature abhors such a vacuum, and the nerves of a kindly Kelner will not permit him to behold such a type of misery as an empty beer-flagon. I was told in this region that the universal passion for beer was made a highly available instrument in the suppression of crime—seeing that in countries where nothing of the kind prevailed, it is impossible to bring punishment up to so afflictive a height, consistent with the preservation of the criminal's health, as the stopping a Bavarian's beer; while, for the purposes of prison discipline, the power on some occasions slightly to relax the prohibition was a bribe to good conduct, so potent as to leave far behind anything we can accomplish through our inferior social institutions. How much beer the inhabitants of this or any other part of Germany habitually consume, can only be matter of guess-work; but any one who knows the country will not denounce from one to two gallons per day as extravagant. Now, on the supposition of the 4 per cent, a gallon of beer is equivalent to half a bottle of spirits. In the novel by Freytag called 'Debit and Credit,' supposed to be so accurate a picture of German manners, we are told that the average allowance of beer to a packer—the allowance which it is not creditable to him to exceed—is forty pints a-day—more than three gallons, and certainly endowed with more alcohol than a bottle and a half of ordinary spirituous liquor.

"Oh, but for all that, the German does not get drunk in the degraded manner of our working classes, nor expose himself as some even of our better classes do after dinner." Suppose that there is more justice in this statement than there really is, I am prepared to try conclusions between the absolute perniciousness of a vice which is limited in its extent and operation on the one hand, and a received national practice which is prevalent and counted creditable on the other. With us the taking stimulants of any kind has become exceptional. A large number of our gentry take no wine, and a still greater proportion take nothing but the one glass of wine or the one tumbler of beer at dinner. The great bulk of our working men can only afford themselves a glass of gin or of porter on rare occasions. Even if you know a jolly fellow or two who takes his

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pint or even his bottle of port after dinner, or his night-cap before going to bed, he has got through the business of the day first—he has not been indulging from morning to night. Nor is he prepared, perhaps, absolutely to justify his practice — it is a weakness, and every man has some weakness. Indeed the great feature distinguishing us in this matter from the Germans is, that the use of stimulants in all forms is looked askance at, and connected more or less with disrepute. It is carried at once into the category of defects, if it do not go so far as to be an absolute vice. One man in a couple of hundred or so, it is true, takes to stimulants all day, and is a lost being; but with this exception, fortunately rare, even the hardest livers among us spend the greater part of the day in an abstinence and restraint unknown to the German.

Persons have been known to come home from their tour in Germany, and tell teetotal meetings that they have seen considerable towns there which did not contain a single shop for the retailing of spirits. But they have omitted to state that, in each of them, there are some ten or twenty huge taverns full of guests from dawn to midnight. The greatness and importance of The Tavern as a national institution—the persistency with which it has retained the predominance it held in the middle ages—is a significant type of the German social condition. With us the hotel and the inn have ceased to be what the tavern was in the days of Walter Mapes, in those of Shakespeare, and even in those of Hogarth. It is but scantily and occasionally frequented for purposes of pure dissipation. There are, indeed, a few people, chiefly ancient bachelors of peculiar habits, to whom the stir and excitement of the tavern are a necessity. They don't, however, meet there as their grandfathers did, night after night, the same set of cronies, to pursue with them the same orgies. What they have got into the way of enjoying, or rather requiring, is the shifting scene that passes before them in the comers and the goers—it makes up to them in some measure for active life and family ties. With a very few such exceptions, the tavern now exists wholly for the purpose of the wayfarer, whether in business or pleasure.

In almost every age, and among almost every people, the tavern, or the institution substituted for it, has held an influence and character amply deserving commemoration. It received, however, little beyond what local antiquaries supplied about the places of entertainment in their own favourite districts, or the mere casual notices of authors with wider names, until two Frenchmen lately took up the institution as itself worthy of a history, and wrote it in a very commendable manner. From the names of the authors, we may infer that one of them supplied the archæological investigations, and the other did the brilliancy and French polish.* Between them they have produced a very curious book. It runs necessarily through deep and odious strata of vice; but that could not well be avoided, nor was it desirable that it should be avoided, if we wished to know what the human race has been doing here and there from time to time. Necessarily in such an inquiry there is brought out a great deal of the wickedness, tragic and comic, that is the staple material of the low popular romance. But the world ought to know all about such matters when they are realities that have existed, however valueless or worse may be their reflection in the pages of the sensational novelist. And since it should be uttered, it is better to have such matter committed to costly typography and paper, and clothed in

* 'Histoire des Hotelleries, Cabarets, Courtillés, et des anciennes Communautés et Confréries, &c.' Par Francisque Michel et Edouard Fournier. 2 vols. 8vo. 1859.

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such tooled Russia as will make you grudge lending it too amply, than to behold it in the common and unclean condition of circulating library literature, or hawked in halfpenny numbers. Anatomy is a noble study, but it is fitly pursued within the solemn precincts of universities, and under the direction of scholastic dignitaries. We have not yet got dissecting-rooms for the million.

It is easy to point to the specialties in the condition of the middle ages that made the European tavern. There were the Crusades, to begin with, the pouring in of students to the universities, the pilgrimages to shrines, and the passing to and fro of merchants. This last was something more extensive than we can easily conceive, especially along the Rhine and the Danube, before the discovery of the passage to Asia by the Cape of Good Hope. It gave an amount of vitality to the visits of travellers utterly disproportionate to what the same amount of commerce would supply in the present day to the chamber dedicated "to commercial gentlemen only," since the merchant generally accompanied his wares as they passed from Germany to distant Cathay, or in the opposite direction. The hospitality of the religious houses supplied to the well-behaved travellers of the time much of what the present inn supplies; but a large proportion of the travellers of the period were not of a kind to subject themselves to the restraints of these establishments, and thus the taverns had room to flourish. One must suppose that when virtuous women travelled, they must have always sought shelter in religious houses, since it is not easy to see how they could be safely lodged in such nests of ruffianism as the hostels were, without a special guard placed over them. This is a condition that would, of course, act and react, and the absence of all feminine respectability from them would help to make the taverns of the middle ages what we find them.

In them the vices seem to have been amply ministered to—drinking, gambling, "the social evil," and all. It seems to have been a practice to wander from place to place for the purpose of variegating a dissipated life by taking advantage of the varieties in the method of administering to luxury and vice in different places. The social ancestor whence your bully and blackleg of the present day has degenerated, since he is not up to the same class of sanguinary tricks, was much given to change of tavern; but not as an admirer of scenery, an investigator of archæology, or an inquirer into the social condition of different regions of the earth. This last, indeed, he knew with exceeding accuracy up to a certain point, but he pursued his investigations no further than what served his own immediate practical purposes.

In places established for promoting the practice of the vices, the crimes naturally follow. Robbery and murder were rife in the taverns of old. The traveller of good repute had before him the unpleasant alternative, whether his throat ran more risk of being cut through connivance with the landlord, or the unsupported enterprise of some of the unknown guests around him. The laws were severe enough, but they seem to have been futile. The old Roman imperial edict, known to all tyros in the Justinian law by the title *nautæ caupones*, seemed at once made to conquer the difficulty. It made the keeper of a place of entertainment not merely liable for his own fraud or carelessness,—it counted him an insurer, bound to indemnify the guest for all losses within his house. The edict obtained a practical vitality in the middle ages which probably the philosophical jurist who prepared it did not contemplate; but nothing availed to mitigate the viciousness and criminality of the tavern of that time. In some of the German

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inns, with their long stone corridors and their strong doors, one can imagine a traditional structure made for internal defence, if indeed in some instances the buildings were not erected at a time when that was practically kept in view. I never saw an old feudal castle better constructed for fighting each landing-place and each room against an attacking army, than the old hof of the Tiger in Salzburg, with its dismal corridors and iron gratings. The practice of locking up your room in a German inn, and taking possession of the key, is a relic of the old insecurity. There can be no doubt that the German inn of the middle ages had all these evil features more powerfully developed than they were among us. There would indeed be a natural excuse for this in the great highways of European transit; and whether from the same or other causes, they retain at the present day a rather odious resemblance to the medieval hostel. Crime, indeed, is rare enough in them—the potent police system everywhere at work drives that into places where there is less publicity; but they are frequented by large classes of persons who come to them for sensual gratification and for play.

On a former occasion* I ventured on the opinion that gambling is the vice of a lethargic people requiring strong stimulants to excite them to action. On this ground I accounted for its being rare among ourselves, since we have in our ordinary laudable pursuits sufficient excitement to supersede all of an adventitious kind. The more I look at German ways, the more I see that gambling is deeply rooted in the nature of the people. It is not alone seen at the great establishments which are renowned over the world as spots sacred to this pursuit. In any ordinary inn you will continually see the natives make up their card-parties with a seriousness and a solemnity, and a business-like adjustment of the pecuniary casualties, which altogether are a curious phenomenon to the onlooker. It is something very different in its earnestness from what was common enough in this country, but is now little known—a few gentlemen sitting down to a careless game at whist after the exciting labours of the day are over. One may travel far and abide in many a tavern without seeing any gambling in Britain. Doubtless it exists. What vice is there that there will not be a specimen of in a population of many millions, and the richest population in the world? Sometimes, perhaps, the heir to a vast fortune getting loose, and pulling the devil by the tail, is ruined, after the formula of the romances; but how seldom do we hear of such a thing in real life!

The lottery is one of the shapes in which the gambling spirit is rife in Germany. The agencies are advertised in all sorts of obscure corners, where the large round sums to be realised by the fortunate adventurers seem strangely in contrast with the impoverished establishments in which you are to transact for them. In this shape German gambling manages to cross into our own country, in the shape of circulars of portentous dimensions, with heaps of possible fortunes set down in figures of thousands, and sometimes an estate, with a Schloss and vineyards in it, of which you may be the possible owner. This reminds one that we once had the lottery here, and that the institution was put down by Act of Parliament. This is an event from which extremely erroneous inferences have been drawn. The lottery has been put down, therefore you can put down everything else that is wrong—gambling, drinking, "the social evil," and so forth. Now the lottery, being the most public and so the most easily assailable form of gambling, was readily given up by a people among whom gambling in any shape is a

* 'Across the Channel,' July 1862, p. 30.

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rare vice. In other shapes it is impossible to put it down, as it is impossible to put down the other vices. But we are not a gambling nation, and people don't rave, at present at least, about the suppression of gambling among us. So it is all the world over. The vice people are not given to, you can prohibit by the law—the vice they are slightly given to you can easily suppress one form of by the law. Try to grapple with the established vices and defects of a people, and you are baffled: even worse, you change their direction, and generally increase their degrading tendency.

And this reminds me, by the way, that if we have in this country to complain that the comfortable classes who can bring influence to bear on the Legislature are too apt to dictate to their humbler brethren what they should eat and what they should drink, if not—as they used to do—wherewithal they should be clothed,—if there is a little too much of this among us, yet there is another thing that might be worse. It would be a sadder sight, for instance, to see the rich and powerful man—the feudal lord of a district—deliberately setting about the making of money by the promotion of vice. But what do we see at the great German gambling-places? The lord of such an establishment sets before his victim everything that can allure him to ruin. His passions are gratuitously fed that he may be excited up to the proper gambling mark, as game-cocks are fed to make them fight. No doubt it is all carefully distinguished from the sordid adjuncts of what we call a Hell. It is a State affair. It is not paltry money-making by a mercenary speculation, but a method of deriving a revenue for a principality; and yet somehow to simple minds that seems only to aggravate the offence by enhancing its extent.

The next count in this indictment is directed against that inordinate smoking which, besides any influence it may have on the health, carries away so much of the working power of the people. Behold at the station that grave personage examining your luggage-ticket as minutely and slowly as if he had never seen such a thing before—his ostensible function, for which his government pays him, is to transact the business of his department; but he has a primary duty absorbing the better part of his attention and capacity, in the charge and tending of that gigantic pipe of his. Keeping its machinery in order and preserving its vitality is almost as serious a piece of engineer work as the taking charge of a small steam-engine. It is an object of the deepest anxiety and apprehension as well as of trouble, and should it expire, there is no duty in life so important as not to be postponed to that of restoring its vitality. With us chronic smoking is extremely rare. The gentleman smoker takes his cigar after breakfast or after dinner, and is done; and so the working man with his pipe. Much nonsense is talked about the perniciousness to the health of smoking. I believe that practised moderately it does no injury, and that to some constitutions it is beneficial. But no one will have the face to stand up and say that it is good to smoke for fourteen hours of the day—for every minute when he is not either asleep or eating, like our frousy friend there.

And yet he and his practice might give a hint to our legislators to do a good turn to the working man of Britain. The German peasant and mechanic, though he indulges in too much of it, yet smokes like a gentleman by reason of the cheapness with him of good tobacco. Thus he escapes the filthy deleterious practices by which our work-people try to make their bad expensive article go far. In the first place, the British workman purchases his tobacco of the coarsest, most pungent, and acrid kind. What a confirmed smoker in despair might not be induced to do to get at his darling narcotic, it would be perilous to predict; but it would be a strait indeed that would drive

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the Bavarian or the Prussian to submit to the English pigtail. Nothing is so offensive to a cleanly smoker as the odour of old half-consumed tobacco; yet the poor man preserves the ashes of the old pipe to place them on the new supply lest he should lose a little of the trash he has paid so dear for. Then he absorbs it through that abomination the short cutty, which lets in the smoke hot and harsh, and with it gives an occasional taste of the essential oil of tobacco—a rank poison. The poor fellow could take three times as much of the mild and cleanly tobacco of the Germans without so much injury to his health. It is bad policy to drive people to sordid and unseemly enjoyments—they degrade the appetites to their own level, and promote vice. It is both an evil-hearted and a dangerous practice to press hard on the cheap luxuries of the poor. Tell them forsooth that they are levying a tax on themselves and wasting money on what is not only valueless but pernicious! Why, what else are we all doing every day of our lives? What is it that we live and work for if we are to have no enjoyment in life? You, eminent lawyer, and you, rising physician, who each of you takes his glass of good port or claret to his liking, and pays for fifty other enjoyments, some of them perhaps more intellectual than anything the workman can aim at—is it not for these enjoyments that you have worked and become rich, and do you think it is a doctrine that can possibly go down, either with the burly blacksmith or the sallow tailor, that he who is so much poorer than you must abstain from the luxuries which even his poverty can achieve, and work on for the mere sake and satisfaction of working, as the anchorites of old prayed, denying themselves the good things of the world?

To the smoker, the tobacco manufactured in this country is as inferior to the foreign as the wine made from the produce of our gardens would be to good claret or burgundy in the mouth of the connoisseur in wines. It is true that the enormous duty, amounting in some cases to 1500 per cent on the foreign manufacture, has been lately mitigated; but not to the extent of bringing it within the reach of the working man. I know how monstrous is any suggestion of this kind in the eyes of those who set up a reputation for philanthropy by snubbing him whenever he attempts to enjoy himself, and I must of course be prepared to await the coming vengeance. I am deaf to the plea that our own people, if they had cheap tobacco, would saturate themselves in it as the Germans do. It is not in the British nature. We are too active and energetic to submit to such a slavery. That enormous and unintermitting consumption of tobacco is a type of a lazy unenergetic people, who would have showed the tendency in some other way if Raleigh had not found the narcotic weed for them.

It is a phenomenon which the new school of sanitary philosophers should be called upon to account for, that the German can be alive at all under the physical conditions in the midst of which he not only lives, but flourishes and enjoys himself. According to many of the doctrines now promulgated, the race ought to have been long ago extinct. We are told that the inhalation of so many cubic feet of pure air is necessary to existence; but the German dispenses with it utterly; he does not take a single gulp of air in its full purity if he can help it, unless during the short period when the sun is hot, and then to be sure it pleases him to sit a good deal in the open air. It makes one sick at heart sometimes when one joins five flabby-faced natives in a railway compartment heated by the sun, and all set a-smoking, and unanimously insist that every chink admitting the air from without shall be closed. Many are the ingenious devices of the people hermetically to seal themselves up. The shopkeeper, that he may not have

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the door of his establishment ever and anon thrown open by a merciless public, communicates with his customers through a small hole in the window. When he opens it, there tumbles forth a sickly stream of hot smoky fœtid air; and the instant the business in hand is completed, he closes it with an expedition totally at variance with the even tenor of his ordinary motions. By a very inconvenient practice, on which our people would never waste time, the shopkeeper often does not remain in his shop, and you must summon him from above by a bell: this is to enable him to live in a close little stubé room which he has sealed up to his satisfaction. He issues from it to transact immediate business with you, but you are not to have the command over him and admit as much fresh air as you please into his place of permanent abode.

Our architects are cognisant of a specialty which will enable us to measure the extent of the German's civilisation in this matter of fresh air. In the building of a gentleman's house the problem is to let the inmates have the ventilation at their own absolute disposal, so that they may have fresh air supplied as abundantly or as scantily as taste and opinion dictate. Those, however, who build workhouses, hospitals, and prisons, know it to be the instinct of those who are to inhabit them religiously to close up every crevice by which the outer air may be admitted. Your German, therefore, of the upper ranks—says a professor of physiology or a royal sanitary commissioner—is in this part of practice on the same level of civilisation with our paupers and jail-birds.

There are some other specialties of German habits and domestic arrangements on which few care to be explicit. Any good that can be done by writing about them is unlikely to compensate for the unpleasantness of reading what would be written. The other day some one, giving anonymous advice to travellers, had the moral courage to go over the whole with a minuteness quite awful, insomuch that the newspaper press, anxious to echo his complaints, found it extremely difficult to give utterance to any of them, and preserve their place in society. The habits of the Germans proper in the matter of personal cleanliness are notably in contrast with those of their nearest neighbours. To sleep one night in Cologne and the next in Amsterdam is like going from a street gutter to a clear streamlet. And it is curious to observe how old the distinction is. Philip de Comines, who had a special propensity for noticing the true sources of political quarrels, and who thus sometimes reduced them from the sublime to the ridiculous, tells what occurred at a visit of the Count Palatine of the Rhine and some of his followers to the Duke of Burgundy, at Brussels, in the middle of the fifteenth century, and how "he was honourably received, nobly entertained, and lodged in an apartment richly furnished. The Duke's servants upbraided the Germans for their nastiness and incivility in laying their dirty clothes and their boots on those rich beds, and accusing them of want of neatness and consideration; and they never liked them afterwards so well as they had done before. The Germans being as much dissatisfied on the other side, reproached them for their pomp and extravagance, so that in effect they never loved or did any good office for one another afterwards." *

All these conditions detrimental to high physical and mental condition have been growing in the people from generation to generation, and the race have assimilated to them. They are bred to them, like our races of prize animals—the

* Mem., ch. viii.

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boast of agricultural associations. Their appetites have thus extended to endure an unwholesome oversupply of food and stimulants. The Briton could not lead the same life; he must have had an ancestry gradually trained to it to endure it. Its influence is visible in those national peculiarities which have so long made the German the butt of other nations for phlegm, slowness, and a general mistiness of ideas. From the man of letters to the porter packing a parcel, you see the inferiority of the development both of the intellectual and physical capacities. Throughout the boasted literature of Germany, it would be difficult to find, besides Schiller, one writer who can describe either facts or thoughts with the rapid distinctness that has been the quality of our own authors from Addison downwards. Through every department where exertion of body or of mind is concerned, there is a slowness, an incompleteness, a fecklessness, in Germany's way of doing it. There are some who deliberately give the preference to this phlegmatic easy way of taking the world over this restless, feverish bee-hive of ours, in which the roar of toil never ceases, and the faculties, mental and bodily, are ever at their utmost strain.

"We fret, we fume, would shift our skins,
Would quarrel with our lot;
Thy care is under polished tins
To serve the hot and hot."

But ours, I doubt not, is the true development of our race. Our activity does not wear us out. We thrive by it. It confers the health and strength proper to its own purposes, and after a longer lease of life sends us to our account with a far longer list of services to our race than the dozing devotee of laziness and sensual enjoyment can show. So is it that the high-spirited and high-bred hunter or racer—ever impelled to action, and often put to the utmost tension of his powers—has a lighter and happier existence than the lazy hack of the huckster. The superiority would not be very obvious to the tortoise or the hedgehog, but it is the right development of the nobler animal.

If the destiny of labour is to be accounted a curse, it often comes in a drearier form than that of effective hard work. One notices in Germany a great deal of sordid, profitless, dreary drudgery of the merely muscular kind, caused by the want of that harder but more genial work, in inventing and organising, which makes our own labour-market so productive. An enormous amount of work is performed by the human being which we get done by machinery or by animal power. To exemplify my notion of the German workmen, I propose to take an occupation pretty extensively followed both there and here, and notice one or two of the special distinctions between the German and the British worker who follows it; and one of the chief reasons for my selection of a pursuit is, that while in Germany it appears to have attracted towards it, or made for itself, about the best portion of the working population, its followers are among us in extremely bad odour. The pursuit I refer to embraces the extraction of minerals and their conversion into available metals; it includes the miners, smelters, and others with kindred occupations—the mining population, in short.

Every one knows that these are very numerous in northern Germany, especially in the region of the Harz. The miner there has nothing of the burly, ferocious, picturesque aspect which the translations of German legends—decorated, perhaps, with Retsch's outlines—have led us in youth to associate with him. He has the look of a poor devil—very poor both in purse and spirit. He is generally smallish in stature, dirty but shaven, with close-fitting shabby clothes, which from the nature of his labours have a greasiness about them which reminds one

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of butchers' assistants in this country. He is a very serious sort of dog, and has the reputation of being pious and moral. His salutation of *Gluck auf* in the evening, as he homeward winds his weary way, is touching. It is an expression of thankfulness for being safe out of the pit in which he has pursued his dreary labour. The whole class are unmistakably stamped with the marks of disease and premature decay, generated by alternation from the poisonous fumes of their work to the passive poison of their stifling homes. Throughout the vast works in which they labour, the old clumsy machinery moved by water-power is universal. They have no hutch moved by steam to convey them up and down between their subterranean workshop and the open air; but go down and come up thousands of feet by ladders, as our mining population used to do a century ago.

Now, no doubt, in many points these poor fellows stand in favourable contrast with the workers in our iron districts, and especially with those who receive the highest pay. The iron-puddler, for instance, can make as much in a day of hard work as the German refiner gets in a week; but he is a wilful dissipated dog, taking his intervals of idleness and vice, and plotting all kinds of mischief to his employer and to himself. And yet I have more hope of him than of the other. He is of a higher calibre and capable of a better development. He has thorough stuff in him. He may be cured of his drunkenness and other vices, as his neighbour the squire has abandoned his four bottles, with the many other evil propensities that afflicted him in Fielding's day.

From another class of our own workmen — fortunately now only known in tradition—some parallels may be drawn to exemplify the condition of labour-life in Germany. I allude to the hand-loom weavers, who presented in their day the vexed problem of a set of men ever working harder and harder, yet ever becoming poorer and poorer. The problem which the economic science of our grandfathers found so puzzling is very simple to us. These poor fellows were competing with machinery—putting mere human physical force against human wit and ingenuity. The battle was utterly hopeless. The productive power of the one increased by a geometrical, while that of the other increased by a lessening arithmetical process. The addition of a new element to the machinery, doubling its power, was a triumphant exercise of the human mental faculties. The addition of an hour to his already excessive work-day added but a small percentage to the produce returned, but was a burden almost insupportable to the poor workman.

The hard experience of this struggle has taught our workpeople a wholesome lesson, which we may hope will teach the folly of any contest of mere muscle against invention. The lesson is probably not yet sufficiently beaten into the English agricultural mind as it is into that of Scotland, but it must be ere long. Germany probably feels comfortable in not having had so hard a trial as we had before the lesson was taught, but for the same reason the lesson seems unlikely ever to be there acquired. The hand-loom weaver conditions pervade all labour there. The workman is not reduced to starvation because he has no active rival to take the bread from him; but he is poor, and will remain poor even though he be laborious. Though one sees on the map the great network of railways spread over the country, yet in going through it, one also cannot fail to see the enormous extent to which the conveyance of goods is effected on the backs of human beings. The *keepe* is a distinctive German institution. It is a large basket or pannier, approaching the shape of a truncated cone, slung on the back, with the base, which is also the mouth, up-

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permost. So systematically is the German back doomed to bear this burden, that children of four or five years of age are invested with small keepes, which grow as it were with the increasing age and strength of their bearers, until they become those capacious receptacles which will hold some half-dozen or so pecks of provisions. This burden is laid chiefly on the female sex, and in some districts the women seem never free of it. The weight of goods they can carry, and the long distances they can go with it, are both astounding; they are the result of long training, but it must be a training exceedingly deleterious to the female frame.

By the way, some of the vehement advocates of the right of women to participate in the functions of men, might find in Germany a significant hint of the share likely to be theirs when work is going. The condition of women among them is one of the unpleasant features in the social life of the Germans. The dreariest and hardest of the common drudgery of the common lot is thrust on them. In fact, they are thrown into a different social caste from their manly masters. You see that hale, plump, well-fed Herr, dressed in spotless black, with a well-brushed broad hat and shining boots, and exhibiting as a further type of his social eminence a large and gorgeous pipe, some four feet in length. A woman walks a little behind him: she is dirty, ill-dressed, with care on her face, and a heavy burden on her back. The two are conversing together at their ease, and you set down the scene as a pleasant instance of that facility of communication throughout different social grades, which makes an agreeable contrast to home practice; but if you make inquiry, you will find that the poor drudge is the great man's wife; or if disparity of years speak otherwise, that she is his mother or his daughter.

It will probably be generally admitted that productive labour in Germany is far from coming up to the British mark, and the admission may not always be accompanied with regret. In the eyes of some, Herman's is the wise moderation which despises ambition, contents the true practical philosopher with a limited portion of the gifts of fortune, and makes him say with Agur, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full, and deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal." Others again will assert that the intellect of the German is occupied with higher things than a contest with the mere materialities of life —that it is grasping at the infinite, or diving into the unfathomable depths of his own individuality. I am ready to admit that there are many scholars and thinkers in Germany whose minds are too much absorbed in higher pursuits to admit of their partaking widely in the sensual enjoyments of their fellow-countrymen. To Kant, Jean Paul, Fichte, and many others, the world owes a debt of gratitude, were it merely for the sort of balance-wheel with which they have steadied the rapid practical vitality of British and French thought. But these monarchs of the speculative are too far up in the clouds to do much for the purification of the common clay below. To this clay there is ground to suspect that the sensualism I have referred to—the continual administration to the mere animal propensities—communicates something worse than inertness, by throwing into it a stratum of brutality, which, when raised to action, develops itself in ferocity and cruelty. Europe has had a hint or two of such tendencies earlier than the latest instance. From the great European gathering at Paris in 1815, our officers brought back ugly stories about the way in which the Prussian soldiers had acted as an army marching through an undefended country. They could answer that it was all very well for

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us, who had ever put the general oppressor at defiance, to do the magnanimous; but it was impossible to obliterate from the minds of Blucher's children the insults and oppressions which their countrymen had borne, and they had to avenge. It would be hardly fair, perhaps, to go back upon the Thirty Years' War, and charge to the account of any existing generation the horrors of cruelty and rapacity with which history burdens it. In the long war of the Spanish succession one does not infer that there was much licence or oppression—everything seems to have been conducted under the pedantic rules of the art of war as then brought to perfection; and the Germans, if they were disposed to be oppressive and rapacious, had to deal with the chivalrous French on the one hand, and on the other with our own troops heavily responsible to a constitutional government and a critical parliament. German powers and German armies had the Seven Years' War much in their own hands; and while the usual histories tell us the great scenes in which now the Emperor and now Frederic the Great figures on the stage, the lesser annals of the times are ever turning up to light practices and incidents in that conflict which show excessive barbarism and cruelty. We all stood aghast here at the horrors of the German outbreaks in 1848; but we somehow forget them, as we generally forget Continental events after they are over, and cease to interrupt us in our attention to our own business. And then has come the last affair with Denmark, which has exasperated this country through and through—exasperated individual feeling all the more sharply, perhaps, that there was no prospect of national action, as on the occasion when Russia was found pressing in upon Turkey.

Descending from wars and revolutions to the level of everyday life, it would be interesting to know more than the common opportunities afford one about the specialties of crime in Germany. France gives us, occasionally, prodigious revelations of its eruption. For ourselves, we proclaim it all to the world, as we do everything that, were we sensitive or (as the phrenologists called it in their day) secretive, we might be expected to hide. There shall not be a pocket picked in London, or a hen-roost robbed in the provinces, but every European who has the command of British newspapers may make himself acquainted with the full particulars of the affair.

My own belief is, that a full revelation of German criminality would be a very revolting record. As to the predatory crimes, the Germans at large have the reputation of being honest. So far as the experience of a traveller goes, I concede this with exceptions. There are districts where one finds associated with primitive simplicity of manners, a self-respect and loyal sense of hospitality, whereby the innkeeper or other person with whom the stranger has dealings is restrained from employing his skill as an adept in imposing on the stranger. I fear the regions most frequented by English tourists are those in which these honourable qualities are least observable; but not to throw on the tourist more than his own responsibility in the demoralising of primitive populations, I have found in places where he is little known, and where there is abundance of superficial simplicity, a continual shabby kind of gnawing at the purse-strings. Everything is very cheap; everybody is prepared to serve you for little; but somehow, expectations and claims mount up in a manner incapable of being defined or checked, and you find when you count up your responsibilities in that remote hof, with its ridiculously low rate of charges, that you lived, on the whole, more economically during your last sojourn at the Tavistock in Covent Garden.

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However, such things are accidents and trifles that must not affect one's fair estimate of a people's character and worth: and, as I hope I shall have an opportunity of telling before I conclude, I carried away with my last trip a refreshing recollection of cheap abundant entertainment and disinterested kindness from innkeepers—a portion of the human race ever proverbially under ban for faithlessness and greediness.

Passing out of this debatable ground of mere questionable morality to that of legitimate effective criminality, let us look at the frequent boast of the Germans that the professional thief is unknown among them—at least unknown as the member of a great institution, such as we find him in London and our secondary great towns. Admitted: and that although at the German railway stations you are warned of pickpockets and their devices perhaps more amply than at our own, where it may be said that people require no warning.

There go two correlative elements to the constitution of theft or thieving as a profession, and they are the same that the political economists have always told us to be necessary in commerce—supply and demand. A condition absolute to the driving of a brisk trade in theft, is the existence of a large portion of movable property not over well protected. To judge, therefore, of a nation's proneness to theft, we must apply the rule of three, and compare the amount stolen with the total amount available. One of the stalest articles in the stock-in-trade of old humdrum moralists is the amount of fraud perpetrated in London. For my part, I think a far more wonderful phenomenon may be found in the great amount of honesty there. Of course it is the place to which all the knaves of the world gravitate; but it has become what it is, the virtual capital of the world, because the great bulk of its people find it better to subsist by productive industry than by fraud. There is no part of the world so nervously frightened about crime, or so easily driven out of its senses by any panic outcry. It is there that we concentrate our outcries to the rest of Europe about our own vices and crimes. We must all remember too well the wild panic about garotting two years ago. It echoed over Europe, and will be fully recorded everywhere against us; but Europe has not heard the still small voice that told to the Commission of Inquiry about the punishment of convicts, the actual amount of violent robbery that caused the panic. It deserves that this should not be forgotten. It was attested by Sir Richard Mayne, the head of the metropolitan police, that in the six months containing that memorable winter, the number of robberies by violence—including of course garotting—reported to the police, was 82; and the property stated by the losers themselves to have been abstracted amounted to a total value of £269; and this sufficed to make mighty London yell out to all the world, as if one half of its three millions were throttling the other half.

The proper hunting-ground of the thief is a country with an affluent middle class—exactly such a country as Britain. To the houses of the great it is not easy to get access, and those of the very poor won't pay. Though Irish names are significantly numerous in our calendars of convictions, Ireland boasts that she has no trained society of thieves such as England has; and the reason is the same that exempts the sandy desert from wolves, who can find no food in it—the Irish hovels cannot afford a decent livelihood to a skilful operator, and the comfortable middle class there is thin and scattered. The Germans have more comfort throughout; but the silver spoons and the bag of sovereigns that reward the successful invasion of an

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English grange or a small shopkeeper's abode, are wanting among them, and so naturally is the person who turns such rewards to account.

But we have not the less assurance in such books as Feuerbach's and others, that there is a deal of crime, and that of an extremely dark character, in Germany. Of the half-dozen or so of eminent murders which have frightened our own country within the past ten years, one was perpetrated by a German — we shall soon know whether another also was. But the crimes daily committed among themselves are not blazoned in the face of the world as ours are. I remember once coming in Germany across a very startling phenomenon —one that would be made to ring throughout Europe if it occurred among ourselves. It was in the penitentiary for women at Prague. One of the Sisters of Mercy who tended it spoke much about the *kinder morderinn*, or child-murderess, as belonging to an important and conspicuous class, and was anxious to know if it was a very numerous one in Britain. I found that, of the four hundred women under her charge, a hundred and thirty had been convicted of child-murder—thirty-two and a half per cent. If you told this to a German he would give a careless or incredulous shrug, but would make no inquiry into its truth. This penitentiary, by the way, I found wonderfully clean and well managed by the Sisters of Mercy in charge of it; while the male convict prison, separated from it by a street or two, was such a scene of horrors as one will not realise the existence of within civilised Europe without seeing it. Eleven hundred ruffians are there, under sentences of all periods, without ever getting into the open air. Whenever you enter, you hear the clanging of the fetters with which each man is chained ankle to ankle, and the stench comes upon you like a poisonous tempest. The crowded hospitals, where filthy diseased creatures lay nearly naked in the stewing heat, might, I believe, have been used as ovens. Of that visit I carried away a very lively reminder in certain minute but very sanguinary animals, who, smelling, as the nursery tale says, "the blood of an Englishman," made a simultaneous rush to taste the refreshing liquid. But that this disgrace exists, and that close beside a model on which it might be improved, are of the class of things about which the German cares and knows nothing so long as he can boast of Duppel over his beer, and fill his shop-windows with glaring prints of big Fatherland extirpating poor little Denmark.

It is at the root of our own political freedom and our greatness that we have all cared for these things—cared more for them than for broad political questions or national triumphs. For the same reason it is that, by our endless talk about them, we permit the world to twit us with our dissipation and our criminality. Yet our volubility has not been without some practical results. There is a use in what seems useless talk. Perhaps if we had in our collection all that has been said and written at social science associations and elsewhere about repression and reformation, and had it analysed and appreciated by some competent critic placed in conditions so far apart from those of the disputants, as to be able to estimate their merits in the general balance of what the mind of man has accomplished, he would pronounce for verdict that he had no previous conception of the amount of twaddle that the human brain could supply or of the preposterousness of the projects it could entertain. But, between words and acts, if we have not exterminated crime we have got the mastery of it. We make it know its place in the presence of virtuous respectability. It is sub-

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dued and segregated, so that it has little opportunity of mixing with and tainting even the humblest social grade. Your British criminal is in fact a poor—a very poor creature. Both in physical and mental development he is distinctly below the rest of the community. The accomplished housebreakers and subtle swindlers that one hears of in the romance of crime are as rare as other features of high romance are in real humdrum life. The weakness and facility of poorly developed natures are the specialties that enlist men in the ranks of crime in this country. It is otherwise elsewhere. M. Bérenger, in his 'Répression Pénale,' discusses it as a difficulty to be dealt with in France, that there are men of great intelligence, capacity, and energy, who devote their faculties to crime. That in the German social stratification criminality crops out far higher up than in ours, becomes palpable in looking at the contents of a prison in each country. With us a good mechanic is a rarity in such a place. Perhaps in a large prison containing several hundreds of criminals, a dozen may be found who have been trained as shoemakers, carpenters, or masons. The German establishment, on the other hand, is full of accomplished workmen, who, in the new improved prisons, are all set to the performance of their respective functions. It is a fine sight to the philanthropist to behold them exercising their skill and dexterity in the production of furniture and other valuable commodities; but it cannot be very pleasant to live in the apprehension that the people you transact the common business of life with are very likely to become jailbirds. In the great Zellengefängniss at Berlin I saw decorative workers of so eminent a grade as to entitle them to be called artists. They made their cells interesting studios; and, like Raleigh, their prison hours enriched the world.

These accomplished personages, whom the German social philosopher can present as a glorious contrast to the wretched louts—the human funguses—that occupy our prison cells, are raised in the very focus of German education, and the central point whence the State promulgates æsthetics and the influence of fine art. But it is also the seat of that robber government which teaches by example that every act of plunder that can be accomplished with impunity is lawful in international morality. Despite its museums and libraries, and picture and statue galleries, and complex educational machinery, you will not long walk about under the Linden without feeling that you are among a brutal people, whom force alone keeps down. You are among those in every way fitted to be let loose upon an unoffending people, doomed to oppression and pillage—among those who are likely, some day again, to turn upon their masters, and let them see what sort of civilisation they have made.

No person in his senses will say a word in depreciation of the value of education; but even this blessing, like all others, has certain limits to its efficiency, and it is as well to know them. While the State is doing its work through the official schoolmaster, there are other silent teachers in the heart of the social system—teachers normally trained through the barbarism and brutality of centuries, who are also busily at work secretly teaching their own special lessons. There is a world of sad suggestiveness in the disgusting contrivances made into toys for the amusement of children, which you may buy under the Linden. I remember a German toyman coming to a town in Britain, not much celebrated for its morality, and containing a good deal of coarseness. He filled his window, unconsciously I suppose, with the things he found popular at home, but the public mind had

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not been trained to them, and he found he had to abandon them in a day or two. All the force-pumping of knowledge into the Prussian will not teach him to wash his skin and breathe fresh air, any more than it will enable him to understand our constitutional safeguards.

A great type of social ignorances flourishes marvellously in Germany —the quack doctor. With us he works furtively among the very humblest social elements. Those who never hear of him otherwise will be surprised to find how he plasters the walls of Liverpool and the manufacturing towns. But in Germany he is great and eminent. I found him with a newly started project, which was getting a great run—*fichte-nadel Anstalt*, or fir-needle institution. The ministering priest of such a temple doses you with a concoction of fir-needles, and bathes you in the same, performing certain other incantations. In a country covered with dense pine forests his stock-in-trade is large enough, should his dupes prove sufficiently numerous. Like most people rurally inclined, I delight in the aroma of pine woods in a sunny day; but the hot breath from the caldrons of the Anstalt, as I passed the door, felt sickening. You are told that it cures every disease; and you are not only requested, but perhaps compelled, to submit to this doctrine. I know of one instance where a very sick lady had fallen into such hands. Her family found that the practitioner, being a medicin Rath — sometimes so pronounced as to sound like medicine Rat—could not only carry out his own nostrums, but could put down all competition with them, having the medical command of the district, which he perambulated with uniform and epaulets; and he would have undoubtedly proceeded deliberately with the slaughter of the patient had she not, at considerable risk, been removed out of his way.

Surely, however, I hear you say, there should be something more genial and pleasant than all this national scolding to be had from a fellow who has been so lucky as to get a run in the Alps. You have reason, as the French say: I have said my malison — perhaps too much of it. I have more pleasant things to discourse about, but I shall wait a little before dealing with them, to give opportunity for the escape of the bad humour caused by recent events, and still more recent intercourse with a people among whom the wrongs and cruelties of which they should have been ashamed were continually brought before me as objects of frantic and ridiculous exultation.

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TONY BUTLER.

PART XIV.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—"IN RAGS."

If Tony Butler's success in his new career only depended on his zeal, he would have been a model clerk. Never did any one address himself to a new undertaking with a stronger resolution to comprehend all its details, and conquer all its difficulties. First of all, he desired to show his gratitude to the good fellow who had helped him; and secondly, he was eager to prove, if proven it could be, that he was not utterly incapable of earning his bread, nor one of those hopeless creatures who are doomed from their birth to be a burden to others.

So long as his occupation led him out of doors, conveying orders here and directions there, he got on pretty well. He soon picked up a sort of Italian of his own, intelligible enough to those accustomed to it; and as he was alert, active, and untiring, he looked, at least, a most valuable assistant. Whenever it came to indoor work and the pen, his heart sank within him; he knew that his hour of trial had come, and he had no strength to meet it. He would mistake the letter-book for the ledger or the day-book; and he would make entries in one which should have been in the other, and then, worst of all, erase them, or append an explanation of his blunder that would fill half a page with inscrutable blottedness.

As to payments, he jotted them down anywhere, and in his anxiety to compose confidential letters with due care, he would usually make three or four rough drafts of the matter, quite sufficient to impart the contents to the rest of the office.

Sam M'Gruder bore nobly up under these trials. He sometimes laughed at the mistakes, did his best to remedy — never rebuked them. At last, as he saw that poor Tony's difficulties, instead of diminishing, only increased with time, inasmuch as his despairing himself led him into deeper embarrassments, M'Gruder determined Tony should be entirely employed in journeys and excursions here and there through the country—an occupation, it is but fair to own, invented to afford him employment, rather than necessitated by any demands of the business. Not that Tony had the vaguest suspicion of this. Indeed, he wrote to his mother a letter filled with an account of his active and useful labours. Proud was he, at last, to say that he was no longer eating the bread of idleness. "I am up before dawn, mother, and very often have nothing to eat but a mess of Indian-corn steeped in oil, not unlike what Sir Arthur used to fatten the bullocks with, the whole livelong day; and sometimes I have to visit places there are no roads to; nearly all the villages are on the tops of the mountains; but, by good-luck, I am never beat by a long walk, and I do my forty miles a-day without minding it.

"If I could only forget the past, dearest mother, or think it nothing but a dream, I'd never quarrel with the life I am now leading; for I have plenty of open air, mountain walking, abundance of time to myself, and rough fellows to deal with, that amuse me; but when I am tramping along with my cigar in my mouth, I can't help thinking of long ago—of the rides at sunset on the sands, and all the hopes and fancies I used to bring home with me, after them. Well! it is over now—just as much done for as if

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the time had never been at all; and I suppose, after a while, I'll learn to bear it better, and think, as you often told me, that 'all things are for the best.'

"I feel my own condition more painfully when I come back here, and have to sit a whole evening listening to Sam M'Gruder, talking about Dolly Stewart and the plans about their marriage. The poor fellow is so full of it all, that even the important intelligence I have for him he won't hear, but will say, 'Another time, Tony, another time—let us chat about Dolly.' One thing I'll swear to, she'll have the honestest fellow for her husband that ever stepped, and tell her I said so. Sam would take it very kindly of you, if you could get Dolly to agree to their being married in March. It is the only time he can manage a trip to England,—not but, as he says, whatever time Dolly consents to shall be his time.

"He shows me her letters sometimes, and though he is half wild with delight at them, I tell you frankly, mother, they wouldn't satisfy *me* if *I* was her lover. She writes more like a creature that was resigned to a hard lot, than one that was about to marry a man she loved. Sam, however, doesn't seem to take this view of her, and so much the better.

"There was one thing in your last letter that puzzled me, and puzzles me still. Why did Dolly ask if I was likely to remain here? The way you put it makes me think that she was deferring the marriage till such time as I was gone. If I really believed this to be the case, I'd go away to-morrow, though I don't know well where to, or what for. But it is hard to understand, since I always thought that Dolly liked me, as certainly I ever did, and still do, *her*.

"Try and clear up this for me in your next. I suppose it was by way of what is called sparing me, you said nothing of the Lyles in your last, but I saw in the 'Morning Post' all about the 'departure for the Continent, intending to reside some years in Italy.'

"And that is more than I'd do if I owned Lyle Abbey, and had eighteen blood-horses in my stable, and a clipper cutter in the Bay of Curryglass. I suppose the truth is, people never do know when they're well off."

The moral reflection, not arrived at so easily or so rapidly as the reader may imagine, concluded Tony's letter, to which in due time came a long answer from his mother. With the home gossip we shall not burden the reader, nor shall we ask of him to go through the short summary—four close pages—of the Doctor's discourses on the text, "I would ye were hot or cold," two sensations that certainly the mere sight of the exposition occasioned to Tony. We limit ourselves to the words of the postscript.

"I cannot understand Dolly at all, and I am afraid to mislead you as to what you ask. My impression is—but mind it is mere impression—she has grown somewhat out of her old friendship for you. Some stories possibly have represented you in a wrong light, and I half think you may be right, and that she would be less averse to the marriage if she knew you were not to be in the house with them. It was, indeed, only this morning the Doctor said, 'Young married folk should aye learn each other's failings without bystanders to observe them'—a significant hint I thought I would write to you by this post."

When Tony received his epistle, he was seated in his own room, leisurely engaged in deciphering a paragraph in an Italian newspaper, descriptive of Garibaldi's departure from a little bay near Genoa to his Sicilian expedition.

Nothing short of a letter from his mother could have withdrawn his attention from a description so full of intense interest to him; and partly, indeed, from this cause, and partly from the hard labour of rendering the foreign language, the de-

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tails stuck in his mind during all the time he was reading his mother's words.

"So that's the secret, is it?" muttered he. "Dolly wishes to be alone with her husband—natural enough; and I'm not the man to oppose it. I hope she'll be happy, poor girl; and I hope Garibaldi will beat the Neapolitans. I'm sure Sam is worthy of a good wife; but I don't know whether these Sicilian fellows deserve a better Government. At all events, my course is clear—here I mustn't stay. Sam does not know that I am the obstacle to his marriage; but *I* know it, and that is enough. I wonder would Garibaldi take me as a volunteer. There cannot be much choice at such a time. I suppose he enrols whoever offers; and they must be mostly fellows of my own sort — useless dogs, that are only fit to give and take hard knocks."

He hesitated long whether he should tell Sam M'Gruder of his project; he well knew all the opposition he should meet, and how stoutly his friend would set himself against a plan so fatal to all habits of patient industry. "And yet," muttered Tony to himself, "I don't like to tell him that I hate 'Rags,' and detest the whole business. It would be so ungrateful of me. I could say my mother wanted to see me in Ireland; but I never told him a lie, and I can't bear that our parting should be sealed with a falsehood."

As he pondered he took out his pistols and examined them carefully; and, poising one neatly in his hand, he raised it, as marksmen sometimes will do, to take an imaginary aim. As he did so, M'Gruder entered, and cried out, laughing, "Is he covered—is he dead?"

Tony laid down the weapon, with a flush of shame, and said, "After all, M'Gruder, the pistol is more natural to me than the pen; and it was just what I was going to confess to you."

"You're not going to take to the highways, though?"

"Something not very unlike it; I mean to go and have a turn with Garibaldi."

"Why, what do you know about Garibaldi or his cause?"

"Perhaps not a great deal; but I've been spelling out these newspapers every night, and one thing is clear, whether he has right or wrong on his side, the heavy odds are all against him. He's going in to fight regular troops with a few hundred trampers. Now I call that very plucky."

"So do I; but courage may go on to rashness, and become folly."

"Well, I feel as if a little rashness will do me a deal of good. I am too well off here—too easy—too much cared for. Life asks no effort, and I make none; and if I go on a little longer, I'll be capable of none."

"I see," said the other, laughing, "Rags do not rouse your ambition, Tony."

"I don't know what would—that is, I don't think I *have* any ambition now;" and there was a touch of sorrow in the last word that gave all the force to what he said.

"At all events, you are tired of this sort of thing," said the other, good-humouredly, "and it's not to be much wondered at. You began life at what my father used to call 'the wrong end.' You started on the sunny side of the road, Tony, and it is precious hard to cross over into the shade afterwards."

"You're right there, M'Gruder. I led the jolliest life that ever man did till I was upwards of twenty; but I don't believe I ever knew how glorious it was till it was over; but I mustn't think of that now. See! this is what I mean to do. You'll find some way to send that safely to my mother. There's forty odd pounds in it, and I'd rather it was not lost. I have kept enough to buy a good rifle—a heavy Swiss one, if I can find it—and a sword-bayonet, and with these I am fully equipped."

"Come, come, Tony, I'll not hear of this; that you are well weary of

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the life you lead here is not hard to see, nor any blame to you either, old fellow. One must be brought up to Rags, like everything else, and *you* were not. But my brother writes me about starting an American agency—what do you say to going over to New York?"

"What a good fellow you are!" cried Tony, staring at him till his eyes began to grow clouded with tears; "what a good fellow! you'd risk your ship just to give me a turn at the tiller! But it musn't be—it cannot be: I'm bent on this scheme of mine—I have determined on it."

"Since when? since last night?"

"Well, it's not very long, certainly, since I made up my mind."

The other smiled. Tony saw it, and went on: "I know what you mean. You are of old Stewart's opinion. When he heard me once say I had made up my mind, he said, 'It doesn't take long to make up a small parcel;' but every fellow, more or less, knows what he can and what he cannot do. Now *I* cannot be orderly, exact, and punctual—even the little brains I have I can't be sure of keeping them on the matter before me: but I defy a horse to throw me; I'll bring you up a crown piece out of six fathoms water, if it's clear; I'll kill four swallows out of six with a ball; and though these are not gifts to earn one's bread by, the man that has them needn't starve."

"If I thought that you had really reflected well over this plan—given it all the thought and consideration it required——"

"I have given it just as much consideration as if I took five weeks to it. A man may take an evening over a pint of ale, but it's only a pint after all—don't you see that?"

M'Gruder was puzzled; perhaps there was some force in the illustration. Tony looked certainly as if he thought he had said a clever thing.

"Well, Tony," said the other, after a moment of grave thought, "you'll have to go to Genoa to embark, I suppose?"

"Yes; the committee sits at Genoa, and every one who enrols must appear before them."

"You could walk there in four days."

"Yes; but I can steam it in one."

"Ay, true enough; what I mean to ask of you is this, that you will go the whole way on foot; a good walker as you are won't think much of that; and in these four days, as you travel along—all alone—you'll have plenty of time to think over your project. If by the time you reach Genoa you like it as well as ever, I've no more to say; but if—and mark me, Tony, you must be honest with your own heart—if you really have your doubts and your misgivings; if you feel that for your poor mother's sake——"

"There, there! I've thought of all that," cried Tony, hurriedly. "I'll make the journey on foot, as you say you wish it, but don't open the thing to any more discussion. If I relent, I'll come back. There's my hand on it!"

"Tony, it gives me a sad heart to part with you," and he turned away, and stole out of the room.

"Now I believe it's all done," said Tony, after he had packed his knapsack, and stored by in his trunk what he intended to leave behind him. There were a few things there, too, that had their own memories! There was the green silk cap, with its gold tassel, Alice had given him on his last steeplechase. Ah, how it brought back the leap—a bold leap it was—into the winning field, and Alice, as she stood up and waved her handkerchief as he passed! There was a glove of hers; she had thrown it down sportively on the sands, and dared him to take it up in full career of his horse; he remembered they had a quarrel because he claimed the glove as a prize, and refused to restore it to her. There was an evening after that in which she would not speak to him. He had carried a heavy heart home with him that night! What a fund of

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love the heart must be capable of feeling for a living, sentient thing, when we see how it can cling to some object inanimate and irresponsive. "I'll take that glove with me," muttered Tony to himself; "it owes me some good-luck: who knows but it may pay me yet?"

CHAPTER XLIX.—MET AND PARTED.

Tony went on his way early next morning, stealing off ere it was yet light, for he hated leave-takings, and felt that they weighed upon him for many a mile of a journey. There was enough on the road he travelled to have interested and amused him, but his heart was too full of its own cares, and his mind too deep in its own plans, to dispose him to such pleasures, and so he passed through little villages on craggy eminences and quaint old towers on mountain tops, scarcely observing them. Even Pisa, with its world-known Tower, and the gem-like Baptistery beside it, scarce attracted notice from him, though he muttered as he passed, "Perhaps on some happier day I'll be able to come back here and admire it." And so onward he plodded through the grand old ruined Massa and the silent Sarzana, whose palaces display the quarterings of old crusading knights, with many an emblem of the Holy War; and by the beauteous Bay of Spezzia he went, not stopping to see poor Shelley's home, and the terrace where his midnight steps had almost worn a track. The road now led through the declining ridges of the Apennines, gorgeous in colour—such colour as art would have scarce dared to counterfeit, so emerald the dark green of the waving pines, so silver-like the olive, so gloriously purple the great cliffs of porphyry; and then through many a riven cleft, through feathery foliage and broad-leaved fig-trees, down many a fathom low the sea!—the blue Mediterranean, so blue as to seem another sky of deeper meaning than the one above it.

He noticed little of all these—he felt none of them! It was now the third day of his journey, and though he had scarcely uttered a word, and been deeply intent on his own fate, all that his thinking had done was to lead, as it were, into some boundless prairie, and there desert him.

"I suppose," muttered he to himself, "I am one of those creatures that must never presume to plan anything, but take each day's life as I find it. And I could do this. Ay, I could do it manfully too, if I were not carrying along with me memories of long ago. It is Alice, the thought of Alice, that dashes the present with a contrast to the past, and makes all I now attempt so poor and valueless."

As the road descends from Borghetto there is a sudden bend, from which, through a deep cleft, the little beach and village of Levanto are seen hundreds of feet beneath, but yet in that clear still atmosphere so near, that not only the white foam of the breaking wave could be seen, but its rhythm-like plash heard as it broke upon the beach. For the first time since he set out had the charm of scenery attracted him, and, descending a few feet from the road, he reached a large square rock, from which he could command the whole view for miles on every side.

He took out his bread and cheese and a melon he had bought that morning, and disposed himself to eat his dinner. He had often partaken of a more sumptuous meal, but never had he eaten with so glorious a prospect at his feet.

A little lateen-sailed boat stole out from beneath the olives and gained the sea; and as Tony watched her, he thought if he would only have been a fisherman there, and Alice his wife, how little he could have envied all that the world has of wealth and honours and ambitions. His friend Skeffy could not

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do this, but *he* could. *He* was strong of limb and stout of heart; he could bear hardships and cold; and it would be so fine to think that, born gentleman as he was, he never flinched from the hardest toil, or repined at the roughest fare, he and Alice treasuring up their secret, and hoarding it as a miser hoards his gold.

Ay, down there, in that little gorge, with the pine wood behind and the sea before, he could have passed his life, with never a longing thought for the great world and its prizes. As he ran on thus in fancy, he never heard the sound of footsteps on the road above, nor noticed the voices of persons talking.

At last he heard, not the words, but the tone of the speakers, and recognised them to be English. There is that peculiar sound in English utterance that at once distinguishes it from all other speech, and Tony, quite forgetting that his high-peaked Calabrian hat and massive beard made him far more like an Italian brigand than a British gentleman, not wishing to be observed, never turned his head to look at them. At last one said, "The little fishing village below there must be Levanto. John Murray tells us that this is the land of the fan palm and the cactus, so that at length we are in Italy."

"Do you know—shall I confess it," said the other, "that I am not thinking of the view, beautiful as it is? I am envying that peasant with his delicious melon on the rock there. I am half tempted to ask him to share it with me."

"Ask him, by all means," said the first speaker, laughing.

"You are jesting," replied the other, "but I am in sober earnest. I can resist no longer. Do you, however, wait here, or the carriage may pass on and leave us behind."

Tony heard nothing of these words; but he heard the light footsteps, and he heard the rustle of a woman's dress as she forced her way through bramble and underwood, till at last, with that consciousness so mysterious, he felt there was some one standing close behind him. Half vexed to think that his isolation should be invaded, he drew his hat deeper over his eyes, and sat steadfastly gazing on the sea below him.

"Is that Levanto I see beneath that cliff?" asked she, in Italian—less to satisfy her curiosity than to attract his attention.

Tony started. How intensely had his brain been charged with thoughts of long ago that every word that met his ears should seem impregnated with these memories! A half-sulky "Si" was, however, his only rejoinder.

"What a fine melon you have there, my friend!" said she; and now her voice thrilled through him so strangely, that he sprang to his feet and turned to face her. "Is my brain tricking me?—are my senses wandering?" muttered he to himself. "Alice, Alice!"

"Yes, Tony," cried she. "Who ever heard of so strange a meeting? How came you here? Speak, or I shall be as incredulous as yourself!" But Tony could not utter a word, but stood overwhelmed with wonder, silently gazing on her.

"Speak to me, Tony," said she, in her soft winning voice—"speak to me; tell me by what curious fortune you came here. Let us sit down on this bank; our carriage is toiling up the hill, and will not be here for some time."

"So it is not a dream!" sighed he, as he sat down beside her. "I have so little faith in my brain that I could not trust it."

It was easy to see that his bewilderment still remained; and so, with a woman's tact, she addressed herself to talking of what would gradually lead his thoughts into a collected shape. She told how they were all on their way to the south — Naples or Palermo, not certain which—somewhere for climate, as Isabella was still delicate.

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That her father and mother and sister were some miles behind on the road, she having come on more rapidly with a lighter carriage. "Not all alone, though, Master Tony; don't put on that rebukeful face. The lady you see yonder on the road is what is called my companion —the English word for duenna; and I half think I am scandalising her very much by this conduct of mine, sitting down on the grass with a brigand chief, and, I was going to say, sharing his breakfast, though I have to confess it never occurred to him to offer it. Come, Tony, get up, and let me present you to her, and relieve her mind of the terrible thoughts that must be distressing her."

"One moment, Alice—one moment," said he, taking her hand. "What is this story my mother tells me?" He stopped, unable to go on; but she quickly broke in, "Scandal travels quickly indeed; but I scarcely thought your mother was one to aid its journey."

"She never believed it," said he, doggedly.

"Why repeat it, then? why give bad money a currency? I think we had better join my friend. I see she is impatient."

The coldness with which she spoke chilled him like a wintry blast; but he rallied soon, and with a vigorous energy said, "My mother no more believed ill of you than I did; and when I asked you what the slander meant, it was to know where I could find the man to pay for it."

"You must deny yourself the pleasure this time, Tony," said she, laughing. "It was a woman's story—a disappointed woman—and so, not so very blamable as she might be; not but that it was true in fact."

"True, Alice—true?"

"Yes, sir. The inference from it was the only falsehood; but really we have had too much of this. Tell me of yourself—why are you here? where are you now going?"

"You've heard of my exploits as a messenger, I suppose," said Tony, with a bitter laugh.

"I heard, as we all heard with great sorrow, that you left the service," said she, with a hesitation on each word.

"Left it? Yes; I left to avoid being kicked out of it. I lost my despatches, and behaved like a fool. Then I tried to turn sailor, but no skipper would take me; and I *did* turn clerk, and half ruined the honest fellow that trusted me. And now I am going—in good truth, Alice, I don't exactly know where, but it is somewhere in search of a pursuit to fit a fellow who begins to feel he is fit for nothing."

"It is not thus your friends think of you, Tony," said she, kindly.

"That's the worst of it," rejoined he, bitterly: "I have all my life been trying to justify an opinion that never should have been formed of me—ay, and that I well knew I had no right to."

"Well, Tony, come back with us. I don't say with *me*, because I must be triple discreet for some time to come; but come back with papa; he'll be overjoyed to have you with us."

"No, no," muttered Tony in a faint whisper; "I could not, I could not."

"Is that old grudge of long ago so deep that time has not filled it up?"

"I could not, I could not," muttered he, evidently not hearing the words she had just spoken.

"And why not, Tony? Just tell me why not?"

"Shall I tell you, Alice?" said he; and his lip shook and his cheek grew pale as he spoke—"shall I tell you?"

She nodded; for she too was moved, and did not trust herself to speak.

"Shall I tell you?" said he, and he looked into her eyes with a meaning so full of love, and yet of sorrow, that her cheek became crimson, and she turned away in shame.

"No, Tony," whispered she,

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faintly, "better not say—what might pain us both, perhaps."

"Enough if you know," said he, faintly.

"There, see my friend has lost all patience; come up to the road, Tony. She must see that my interview has been with an English gentleman, and not a brigand chief. Give me your arm, and do not look so sulky."

"You women can look any way you will," mumbled he, "no matter what you may feel; that is, if you *do* feel."

"You are the same old savage, Tony, as ever," said she, laughing. "I never got my melon, after all, Miss Lister; the sight of an old friend was, however, better. Let me present him to you—Mr Butler."

"Mr Tony Butler?" asked she, with a peculiar smile; and though she spoke it low, he heard her, and said, "Yes; I am Tony Butler."

"Sir Arthur will be charmed to know you are here. It was but yesterday he said he'd not mind taking a run through Calabria if we only had you with us."

"I have said all that and more to him, but he doesn't mind it," said Alice.

"Is this fair, Alice?" whispered he.

"In fact," resumed she, "he has nowhere particular to go to, provided it be not the same road that we are taking."

"Is this kind, Alice?" whispered he again.

"And though I have told him what pleasure it would give us all if he would turn back with us——"

"You'll drive me to say it," muttered he between his teeth.

"If you dare, sir," said she in a low but clear whisper; and now she stepped into the carriage, and affected to busy herself with her mufflers. Tony assisted Miss Lister to her place, and then walked round to the side where Alice sat.

"You are not angry with me, Alice?" said he, falteringly.

"I certainly am not pleased," said she, coldly. "There was a time I had not to press a wish—I had but to utter it."

"And yet, Alice," said he, leaning over, and whispering so close that she felt his breath on her face—"and yet I never loved you then as I love you now."

"You have determined that I should not repeat my invitation," said she, leaning back in the carriage; "I must—I have no help for it—I must say Good-bye!"

"Good-bye," said he, pressing her hand, from which he had just drawn off the glove, to his lips. She never made any effort to withdraw it, but leaned forward, as though to conceal the action from her companion.

"Good-bye, dearest Alice," said he once more.

"Give me my glove, Tony. I think it has fallen," said she, carelessly, as she leaned back once more.

"There it is," muttered he; "but I have another here that I will never part with;" and he drew forth the glove she had thrown on the strand for him to pick up—so long ago!

"You will see papa, Tony?" said she, drawing down her veil; "you can't fail to meet him before night. Say you saw us. Good-bye."

And Tony stood alone on the mountain, and watched the cloud of dust that rose behind the carriage, and listened to the heavy tramp of the horses till the sounds died off in the distance.

"Oh, if I could trust the whisper at my heart!" cried he. "If I could—if I could—I'd be happier than I ever dared to hope for."

CHAPTER L.—THE SOLDIER OF MISFORTUNE.

The little flicker of hope—faint enough it was—that cheered up Tony's heart, served also to indispose him to meet with Lady Lyle; for he remembered, fresh as though it had been the day before, the

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sharp lesson that lady had read him on the "absurd pretensions of certain young gentlemen with respect to those immeasurably above them in station." "I am not in a humour to listen to the second part of the homily, which certainly would not be the less pointed, seeing that I am a wayfarer on foot, and with my knapsack strapped behind me." It gave him no sense of shame that Alice should have seen him thus poor and humble. He never blushed for his pack or his hobnailed shoes. If *she* could not think of him apart from the accidents of his condition, it mattered very little what he wore, or how he journeyed. And as he cheered himself with these thoughts he gained a high peak, from which he could see the pine-clad promontory of Sestri, some thousand feet down below him. He knew the spot from description, and remembered that it was to be one of his resting-places for a night. It was no new thing for Tony to strike out his own line across country—his was a practised eye—to mark the course by which a certain point was to be reached, and to know, by a something like instinct, where a ravine—where a river must lie—where the mountain-side would descend too precipitously for human footsteps—where the shelving decline would admit of a path—all these were his; and in their exercise he had that sort of pride a man feels in what he deems a gift.

This same pride and his hope together lightened the way, and he went forward almost happy; so that once or twice he half asked himself if fortune was not about to turn on him with a kindlier look than she had yet bestowed? When about a mile from the highroad, a dull rumbling sound, like far-away thunder, caught his ear: he looked up, and saw the great massive carriage of the wealthy Sir Arthur rolling ponderously along, with its six horses, and followed by a dense "wake" of dust for half a mile behind. "I am glad that we have not met," muttered he: "I could have wished to see Bella, and speak to her. She was ever my fast friend; but that haughty old woman, in the midst of all the pride of her wealth, would have jarred on me so far that I might have forgotten myself. Why should my poverty provoke *her* to slight me? My poverty is mine, just as much as any malady that might befall me, and whose sufferings I must bear as I may, and cannot ask another to endure for me. It may try *me* to stand up against, but surely it is no burden to her; and why make it seem as a gulf between us?" Ah, Master Tony! subtler heads than yours have failed to untie this knot. It was dusk when he reached Sestri, and found himself in the little vine-clad porch of the "Angelo d'Oro," a modest little inn for foot-travellers on the verge of the sea. He ordered his supper to be served in the open air, under the fresh foliage, and with the pleasant night-wind gently stirring the leaves.

As the landlord arranged the table, he informed Tony that another traveller had come a short time before, but so ignorant of the language was he, that he was only served by means of signs; and he seemed so poor too, that they had scruples about giving him a bed, and were disposed to let him pass the night under the porch.

Tony learned that the traveller had only tasted a glass of wine and a piece of bread, and then, as if overcome by fatigue and exhaustion, dropped off asleep. "I will see him," said he, rising, without partaking of the soup that was just placed before him; "the poor fellow may perhaps be ill." The landlord led the way to the end of the house, where, on a heap of chestnut leaves, the usual bedding of the cattle in these regions, a large strongly-built man, poorly clad and travel-stained, lay sound asleep. Tony took the lantern and held it to his face. How was it he knew the features? He knew them, and

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yet not the man. He was sure that the great massive brow and that large strong cheek were not seen by him for the first time; and though he was sorry to disturb the poor fellow's slumber, he could not control his impatience to resolve the doubt; and, stooping down, he shook him gently by the shoulder.

"What is it?" cried the man, starting up to a sitting posture; "what is it now?"

"You are a countryman of mine," said Tony, "and I'm trying to think if we have not met before."

The man rose to his feet, and, taking the lantern from Tony's hand, held it up to his face. "Don't you know me, sir?" cried he; "don't you remember me?"

"I do, and I do not," muttered Tony, still puzzled.

"Don't you mind the day, sir, that you was near been run over in London, and a man pulled you out just as the horses was on top o' you?"

"And are you the man? Are you the poor fellow whose bundle I carried off?"—but he stopped, and, grasping the man's hand, shook it cordially and affectionately. "By what chance do I find you here?"

The man looked about, as if to see that he was not overheard; and Tony, marking the caution of the gesture, said, "None can understand us here. Don't be afraid to say what you like, but first of all come and share my supper with me."

It was not without a modest reluctance that the poor fellow took his seat at the table; and indeed for some time, so overcome was he by the honour accorded him, that he scarcely ate at all. If Tony Bulter was no finished conversationalist, able to lead the talk of a dinner-table, yet in the tact that pertains to making intercourse with an inferior easy and familiar he had not many his equal; and before the meal was finished, he slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and said, "Rory Quin, here's your health, and a long life to you!"

"How did you know my name, sir?" asked the poor fellow, whose face glowed with delight at the flattery of such a recognition.

"At first I did not trust my memory, Rory, for I wrote it down in a note-book I have; and after a while I learned to think of you so often, and to wish I might meet you, that I had no need of the writing. You don't seem to remember that I am in your debt, my good fellow. I carried off your bundle, and, what was worse, it fell overboard and was lost."

"It couldn't have any but bad-luck," said Rory, thoughtfully; "and maybe it was just the best thing could happen it."

There was a touch of sorrow in what he said that Tony easily saw; a hidden grief had been moved, and after a little inducement he led him on to tell his story; and which, though, narrated in Rory's own words, it occupied hours, may, happily for my readers, be condensed into a very few sentences.

Rory had been induced, partly by the glorious cause itself, partly through the glittering promises of personal advancement, to enlist for foreign service. A certain Major M'Caskey—a man that, as Rory said, would wile the birds off the trees—came down to the little village he lived in at the foot of the Galtee Mountains; and there was not one, young or old, was not ready to follow him. To hear him talk, as Rory described, was better than a play. There wasn't a part of the world he hadn't seen, there wasn't a great man in it he didn't know; and "what beat all," as Rory said, "was the way he had the women on his side." Not that he was a fine-looking man, or tall, or handsome—far from it; he was a little "crith of a crayture," not above five feet four or five, and with red whiskers and a beard, and a pair of eyes that seemed on fire; and he had a way of looking about him as he went, as much as to say, "Where's the man that wants to quarrel with me? for I'm ready and willin'."

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"I won't say," added Rory, with a touch of humility, "that one like your honour would have thought so much of him as we did. I won't say that all the fine people he knew, and all the wonderful things he did, would have made your honour admire him, as I, and others like me, did. Maybe, indeed, you'd have found out it was lies from beginning to end."

"I'm not so sure of that," muttered Tony; "there are plausible fellows of that sort that take in men of the world every day!" And Tony sat back in his chair, and puffed his cigar in silence, doubtless recalling one such adept in his own experience.

"Faix, I'm proud to hear your honour say that!" cried Rory. "I'm as glad as a pound-note to know that even a gentleman might have been 'taken in' by the Major."

"I'll not go that far, perhaps," remarked Tony, "as regards your Major; but I repeat that there are certain fellows of his kind who actually *have* imposed on gentlemen—yes, on gentlemen who were no fools either. But how was it he tricked you?"

Now were the flood-gates of Rory's eloquence thrown open, and for above an hour did he revel, as only an Irishman or an Italian can, in a narrative of cruel wrongs and unmerited hardships; sufferings on land and sufferings at sea; short rations, bad language, and no pay. Rory was to have been an officer—a captain at least; and when they landed at Ancona, he was marched away hundreds of miles, with a heavy musket and a heavier pack, as a common soldier, and given nothing but beans and oil for his food, and told he'd be shot if he grumbled. But what he felt most of all was, that he never knew whose service he was in, and what he was going to fight for. Now it was the Holy Father—Rory was ready to die for him and the blessed Virgin; now it was the King of Naples and Saint Somebody, whose name he couldn't remember, and that Rory felt no enthusiasm for. At one moment he was told the Pope was going to bless the whole battalion, and sprinkle them with his own hand; and then it was the Queen—and purty she was, no doubt—was to lead them on, God knows where! "And that's the way we were living in the mountains for six weeks, and every time they paraded us—about once a-week—there would be thirty or forty less of us; some gone off to be sailors, some taking to the highway as robbers, and a few selling whatever they had and making for home. At last the Major himself came down to inspect us—he was colonel then, and covered with gold, and all over stars and crosses. We were drawn up in a square of a little town they call Loretto that has houses on three sides of it, and a low sea-wall with a drop of about twenty feet to the sea. I'll not forget the place to my dying day.

"There was four hundred and twenty-seven of us out of two thousand and sixty,—the rest ran away; and when the Major heard the roll called, I thought he'd go out of his mind; and he walked up and down in front of us, gnashing his teeth and blaspheming as never I heard before. 'Ye scoundrels,' he said at last, 'you've disgraced me eternally, and I'll go back to the Holy Father and tell him it's curses and not blessings he'd have to give you.'

"This was too much to bear, and I cried out, 'You'd better not!'

"'Who says that?' cries he. 'Where's the cowardly rascal that hasn't the courage to step forward and repeat these words?' and with that I advanced two paces, and putting my gun to my shoulder, took a steady aim at him. I had him covered. If I pulled the trigger, he was a dead man; but I couldn't do it—no, if I got the whole world for it, I couldn't; and do you know why?—here it is, then: It was the way he stood up, bould

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and straight, with one hand on his breast, and the other on the hilt of his sword, and he cried out, 'Fire! you scoundrel, fire!' Bad-luck to me if I could; but I walked on, covering him all the while, till I got within ten paces of the wall, and then I threw down my musket, and with a run I cleared it, and jumped into the sea. He fired both his pistols at me, and one ball grazed my head; but I dived and swam and dived till he lost sight of me; and it was half an hour before they got out a boat; and before that I was snug hiding between the rocks, and so close to him that I could hear him swearing away like mad. When it was dark I crept out, and made my way along the shore to Pesaro, and all the way here. Indeed, I had only to say anywhere I was a deserter, and every one was kind to me. And do you know, sir, now that it's all over, I'm glad I didn't shoot him in cold blood?"

"Of course you are," said Tony, half sternly.

"But if I am," rejoined the other —"if I am glad of it, it's a'most breaking my heart to think I'm going back to Ireland without a chance of facing him in a fair fight."

"You could do that too if you were so very anxious for it," said Tony, gravely.

"Do you tell me so? And how, sir?"

"Easy enough, Rory. I'm on my way now to join a set of brave fellows that are going to fight the very soldiers your Major will be serving with. The cause that he fights for, I need not tell you, can't be a very good one."

"Indeed it oughtn't," said Rory, cautiously.

"Come along with me, then; if it's only fighting you ask for, there's a fellow to lead us on that never balked any one's fancy that way. In four days from this we can be in the thick of it. I don't want to persuade you in a hurry, Rory. Take a day—take two—three days, if you like, to think of it."

"I won't take three minutes. I'll follow your honour to the world's end! and if it gives me a chance to come up with the Major, I'll bless the hour I met you."

Tony now told him—somewhat more ambiguously, I'm afraid, than consisted with perfect candour—of the cause they were going to fight for. He made the most of those magical words so powerful to the Celtic heart—oppression, cruelty, injustice; he imparted a touch of repeal to the struggle before them; and when once pressed hard by Rory with the home question, "Which side is the Holy Father?" he roughly answered, "I don't think he has much to say to it one way or other."

"Faix, I'm ashamed of myself," said Rory, flushing up; "and I ought to know that what's good enough for your honour to fight for, is too good for me."

They drained the last glasses of their flask in pledge of their compact, and, resolving to keep their resting-time for the sultry heat of the day, started by the clear starlight for Genoa.

CHAPTER LI.—A PIECE OF GOOD TIDINGS.

It was about a week after this event when Sam M'Gruder received a few lines from Tony Butler, saying that he was to sail that morning with a detachment for Garibaldi. They were bound for Marsala, and only hoped that they might not be caught by the Neapolitan cruisers, which were said to swarm along the coast. "I suppose," he writes, "there's plenty of 'fight' amongst us; but we are more picturesque than decent-looking; and an honest countryman of mine, who has attached himself to my fortunes, tells me in confidence

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that 'they're all heathens, every man of them.' They are certainly a wild, dare-devil set, whom it will be difficult to reduce to any discipline, and, I should fear, impossible to restrain from outrage, if occasion offers. We are so crowded that we have only standing-room on deck, and those below are from time to time relieved in squads, to come up and breathe a little fresh air. The suffering from heat and thirst was bad yesterday, but will perhaps be less at sea, with a fresh breeze to cool us. At all events, no one complains. We are the jolliest blackguards in the world, and going to be killed in a better humour with life, than half the fine gentlemen feel as they wake in the morning to a day of pleasure.

"I shall be glad when we put foot on land again; for I own I'd rather fight the Neapolitans than live on in such close companionship with my gallant comrades. If not 'bowled over,' I'll write to you within a week or two. Don't forget me.—Yours ever,

"TONY BUTLER."

M'Gruder was carefully plodding his way through this not very legible document, exploring it with a zeal that vouched for his regard for the writer, when he was informed that an English gentleman was in the office inquiring for Mr Butler.

The stranger soon presented himself as a Mr Culter, of the house of Box & Culter, solicitors, London, and related that he had been in search of Mr Anthony Butler from one end of Europe to the other. "I was first of all, sir," said he, "in the wilds of Calabria, and thence I was sent off to the equally barbarous north of Ireland, where I learned that I must retrace my steps over the Alps to your house; and now I am told that Mr Butler has left this a week ago."

"Your business must have been important to require such activity," said M'Gruder, half inquiringly.

"Very important indeed for Mr Butler, if I could only meet with him. Can you give any hint, sir, how that is to be accomplished?"

"I scarcely think you'll follow him when I tell you where he has gone," said M'Gruder, dryly. "He has gone to join Garibaldi."

"To join Garibaldi!" exclaimed the other. "A man with a landed estate and thirty-six thousand in the Three per Cents gone off to Garibaldi!"

"It is clear we are not talking of the same person. My poor friend had none of that wealth you speak of."

"Probably not, sir, when last you saw him; but his uncle, Sir Omerod Butler, has died, leaving him all he had in the world."

"I never knew he had an uncle. I never heard him speak of a rich relation."

"There was some family quarrel — some estrangement, I don't know what; but when Sir Omerod sent for me to add a codicil to his will, he expressed a great wish to see his nephew before he died, and sent me off to Ireland to fetch him to him; but a relapse of his malady occurred the day after I left him, and he died within a week."

The man of law entered into a minute description of the property to which Tony was to succeed. There was a small family estate in Ireland, and a large one in England; there was a considerable funded fortune, and some scattered moneys in foreign securities; the whole only charged with eight hundred a-year on the life of a lady no longer young, whom scandal called not the widow of Sir Omerod Butler. M'Gruder paid little attention to these details; his whole thought was how to apprise Tony of his good-luck—how call him back to a world where he had what would make life most enjoyable. "I take it, sir," asked he at last, "that you don't fancy a tour in Sicily?"

"Nothing is less in my thoughts, sir. We shall be most proud to act as Mr Butler's agents, but I'm not prepared to expose my life for the agency."

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"Then I think I must go myself. It's clear the poor fellow ought to know of his good fortune."

"I suspect that the Countess Brancaleone, the annuitant I mentioned, will not send to tell him," said the lawyer, smiling; "for if Mr Butler should get knocked over in this ugly business, she inherits everything, even to the family plate with the Butler arms."

"She shan't, if I can help it," said M'Gruder, firmly. "I'll set out to-night."

Mr Culter passed a warm eulogium on this heroic devotion, enlarged on the beauty of friendship in general, and concluded by saying he would step over to his hotel, where he had ordered dinner; after which he would certainly drink Mr M'Gruder's health.

"I shall want some details from you," said M'Gruder—"something written and formal—to assure my friend that my tidings are trustworthy. I know it will be no easy task to persuade him that he is a man of fortune."

"You shall have all you require, sir—a copy of the will, a formal letter from our house, reciting details of the property, and, what will, perhaps, impart the speediest conviction of all, a letter of credit, in Mr Butler's favour, for five hundred pounds for immediate use. These are the sort of proofs that no scepticism is strong enough to resist. The only thing that never jests, whose seriousness is above all levity, is money;" and so M'Gruder at once acknowledged that when he could go fortified with such testimonies, he defied all doubt.

His preparations for departure were soon made. A short letter to his brother explained the cause of his sudden leaving; a longer one to Dolly told how, in his love for her, he could not do enough for her friend; and that, though he liked Tony well for his own sake, he liked him far more as the "adopted brother and old playfellow of his dearest Dolly." Poor fellow! he wrote this from a full heart, and a very honest one too. Whether it imparted all the pleasure he hoped it might to her who read it, is none of our province to tell. It is only ours to record that he started that night for Genoa, obtained from a friend—a subordinate in the Government employment—a letter to Garibaldi himself, and sailed with an agent of the General's in charge of a supply of small-arms and ammunition.

They were within thirty miles of Sicily when they were boarded by the Neapolitan corvette "The Veloce," and carried off prisoners to Palermo—the one solitary capture the royal navy made in the whole of that eventful struggle.

The proofs that they were Garibaldians were too strong and too many for denial; and for a day and a half their fate was far from hopeful. Indeed, had the tidings of the first encounters between the King's forces and the buccaneer's been less disastrous than they were, the prisoners would have been shot; but already a half doubt had arisen as to the fidelity of the royal troops. This and that general, it was rumoured, had resigned; and of those who remained, it was said, more than one had counselled "concessions." Ominous word at such a moment, but the presage of something darker and more ominous still.

M'Gruder bore up with a stout heart, and nothing grieved him in all his calamity more than the thought that all this time Tony might be exposing his life as worthless and hopeless, while, if he only knew it, he had already succeeded to what men are content to pass their whole existence to grasp and gain.

Nor was he inactive in his imprisonment. He wrote letters to Garibaldi, enclosing others to Tony; he wrote to all the Consuls he could think of; to the Minister at Naples, or to his representative; and he proclaimed his right as a

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"civis Romanus," and threatened a Palmerstonian vengeance on all and every that had a hand in curtailing his freedom.

In this very natural and British pursuit we must now leave him, and betake ourselves to other cares and other characters.

CHAPTER LII.—ON THE CHIAJA AT NIGHT.

The night had just closed in after a hot sultry day of autumn in Naples, as Maitland and Caffarelli sat on the sea-wall of the Chiaja, smoking their cigars in silence, apparently deep in thought, or sometimes startled by the distant shouts and cries of the populace who crammed the Toledo or the Quarter of St Lucia; for all Naples was now in the streets, and wild songs and yells resounded on every side.

In the bay the fleet lay at anchor, but the rapid flash of lanterns, as they rose and fell in the riggings, showed that the signal-man was at work, and that messages were being transmitted and replied to throughout the squadron. A like activity seemed to prevail in the forts above the city, and the roll of the drum and the bugle-call occasionally could be heard overtopping all other sounds.

"What would a newly-come traveller say to all this?" said Caffarelli at last. "Would he think it was a city about to be attacked by an enemy, or would he deem it a town in open revolt, or one given up to pillage after the assault? I have seen to-night what might confirm any of these impressions."

"And all three are present," said Maitland, moodily. "Your traveller could scarcely be more puzzled than we are."

The other sighed wearily, and Maitland went on. "What do you trust, or whom? Is it these noisy legions up there, who only muster to disband; or that gallant fleet that has come to anchor, only the more easily to surrender and change its flag?"

"There may be some traitors, but the great majority, I'll swear, will stand by the King."

"No; not one in fifty—not one in a hundred. You don't seem to apprehend that loyalty is not a sudden instinct. It is a thing a man inherits. Take my word for it, Carlo, these men will not fight to keep a certain set of priests around a bigoted old Queen, or support a King whose highest ambition is to be a Jesuit."

"And if you thought so meanly of the cause, why have you adopted it?"

"Because, ill as I think of the Court, I hate the rabble more. Remember, Carlo"—and now he spoke in a rapid and marked tone—"remember that, when I joined you, I deemed myself a rich man, and I had my ambitions, like the rest of you. Had I known what I now know—had I foreseen that the day was so near wherein I was to find myself a beggar——"

"No, no, Maitland; don't say this."

"And why not say it? It is true. You know as well as I do that amongst that yelling rabble there is none poorer than myself; and for this reason, I repeat, I might have chosen my associates more wisely. You yourself saw the treatment I met with this morning."

"Ay, but bear in mind, Maitland, what was the provocation you gave. It is no small thing to tell a King, surrounded by his ministers and generals, that he has not one loyal and true man in his train—that, what between treachery and cowardice, he will find himself alone, at the head of a few foreign regiments, who will only fight to cut their way through towards home."

"I scarcely went so far as this," said Maitland, smiling.

"Did you not, per Bacco? I

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was there and heard you. You accused Laguila to his face of being bought, and named the sum; and you told Cadorno that you had a copy of his letter promising to surrender the flagship to Garibaldi."

"And they listened to me with an admirable patience."

"I don't know that; I am certain Cadorno will send you a message before the week is over."

"And why not before the day was over? Are these accusations a man sleeps upon?"

"The King commanded them both to reply to your charges formally and distinctly, but not with the sword; and he was right so far."

"At all events, was it kingly to tell me of the favours that had been bestowed upon me, and to remind me that I was an alien, and unknown?"

"The King was angry."

"He was angrier when I handed back his patent, and told him that I did not care to be the last-made noble of a dynasty."

"It was outrageous. I was shocked to hear you; and for one so young, I was struck with the dignity with which he heard you."

"I don't think he understood me; he was impassive, because he did not know he was wounded. But why do I talk of these things? they have no longer the faintest interest for me. Except yourself, there is not a man in the cause I care for."

"This is a mere passing depression, my dear Maitland. All things seem sad-coloured to you now. Wait till to-morrow, or wait till there be a moment of danger, and you will be yourself again."

"As for that," said Maitland, bitterly, "I am terribly myself just now. The last eight or ten years of my life were the dream; now is the awakenment. But cheer up, my old friend; I will stand by *you*, though I care very little for the cause you fight for. I will still serve on the Staff, and play out my part to the fall of the curtain."

"What a strange scene that council was this morning!" said Caffarelli, half wishing to draw him from the personal theme.

"What a strange thing to call a council, where not merely men walked in and out unbidden, but where a chance traveller could sit down amongst the King's advisers, and give his opinion like a servant of the crown! Do you even know his name?"

"I'm not sure that I do; but it sounded like Tchernicheff. He distinguished himself against the Turks on the Danube."

"And because he routed some ill-disciplined hordes with others a mere shade more civilised, he comes here to impose his opinion on our councils, and tell us how we are to defend ourselves!"

"I did not hear him utter a word."

"No, but he handed in a paper drawn up by himself, in which he recommends the King to withdraw all the forces in front of Capua, and meet these marauders, where they will least like to fight, in the open. The advice was good—even though it came from a barbarian. In street-fighting your buccaneer is as good as, if not better than, a regular. All the circumstances of the ground favour him. Take him, however, where he must move and manœuvre—where he will have to form and re-form—to dress his line under fire, and occasionally change his flank—then all the odds will be against him. So far the Scythian spoke well. His only miscalculation was to suppose that we will fight anywhere."

"I declare, Maitland, I shall lose temper with you. You can't surely know what insulting things you say."

"I wish they could provoke any other than yourself, mio caro. But come away from this. Let us walk back again. I want to have one more look at those windows before I go."

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"And are you really in love?" asked the other, with more of astonishment in his voice than curiosity.

"I wish I knew how to make *her* believe it—that's all," said he, sadly; and, drawing his arm within his friend's, moved on with bent-down head, and in silence.

"I think your friends are about the only travellers in Naples at this moment, and indeed none but English would come here at such a season. The dog-days and a revolution together ought to be too much even for tourist curiosity."

Caffarelli went on to describe the arrival of the three heavily-laden carriages with their ponderous baggage and their crowd of servants, and the astonishment of the landlord at such an apparition; but Maitland paid him no attention—perhaps did even not hear him.

Twice or thrice Caffarelli said something to arouse notice or attract curiosity, even to pique irritability, as when he said—"I suppose I must have seen your beauty, for I saw two—and both good-looking—but neither such as would drive a man distracted out of pure admiration. Are you minding me? Are you listening to me?"

"No. I have not heard one word you were saying."

"Civil, certainly; but, seriously, Maitland, is there not something more pressing to do at this moment than to loiter along the Chiaja to catch a glimpse of the closed curtains within which some blonde angel may be taking her tea?"

"Go home, and I will join you later on. I have given orders about the horses. My man will have all in readiness by daybreak. You seem to me most terribly eager to have your head smashed. The King ought to reward your valour. It will be the only 'Cross' he will have to bestow."

Caffarelli turned impatiently from him, and walked away.

Maitland looked after him for a moment, and then continued his way. He sauntered on, rather like one seeking to kill time than to reach a goal, and once or twice he stopped, and seemed to reflect whether he would go on. At last he reached a spot where a broad path of light streamed across the street, and extended till it was lost in the thick foliage of the garden on the sea-side, and, looking suddenly up, he saw he was in front of the great hotel of Naples, "L'Universo." The drawing-room windows were open on a long balcony, and Maitland could see into the well-lighted room certain figures which he persuaded himself he could recognise even through the muslin curtains, which slightly moved and waved in the faint night-air. As he still strained his eyes to mark the scene, two figures approached the window, and passed out upon the balcony. There could be no mistake—they were Alice and her sister; and so perfect the stillness of the air, and so thin withal, that he could hear the sound of their voices, though not trace their words.

"Is it not delicious here, Alice?" said Bella. "These are the glorious nights of Italy Maitland used to tell us of—so calm, so balmy, and so starry."

"What was that Skeffy was saying to you about Maitland as you came up-stairs?" asked Alice, sharply.

"Oh, it was a rumour he mentioned that Maitland had quarrelled with the Court party. He had advised something, or rejected something; in fact, I paid little attention, for I know nothing of these Italian plots and schemes, and I like Maitland much better when he does not speak of them."

"Is he here now, do you know?"

"Yes; Skeff said he saw him this morning."

"I hope and pray he may not hear that we have arrived. I trust that we may not see him."

"And why so, Alice, dearest?"

"Can you ask me?"

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"I mean, why not receive him on the terms of an easy intimacy? A person of his tact is always quick enough to appreciate the exact amount of favour he is held in."

"It is of myself I am thinking —not of him," said she, with something of resentment in her tone.

"If you speak this way, Alice, I shall believe that you care for him."

"The greater mistake yours, my dear Bella."

"Well—that you did once care for him, and regret the fact, or regret the change—which is it?"

"Neither, on my honour! He interested me—I own to that; but now that I know his mystery, and what a vulgar mystery it is, I am half ashamed that I even felt an interest in him."

"Gossip would say you did more, Alice—that you gave him encouragement."

"What an odious word you have impressed into your service! but I deny it; nor was he one to want it. Your adventurer never does."

"Adventurer!"

"I mean in its least offensive sense; but really I see no reason why this man's name is to persecute me. I left Ireland half to avoid it. I certainly need not encounter it here."

"And if you meet him?"

"I shall not meet him. I don't intend to go out so long as we are here, and I trust I can refuse to receive him when at home."

"I had almost said, Poor fellow!"

"Say it by all means; compassionate—console him too, if Skeff has no objection."

"Oh, Alice!"

"Your own fault, Bella, if I say provoking things. No, mamma," added she, to some remark from within; "our secrets, as you call them, cannot be overheard; for, first of all, we are talking English; and secondly, there is no person whatever in the street."

Lady Lyle now made her appearance on the balcony, and soon afterwards they all re-entered the room. Maitland sat hours long on the stone bench, watching with intense eagerness as a shadow would pass or repass behind the curtains, and there he remained till all the lights were out in the hotel and the whole house sunk in silence.

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ENOCH ARDEN.

THIRTY-FOUR years ago the name of Alfred Tennyson was only known to a small circle of admirers; and the worthiest of these did not long remain to cheer his friend's labours by his sympathy and generous praise: but departed, leaving to him a double legacy of enduring regrets and precious memories to enshrine in noble verse. A few years later, and Alfred Tennyson had still to content himself (like other and yet greater poets) with hoping to find "fit audience, though few;" perhaps, too, at times to complain that the *fewness* of an audience does not, of necessity, insure its *fitness*. But he "'bated not a jot of heart or hope." He sent forth volume after volume clad in Hope's livery—one, too, robed in darker hues of mourning; and while he did so, his circle of admirers widened, till it has at last become extensive enough to include nearly all who can read English. Doubtless the hushing of political strife, and the absence of formidable competitors, have contributed to this result. The bards who sang while Arthur Wellesley fought, were numerous enough to form separate schools, and to divide the literary world into hostile camps of admirers and detractors; whilst that catholic spirit which, appreciating various styles of beauty fairly, should have meted even-handed justice to them all, was often hindered in its exercise by prejudice and party-spirit. It is far otherwise now. The British public has wisely ceased to inquire into its poets' political opinions; and there are few rival candidates for the distinction of being its chosen bard. Call upon any good judge to reckon up the names of men still living, who might (their fates favouring) have contended with Tennyson for his chaplet on something like equal terms, and you will find their number enlarged to four by the lenient, and confined to two by the severe. It was different fifty years ago. *Then* it might be hard for bystanders, seeing so many doing worthily in the race, to assign to each aspirant the place he had a right to occupy. *Now* we are getting used to see one man standing alone in the foremost rank, and none stepping forth to challenge his right to that pre-eminence. Thus, alike by his merit and his good fortune, has it come to pass that Mr Tennyson has been for some time the elect poet alike of the British Court and of the British nation; that he wears worthily on living brows that laurel which has before now only come in time to grace a poet's bier; and that, if he needs any fresh assurance that in his case the many have heartily accepted the verdict of the few, he has only to inquire of his publisher how many copies of 'Enoch Arden' he has sold in the short time which has elapsed since its appearance.

The Laureate has been grateful beforehand to his admiring readers. He has written (we do not say it in any of the bitterness of his own misanthropic hero) "to the purpose, easy things to understand," for the most part; and things, too, which they will be the better for understanding. There is little to bewilder the reader in his new volume. He will find in it no such gusts of passion as drive confusing clouds over the clear moonlight in 'Maud;' which poem a young lady of our acquaintance finished perusing, uncertain whether its heroine were dead or alive. No metaphysics, no bits of recondite philosophy, no puzzles like the 'Palace of Art;' no mystic forms like those perplexing maidens in the

'Enoch Arden, &c.' By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. London: Edward Moxon & Co. 1864.

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101st division of 'In Memoriam,' about whose numbers and symbolic signification no two Tennysonians were ever known to agree. Cockneys indeed may find 'The Northern Farmer's' dialect difficult, and we ourselves cannot profess to think the sermon in 'Aylmer's Field' easier to take in at one hearing (though for a very different reason) than the most abstruse of Bishop Butler's. We also boldly risk the confession, that if 'The Voyage' has any one very decided meaning, of the half-dozen which might be fitted to it, we have failed to fathom its import. So, too, the latter of the two 'Sea-Dreams' is, we suppose, an allegory like the first. It may be that we think we see the truth it is meant to convey; but it is not so clearly put that it would be wise for any interpreter of dark sayings to stake his credit on its explanation while its author lives to contradict him. Hereafter, learned German critics may find a delightful mental exercise in expounding these two poems, and may evolve meanings for them out of their own internal consciousness to their heart's content. But, with the exception of these few passages, the book before us can be understood without a commentator. And, for the very reason that the scholiast's labours would be thrown away upon it, it is sure to delight the general reader. That, in these days, very painstaking person knows how to be thankful to great poets, when they condescend to write things which are not too hard for him. In *his* estimation this volume will very likely eclipse its predecessors. For does it not contain two stories, each as interesting as a novel, told in musical verse?—'Enoch Arden,' so like a tale by Mrs Gaskell; and 'Aylmer's Field,' which (before his reconciliation with the British aristocracy) would have made a first-rate subject for Mr Kingsley? Is it not pleasant to see such bright hues of poetry cast on seaside trips, as those with which the Laureate here adorns his clerk's holiday? Will not some eyes which never wept over the sorrows of his young "May Queen," feel a kindly tear bedim them as his faithful photograph of the "Grandmother" in her elbow-chair appeals to their love for the aged? Will those by whose sweet voices this volume's shorter lyrics will be sung at Yule-tide, in many a hall and parsonage, care to be told that these later efforts are not worthy of those earlier songs which first taught England that Tennyson (like his own Elaine) could "sweetly make and sing"? Was not the 'Welcome to Alexandra' (here reprinted) copied as eagerly from one newspaper to another, as was the noble dedication of the 'Idylls' to the memory of the late Prince Consort; without a hint of how clearly these two poems show that, if other men have *one* reason for thinking it "better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting," poets have two?

Not that we at all mean to insinuate that the Laureate's new volume is calculated to give pleasure to none but those who read for entertainment. That smaller class who regard a poem as a work of art; who do not so much inquire what story it tells, as how it is told; who are its personages, as whether they are correctly represented: readers, whose practised ears watch for the music of verse, moving its "many-twinkling feet" in varied cadence, will read 'Enoch Arden' (and much besides in this volume) with very complete satisfaction: unless they choose to spoil it by comparing them with the very greatest of their author's previous performances. For of the first of these new poems especially we may safely say, both with regard to its subject and execution, that if its author has not unfrequently soared higher, he has often sunk much lower,—that though he has many times before attempted some far greater thing, those attempts have not always met with so full a measure of success.

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'Enoch Arden' is a true *idyl* (so we believe the word should be spelt). It is a simple story of a seafaring man's sorrows; not aspiring to the dimensions or pompous march of the strain which sings heroes and their exploits; but charming the heart by its true pathos, and the ear by a sweet music of its own. It fulfils, so far as we understand them, the conditions of the modern Idyl; which are, to depict the joys and sorrows of humble life—to describe those beauties of nature which, unperceived, enhance the former and soothe the latter—and (most important of all) to be short. Such notably (to take instances from the Laureate's earlier poems) are 'The Gardener's Daughter,' and 'Dora,' with their sweet English landscapes and true and tender feeling. Similar idyls abound in Wordsworth's poems; but had *he* undertaken such a tale as 'Enoch Arden,' we feel certain he would have left our last condition unfulfilled. The moralisings of Enoch in his solitude, the poet's own observations on his griefs, and on his Annie's disquietude, &c., might have enriched the poem with precious pearls of philosophy, but would certainly have robbed it of the merit of brevity. Now, one thing especially to be praised in 'Enoch Arden,' is the conciseness of language with which the poet tells his story. He indulges in no digressions, in no descriptions which are not required for its full comprehension; he rehearses no long conversations, and makes no unnecessary remarks of his own. On the one hand, there is no sentimental dawdling over the sad situations which occur in the narrative; on the other, there is no hurry in its march, and no excessive compression of any of its portions. These are excellences which it seems, to the inexperienced, easy to reach; the like may be their judgment on the smooth flow of the verse of this poem; and perchance some of our young friends may think that to write thus is no very difficult attainment. We only answer, Let them try. It is well known that easy writing proves very hard reading. There is no doubt that the converse of this is true, and that, mostly, easy reading has been very hard writing. But art's true triumph is to make the reader insensible to the labour which it has cost. That expended on 'Enoch Arden' effects this so completely as to require, and well repay, very close attention.

Amongst other things, we have been struck by the delicate management of that slight infusion of the supernatural which adds dignity to its humble hero's fate; and it seems the more worth pointing out, because its necessary unobtrusiveness makes it liable to pass unnoticed.

Every one knows with what great effect the supernatural is introduced into works of imagination. It vastly enhances the importance of their heroes: for those must needs be of great account, for or against whom the Powers of the Unseen are fighting. And to the reader it discloses a vista into shadowy realms, which indefinitely enlarges the scenes presented to his view. But this powerful engine should be employed very sparingly. When an author leads us, as Southey does, into the intimate society of ghosts and genii, familiarity breeds contempt (as says the homely proverb), and they quickly lose their awfulness. Most of all is it needful to be cautious in our use of the supernatural in a tale of humble life and of modern times. The few superstitions which still linger amongst us, form no part of any recognised creed, and are not openly acknowledged even by those who hold them. It was different for the tragic poet who represented witches in his plays when trials for witchcraft were of common occurrence; or for him who made his whole tragedy turn on an oracle's fulfilment when men still went to consult Apollo at Delphi. And even those poets took good care not

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to strike lowly heads with these awful lightnings; to reserve their chief supernatural terrors for the fates of chieftains and kings. In a poem like 'Enoch Arden,' it would be an unpardonable error to give foreshadowings of the future anything like the place held by the words of the weird sisters in 'Macbeth,' or by the oracle's responses in the 'Œdipus Tyrannus.' Mr Tennyson has been so far from committing this mistake, that he scarcely calls the reader's attention to *his* prophecies, and not at all to their accomplishment. It is for this reason that we are particular in remarking them. They are of three sorts — unconscious predictions, presentiments, and dreams.

The first unconscious prophecy occurs at the beginning of the poem. Its destined heroine, Annie, says to her two boy-playmates, in her childish ignorance, that "she would be little wife to both." Wife to both her fate dooms her to be. The second is uttered later on, when her first husband tells her of the long voyage he means to undertake; and she exclaims, after vainly trying to dissuade him from it,

> "'Well know I
> That I shall look upon your face no more.'
> 'Well, then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.'"

In that most touching scene near the close of the poem, when Enoch, shrouded in the darkness without, gazes on his lost wife through the window, his *own* words come true; when, on his deathbed, he kindly says of her,

> "She must not come,
> For my dead face would vex her after-life,"

he causes the fulfilment of *hers*. In the next place, we have Annie's presentiments. Her husband's tools, as they sound for the last time in their house, strike her ear as if raising "her own death-scaffold." And when, after she has long mourned him as dead, she marries again, we read:—

> "So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
> Merrily rang the bells, and they were wed.
> But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
> A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
> She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
> She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
> Alone at home, nor ventured out alone."

And, besides prediction and presentiment, we have Annie's mysterious dream, which (according to her own interpretation) justifies her second marriage. Still doubting Enoch's fate, she opens her Bible to see what words will first meet her eye. It falls on "Under a palm-tree." (*The* palm-tree should it not be?) Thereupon she falls asleep and dreams—the truth. For she beholds Enoch seated "Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun;" as he doubtless was at that moment in the island on which he had been wrecked, and where the ghostly echo of her wedding-bells is so soon to torment his ear. But the true vision is but a lying dream to his wife. In her simplicity she cannot think of palms as real trees growing in foreign lands. Her mind flies to scriptural associations:

> "He is gone, she thought, he is happy, he is singing
> 'Hosanna in the highest:' yonder shines
> The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
> Whereof the happy people strowing cried
> 'Hosanna in the highest!'"

and the last obstacle to her marriage with Philip is removed.

Now these foreshadowings of the future may be believed or disbelieved at pleasure. Men may regard them as a guardian angel's warnings. They may equally consider them as mere singular coincidences. Their ancient credit yet survives to some extent. Of old men have echoed a chance word—spoken with one intent, caught up with another—as an unerring and divine direction; and even now few comparatively attach no weight whatever to dreams and presentiments. Especially would such a woman as Annie think her own of importance. We may be sure that,

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after she knew the truth, she would often dwell on their mysterious meaning, and on how she had failed to apprehend it till too late. And thus these judicious touches of the supernatural make the tale in which they occur seem additionally *natural* and life-like.

But if the Laureate thus knows how to deal with the unwarranted beliefs of the simple, and how to extract from them poetic embellishment, he also knows how to make a noble use of their religious faith. The grandest and most poetical book in the English language lies as open to the poor as to the rich; and is often more deeply pondered by the former than by the latter. And it is not too much to say that some of the most beautiful passages in 'Enoch Arden' are those in which Holy Scripture is reverently quoted. Not to refer again to Annie's dream; how fine, for instance, are the quotations from the Bible in Enoch's homely farewell to her!—

"Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted;
Look to the babes, and till I come again
Keep everything ship-shape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or, if you fear,
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these,
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His: He made it."

To the first nautical phrase we indeed strongly object. In real life men do not delight in the slang of their calling as much as books make them do—least of all in their most solemn moments. We hope to see *ship-shape* omitted in future editions. But who can fail to admire the rest of the speech? or to notice how the way in which the sailor's voice, resting on the pause in the psalm he had weekly chanted, symbolises, as nothing else could do, his soul's repose on the, to him, all-consoling truth which it contains?

Curious felicities of expression of this sort occur often in the poem. We mean words which exactly render the thought, so arranged that their sound echoes, or forms a musical accompaniment to it. Of this the lines describing Annie's second marriage (quoted some way back) are an instance. The wedding-bells *ring* in the first two lines. Those which succeed run heavily with the weight of foreboding which they carry. Of the same sort is the description (earlier still in the poem) of the death of Annie's little one:—

"Howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering—ere she was aware—
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away."

The idea of life escaping like a bird is indeed old, as most beautiful ideas are;* but the music of the lines (the hurried rhythm of the last one denoting the mother's anxiety, its abrupt conclusion how the little heart suddenly ceases to beat, and then the pause after it betokening the mother's sorrow) is Mr Tennyson's own.†

There is another secret of the Laureate's strength—one which has been often pointed out before—observable in the poem we are considering. The way in which he suits his background of landscape to the figures in his foreground, and so pictures the aspects of nature as seen by a human eye and felt by a human

* "Thou, as a bird escapes, art vanished from me;
Gone with o'er-hasty leap to Hades down."

Ὄρνις γὰρ ὡς τις ἐκ χερῶν ἄφαντος εἶ,
πτῆσιν' ἐς Ἅιδου κραιπνὸν ὁρμήσασά μοι.
—*Eur. Hip.* 829.

† The "flitting" soul recalls to our mind Mr Merivale's admirable translation of the dying emperor's address to his own. We may earn some reader's thanks by quoting it here:—

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,—
Pallidula, rigida, nudula—
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?"

"Soul of mine, pretty one, flitting one,
Guest and partner of my clay,
Whither wilt thou hie away,—
Pallid one, rigid one, naked one—
Never to play again, never to play?"

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heart; whose joys they reflect by their brightness, or trouble with apprehension by their gloom; whose sorrows they soften by their mute sympathy, or increase by the seeming mockery of sharp and violent contrast. Such is the effect of this description of "the beauteous hateful isle," which holds the humble Ulysses of the tale so long a prisoner:—

"The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
. . . . . .
The lightning-flash of insect and of bird,
. . . . . the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever heard a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees. . . .
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in heaven;
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

How pitilessly must these glories have seemed to mock the solitary captive's anguish! How natural it is that visions of home should haunt his loneliness, presenting to him things most unlike his present abode:—

"The chill
November dawns, and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-coloured seas!"

Very good also are the aspects of nature which greet his return home:—

"Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny, but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze, and whelm'd the world in gray;
. . . . . .
On the nigh-naked tree the Robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom."

The former picture derives its significance from contrast, this latter one from resemblance; for the sea-fog which swallows up the sunshine is emblematic of the disappointment which awaits the bright hopes of Enoch's return.

Were we writing of an author not yet known to fame, it would be as right as it would be pleasant to make long extracts from the concluding portion of the poem. But when reviewing a work which every one praises, which everybody has bought, and which it is therefore fair to suppose that every one (but those whose aversion to poetry is invincible) has read, it is needless to extract any passages which are not required to make the critic's remarks intelligible. We may therefore briefly record our admiration for the sustained power and absence of maudlin sensibility with which the last scenes of 'Enoch Arden' are put before us. They are very pathetic; and they are never foolishly sentimental. The way in which Enoch is stunned by the news of his wife's second marriage; his longing to see her, and assure himself that she is happy; the picture of peace and comfort *within* Philip's house, which throws into stronger relief the anguish of the wretched husband and father as he stands *without;* Enoch's grand (if not strictly just) self-sacrifice, as, recovering from the shock of *seeing* what only to *hear* of had been woe sufficient, he repeats his resolution to himself, "Not to tell *her*, never to let her know:" all these things in the hands of a French writer, aiming at the *déchirant* and the *larmoyant*, would have been morbidly painful. Mr Tennyson so tells them that they elevate our minds by the sight of a spirit refining to its highest perfection in the purgatorial fires of earth.

Three similes in this part of the poem deserve especial notice. For-

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merly often, and occasionally still, the Laureate has been known to indulge himself in a clever simile which, by its far-fetched air, suggests that the subject was made for it, and not it for the subject. But it is not so here. How finely appropriate it is to liken the attraction which his "lost wife's fireside" exercises on the returned *sailor*, to "the beacon blaze," which "allures

"The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life!"*

Again, after Enoch's heroic determination, we are told that—

"Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up through all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul."

And when his year of hopeless toil and living death has done its work, we read of him that—

"No gladlier does the stranded wreck
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach,
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all."

These three images are all good in themselves; but they derive an especial excellence from the fact, that they occur in a tale of sea-adventure, narrated on a sea-beach.

And when Enoch's lips, unsealed by approaching death, reveal his secret to his humble attendant, how few are the lines which set before us that contrast which sounds with such thrilling power in Job's long lamentation! the man as he once was, and the man such as calamity has made him—

"'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?'
'Know him?' she said; 'I knew him far away.
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.'
Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her,
'His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live;
I am the man.'"

The dying man's last victory over selfishness (when, forbidding the woman to fetch his children, he sends to them and to his wife the loving messages which it might grieve them too much to hear from his own lips), bespeaks not merely our pity for him, but our reverence. There is also something profoundly sad in the way in which that desolate heart, after half-claiming back the living children, feels that, in real fact, only the dead little one is left it:—

"And now there is but one of all my blood,
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be."

But his last words give us comfort:—

"He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice, 'A sail! a sail!
I am saved;' and so fell back and spoke no more."

For they tell us that what he prayed for in those long years of banishment, to which his mind has wandered back, has come at last: the ship to take him to the true Haven: and that the exile has at length been fetched home.

There, in our judgment, the poem should have ended. Its author, thinking differently, adds:—

"So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

What need of the first of these lines? What need to *tell* us that the noble fisherman was strong and

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* Contrast the same simile in 'The Princess,' where Ida is said to stand—

"Fixt like a beacon-tower above the waves
Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye
Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the light
Dash themselves dead."

Not to speak of the disproportion between the terror raised by these words and the small amount of "ruin" which ensues, the image seems a violent one to apply to a beautiful *girl*, however steadfast in her anger!

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heroic, when the poet has just completed his fine delineation of his strength and heroism? And what need of the two last? The costly funeral sounds an impertinent intrusion. We cannot doubt for a moment that Philip gave honourable burial to the man whom he had so deeply, though so unwittingly, wronged. But the atonement is such a poor one, that it looks like a mockery; and we would rather hear nothing of it. Why disturb in our minds the image which what went before had left there?—the humble bed on which the form, so often tempest-tossed, reposes in its last sleep; the white face, serene in death, waiting for the kisses which it might not receive in life. "Ciò che'l viver non ebbe, abbia la morte."

Obeying that attraction to the sea which 'Enoch Arden' leaves behind it, we feel inclined next to cast a passing glance at the 'Sea Dreams.' As Theocritus, in one of his idyls, gives us the talk of two townswomen of his own day, hastening to a festival, so here the Laureate records for our edification the far weightier sayings of two townspeople of *our* time, during the festive rest from toil which a visit to the sea-side affords them. A stern critic might, indeed, find fault with them as somewhat too magniloquent. He might ask whether it is not incongruous for a city clerk (however superior to city clerks in general) to complain of his treacherous friend in such Shakspearean terms as the following:—

"I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,
A curse in his 'God-bless-you:' then my eyes
Pursued him down the street, and far away,
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee."

He might inquire whether poor artists' daughters are usually so well read in the ancient moralists, as the clerk's worthy wife proves herself by her rejoinder:—

"He that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd."

While praising the clever imitation of the satire of the eighteenth century, with which the clerk brands the hypocrite who has wronged him (the two first lines of which might be sworn to as Pope's any day), he might yet pertinaciously beg to be informed how a satire of the presumed date could contain a reference to Bible-meetings:—

"With all his conscience and one eye askew,
So false, he partly took himself for true.
. . . . .
Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
And, snake-like, slimed his victim ere he gorged;
And oft at Bible-meetings, o'er the rest
Arising, did his holy oily best,
Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,
To spread the word by which himself had thriven."

And, lastly, he might point at the pomp of gorgeous language in which the two dreams are told, as a reckless expenditure of poetic wealth, alike unsuited to the occasion and to the persons who employ it.

Nor can we deny that there would be some truth in these observations. But we might reply, and we do, that in like manner our old friends Tityrus and Menalcas are more polite and more poetical than the shepherds of actual life; and that if the clerk chose to pass off his own composition as an "old satire," he had a right (poetically speaking) to do so. Indeed, what reasonable liberties can we forbid a man to take, who has enriched our stock of quotations with such a saying as this:—

"How many will say, 'Forgive,' and find
A sort of absolution in the sound
To hate a little longer!"

Or this, which we like still better:—

"Is it so true that second thoughts are best?
Not first, and third, which are a riper first?"

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We can find no fault, and only wish for ourselves visions as fair when next we sleep beside the sea as those two dreams; in the last of which we seem to hear the musical roar of the swelling tide so plainly:—

> "But round the North, a light,
> A belt, it seem'd of luminous vapour, lay,
> And ever in it a low musical note
> Swell'd up and died; and as it swell'd, a ridge
> Of breaker issued from the belt, and still
> Grew with the growing note, and when the note
> Had reach'd a thunderous fullness, on those cliffs
> Broke, mixt with awful light. . . .
> . . . And then the great ridge drew,
> Lessening to the lessening music, back,
> And pass'd into the belt and swell'd again
> Slowly to music."

The Laureate's reputation rests on few firmer pillars than are afforded it by some of the monologues among his earlier poems. It is natural, therefore, to turn with eager expectation to the three in his new volume. The third most amply satisfies; the two first do not altogether disappoint it. No one of the three is (like 'Locksley Hall' and the greater part of 'St Simeon Stylites') a soliloquy. Nor is any one of them like the conclusion of their author's 'Ulysses,' an address to an audience, numerous though mute. They are each, as are several of his other monologues, spoken to a single hearer. As the mother in the 'Queen of May,' so in the 'Grandmother,' the little girl is the only listener. Eos alone hearkens to the lamentations of 'Tithonus,' as mother Ida to those of 'Œnone;' and the 'Northern Farmer' gives the whole benefit of his strange experience to the person who fills the unenviable place of his sick-nurse.

There are two principal dangers incurred in composing a monologue. The one that of rendering it, like an Euripidean prologue, a conventional narration of facts by a person who has no sufficient reason for rehearsing them, apart from the dramatic necessity of making them known to the audience. Mr Tennyson has avoided this first peril with his usual success. His Farmer has no long history to relate. That of Tithonus may be safely supposed already known. And the Grandmother has a right to tell as much as she pleases of her own story; both because her young auditor cannot know much of it, and because it is the privilege of old age to be garrulous. The second, and greater difficulty, is one which the writer of the monologue has to overcome in common with the dramatist. He must preserve the propriety of its speaker's character throughout. He must not suffer him to reflect on his own case with the sharp-sightedness of a by-stander. Nor must he make him think aloud (unless in some exceptional cases of overmastering feeling); for that would be to confound the monologue with the soliloquy. Now we think that 'Tithonus' will be found (the exception stated being allowed) to satisfy these conditions. In 'The Northern Farmer' we seem to discover one or two slight inconsistencies. At least he quotes the Psalms very correctly for a man who by his own account had such faint perceptions of what went on in church during his attendance there. And, though the boldness with which he questions the dealings of Providence towards himself is conceivable as the thought of the mind, it seems hardly so when it finds expression in words. A greater authority than Mr Tennyson tells us that when the fool said, "There is no God," he said it in his heart. Surely when a yet greater fool owns God, and nevertheless presumes to blame the wisdom of His appointments, it will be done in his *heart* too! There is, however, something very masterly in the life-like sketch of the man, with which his discourse furnishes us. The subject is painful, but it is very cleverly treated. How fine are the touches which set him before us in his imperturbable self-satisfaction, as he reflects on his landlord's confidence, the "qua-

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lity's" admiration, and his own extreme usefulness! His dislike to modern improvements; his insensibility to the rebuke of a man whom he thinks less valuable to the world than himself; above all, his inability to conceive how matters can go on at all after his own death (which yet he would rather hasten than demean himself by taking the unpalatable advice of a "tottler"), are put before us inimitably well. There is something in the state of mind here described which we may all be the wiser for considering; and which we especially hope country rectors will see to be written off for their instruction. That respectable farmer, who seems to listen with such rapt attention to his Reverence's sermon every Sunday, perhaps, like his northern brother, never knows what he means, only thinks he has "*summat* to say." And how many of us all are satisfied that we come up fairly to our own standard of duty, without considering that, if not so eccentric as our poor friend's here, it may yet be a long way from correct! Much would we like to think that he recovered and lived to understand the "Parson" better.

The representation of extreme old age in the 'Grandmother' is very accurate. The freshness with which long-past events live in aged minds, as well as their loss of memory for, and interest in, recent occurrences, are described with great truth. The beginning of the poem is confused; and in its progress it runs clearer, exactly like the talk of the very old. The only fault we have to find is, that the old woman appears too much alive to her own state. She explains why she cannot weep at the sad news she has just heard; she makes the sort of reflections on age as a time of peace which we might expect from a stranger looking on. Now a mind so dead to the present as hers is, would hardly be capable of doing this. To our thinking, the prettiest parts of the poem are the aged woman's recollections of her children, and of her own early life. There is something very pathetic in her simple account of her first great grief:—

"But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.
. . . .
His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain:
I looked at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn:
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born."

Altogether the hand which penned 'The Queen of the May' is not disgraced by 'The Grandmother.' We say both of it and of 'The Northern Farmer' (more than we can say of some of the other minor poems here) that the two pictures were so well worth painting, that to do so was no waste even of Mr Tennyson's precious time.

'Aylmer's Field,' the second poem in this volume, differs in subject from the scenes of humble life which we have hitherto examined. Like 'Maud,' it is a tale of young affection blighted by parental cruelty; but, unlike 'Maud,' it is cast into a narrative, not a lyrical shape. In that case the pride of wealth, in this the pride of station and of lineage, destroys the happiness of two faithful lovers. The date of the story is in the closing decade of the last century.

It is, we think, indisputable that this poem (though abounding in fine passages) is, as a whole, less satisfactory than 'Enoch Arden.' For this we are disposed to assign two reasons. The first is, that, fully to engage our interest, the subject of a narrative poem should have a certain remoteness from ourselves. If its hero is our contemporary, he should be removed from us, either by place, as in stories of adventure in foreign lands, or by station, as in tales of lowly life. Sir Walter Scott chose no subject for his narrative poems more recent than Charles I.'s reign. And it may be doubted whether

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seventy years are distance enough to lend enchantment to our view of Leolin and Edith.

A second and more serious defect (for it is the business of great poets to manufacture exceptions to the rules of treatises on Poetics) is to be found in the construction of the story itself. We are well aware that there are not many tales yet unsung so beautiful as that of the fair maid of Astolat, which the Laureate's kind fate reserved for him to clothe in English verse; and that we have no right to expect him to be always so fortunate in his subjects. But still we cannot help thinking that the incidents in 'Aylmer's Field' are somewhat trite, and its characters more than somewhat improbable. Its heroine is a model of every Christian virtue; yet she deceives her father, and carries on a clandestine correspondence with her lover. Her pastor is an excellent clergyman; yet when two of his parishioners seek the sanctuary for the first time after their daughter's death, he seizes the opportunity to preach publicly against them. An act surely unbefitting the pulpit of any period or of any country; but simply impossible in that of a decent rector in the decorous Church of England of the eighteenth century. This faulty structure somewhat mars the pleasure we receive from the musical verse and generally vigorous language in which it is clothed. Here and there, too, something overstrained in the expression, seems to sympathise with the exaggerations in the construction, of the poem. There is solemn beauty in its introductory lines:—

"Dust are our frames; and, gilded dust, our pride
Looks only for a moment whole and sound;
Like that long-buried body of the king,
Found lying with his urns and ornaments,
Which at a touch of light, an air of heaven,
Slipt into ashes, and was found no more."

But in the first line of the story Mr Tennyson's old infelicity in dealing with the higher orders surely reappears. (That, we mean, which made his aristocratic Vivians so sadly wanting in repose; and which reached its climax in Maud's brother, the "curl'd Assyrian bull!") He calls his heroine's father

"Sir Aylmer Aylmer that almighty man,
The county God."

Now what do we gain by this profanation of words which immemorial usage has consecrated to one purpose only? They overweight by their exaggeration the satire they were designed to point; and seem to realise on a small scale the celebrated definition of the crime, which contrived to be not only a crime but a blunder.

Again, nothing can be prettier than the description of Edith and Leolin's childhood, and, for our own part, we much admire the lines which tell us that in the romantic tales with which the boy amused his playmate

"A passion yet unborn perhaps
Lay hidden as the music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale."

But we do not think such an equivocal expression as the "music of the moon," so inevitably suggesting the "music of the spheres," should have been employed to designate that with which Philomel salutes the goddess of the night. And we must own we are much puzzled to understand in what sense the Indian kinsman who presents Edith with the fatal dagger is called the "*costly* Sahib." A man who made such handsome gifts to his relatives was anything but costly to them; and large as may have been his pension, we cannot think the poet meant to allude to it as a burden on the East India Company. On the other hand, Edith among the poor forms a very fair picture:—

"So lowly-lovely and so loving,
Queenly responsive when the loyal hand
Rose from the clay it work'd in as she past,
Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,
Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height
That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice
Of comfort and an open hand of help,
A splendid presence flattering the poor roofs
Revered as theirs, but kindlier than themselves

To ailing wife, or wailing infancy
Or old bedridden palsy."

The lovers' parting after their secret has been discovered by Edith's parents is also pretty:—

"The rain of heaven, and their own bitter tears,
Tears, and the careless rain of heaven, mixt
Upon their faces, as they kiss'd each other
In darkness, and above them roar'd the pine."

But then comes the secret correspondence,—those letters hidden in the old oak-tree, that poor cripple bribed to deceive his lord,—and the aggrieved father claims some of our pity; for not all the harsh colours which paint to us his pride and his wife's insipidity can satisfy us that their only child did right to slight their wishes. Edith's father rages over the intercepted letters:

"Now chafing at his own great self defied,
Now striking on huge stumbling-blocks of scorn
In babyisms, and dear diminutives," &c.

and, as we must say, not wholly unprovoked. It is very trying even to a friendly mind to read other people's love-letters. What must it be to a hostile one? We can ourselves scarcely forgive those "dear diminutives." We may hope that these unlucky epistles contained none worse than Leo, Edy, and the like; but the expression reminds us painfully of the style of certain letters (rather amusing than instructive) which get every now and then published, to the confusion of their writers. In the last century letter-writing was a stately, grave, and formal thing, even amongst near relations. And we have no doubt that a gentleman of ancient family like Leolin, and the heiress of the good-breeding, though not of the pride, of the Aylmers, could write to one another without forgetting the established proprieties of their day.

Let us pass on to Edith's death. Her parents are in some degree guilty of it, for their unkindness has broken the young spirit's elasticity, which, if happier, might have conquered that low fever, which,

"Ranging round to spy
The weakness of a people or a house,
Like flies that haunt a wound, or deer, or men,
Or almost all that is, hurting the hurt—
Save Christ as we believe Him—found the girl,
And flung her down upon a couch of fire,
Where, careless of the household faces near,
And crying upon the name of Leolin,
She, and with her the race of Aylmer, past."

A noble passage that. The simile is at once new and appropriate, and the divine beauty of the exception stands out in stronger relief from its dark background. How good, too, is the description of the day of the funeral sermon!

"Darkly that day rose:
Autumn's mock sunshine of the faded woods
Was all the life of it; for hard on these,
A breathless burthen of low-folded heavens
Stifled and chill'd at once."

What day fitter for sorrow than one which derives its very brightness from decay! The sermon itself is fine; too fine in one sense; for how could the rustics who listened to it have understood its difficult constructions and involved sentences? But there is grandeur in its stern denunciations of the idolatries of worldliness. There is burning power in the words which brand that worshipper of self, whose flesh

"Fares richly, in fine linen, ... even while
The deathless ruler of thy dying house
Is wounded to the death that cannot die;

Thee therefore with His light about thy feet,
Thee with His message ringing in thine ears,
Thee shall thy brother man, the Lord from Heaven,
Born of a village girl, carpenter's son,
Wonderful, Prince of Peace, the Mighty God,
Count the more base idolater of the two."

The transition from the severity of these words to the gentle tones of lamentation over the dead is very beautiful; eminently so when the preacher describes her as

"Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,
Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn,
Fair as the Angel that said 'Hail!' she seem'd,
Who entering filled the house with sudden light."

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With what sublime effect, too, does the preacher later on direct the gaze of his awe-stricken hearers to the horrors overtaking the lovers of this world in a neighbouring country at that very hour :—

"O there
The red fruit of an old idolatry—
The heads of chiefs and princes fall so fast,
They cling together in the ghastly sack—
The land all shambles—naked marriages
Flash from the bridge, and ever-murdered France,
By shores that darken with the gathering wolf,
Runs in a river of blood to the sick sea."

And there is mournful dignity in the sorrow, overpowering anger, which denounces the final woe upon the heartless parents:—

"Will there be children's laughter in their hall
For ever and for ever, or one stone
Left on another, or is it a light thing
That I, their guest, their host, their ancient friend,
I made by these the last of all my race,
Must cry to these the last of theirs, as cried
Christ ere His agony to those that swore
Not by the temple but the gold, and made
Their own traditions God, and slew the Lord,
And left their memories a world's curse—'Behold,
Your house is left unto you desolate?'"

The bereaved mother sinks beneath the weight of these words, and is borne fainting from the church. The father, who in the earlier part of the discourse,

"When it seem'd he saw
No pale sheet-lightnings from afar, but fork'd
Of the near storm, and aiming at his head,
Sat anger-charmed from sorrow, soldier-like,
Erect:"

follows her out,

"Tall and erect, but in the middle aisle
Reel'd, as a footsore ox in crowded ways,
Stumbling across the market to his death."

And then we read that,

"In one month,
Thro' weary and yet ever wearier hours,
The childless mother went to seek her child;
And when he felt the silence of his house
About him, and the change and not the change,
And those fixt eyes of painted ancestors
Staring for ever from their gilded walls
On him their last descendant, his own head
Began to droop, to fall; the man became
Imbecile; his one word was 'desolate;'
Dead for two years before his death was he."

We are not told with what feelings the Rector read the funeral-service over the two parishioners whom he had insulted in their sorrow.

We have not quoted by any means all the passages we admire in 'Aylmer's Field.' In point of execution, the more we consider this poem, the higher it rises in our estimation. Nevertheless we cannot help regarding its conclusion as a fresh proof that among the Laureate's many gifts, strong perceptions of dramatic fitness are not the most conspicuous. Averill's Sermon doubtless contains exactly what a man, situated as he was, could not help thinking; but no less certainly what a gentleman and a Christian would, when the mischief was done and the punishment had fallen, have scrupulously refrained from publicly expressing. Why pour the molten lead of those fierce denunciations into wounds yet deeper than his own? Why smite those afresh, whom God had smitten so terribly already? The preacher, arising from his own desolate hearth, like a Prophet of old, to denounce the crime which has laid it waste, is unquestionably a grandly tragic figure. But a deeper sense of the proprieties of character might have enabled its possessor to attain this fine effect without that perilous approach to the unreal and to the theatrical, by which, as it appears to us, it has been purchased in the present instance.

It is time to bestow a glance on the metrical experiments and precious bit of Homeric translation which form a sort of appendix to the volume. They will be a suitable introduction to our brief notice of the poem which we reserve as our favourite to the last, the place of honour.

The question whether any, and if any, which, of the Greek metres, yet unnaturalised, is capable of being permanently transplanted to the English Parnassus, has engaged

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our great poets from the days of Spenser and Milton. It interests a very considerable section of the reading public at the present time. So, too, the lovers of the poets are inquiring, more and more eagerly, what is the fittest form in which to present the classical masterpieces to the modern reader? Now on both these questions Mr Tennyson has a good right to be heard. A master of the English language, there are few now living who know its capabilities as he does. Many a passage in his poems testifies to his power of entering into the spirit of Homer. His 'Œnone' and his 'Lotos-Eaters' bear witness that he can suffuse the marble forms of classic song with the warm glow of modern feeling. And therefore his verdict on the best method of reproducing the beauties of the ancient poets in English, deserves our most serious attention. So it is with great pleasure that we find ourselves able to quote the Laureate as an authority against the perpetration of English hexameters. It is, we suppose, unquestionable that the translation of a poem should always be executed in the same metre as the original, provided that it is a metre which exists (or is capable of existing) in the language into which the translation is made. If, then, hexameters are a proper form of English verse, into them should Homer undoubtedly be translated. If, on the other hand, the substitution of *accent* for *quantity* in modern languages has made true English hexameters impossible, we must fall back on the metre we should conceive Homer would have most likely chosen had he written in English. Mr Tennyson imagines him using the unrhymed Iambic, the metre of the greatest English epic. The Spenserian stanza has of late been skilfully applied to the rendering of the 'Odyssey.' To others the fire of the original seems best represented in the long ballad-metres of fourteen or fifteen syllables, which are certainly in point of length the hexameter's English equivalents. For each of these views there is a good deal to be said; and we gladly take this opportunity of wishing all success to the versatile hand which has lately given us a specimen of a translation of the 'Iliad' in the last-named metre (that of Locksley Hall).* Let us also devoutly hope that similar good works may continue to employ that hand so well, that it may have no leisure for the political "mischief" which a nameless being is only too ready to find it to do when "idle!"

Certainly a complete translation of the 'Iliad' which should match that in the volume before us of the conclusion of its eighth book, would leave little to be desired. We cannot exhibit its excellence in a stronger point of view than by printing a few lines of it side by side with Pope's version of the same passage; with an assurance to the English reader that, except the omission of one epithet, φαεινὴν (shining, radiant), applied to the moon, Mr Tennyson's is literally exact. He will thus, on comparing the two, have ocular proof of the strange liberties which Pope took with his original, and of his want of feeling for its beauties; whilst he will admire the precisely opposite qualities of the Laureate as a translator of Homer:—

Pope.	Tennyson.
"The troops exulting sat in order round, And beaming fires illumined all the ground. As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!	"And these all night upon the bridge† of war Sat glorying; many a fire before them blazed:

* It is surprising that the writer of an otherwise able article in the 'Saturday Review,' should have confounded Mr Gladstone's Trochaics of fifteen syllables with Chapman's Iambics of fourteen. The effect of the two lines is of course much the same to the eye, but to the ear they differ very greatly indeed.

† We are inclined to accept the alternative offered to us of "*ridge*." It seems

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O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze;
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays," &c.

As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, *and the immeasurable heavens*
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart:
So many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy," &c.

It will be seen at once that Pope's theory of the duties of a translator is to improve on, Tennyson's to preserve, his original. And what shall we say of the sort of tinsel with which the former gilds the refined gold, or the somewhat coarse colours with which he paints the lily, of Homer's beautiful simplicity? loading each substantive with an epithet, and piling up extraneous particulars, till Homer's nine lines have grown into sixteen; and till his night-piece (to the great loss of the reader) has been entirely replaced by Pope's? In Pope the fires have become *beaming*, the heavens *azure*, the moon the *refulgent lamp of night*, without the slightest authority. Nonsense is talked about the planets, which are set rolling round the moon after a fashion strange alike to the peasant and the philosopher. The stars perform functions as unknown to Homer as to us; apparently darting yellow and silvery rays alternately, according to unknown chemical affinities with the objects on which they fall. But where is the crowning glory of the passage, the ἄσπετος αἰθήρ of Homer? It is shut out from our view by the hard, metallic, *blue vault* which Pope's *conscious swains* eye; conscious it is hard to say of what, but perhaps of the fine stage-illumination provided for them; and having eyed, proceed to bless for the *useful* light it affords them. A great improvement, forsooth, on Homer's lonely shepherd, *unconsciously* made glad, in his rustic simpleness, by the starry heavens, without stopping to ask of what *use* they are to him! It is strange to see more ignorance of the aspects of nature in the writer of Sir Isaac Newton's epitaph, than in the oldest of profane authors. Assuredly the generation for whom Pope composed this fancy picture could have cared little for natural beauty. Now turn to Tennyson's version. It is just one line longer than its original: no longer at all, considering the different length of the lines. It attempts the insertion of no new beauties; but how felicitously does it preserve those which exist! How little does it spill of the noble Chian wine in the dangerous transference from goblet to goblet! There is one point we feel scarcely satisfied upon: the very unusual position of the verb *gladden*, here turned from an active to an intransitive. It seems to us peculiarly a *translator's* business to employ the English which exists, and not

more really what Homer meant, and to give a grander image. In the two last lines, which our comparison does not require us to quote, we think chariots preferable to cars, but would wish the more literal "throned morn" (why not fair-throned-morn?) inserted.

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to coin new English for his own purposes. But otherwise we have not a fault to find. We especially admire the words in italics. How admirably they succeed in setting open (like their original) those heavens of heavens, which a clear night shows us, to our raptured gazes!

As to Mr Tennyson's other "experiments," we feel they deserve a friendly reception, by the very fact of their owning themselves to be such. Some of our poets feel no compunction in showering similar compositions on the unsuspecting public, without the faintest hint that they are not established forms of English verse. Still we cannot say that 'Boadicea' is an *experiment* which we should like to see repeated; as, to our ear, its somewhat loose Trochees stand much in need of rhyme, to distinguish them from awkward prose. Nor do we much mind whether the Laureate "flounder" with or "without a tumble through his metrification of Catullus." But his 'Ode to Milton,' with its graceful alliterations and stately march, is surely as fine a specimen of English Alcaics as can be imagined; though its author is perhaps right in relegating a form of composition which only scholars can fully appreciate, to his appendix. It is worthy of a place near Milton's own Pyrrha. Both grand; neither quite English, yet each majestic in its exotic beauty.

If, however, Mr Tennyson does not encourage poets to try to transplant classic metres into English, except as an occasional pastime, he gives us in this volume a noble instance of the true use to which a poet should put his knowledge of the ancients, by his 'Tithonus.' Its subject is profoundly pathetic. It is the supplication of Tithonus to Eos to remove from him the burden of an immortality, embittered by the infirmities of age. Ancient legend contains many similar exemplifications of the vanity of human wishes; but none more impressive than this one. Tithonus has prayed for endless life: he has forgotten to ask at the same time for unending happiness. His bliss has ended, but his life continues. Change has done her worst upon him, and is forbidden to compensate his injuries by her last boon, death. His latest prayers are unheard, through the fatal success of his earlier. When the last great poet of Rome has completed his survey of prayers, granted in like manner to their offerer's destruction, he pauses, and bids men cease from their vain supplications, since the gods love us better than we love ourselves. But this noble sentiment belongs to those latter days of the ancient world, when the reflected beams of the true Sun were beginning to enlighten its darkness. Greek legend teaches the direct contrary. Its gods are either too careless or too ignorant to secure the happiness of those whom they favour most. Eos can but lament the fatal effects of her gift; she cannot recall it. Even by making her weep, as he does, over her husband's anguish, Mr Tennyson may seem to some to have incorrectly imported modern feeling into the ancient story he is treating of. The well-known words which pass between Artemis and the dying Hippolytus in Euripides,* might seem to forbid the representation of a god in tears, as opposed to the Hellenic conception of deity. Such, in truth, was the conclusion which the Greek mind arrived at, when it set itself to reason on the traditions which it had at first received without inquiry. Man's strong disposition to worship Power rather than Love, made the Greek (while "with his own worse self he clothed his god") deprive the objects of his adoration of what even the fierce satirist has styled "nostri pars optima sensus." But Tennyson's 'Tithonus' belongs to an earlier epoch — to the day when the

* "*Hip.* Queen, seest thou me, the wretched, how I suffer?
Art. Yes: but with eyes from which no tear may fall."

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Hellenic eye gazed fondly, but as yet uncritically, on the beauteous forms which stood around it; when Homer sang the loves and hates of gods and goddesses, without troubling himself, like Pindar and Euripides, to make their doings agree with any ideal standard. The tears of Zeus for Sarpedon in the 'Iliad' justify these which Eos sheds for Tithonus. (Not to mention that no god has a better right to tears than dewy Morn.) For the Eos of Tennyson is the Homeric Eos seen closer. In the 'Iliad' we view her from afar; her rosy fingers unbarring the eastern portals; her saffron garments brightening the sky. Tennyson admits us into

"The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn,"

to paint her nearer in those exquisite lines in which Tithonus says:—

"Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire."

There is a Titianesque beauty here, as well as in the passage a few lines farther on, in which, finding his "sorrow's crown of sorrow in remembering happier things," Tithonus paints Eos as his eyes saw her before age dimmed them:—

"Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
In days far-off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals."

And the concluding words, in which the hapless Tithonus renews his prayer for death, thrill us by their tones of hopeless anguish; as they contrast the goddess in her immortal beauty with the man who shrinks even from *her* loved presence that he may hide his sorrows in that grave, which he yet loves to think she will visit with regretful looks. How they paint in their Homeric simplicity that weary spirit which finds all its former joys turned to wormwood, and now can only long for death:—

"Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground;
Thou seëst all things, thou wilt see my grave:
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels."

We are inclined to give a very high place indeed to this beautiful poem (shall we say the highest?) among the Laureate's compositions on classical subjects. Not that we are insensible to the deep thought in his 'Ulysses,' to the rich loveliness of his 'Œnone,' or to the varied melody of his 'Lotos-Eaters;' but that his 'Tithonus' seems to us to exclude the intrusion of alien ideas even more perfectly than they do, and to reach, if possible, a greater height of poetic beauty.

There are several standards by which the later poems of an author may be tried, who occupies the position held by Mr Tennyson. They may be regarded as materials for forming the judgment which is to assign their writer his permanent niche in the Temple of Fame; and, with this view, compared with poems in similar styles to themselves of many ages and of many lands. But such a proceeding would be premature. For the verdicts of contemporaries on the poets of their era are always very liable to be reversed by posterity. Like those who dwell at

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the foot of high mountains, our nearness to men of very great genius hinders us, while they live among us, from estimating their full height. On the other hand, the same cause adds to the stature of genius of an inferior order. These things are set right to succeeding generations. The farther off they grow, the more they lose sight of all greatness which is not supereminent, and the higher what really is so towers to their view. Again, at most periods a comparison may be instituted between the works of one great poet and those of others living like himself, and an attempt made to fix, not his place among the poets of all times, but amongst those who adorn his own. For the reason just given, such an undertaking is always apt to be as unsatisfactory as it is invidious; and, after our own opening remarks, it will certainly not be expected from us. We must, therefore, have recourse to another and a very natural standard of comparison; that, namely, with which the expectations raised by previous works of the same author furnish us. And then the subject for our consideration narrows into the following question: Is this volume equal to those which have gone before it? Is it worthy of its author? To the last of these two queries we answer with little hesitation, Yes. Not that the subjects of these latest poems are so grand as some of those which inspired the Laureate in former days. Not that we should not vastly have preferred (what we hope yet to receive from his pen) a fresh series of pictures from the legends of King Arthur; but that these later themes are treated with unabated force, and that the power displayed in handling them is more equal in its exercise than of old. We dare not say that there is anything in the book we are closing which impresses the mind with such a sense of reverent admiration as do the finest parts of 'Guinevere;' but neither is there anything in it puerile and spasmodic, like the worst parts of 'Maud;' or weak, as certain passages in 'Enid.'

The simple pathos and freedom from straining after effect of 'Enoch Arden;' the solemn seriousness of the conclusion of 'Aylmer's Field;' the sweet music to which the 'Sea-Dreams' are set, no less than the unexpected might of satire developed in that short poem, leave a sense of great satisfaction in the mind. Still (may we confess it?) we could bear the loss of all these better than we could that of several we might mention among Mr Tennyson's earlier poems — infinitely better than we could endure to lose the two last of the 'Idylls of the King.' For we should not feel in the former, as we should in the latter case, that unique types of beauty had been taken from us. Not such is the feeling with which we regard 'Tithonus.' It inspires us with a deeper sense of admiring love than do its fellows. In its perfection alike of form and colouring, it affects us as do the mournful glories of the autumn woods, or the setting sunbeams of a day at whose dying we are moved to weep. It is of poems like 'Tithonus' that the words are emphatically true—"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." It, at least, may its author bequeath to succeeding generations with little fear that they will regard it with *less* admiration than that with which his contemporaries behold it now—an admiration filled by which we close this volume, saying (not for the first time) that, whether we consider the gifts bestowed on its author, or the use to which he puts them, we have reason to render thanks that we have lived to hear such a poet sing, and that we may hope to live to hear him sing yet again.

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THE HISTORY OF OUR LORD.

RELIGION has in all ages been the noblest inspiration of Art. The truths which came from God and led to God, which served as a guide upon earth, and spake of a glory in heaven, quickened the soul of the artist to lofty conception. And thus, if the highest forms of art have risen around all religions, so far as in them dwelt the universal light, we can easily understand how much more glorious were those manifestations which sprang from a revelation perfect in truth, pure in beauty, and untainted in goodness. The nations of the heathen world reached, perhaps, the utmost civilisation compatible with the holding of dogmas corrupt and malevolent. And so their national arts received even mighty development, and then stopped short, arrested, as humanity itself, in the path towards ultimate perfection. Thus in Egypt the arts were stayed in icy petrifaction; in Assyria, sculpture did not rise above rude naturalism; and even in Greece, unsurpassed to this day at least in plastic art, the sculptor was content to rest in the ideal of physical form. It was reserved, then, for a more perfect religion to give to art, even as it extended to the human race, the possibility of a higher and a wider development. And just as history in divers nations had prepared for the advent of the new revelation, so did the arts known to the Old World stand around the cradle and watch the growth of the new-born art of Christendom. It has been said that the Jews preserved the knowledge of the true God, that the Greeks sowed the seeds of a divine philosophy, that the Romans laid the foundations of universal empire, and that thus the world was made ready for the coming of Christ. And so, in like manner, was the earth tempered and moulded for Christian art. The Roman Empire, where the fury of the north mingled with the fire of the south and the light of the east, gave first to pagan, and then to Christian art, the wide diffusion of universal dominion. The Greeks, with whom beauty had grown into religion, in like manner imparted to the successive arts of the pagan and Christian world a subtle symmetry of form. And then, coming to Judea, not to be forgotten are the grand revelations which neither sculptor nor painter had ventured to touch—the inheritance handed down from patriarchs, traditions stretching through the dim distance from out the times when God spake with man; then, too, must be remembered the cloud of witnesses, who spake of the glory which should be revealed; then, likewise, must live in memory Moses, who stood face to face before Jehovah in the mount—Isaiah, whose torch of prophecy still burns through the far-off ages—and the Psalmist King whose harp reverberates in every land,—all these must be remembered when we recount the heritage showered so richly upon Christian art. And thus it was, when the Roman Empire had broken down, when the Greek philosophy had confessed to foolishness, that there came from the cradle of Bethlehem, there arose from the sepulchre of the Catacombs, a power, a wisdom, and a matchless beauty to crown the art of Christendom.

We have said that art has ever taken its noblest inspiration from religion. The reason of this is obvious. Religion is itself an inspira-

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'The History of our Lord, as exemplified in Works of Art: with that of his Types; St John the Baptist; and other Persons of the Old and New Testament.' Commenced by the late Mrs Jameson, continued and completed by Lady Eastlake. In two volumes. London: Longman.

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tion, and therefore becomes in turn the source of inspiration. But a cause more specific and perhaps scarcely so obvious, is worthy of a moment's further meditation. Religion seeks to satisfy the craving of the heart for perfection, it brings the Divine Being into communion with his creatures, it raises man into fellowship with his Maker. Thus even the false religions of the earth have ofttimes given to the truth-seeking mind unwonted power and elevation. There is indeed the best authority for the belief that men reverently seeking after the highest good, have in all times found access to a power above themselves, and that thus, in a way they know not, the labour of their hands has grown and exalted itself beyond the measure of their feeble strength. Plato in his philosophy caught glimmerings of the coming light; nor were it reasonable to suppose that the fountains open to the sage became dry to the poet and the artist, thirsting after a beauty not of earth. The history of pagan art indeed abundantly shows that from age to age there was present the one common desire to clothe humanity in lineaments divine. Hence men were fashioned into heroes, and heroes became moulded into gods, and thus Olympus and Parnassus were peopled with beings natural yet supernatural; thus on the brow sat an intellect that might rule the world, and the arm was of giant strength to wield the thunder. Yet though there were here present thoughts which carried the work of man upwards and onwards, still, as we have before said, it was reserved for the religion of Christ to bring to the world's art a more blessed fruition. The divine in the human, which the Greek sculptor had striven, and not in vain, to inscribe in lines of beauty and of grandeur, was no longer the mere guess of a philosopher, or the dream of a poet; it stood forth as an actual verity known in the experience of each believer, and manifest in the humanity yet divinity of Christ himself. And this revelation, which transcended in its brightness all the scattered rays of light whence genius had before caught lustre, was henceforth to shine in the face of that Christian art which, like its great Master, became both human and divine. The import of this consummation for the world of art throughout all time it is not easy sufficiently to extol. Until humanity had this seal of divinity set upon the forehead, we find artists of all nations committed to ignoble motives; and even when an ideal had to be sought, vice but too often was magnified into heroism. But the Christian artist, taking, as the Christian believer, Christ for the great example, had at once placed before his imagination an unerring type of absolute perfection. Henceforth unrighteous actions, unworthy motives, and unholy thoughts, were to find no shelter within that fold of art which should gather the faithful into a heavenly flock. The floodgates of inspiration were now verily thrown open for Christian art, which became baptised into the fellowship of apostles, martyrs, saints, and angels, Christ himself being the shepherd and bishop of every soul, the cornerstone of that church which, in sculptured aisle and in painted arch, was to tell of the mystery of God manifest in the flesh, and the glory of Christ risen to the heavens. Here, then, is the supremacy of Christian art over and above every art that had gone before—an art which, like the Christian disciple, may be compassed with infirmity, but which yet seeks to walk the earth as Christ walked; and so the will is ofttimes accepted for the deed, the intention is valued even more than the act; and thus Christian art, confessing Christ before men, has been confessed before God and the angels.

It will be seen that "the history of our Lord" lies at the very centre of Christian art, as it is the crowning point to all religion. And even as we find that the world's philosophy wanted completion be-

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fore Jesus taught, so did all national arts lack, as we have shown, their consummation till man and God became united in Christ. The artist had long sought, even as the philosopher, though in vain, to fashion the perfect God and the perfect man. The Greek moulded the head of Jupiter as a lion god, and conceived nobly of Apollo as a Phœbus god. But it is only in such creations as the Cenacola at Milan that we behold the Father and the Son in form incarnate. The Jews preserved awe-moving traditions of angry Deity thundering from Sinai: they knew of a mighty arm which had divided the sea and driven out the heathen; and then, in the fulness of time, a Child was born in Galilee, and henceforth the God who had been shrouded in darkness was seen to walk in the light of common day. No wonder that for ever after artists in long succession told the amazing story—no wonder that they shed around the infant in the manger a flood of glory which blinded the eyes of simple pilgrim-shepherds — no wonder that every act in the drama which heaven here unfolded upon earth — the history of Mary, the childhood of Jesus, the temptation in the wilderness, the triumph in Jerusalem, the agony in the garden, the death upon the cross—was shown forth by the Christian artist in forms of simplicity seemly for a child, yet with the majesty befitting a God. And then follows the final scene, when He who was sent of the Father returned unto the home in the heavens, whence He shall yet come to judge both quick and dead. A narrative such as this was, we once again repeat, for the Christian painter a prompting power such as no artist had yet known. Humanity had been crowned in a glory not dreamt of, even in the fabled apotheosis of the Greeks: the form which sin had marred was restored to its primal purity; the ruin which the classic artist had attempted to reinstate was at length built into a temple. Such is Christian art in its unction and its essence; in its birth it was like the grain of mustard-seed; in its growth it filled the world. Finite though it be, it comprises within its form the infinite; mortal though the outward fashion of it seem, yet does it contain the spirit of immortality, for as was the history of our Lord, such is the beginning and progression of that art which seeks to celebrate every Christian perfection.

These reflections have been suggested by the works of the late Mrs Jameson on 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' as well as by the two volumes of Lady Eastlake on 'The History of our Lord.' The central idea we have set forth is indeed the prelude to the boldly yet delicately wrought treatise, which gives its title to our present article. "The History of our Lord as represented in Art," says Lady Eastlake, "is essentially the history of Christian Art. Round His sacred head, encircled in early medieval forms with the cruciform nimbus, all Christian Art revolves, as a system round a sun. He is always the great centre and object of the scene: since, whether represented, according to the taste of the artist or the requirements of the patron, as infant, youth, or man — as teacher, physician, or friend — as victim and sacrifice—as king or judge — He is always intended, under every aspect, real or ideal, to be looked upon as God. For no philosophy 'falsely so called' intrudes into the domain of Christian Art—no subtleties on His human nature, no doubts of His Godhead, no rationalistic interpretations of His miracles. Christian Art pre-eminently illustrates faith in Christ as 'God manifest in the flesh,' as 'the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world;' and without these great fundamental truths of Christianity there is no Christian Art, either in fact or in possibility." It is not our wish to raise religious art as an ensign around which hostile theologians may fight out doctrinal disputes. Rather would we emulate the

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charity of Mrs Jameson, who, gone to the soul's rest, now realises her own prophetic vision, that poetry and art and true religion are but the varying aspects of one and the same divine reality. As in the realms of nature the sky above and the water beneath mingle at the horizon, so in the mind's horizon do the art which is born of earth and the religion that is revealed from heaven join at the point of distance where the soft atmosphere of poetry suffuses the harshness of a too near outline. It was this insight into the higher and distant relations of a wide-stretching subject which gave to the criticisms of Mrs Jameson peculiar value and charm. By intuition of intellect and through womanly sympathy of heart she felt the spark which had given to arts, however ancient and effete, their original fire. While others were ready with the asperity belonging to contracted intellects to cavil at minor and accidental flaws, she, in the exercise of master power, could grasp a work in its integrity and essence. Thus among the historians of art she is known as one of the most catholic and tolerant. Without the surrender of any principle to which enlightened conscience owes allegiance, she could, with a simple earnestness which ofttimes rose to eloquence, plead the cause of an art sometimes frail and erring, and make apology for painters who may have given offence to over-plain and plodding though well-meaning people. She had courage on fitting occasion to denounce the "narrow puritanical jealousy which holds the monuments of a real and earnest faith in contempt;" and again, she had shafts of ridicule for our over-zealous ancestors "who chopped off the heads of Madonnas and saints, and paid vagabonds to smash the storied windows of our cathedrals." "I hate the destructive as I revere the progressive spirit." "We ought," continues Mrs Jameson, "to comprehend and to hold in due reverence that which has once been consecrated to holiest aims, which has shown us what a magnificent use has been made of art, and how it may still be adapted to good and glorious purposes, if, while we respect these time-consecrated forms and types, we do not allow them to fetter us, but trust in the progressive spirit of Christianity to furnish us with new impersonations of the good,—new combinations of the beautiful."

Mrs Jameson's mind was catholic in the true sense in which Christian art is catholic and not sectarian: it was many-sided, as was the genius of those painters who illustrated and adorned the Bible narrative; it took the wide range of vision which includes within its sweep universal religion, and it was able thus to recognise in all noble art the aspirations of the mind heavenwards. Few persons have been better fitted for the work in which they found their hands occupied and few writers indeed have been so fortunate in the times wherein their labours were cast. Mrs Jameson was in the possession of rare literary powers, and had attained considerable art knowledge, just when a field, hitherto little tilled, gave promise of harvest. The arts of the middle ages, save in the later development of the renaissance, had been reputed little else than barbarous, the works of the early painters and sculptors had no value in the mart of Europe, when the time came for one of those reactions which often completely reverse the previous current of men's tastes. And no sooner does a new love take possession of the mind than even reason lends herself the willing slave to inordinate desire. Suddenly all that was medieval became coveted, and with the fond eye of affection personal defects shone as beauties in disguise. A saint seemed all the more solemn because of the severity of his features and the stiff outline of his bodily frame. Then it was that the rage grew fierce, and the competition intense for every remnant of Christian art: ivories were collected, missals co-

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pied, old panels purchased, rude carvings and terra cottas brought into museums, all to serve as illustrations of the rise and progress of those arts which adorned medieval Christianity, and had sprung as flowers at the feet of saints, and around the graves of martyrs.

This newly-begotten joy in the discovery of treasures long locked up soon passed from its incipient wonder to the more rational stage of serious and strict inquiry. The student required to know what themes served the middle-age artist for subjects; what characters crowded the canvass, and what histories and traditions passed from the Church and the cloister into the painter's studio. Just at this time, when the traveller wandering through galleries, the pilgrim walking to shrines, as well as the quiet reader and thinker staying at home, were seeking for instruction, yet knew not where it was to be found, Mrs Jameson published her two first volumes, 'The Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art.' This work was followed in the long interval of fourteen years by two more volumes, 'Legends of the Monastic Orders' and 'Legends of the Madonna.' Yet still the arduous task remained unaccomplished. 'The History of our Lord,' the corner-stone, and the crowning pinnacle to the structure, was left but in fragment.

And now let us pay due honour to the memory of one who has done this good work. Mrs Jameson perhaps has not manifested much original or creative power, but her mind possessed a quality which, for the special mission it had to fulfil, proved of more specific service. It was lucid and faithful as a mirror to receive and then throw forward, free from distortion, every form which shone upon its surface. It is true that Mrs Jameson was, by the nature of her office, a compiler, yet, at the same time, she became insensibly something more. Compilation in her hands assumed the more vital function of assimilation; and thus, under her skilful treatment, the rough clay moulds and mellows into living form, which stands out in bold and clear relief. For the task of art-critic she was, as we have said, singularly well endowed. To her was given the poet's insight, which perceives the latent signs of beauty, a delicate sensibility to harmonies that often slumber unheeded, beauties that breathe into life as the spirit of art awakes. This it is which enables the truth-seeking student to rejoice over the birth of Christian art, even when, like its divine Master, it, as yet, is bound in swaddling-clothes, and lying in a manger: this it is which baptises the critic in the waters of peace and of charity, which opens his eye and attunes his ear to the simplest forms of symmetry, and the faintest whispers of melody, so that the fair creations of art stretch before his view, even as the fields of nature, or the trees of the forest, whereon the dews fall, the sun shines, and the breezes play, shedding on all that lives the blessings of a bounteous providence. And when, to this recipient mood, emotional and highly sensitive to the approaches of poetry, a writer can add cool calculation of the intellect, then, indeed, as we have said, has the mind been specially framed for the functions of criticism. Yet the reader who shall go to the pages of Mrs Jameson will not find that the critic unduly exalts her office. The earnest student has always abundant cause for humility. He knows of his own infirmities; he feels that time is swift, that life is short; above all, that truth is infinite, and that the ways of God are past finding out. And thus is it the experience of every writer that his subject stretches far beyond his ken, and that the realities he most desires to grasp fill an immensity which his powers cannot reach. This, indeed, was the experience of Mrs Jameson, who, in the closing passage to one of her gracefully-written introductions, affords not only an example of the method of her criticism, but furnishes, as it were, an epitaph

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which, like the well-known words of one of England's honoured philosophers, merits to be graven on a monument. "I must stop," writes Mrs Jameson, "here; and yet one word more. All the productions of art, from the time it has been directed and developed by Christian influences, may be regarded under three different aspects:—1. The purely religious aspect, which belongs to one mode of faith; 2. The poetic aspect, which belongs to all; 3. The artistic, which is the individual point of view, and has reference only to the action of the intellect on the means and materials employed. There is pleasure, intense pleasure, merely in the consideration of art as art; in the faculties of comparison and nice discrimination brought to bear on objects of beauty; in the exercise of a cultivated and refined taste on the productions of mind in any form whatever. But a threefold, or rather a thousandfold pleasure is theirs, who, to a sense of the poetical, unite a sympathy with the spiritual in art, and who combine with delicacy of perception and technical knowledge more elevated sources of pleasure, more variety of association, habits of more excursive thought. Let none imagine, however, that in placing before the uninitiated these unpretending volumes, I assume any such superiority as is here implied. Like a child that has sprung on a little way before its playmates, and caught a glimpse through an opening portal of some varied Eden within, all gay with flowers and musical with birds, and haunted by divine shapes which beckon forward, and, after one rapturous survey, runs back and catches its companions by the hand, and hurries them forward to share the newfound pleasure, the yet unexplored region of delight: even so it is with me,—I am on the outside, not the inside, of the door I open."

Lady Eastlake has worthily followed in the footsteps of her predecessor. The labours of Mrs Jameson were suddenly cut short in the spring of 1860, and the goodly volumes now before us, containing 'The History of our Lord,' were then nothing more than a few rudimentary fragments. The MS., such as it was, the publisher intrusted to Lady Eastlake for completion. The task proved more onerous than had been anticipated. It is true that detached passages were already written, but not a single illustration had been suggested, and the greater portion of the proposed text had no other indication save a mere outline. Lady Eastlake brought, as we may be sure, to the performance of the onerous duties committed to her hands ardour and aptitude. To do honour to the memory of her friend, and justice to one of the grandest subjects which could engage the pen of any writer, she at once set herself to serious study, aided, as she tells us, by every possible advantage, both at home and abroad. In her preface she acknowledges special obligations to Mr Carpenter, Mr Holmes, and Mr Franks of the British Museum, also to the Hon. Robert Curzon, Dr Rock, Mr Robinson, and Mr George Scharf. She has indeed, with commendable enterprise, travelled far and wide to gather varied materials, and to give to "a realm of Art almost kindred in amount to a kingdom of nature," a boundless circumference. That she accomplished in the end all that she herself could have desired, is, of course, not to be expected. No one knows better than Lady Eastlake how utterly exhaustless is the theme on which she has entered; a history which, did it recount all that could be told, the world itself, to borrow the bold metaphor of the Evangelist, could not contain the books that should be written. Still we have here in these volumes, penned in a truth-seeking spirit, and illustrated with a copious generosity, which at once elucidates and adorns each section of the subject, contributions to the literature of Christian art for which every artist, and indeed even the student of theology, will con-

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fess a debt of sincerest gratitude. To thoughtful inquirers richest mines are here opened for meditation. To minds prepared for deeper draughts to quench the thirst for knowledge, wells are dug and fountains are made to flow even in the desert tracts of time, where pilgrim's foot but seldom attempts to tread. We think indeed that Lady Eastlake has done special service in bringing into popular view recondite stores which have hitherto been sealed from public use. She has, for example, by appeal to the early heads of Christ in the Catacombs, by reference to Christian sarcophagi of the fourth century, to ivories as old as the sixth century, and Greek MSS. and Byzantine miniatures of the ninth century, enabled the art student to trace the history of types and antitypes, and to analyse the rudimentary germs which, from age to age accumulating strength and growing in comeliness, at length issued forth in perfected pictorial form.

It is to this, the infancy of art, that at the present moment peculiar interest attaches. Of its manhood, as manifest in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, we have for long known wellnigh all that can be learnt. But of the infant cradle of art, as it was tossed to and fro on the troubled waters of persecution, as it was watched by heaven and tended by angels, the world is naturally curious to know more. The idea, perhaps but the echo of too credulous affection, has been cherished indeed, that in the earliest ages a picture may have been an authentic narrative of an actual fact—that the Christian painter may have depicted an event which he witnessed, or a countenance that he knew; or, in other words, that the nearer art approached to the days when miracles were wrought, and holy men wrote as they were inspired by God, the more of heaven and of divine truth does the work reflect.

Somewhat of this persuasion probably enters most minds on the descent into the dark subterranean chambers beneath the Roman Campania, the refuge, the church, and the sepulchre of the early believer. The mysterious gloom of these galleries, the perplexed labyrinth of these tortuous passages, not unlike to the obscure avenues of the shadowy past, the fitful flicker of the precarious light which the darkness seems hungry to devour—these and many kindred suggestions awaken in the Catacombs wondering imagination. Then it is that the mind is ready, nay eager, to entertain fondest hopes; that faith is willingly given to stories which fancy paints; that the feet tread reverently, in the trust that these same paths were worn by the steps of disciples; and then too it is, as the taper throws transient gleams along the walls and across the vaults, that the eye believes it looks upon the very pictures which apostles saw and sanctioned, and that the shadowy heads which peer out from the mysterious gloom are nothing less than the actual portraits of saints, martyrs, or even of Christ himself. We recollect, when in Rome, conversing with Padre Marchi on the then recent Catacomb discoveries, and fervent was the faith of the old man in the monumental chronicles of Christianity which he and others were zealously exhuming. "We have," said he, "recently come upon a chamber, the remains in which there is reason to believe date back to the very time of the apostles." This conjecture is repeated merely to show of what moving interest are the investigations which have been made, and are still prosecuted, into the iconography of the earliest Christian art. The importance of these inquiries, indeed, whether to the artist or to the theologian, it is scarcely possible to overrate. It is often said that the blood of the martyrs was the seal of the Church, and so verily the tomb of the believer was the charter or pedigree of Christian art. Thereon were inscribed the symbols of the disciples' faith—the dove, the lyre, the palm

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branch, the anchor, the fish, the ship. There too were painted the series of types and antitypes from the Old and New Testaments: Noah in the ark, Moses striking the rock, Jonah swallowed by the fish, Jonah thrown from the fish's mouth, Daniel between the lions, Christ restoring Lazarus to life, the miracle of the loaves, the lame man taking up his bed, with a central figure of Christ as the Good Shepherd bearing a sheep upon His shoulders.

Affectionately, as we have said, does the mind cling to these forms, however crude, through which the first Christians speak to us in their ashes. Yet, if ever there were need for circumspection, it is here: just in proportion to the sympathy which moves to easy and pleasant credulity is the necessity for the coolness of judgment which shall guard against apocryphal pretence. There cannot be a doubt but that the Romish Church has sought to make capital out of the Catacombs; with this, however, we have here nothing to do. Our duty is to declare the simple truth, even though apparently to the prejudice of Christian art. Let us say, then, once for all, that Christian art is not like the tables of the law, written by the finger of God—not like those tongues of fire which came at Pentecost; but, of more mundane birth, it rises among the mists and vapours of earth, it shares the infirmity of our race, it is darkened by human passion, it falls in the decay of nations, and only reaches its divine form when man, in the perfecting of Christian civilisation, grows strong in arm and noble in soul.

The one question in the pictorial history of our Lord which above all others incites to speculation — the authenticity of the early portraits of Christ—has received from Lady Eastlake dispassionate consideration. The mind, as we have said, clings fondly to the belief that some record or reliable tradition may have been left of the personal appearance of Jesus while He sojourned upon earth. We have known students in Rome who would not surrender the conviction that the early heads of the Saviour retain at least some shadowed memory of their divine original. We have ourselves searched the Catacombs in the hope that evidence might be collected which should justify a belief so accordant with the desires of the human heart. Yet we are bound to say, the further the inquiry was prosecuted the more untenable became the assumption that any one of the many presumed portraits of Christ were trustworthy. The calm and impartial manner in which Lady Eastlake has conducted the difficult inquiry which brings her to the same conclusion, is worthy of all commendation. We recollect that the first tentative proposition at which we ourselves arrived was, that the many and somewhat conflicting portraits could scarcely point to one and the same person; and, that each individual work simply reflected and reproduced the type, style, and treatment peculiar to the period and the people which had given it birth. Under the same persuasion Lady Eastlake tells us that "the first known conception of the Saviour's features was inspired by the lingering feeling for classic forms, and is found in the earlier monuments of the Roman Catacombs. Here the type of Christ is simply that of a youth, and of the expression proper to that period." Then, coming into "the wide realm and long reign of Byzantine art—though in many respects allied with classic traditions—we enter into another distinct form of the human countenance, and therefore of that of the Lord. The hair divided in the centre of the forehead may here be said to constitute an unfailing sign of identity. At the same time there was nothing in this feature to prevent the utmost possible difference in every other. We find, accordingly, in the works of Byzantine origin, as much diversity as might be expected from the differing con-

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ditions to which art was subjected —from the mere mechanical reproduction of the same ever-copied and ever-deteriorating pattern, to the work of such artists who, though conforming in treatment of subject to the overruling laws of the Greek Church, yet infused into it a feeling for beauty and elevation of character."

Passing northward of the Alps, we enter on distinct races and nationalities, and are in the midst of schools—if arts so untutored can be said to belong to any school—marked by a vigour which inheres to naturalism and begets a rude originality.

"The Anglo-Saxon period," continues Lady Eastlake, "which, in respect of Art, seems to mingle both classical reminiscences and Byzantine traditions with a grandly fantastic element, offers more interest. Christ is here more strictly separate: the disciples have one class of features, being chiefly given with classically-formed profiles, the angels and archangels another, and Christ a third. This is of an abstract and weird character, conveying a strange sense of the supernatural, perfectly in keeping with the abstract nature of the more general conception, which represents our Lord in glory. The head rises grandly above the stony stare, the divided head is cinctured with a fillet and jewel, and the beard is formed into three points. The lines are few and equal, as if by a hand accustomed to incise them on a harder material. Another form, with a bushy wig of hair, is more fantastic, though not without a certain grandeur. We now enter streams of Art too numerous and self-intersecting to be pursued in this brief notice. The human head here serves, of course, as in all Art, to distinguish one school from another, but it would be perilous to attempt any nicety of connoisseurship."

Then referring to a woodcut taken from an English MS. of the fourteenth century, the following contribution is made to the ethnology of Christian iconography:—

"Other illustrations of Christ in this work will supply ample proof of the diversities of representation during this and previous centuries. Generally speaking, however, and without affecting any precision, there is a sort of analogy between the heads of Christ and the generally received characteristics of the principal northern nations, even to this time. The conception of Christ's countenance in English miniatures has a certain earnest downrightness; in French works it is decidedly gay; while the German have an expression of thought."

It will by this time have become evident that the number and the variety of these heads of the Saviour mutually overthrow any exclusive claim to personal fidelity. In the absence, then, of any specific testimony in support of historic truth, the mere fact that, by the sixth century, every principal Christian community was in possession of "pictures of Christ made without hands," is sufficient to indicate that these creations were but the prolific offspring of fertile imagination. Among the many claimants, which, asks Lady Eastlake with reason, was the true portrait? "That possessed by the Romans? or that represented by the Hebrews? or that treasured by the Greeks? or that worshipped by the Ethiopians?—since all in turn maintain that Christ had borne the features of their particular race! Thus it need only be observed, that at the seventh General Council, held at Constantinople in 754, all the pictures purporting to have descended direct from Christ or His apostles were condemned." And here may be allowed to end a controversy which, for the deep interests involved, has scarcely an equal in the entire range of Christian art.

Yet, rightly viewed, is this ending but the starting-point to a new beginning. The ground which the critical intellect surrenders is at once taken possession of by creative imagination, and the blank left on the page of history is at length supplied by the pencil of art. A writer conscious of original power likes not to be bound strictly within a prescribed barrier of facts; he desires rather to call forth his characters out of the dimness of

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distance. And so likewise the artist rejoices in themes remotely removed from the foreground of actual and immediate experience, subjects which transcend the life of common day. Perhaps the total absence of any portrait of Christ, which in some moods of mind we are tempted to mourn over, may on the whole be regarded as a providential denial of what had proved a dangerous, though a priceless possession.- But whatever doubt we may have on this point, assuredly there can be no question that art could scarcely receive a higher boon, or be intrusted with a nobler mission, than that of forming for itself, and not for itself only, but for the entire world, a tabernacle wherein the Eternal Word might find an earthly dwelling. We have already shown that Christianity brought fulfilment to the art-aspiration of the nations; it satisfied the desire for the union of the perfect God and the perfect man. Here, then, as we have said, is a theme before which genius may bow the head; here a subject that imagination strives after in vain; here a goal towards which every foot tends, and yet no pilgrim shall ever reach. Yet he who is permitted to converse with the Lord in the mount shall, perchance, as the lawgiver of old, descend with glory round the brow. We repeat that, in the truest interests of art, nothing better could have been desired than that the image of the Saviour should be left as now in the uncertainty of conjecture. Instead of a portrait marred, which, century by century, should receive, like the suffering Saviour himself, cruel indignity, until shorn, there may be reason to fear, of the last rays of Godhead — instead of a form thus disfigured, lying even, it may be, as a stumbling-block at the gate of heaven, an impediment rather than an aid—each mind is left to enjoy its own ideal; each artist is told to go forth and gather throughout creation every scattered member of the body of divine beauty; he is permitted to form for himself an image of all that is most fair on earth and in heaven; he is bidden to enter, as Fra Angelico, the house of prayer, and there seek in vision for absolute perfection; and then, after all, behold, the infinite rises still above and beyond him. He strives after it in vain. But even in his failure have we the measure of the summit to which he has ascended. The finite may have failed to circumscribe the infinite; art may have faltered as it essayed to transcribe the nature which is above all nature. Yet does the effort bring its own reward; and the artist who waits for whispers from the world of spirits shall, as Beato the Blessed, have power to paint in forms and colours which speak as revelations. Thus it will be seen that, instead of a portrait which, from generation to generation, should lose its original worth, art commenced with a germ which, though at first rude, gathered around it the accumulative thought and devotion of successive minds and masters, borrowing, assimilating, and rejecting from each in turn, till at length, after the lapse of wellnigh fifteen centuries, was attained the fully developed type, the highest pictorial manifestation yet known of the divine nature incarnate in human form. "The fifteenth century," writes Lady Eastlake, "did not elapse without bequeathing the profoundest conception of the Son of Man which mortal hand has ever executed. Most of our readers will think of that dim ghost of a head, still lingering on the walls of an old refectory in Milan, which, like its divine original, has suffered the contempt and injury of man, yet still defies the world to produce its equal."

Art, whether she assume the guise of prose or of poetry, whether she be content to limit herself to a simple narrative of facts, or add to description the colour of imagination, still is ever performing

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the function of a language; not, indeed, a language of sounds, but the silent speech uttered through forms. Pictures and the plastic arts being thus the embodiment of thoughts, they necessarily follow closely upon the ebb and flow of the great tidal ideas which from age to age sweep over seas and continents. The arts of Greece swelled with the outburst of poetry, rose with the elevation of philosophy, and as a mirror reflected the master thoughts of the national religion. What rhapsodists sang, what wise men taught, what the people believed and worshipped, the painter delineated and the sculptor carved. Thus it is that any complete cycle of art is as a book, perchance of many chapters and divided under diverse heads, wherein may be read the ideas which have accumulated into a system, grown into a history, and covered, as it were, a wide territory of national thought. And if this be true of art in general, more especially is it true of those arts which congregate around Christianity, and have come to illustrate and glorify the history of our Lord. The thick and closely packed volumes now before us are indeed convincing testimony, if evidence were wanting, of the abounding materials out of which Christian artists reared visible bulwarks to faith. It seems, indeed, that whatever the prophet in vision had seen, whatever Christ and His apostles did and suffered—whatever, indeed, the Church believed and held most sacred, just so much was the painter and the sculptor ready to set forth and proclaim in the language which the unlettered multitude could best understand. Hence it is that the history of our Lord as narrated by the artist stands out the complete counterpart of the story told by the theologian, and of the faith held dear by the people. Taking the survey, indeed, of the vast Christian diagram which through the lapse of eighteen centuries has received re-touchings and additions from artists whose name is legion, we are scarcely able to detect a single break or blank in the all-embracing picture. A rapid sketch of the volumes before us, whereof, as we have seen, the outline was drawn by Mrs Jameson, and the details and enrichments furnished by Lady Eastlake, will best elucidate the line of thought to which we have here given but imperfect expression.

Even as the entire Bible, from the first book of Genesis to the last verse of the Revelation, points to or portrays the history of our Lord; so does art, which is, as we have seen, a mirror set up to reflect the collective thought of Christendom, depict Jesus first as the creator of the world and finally as its judge. Indeed, the Son being coeval with the Father, the history of our Lord is made to stretch back beyond the days of creation into the depth of an unfathomed eternity. Thus the fall of Lucifer and his rebel angels, as in the epic of our great English poet, constitutes the opening scene to the drama of a paradise lost and won. "The fall of Lucifer is found in all forms of the *speculum salvationis*, always commencing the history of the world:" Michael Angelo intended to have executed the overthrow of the angels on the vast wall of the Sistine which faces the 'Last Judgment;' Spinello Aretino painted that "war in heaven, when Michael and his angels fought against Satan;" Rubens poured forth "cataracts of figures," the overthrow of the damned: and then as a typical incident in the great battle which overwhelmed the sky in its fury, we have various pictures of St Michael crushing Satan, among which we may mention as pre-eminent the well-known designs by Raphael and Guido.

The connecting idea between this first act, the overthrow of Satan, and the second act, the creation of man, is supplied by one of those fictions in which legendary art abounds. God created man, it is said, to repair the breaches in

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heaven occasioned by the lapse of so many angelic spirits! The six days' creation, together with the temptation, the fall, and the expulsion, which constitute a cycle, closing in the climax of a catastrophe, have received curious and occasionally lovely illustration both in painting and sculptured bas-relief. The distinction already indicated between the literal prose narrative with which early art was content, and the poetic amplifications and adornings to which later and more developed periods became addicted, is specially obvious in subjects of this series such as the creation of Eve. When sculptors and painters were as yet tentative of their powers, they gave to the Biblical story a reading which savours in its untempered grossness of the grotesque. For example, in the bas-reliefs on the façade of the Cathedral of Orvietto, executed in the thirteenth century by the school of the Pisani, Adam lies under profound sleep, his side yawns open in a deep gash, an actual rib protrudes from the wound, and the Creator, as accoucheur, is found in the act of "performing the operation with a kind of surgical intensity." This direct translation of a verbal myth into a visual reality, is one of the most egregious examples of a blunder common to all times, the confounding of the conditions prescribed to separate arts, the transferring of the shadowy metaphor of words into the substantial body of visible forms. We may rest assured that if, instead of a revelation through the instrument of speech, the Creator had spoken through the language of art—a state of things not impossible to conceive of—the imagery and figures appropriate to the medium of words would have assumed plastic and pictorial forms. And those artists have approached most nearly to the divine mind who dared to use somewhat of the poet's licence, who brought to the verbal text the suggestions of fancy, and who thus were enabled in the mind's eye to re-fashion, and to clothe again, those scenes which the amanuensis of Deity may have blotted in the writing. This, we think, is specially evident in the various treatments, some mean, others grand, of the theme just mentioned—the creation of Eve. The genius of Michael Angelo has given to this subject his wonted largeness and power. Again, in the doors of Ghiberti—declared, it is well known, worthy to be the gates of heaven—creation is less a physical operation than a supreme act of thought. God speaks, and it is done; the Almighty, with outstretched hand, calls Eve into being, and forthwith she rises a form so beauteous that the angels bend from heaven to gaze on her; she floats upborne by attendant ministers, and bends to give to her Maker thanks for life bestowed.

The group of subjects closing with the expulsion from Eden and the death of Abel, is succeeded by the series of Biblical types which point to the coming of Christ, and prefigure His mission and office. More correctly speaking, indeed, the one series overlaps and runs into the other; for the first Adam, whose side was opened at the ribs, became, by an ingenuity which in this legendary art is as amazing as it is but too frequently amusing, the symbol of the second Adam whose side was pierced upon the cross. This straining after distant analogies we cannot but regard as puerile. Such childish conceits, which do violence to rational religion, and mar the beauty of poetic thought, must, however, be laid to the charge of theologians rather than against artists, who, at the worst, were merely but too ready to do as they were bid. This idea of types having been once started, the indefinite multiplication of the symbol was matter of little else than fictitious conjecture. It were hard, indeed, that a lawgiver, a prophet, a priest, or a king under the old dispensation should not, at least in some one or more points,

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stand in a certain distant correspondence with the great Lawgiver, Priest, and King, in whom, under the new dispensation, the prophecies met with their fulfilment. Hence do we find Christian art prolific in pictures which prefigure Christ in His character and office. For example: Noah furnishes a type of our Lord, because the deluge was a baptism of waters for the cleansing and purifying of the old world from sin; because the ark which Noah built for the rescue of himself and family is as the church which Christ reared for the redeemed of the children of men; because through Noah came a covenant of mercy to the saved; and because his very name signifies comfort and rest. Thus, in the same manner, Isaac is a type of our Lord, for, as the well-beloved son, he was ready, like a lamb, to give himself a sacrifice. Moses, again, furnishes more abundant materials out of which to fashion an image of Christ the great deliverer. Moses was the head of the old covenant as Christ is of the new. Indeed, the whole Mosaic dispensation—even to its details—may without violence be made to picture forth the culminating dispensation in Christ. The blood of the passover, the baptism unto Moses in the sea and in the cloud, the waters from the spiritual rock,—which rock was Christ,—the lifting up of the brazen serpent in the wilderness, are some of the many characteristics in which the lawgiver of Sinai was the emblem of the Lord fasting in the wilderness, and transfigured on Tabor. Again: Joshua, as leader of the people; David, as the psalmist king, the melody of whose song was like to the angels' Hymn of the Nativity; Solomon, because of his wisdom, whereunto the Queen of Sheba came, even as the three kings who worshipped the new-born Lord of Israel; Elijah, because he was taken up to heaven, even as Christ rose from the tomb, and was lifted from the earth; Job, from his sufferings and his patience; Jonah, as the fictitious image of the burial and resurrection of Christ,—were each and all gathered into the kingdom of Christian art, were severally fashioned into pictures which should portray and prefigure the history of our Lord, were made to speak the language of prophecy, to enact the world's great tragedy—the redemption made perfect through suffering.

Art having thus trod the shadowy chambers of prophecy — having adorned, and ofttimes encumbered, the Old Testament narrative with myths, legends, and types,—at length, in the fulness of time, the star which shone in Bethlehem was unto art a great light. Christian painting here rejoices in joy unspeakable over the cradle of peace and good-will; she makes the angels who once sported among the groves of paradise, but had fled away at the approach of sin, return, after long estrangement, again towards the confines of earth, to worship before the manger where the young child lay. She calls upon shepherds, tending their flocks by night, to come and see the Shepherd and Bishop of souls; she summons kings from afar to bow in homage before the Lord of heaven and earth; with solicitude and affection she follows in the steps of the mother and the infant driven into Egypt; she watches over the early years spent in Nazareth, while the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom and the grace of God; she goes to Jerusalem, and is in the midst of the doctors in the Temple, when all who hear Jesus are astonished at His understanding and answers; she is with Christ in His temptation and baptism, and sits at the wedding-feast when, in the beginning of miracles, the water is made wine; and thus does Christian art follow, pencil in hand, the steps of the Saviour as He teaches on the Mount, as He blesses little children, as He talks with the woman of Samaria by the well, as He multiplies the loaves and the fishes, heals the blind, cures diseases,

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raises the dead, and bids Lazarus come forth, till at last the final scene opens with the entry into Jerusalem, to be quickly followed by the agony in the garden and the death on Calvary. These are the themes which artists from age to age have treated—sometimes in humility, and ofttimes in the pride and glory of intellect. Fra Angelico, or Gentile da Fabriano, in trembling fear, scarcely ventures to approach the Madonna, spotless in beauty and purity; in contrast, artists less attentive to the still small voice, painters of genius more impetuous, such as Titian, or Veronese, or Tintoret, or Rubens, with full brush, pour out torrents copious as mountain floods, make the strait and narrow way broad, exalt every valley, transmute the self-denying fast into the luxury of a feast, and change the garment of sackcloth into golden raiments, bright as the rainbow. Thus do we see how the history of our Lord, even to its minutest incidents, has been transcribed in characters homely as a child's primer, and in colours redolent as a paradise of flowers. The area covered is indeed great. Multiply the subjects treated by the number of the artists engaged, each after his individual style, upon this great labour, and then we may perhaps comprehend the length, the breadth, and the fulness of that art which tended our Lord in His birth, ministry, death, and glory.

The subject which fell into the hands of Lady Eastlake was somewhat shorn of its honours by the volumes previously published by her predecessor. Mrs Jameson's work, "The Legends of the Madonna," by anticipation appropriated the charming scenes which lie at the threshold of the history of our Lord, such, for example, as "The Annunciation," "The Salutation of Elizabeth," "The Journey to Bethlehem," "The Nativity," "The Adoration of the Shepherds," "The Adoration of the Magi," "The Presentation in the Temple," "The Flight into Egypt," "The Riposo," and "The Return from Egypt." This is the explanation of the blank in the pages of Lady Eastlake, which, however much to be deplored, became, of course, inevitable. Fortunately the more thrilling acts in the sacred story, commencing with the entry into Jerusalem, closing with the crucifixion, the resurrection, and the last judgment, yet remained intact to give to the final volume of the series crowning import. These events, happening on the confines of two worlds—that world which inflicted the agony and the shame, and that other world in the heavens which promised glory and the crown—these events, which bore the shadow of the grave, and yet caught brightness from the light of lights, have naturally kindled writers, preachers, and painters into more than wonted ardour. The Crusader endured hardship in order to save for the love of Christendom those holy places where the promise of the prophets had found fulfilment; and pilgrims and travellers, in all times, have entered the garden of Gethsemane, and walked the way to Calvary, with hearts full to overflowing, and lips eloquent in pathos. Therefore is it that painters, though they knew not the spot, and though studiously regardless of local verities, have eagerly taken possession of these last and memorable days; have laid firm grasp at least, through power of sympathy and spell of imagination, on the successive scenes in our Lord's passion, and held up to view the agony and bloody sweat, the crown of thorns, the cross, the burial. And perhaps it is impossible, in the whole range of history, whether sacred or secular, to find, impossible indeed for fancy to conceive of, an epic so touching, so terrible, so sublime. That way to Calvary was the bridge which spanned the abyss dividing two kingdoms; the Christ on the cross was God reconciling the world; the rising from the tomb was the victory over the grave, given as the pledge of immortality. And artists, we think,

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notwithstanding the many infirmities of the flesh, have found grace to portray these scenes in the twofold relation of earth and of heaven. They have been able to give to the finite the extended sphere of the infinite. They have placed a fact in time as seen in the theatre of eternity. They have shed on the sunset of humanity somewhat of the sunrise of divinity. They have thrown into the grave the unquenched embers of resurrection. They have cast into the countenance of human sorrow more than human serenity; and the weakness of the body which would sink under chastisement is upheld by an arm mighty to save.

We can easily believe that the spirit by which alone the artist may worthily treat the passion of our Lord is given to few. And themes which thus bow the soul in reverence, cannot but be desecrated by unhallowed touch. Emotions lying too high for this world, and too deep for earthly tears, can find expression, if at all, only in words heartfelt and few, or through forms and colours chastened and solemn. The rhetoric of the tongue and the blandishments of the brush have no place here. And therefore those artists prove themselves most worthy of the heavenly mission who intrude least of themselves, who are least ostentatious of the resources of their art, who, in fact, like the evangelists, overawed with the consciousness of the great truths to be spoken, sit down and find utterance in the simplest of language. Thus it is frequently that the earlier masters in a school, coming with less of guile, bring into their treatment more of spiritual unction. Yet must we acknowledge that the scenes in the passion of Christ have a power to subdue painters otherwise of obdurate heart, and to regenerate the pencil often given up to mere carnal allurements. In such cases do we feel indeed how it is that the wrath of man may praise God, and that even in the world of art, out of the greatest of sinners may come, not only the greatest of saints, but the grandest of painters. If, indeed, the impetuosity of unbridled genius be but turned from its perversity, how will it not rise to a full tide of inspiration, and fill the desert, the waste and the foul places of the soul, with fertilising flood. The painters, in fact, who, in the degeneracy of art, indulged in the profligacy of a brush which ran unruly riot, sometimes brought to the treatment of subjects imposing wholesome restraint an impulse and a power which, in more timid days, were necessarily unattainable. It was as when a mighty wind filled a house, or rushed over sea or across the forest, great was the noise, and terror-striking the grandeur. Tintoretto is one of those men unto whom inspiration came as a whirlwind, and he has left works which bear the tempest's mark. Veronese was another artist whose genius was prodigal and golden as autumn; and when he touched upon the passion of our Lord, as in the panoramic pictures in Dresden, he showered down, as did the kings of the East, rich gifts at the Saviour's feet. Rubens, again, in the two great paintings in Antwerp, gives the same proof that scenes such as these sanctify an artist, and raise him above his ordinary level. Compositions of this character, portentous in pomp and circumstance, thunder like the Hallelujah Chorus; pictures of an earlier date, painted by the school of spiritualists, speak in voice gentle and low, like the witness of truth within the conscience.

Renan, in his recent work, borne down by the curse of scepticism, from which eloquence gives no deliverance, says that at the crucifixion of Christ the historian's task is ended. With an audacity almost beyond parallel, he adds that the belief which grew up in Christendom in a risen Saviour is but a memorable proof of the unquenchable power of love within the human heart. Thanks be unto God, art,

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unlike philosophy, falsely so called, never put to the question the miracles which confounded the wisdom of the wise. Artists, impelled by the genius which is strong in the trust of a little child, threw themselves not only into the grave of a crucified Saviour, but rose, as it were, with Christ into glory. The French sceptic is denied, as we have seen, an entrance into the kingdom of light. But the world's painters, true to the best intuitions of universal humanity, have entered on the life beyond life, have given the works of their hands, in testimony of a risen Christ, to the building up of the mansions in the heavens, to the peopling of the regions of the sky with the redeemed of the Lord,—a blessed company who, clothed in white raiments, and with palms in their hands, bow before the throne of the Lamb. Inexpressibly beauteous and consoling are these works in Christian art, which take from death its sting, and from the grave its victory,—a series commencing with the declaration of the angel unto the women at the sepulchre, "He is not here, for He is risen as He said." During the few remaining days on earth, Christian art, pursuing the Biblical narrative, seeks the risen Saviour as He talks with the disciples on their journey unto the village, joins Him at the supper of Emmaus, makes note of the apostle's incredulity, draws nigh as Jesus stood by the Sea of Tiberias, listens to the charge given unto St Peter, and, finally, beholds the open clouds as the Saviour ascends into heaven, where He sits on the right hand of the Father.

The creed of our English Church, which is indeed a summary of Christian art, carries, like art itself, the history of our Lord into the shadowy future. On every Sunday morning do Protestants give their assent to the belief that Christ "shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead: whose kingdom shall have no end." This is the faith which painters and sculptors have celebrated in the grandest of all compositions—Last Judgments. Fra Angelico, Orgagna, Luca Signorelli, and Michael Angelo, have put forth their utmost power to magnify this consummation of all things—that day of wrath, yet of redemption, when man to judgment wakes from clay. With this theme Lady Eastlake fitly ends 'The History of our Lord,' a story which, as we have seen, was taken up in the eternity of the past, and is here laid down only when it reaches the eternity of the future. This history, then, we all gratefully admit, receives an amplification never known before. One deficiency, however, has been felt, which, we trust, may yet be supplied. The sermons in stones engraven on the fronts, and proclaimed indeed upon every wall of Gothic churches and cathedrals, have not been made to swell the testimony of ages to Christian verities. Here are stores which, long closed as a sealed and despised book, shall now be opened to give to Christian iconography an accession of grandeur and erudition. We all know how thronged are the arches and pinnacles of our middle-age churches with statues of prophets, fathers, saints, martyrs, and the winged host. Why, this very subject of which we have just spoken, the Doom or the Last Judgment, is to be seen multiplied a thousand-fold over cathedral doors, which thus, as the entrance from the world without to the church within, are made to speak the words of the Judge of the whole earth, "Come, ye blessed of my Father; and depart, ye cursed." These bas-reliefs are easily brought within the sphere of literary history by that most faithful of chroniclers, the truth-giving photograph. As we now write, there lie before us these sun-printed transcripts of the west portals of five churches in France, and the number might probably be multiplied by ten, on each of which is set forth the ecstatic vision seen by

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St John in the Apocalypse, with the signs and the wonders which prophets foretold should come to pass in the last days. Christ, on a throne encircled by rainbow glory, is seated in the midst of the assembled multitude of earth and heaven, who wait the coming doom. Round about the throne are the four mystic beasts and the elders and the angels of God. And they that sleep in Jesus rise to life eternal; they, too, who died in sin, awake and rise at the archangel's trumpet — but weighed in the balance, they are given over to everlasting torment, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. Nothing in the whole range of art is more appalling than this literal rendering, this visible and tangible transcribing, even on the mercy-door, of that doom which shall make the earth to shake —nay, not the earth only, but also heaven. The fires wherewith Dante wrote, thunders like to which Milton spake, even denunciations which came as outpourings from vessels of wrath, have fashioned these rough-hewn stones into desperate vigour. "He who denies me before men, him will I also deny before my Father and the holy angels." Christian art also denies him in the presence of the Church and in the assembly of the saints.

The sacred and the legendary art which, as we have seen, encircles the 'History of our Lord,' ought to be used by each one of us as the means of high mental culture. This art is not only art: it is religion: it is poetry. At this sacred fountain fed from the sky, the modern painter and sculptor may quench the thirst for that divine knowledge which shall give to his works a spirit not of earth. On the banks of this stream may the Christian pilgrim, torn by the thorns that lie in the way, find rest, and gather for his wounds many a healing herb; on its margin, too, shall the poet linger weaving garlands, and murmuring melodious songs; and as the river rolls onward to the sea, the sage walks by the swelling wave while it mingles in the broad waters of essential truth and unclouded beauty. Furthermore, let us all remember as we partake of the benefits, that Christian art is not only a gift to past ages,—it is equally a promise reserved for present and future times. Firm is our persuasion that the day will come, though the signs of its advent are as yet but dimly seen, when Christian art shall reach to a majesty and a beauty which hitherto the world has not witnessed. For art, indeed, as for each human soul, there are prophecies yet unfulfilled. No coming work of the human hand or intellect will perish for lack of knowledge; but even at this present time, art is blighted and withered from want of faith—not from want of faith in dogmas dead, but from want of trust in truths which, living, are to genius a well of life. There is then, we say, reason to hope that the day shall appear when art will cast off the outer crust, which is of the earth, earthy, and be bright as the light, and pure as a fire kindled on an altar of sacrifice. Whether or not there shall come an outward millennium such as some men have curiously defined, we care not to inquire; but that there shall come in the progress of the human race a period when the love of the true, the beautiful, and the good, will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, is for all who in the mean time watch and work a steadfast and a consoling persuasion. This is the hope and the prophecy which for art, awaiting like all things a final fruition, remain as yet unfulfilled. And of this at least we may be sure, that whensoever, in the language of the prophet, wisdom shall like the light of the sun be sevenfold, even as the light of seven days, then will Christian art, purged from dross and cleared from the fogs of superstition, wax in strength and loveliness, and shine with clearer light just as it approaches nearer to the fountain of light.

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CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART X.

FROM TURIN TO ROME *vid* FLORENCE.

THERE was a little French *vaudeville* which, some years ago, used to amuse the audiences of the Palais-Royal, and send them home laughing as they went over its drolleries. It was called 'Le Voyage à Dieppe.' The chief incidents of the piece revolved round a long-promised trip to Dieppe, which a Parisian shopkeeper had bound himself to make, to show his family the sea. It had become the day-dream of their lives, and no subject could be discussed amongst them without its reference to Dieppe being duly weighed and considered.

The happy day at last arrives, and they start. It was before the time of railroads. A malicious friend has, however, bribed the coachman, and instead of taking the road to Dieppe, he passes the whole night in driving round Paris, and ends by depositing the weary and exhausted travellers at a small suburb, where, from the window of a mean-looking little inn, a tolerably extensive pond can be descried, duckweeded and dreary, the distance being closed by a low-lying swamp. Whatever disappointments the others may feel, the honest Bourgeois himself will admit of none, and he throws aside his window and exclaims, "Ah, que c'est beau de voir le mer!" and bursts forth with an apostrophe to the ever-restless sea that would have done honour to a Greek chorus. He rushes out to the beach to inhale the invigorating breezes of the ocean, and comes back with an appetite for oysters, which he naturally imagines to be the appropriate effect of sea air.

His enthusiasm and his blunders, his ecstasy and his mistakes, make up a most laughable picture, and all the time the audience can never perfectly divest themselves of a certain sympathy for one who, if he had really seen the sea, would have hailed the sight with such a racy and honest enjoyment.

Now you will perhaps wonder what it was that could have reminded me of this little bygone piece, and, in this age of prolific farce-writing, could have carried me back to the glories of some fifteen years ago. I will tell you. 'Le Voyage à Dieppe' was brought forcibly to my mind by the new Franco-Italian Treaty. It is said to be among the prerogatives of kings to avail themselves of all the varied acquirements of their subjects; and here we have the great Emperor of France not disdaining to take a hint as to his policy from a *vaudevilliste* of the "Palais." The new treaty may be briefly summed up thus: Within two years the French army is to be withdrawn from Rome. The Pope is to be left to his own devices, but Victor Emmanuel is not to molest him. A secret article, it is alleged, says that, to give his Holiness a stronger assurance of his safety, the Italians are to transfer the capital to Florence, and in this way recognise the fact that they are not to continue their pretensions to Rome, nor perpetuate the popular impulse to seize on the Eternal City.

Here is the 'Voyage à Dieppe.' Here are the poor Italians thirsting for Rome, as the Bourgeois thirsted for the sea, promising it to them-

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selves and their wives and daughters these three years back. Here they are driven round and round all night, and landed at last at Florence, that wily cabman, Louis Napoleon, as he wipes his forehead, asking them if they're not satisfied with the way he drove them, and half hinting that a little token of their gratitude would not be ill-timed or ill-thought of.

A few, it is true, grumble that this is not Dieppe, and protest that the swampy pond of stagnant water is not the sea; but the majority overbear them, and ask who can know the place better than the coachman? He has pronounced that this is the spot they ought to be in, and of course none can gainsay him.

If it was not that the *vaudeville-liste* was before the Emperor, I should call the policy a grand stroke of genius; and, after all, plagiarism only diminishes and does not destroy the merit. Nothing short of genius, perhaps, could have adapted a practical joke to a nation, and turned the laugh against twenty-two millions of people. To tell them coolly, "Book yourselves, ladies and gentlemen; the coach is just ready to start: any passengers for Rome?" and then, just as coolly, to draw up on the Arno, and say "Here you are! step out;" and while they are straining their eyes to see the Coliseum or St Peter's, he slyly says, "It's a nice place, and you'll like it when you're used to it."

Geography, happily, is no requirement of a patriot. I remember, some years ago, hearing a very impassioned and even eloquent man addressing a crowd of people on the subject of the Bourbon cruelties in Sicily. Gladstone was mild compared to his descriptions of prison enormities; and he described instruments of torture with a refinement of horror that Alexandre Dumas himself might have envied. In the very climax of his eloquence, however, he turned abruptly towards me, a perfect stranger as I was, and in a voice of most insinuating eagerness said, "*Scusi, Signor; ma dov' e la Sicilia?*"—Excuse me, sir; but where *is* Sicily?

Some one may have told the anecdote—perhaps I myself—to the Emperor; for certainly he has been trading boldly on this want of Italian education.

If there was no small cleverness in thus dealing with the people, the Emperor has shown fully as much adroitness in his treatment of the Pope. "When at Rome," says the adage, "do as the Romans;" and he has followed the precept to the letter. He knew that one of the most distinctive traits of the Church, in its dealings with the wicked, is a most sensitive regard for human frailty. The Church, in fact, accepts humanity for what it is, not what it might be, and gently condoles with sinners over their shortcomings, blandly hinting that a little virtue now and then, taken as what doctors call "an alterative," rather benefits the constitution, and contributes to longevity. That there should, however, be no shock to the system—nothing revulsive in the treatment—the Church issues what it calls indulgences—short leases of loose living, renewable sometimes on lives for ever; and by means of these, people may experiment whether they can or cannot divest themselves of the especial wickednesses which have hitherto made their lives so agreeable.

In this spirit has the Emperor decreed two years shall elapse before he withdraws from Rome. For two entire years his Holiness has got a plenary of every abuse of what Lord Palmerston called "the worst Government of Europe." For two years may the people be crushed with taxation, sunk in barbarism, and degraded by superstition. For two years De Merode may nurse his Brigands and baptise his Jews; and for two years may the wily Antonelli rig the market and gam-

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ble on the Stock Exchange. To the Pope, two years more of unrestrained malversation and misrule may seem short. Sitting there on a seat where these have been the privileges ratified by centuries of use, he may be disposed to think that this proceeding is almost summary; but I doubt if the Romans take this view of the case; and I rather suspect, if the truth were known, that they would prefer the "Plenary" should be shorter, and his Holiness obliged to take to responsible habits a little earlier than the year 1866.

It has been long since evident that Italy could not go on as she has done. She must either go back or go forward; either go on to completion and real unity by annexing Rome and Venice, or be satisfied to see the kingdom broken up and resolved into its former elements, or something resembling them.

This necessity all public men in Italy have frankly and freely recognised. It was not merely that the machinery of Government was working with a degree of wear and friction that destroyed half its power, but that to keep up the steam they were driven to burn whatever they could lay hands on, no matter how valuable or costly.

Italy was maintaining in her armed peace a force so far above her means, that war itself would have been less burdensome. As Austria was playing exactly the same game, the ruinous policy was not alone displayed in heavy imposts and a grinding taxation, but in the stagnation of trade consequent on inimical feeling and bad relations, in frontiers all but closed, and customhouses very little short of fortresses.

A system so injurious to both, as much the enemy of civilisation as of national wealth, could not fail to attract the attention of men of enlightenment both in Austria and Italy; and it was remarked that in the two countries expressions had fallen from men of mark and station, indicating that the time was not, perhaps, very distant when Italians and Austrians might discover with what benefits they could be friends —how naturally their geographical position disposed to relations of trade and commerce, and how evident it was that a strong alliance of the two States would be one of the very strongest possible guarantees of European peace. When an able English diplomatist once suggested such a policy as the true one for Italy, based of course on the assumption that Austria would cede Venice to Italy, there was scarcely a man in Piedmont could comprehend what he meant. Now the policy makes converts every day. Men see that the French protection is the severest slavery that can be endured by a people. Men learn at last that French assistance, even when lent for "an idea," is the costliest compact that a nation can make. France has strengthened Italy, because she wants or may want her. Now an Austro-Italian league, had it been possible, would not have entailed any such demands.

The policy of France was, however, always to prevent this good understanding, and to this end she managed always to put Austria in "the wrong," a matter never very difficult with a country which, since the death of Metternich, has fallen into the hands of the very smallest capacities of Europe.

So effectually did France play this game, and so thoroughly did she know how to play it, that when, at the moment of the outbreak of the last war in Lombardy, Cavour was disposed to break the peace the first, the Emperor interfered and said, "No; Austria must be placed in the position of the disturber of European peace: leave it to me, and she shall be."

Now, I have only gone back on these events to remind you that France has always pursued the policy of sowing distrust between the two countries; nor is there any

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"accommodation" in all Europe would so derange her plans and damage her interests as an honest and loyal good feeling between Austria and Italy. I will not affect to say that the matter is easy to bring about, or that it would not require, not alone great ability, but time; but I will say this, that it was the intention of Cavour himself to have attempted it; and had he lived and done so, I am equally certain he would not have failed.

Symptoms of such a possible change in Europe are, however, not wanting even now; and I repeat, men of note and ability are disposed to think that by this union there would be for Italy at least two great and palpable advantages—a freedom of dependence on France, and, what is at this moment all-essential, a possibility of diminishing her war expenditure.

The Emperor of the French is, however, not to be "countermarched" now as he had been four years ago by Cavour; he is up and stirring. By the Franco-Italian treaty, jealousy and distrust between Austria and Italy are re-established. Every one is alarmed, and no one secure.

By stipulating that Italy shall exchange Turin for Florence as a capital, he alarms all those who believed that, with whatever change might come, they should go to Rome; and now, by insisting on Florence, they see, or think they see, an abdication of this great claim.

By announcing a withdrawal of the French army from Rome, he menaces the Pope with anything that his subjects may have in store for him. By the condition that non-intervention is for the future to be maintained, he declares that he will not permit Austria to come in; and thus in one brief, very brief, document he proclaims that nothing in the Peninsula is to be settled — nothing assumed as permanent. What he may, can, or shall do in the future, is open to him in any shape, and to any extent. He may sustain the temporal power, or abolish it—he may unite Italy, or subdivide it; and as for Austria, he may maintain her in Venetia, and talk of the sanctity of treaties, or he may, and most probably will, proclaim the "*solidarité* of peoples," whatever that may be, and make war against Venice. Meanwhile the Imperial policy has had a great success. It has made Victor Emmanuel unpopular in the city where he was once adored; it has rendered the government of Italy a matter of the most extreme difficulty; and it has made the Pope's rule all but impossible!

We might think that he must be a great intellect who could work all these mighty results, if we did not remember that a very small pinch of white arsenic would spoil the largest basin of turtle. For the present I do not believe he has any fixed intentions; he has simply upset the chess-table, and while they are picking up the pieces he'll decide on his game.

The whole of the Napoleon policy in Europe seems based on an imitation of that well-known member of the Turf, who left a false betting-book on his dressing-table, and thus led every one that trusted it to back the wrong horses. Nobody ever yet knew on what horse *he* stood to win. He may at this moment be hedging against Victor Emmanuel, or secretly deciding to "scratch" the Pope.

He is even capable of bringing out that dark horse Austria, and declaring her the favourite when all the matches are made.

That the Italians have any especial reason for rejoicing, I certainly do not see. Florence is no more Rome than fleas are lobsters.

When a poor countryman of mine —how invariably it is an Irishman has to be brought in when one would illustrate the law's oppression! — was once bound over to keep the peace towards all her Ma-

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jesty's subjects, he left the office exclaiming, "Well, then, God help the first furrener I meet with!"

This is now pretty much Victor Emmanuel's case. He has given heavy bail that he won't touch the Pope—but God help the Austrians!

Really, for my own part, I do not believe all this "circular sailing" will ever bring the King to the Vatican; nor do I imagine, if he did get there, that the Italians would reap all the advantages that they promise themselves. The Japanese, it is true, manage to have two Emperors—a Spiritual and a Temporal one—but no European State has yet tried the experiment; and perhaps, after all, it could only succeed in a country where the "happy despatch" is a national usage, and where, when you cannot get rid of the Government, you get rid of yourself.

SERVANTS.

We have had lately in our newspapers a great deal of nonsense—some of it very good-natured nonsense — about servants, averring that their faults are rather the consequences of ill-judging and inconsiderate treatment by their masters, and that, as a class, they are amiable, honest, sober, affectionate, and grateful; and that the social reformation required would be to treat them with greater deference to their wishes, accord them more liberty, freer time for recreation, and, in general, a higher regard and consideration.

Where the people who write in this fashion met with their phœnix of a butler, or that black swan their cook, I don't know; but my own suspicion is, that the glowing eulogiums I have quoted were the experiences of those who only knew servants in their friends' houses, and approved of them as they did of his claret, or his pheasants, or any things that were his.

My experiences are certainly all the other way, and, next to sickness, I look upon servants as the greatest infliction of humanity; and there is no quality I so much envy the rich man, as in the fact that his wealth removes him to such a distance from their contact, that he knows next to nothing of their tempers or habits, and is never by any accident involved, as poorer men are doomed to be, in their private jealousies, hatreds, and utter uncharitableness.

In the first place, it is only fairly natural and reasonable that they should be sources of discomfort and annoyance, rather than of satisfaction and ease. Their whole life is a sort of lie. They are peasants thinly lackered with a very dubious sort of civilisation—that is, they catch up a faint semblance of what they see in the drawing-room, to enact it below stairs to the accompaniment of their native coarseness and barbarism.

If we are to trust to what old people say, they were better formerly—that is, better before they had penny journals and illustrated absurdities. This is not impossible. There is a sort of feudalism in the principle of the family that works all the better when distinctions of class are well marked; and once the maids begin to read 'Eleanor's Victory,' and 'Lost and Saved,' and discuss the characters with the "young ladies," discipline is endangered, and very seriously too.

I like an ignorant valet, and a butler who has to spell out his newspaper. I sleep soundly when I know Jeames is not rummaging my letters, and picking up details for my biography out of my writing-desk. It is a comfort to me to think that my Review or my Magazine is not thumbed by Mr "Fag,"

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or that my missing Quarterly has not to be sought for in the housekeeper's room. Every lawyer and every doctor knows what a serious influence it would have on his professional success if it got abroad that he was greatly addicted to the bassoon, or very fond of shuttlecock, or much given to charades and small plays. People would say, How can Mr So-and-so be possibly engaged in the serious work of his profession with such tastes as these? Are these the habits that indicate deep thought or grave reflection? And if this be true as to men whose education and training are all favourable to versatility, what are we to say to a class singularly limited in their range of knowledge, and almost one-idea'd on every subject, indulging in discursiveness? We want concentration, and how do we seek to provide it? By everything that distracts attention and disperses thought. Jeames has to do with lamps and decanters—he is a creature of spoons and finger-glasses and lap-dogs—and we want to make him a subscriber to the 'Saturday Review' and a reader of Bulwer Lytton. Surely this is absurd. You would be afraid to trust your interests to a lawyer who had a passion for fossils, and passed much of his time in his laboratory, and yet you are quite ready to concede all the privileges of varied pursuits to a creature whose highest day-dream should never rise beyond a coal-scuttle, and who, instead of unrolling a mummy, should be folding a napkin.

Domestic service is a profession, and to follow it well the fewer distractions a man has the better. If I see the butler with the 'Times' in his hand, I am prepared to find the claret shaken; if I see Jeames with 'Bell's Life,' I understand at once why my boots are lacking in lustre. Try a free press on board of a man-of-war, and see how much discipline you will get; and yet a household must be ruled pretty much like a ship. You want promptitude, activity, exactness, and obedience; and how much of these are you to expect from a set of creatures puffed up with the self-importance of a mistaken status, their heads turned with all the projects an ill-judging philanthropy has devoted to them, and full of Penny Journalism and 'Once a Week'-erie?

Alphonse Karr tells us that from the moment he furnished a house he ceased to be an independent creature. "From that hour," said he, "my chairs and tables that I thought *I* owned, owned *me*. They were the masters of my whole destiny, and *my* duty it was to see that they met no ill-treatment, were not scratched, smashed, nor abused." So it is with servants. You want to have a butler, for instance. Have you ever stooped to give your nearest friend such a thorough account of your life and habits, have you ever made such a confession of your tastes and tempers, as to this Priest of the Sideboard? How many months you pass in the country, how long you reside in town? Where do you go for a watering-place, and when? What are your habits of hospitality? Do you give dinners, and what sort of dinners? What wine is your usual drink? You narrate your hour of rising and retiring to rest, and you fill up a full sketch of your private history: but how often, notwithstanding all the insidious flatteries you insert about the ways of the family, "White Choker" is obdurate! He is not used to gentlemen who drink sherry, or go to Harrowgate, or dine early—he deplores the hard necessity of refusing you, but he sees that you would never hit it off together, and he retires, leaving you to go over the same details to another "gentleman" then waiting in the hall.

I am the most long-suffering and patient of men—friends who know me intimately call me Job; but I own that scenes like this—and I have gone through some

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scores of them—have whitened my whiskers and threatened me with apoplexy.

The truth is, what between our listless laziness and self-indulgence, we have surrendered our lives to a set of insolent rascals, who have contrived to exact the very highest rate of pay for the very smallest modicum of service.

Why can modern mechanical genius do nothing for us? Oh for a steam butler and a self-acting housemaid! Oh for a cook that a man could wind up like an eight-day clock, and never think of till the end of the week!

Take my word for it, the fellow who makes your toast or fills out your madeira has more of your daily happiness in his keeping than it is at all pleasant to acknowledge; and to elevate him to a position where this mastery becomes a tyranny, is as repugnant to good sense as to good economy.

I am ready to subscribe for an asylum for all ill-treated and ruined masters to-morrow, but for a "Flunkies' Home" I'll give never a sixpence.

REFORMATORIES.

I am not, so far as I know myself, one who takes a gloomy view of human nature. After more experience of life than happens usually to most men of my age—which shall be set down at anything you like medieval—I am led to regard humanity on the whole as a better thing than I thought it on first acquaintance.

I have found the same to be the result of the experience of nearly every thorough "man of the world" I have ever questioned on the matter. Let me not be misunderstood. I am no warm believer in what is called progress. If the world be better than it used to be, it is in some such inappreciable quality that is of no value, just as astronomers tell us we are so many hundreds of thousands of miles nearer the sun than at some remote era—a matter that, so far as the consumption of coals is concerned, the most economical householder will scarcely rejoice over. We are better pretty much as we are healthier. There are a few old maladies that we have learned to treat more skilfully, and some two or three new ones have dropped down on us that are puzzling us sorely.

I think the most hopeful thing to say of us is, that we do not grow worse with age; and the more I think of it, I deem this no small praise.

But apart from all this question of progress, I think well of the world. I think there is a great deal of kindness, a great deal of generosity, and a great deal of tenderness in human nature — ay, and in quarters, too, where one would not look for it—grains of gold in rock that had not a single feature of quartz. Any one who has looked closely at life, will tell you how struck he has been by the daily spectacle of small sacrifices, small concessions, he has witnessed. The tender, uncomplaining, untiring care of a sick child; the devotion that did not alone become an office of love, but grew into the whole business of life; the high-couraged submission of a poor suffering wife or mother, bearing bravely up under pain, to make one in a family where her empty chair would be a gloom and a sadness; the weary man of toil throwing off his care at his door, that his tired brow should not cast a shadow on the bright circle round the hearth. If I have called these small sacrifices, it is not from disparagement. I only mean to distinguish them from the great heroic efforts which have the world for an audience, and of which I am not thinking just now, and

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which, be it remarked, as they cost more effort, are also, from that very reason, supplied with more force from within the heart of him who makes them, than these little daily demands on time, temper, and endurance.

On the whole, I am satisfied that the good preponderates largely over the bad. Ay, and I even believe that people are very often better than they know themselves; that is to say, capable of sacrifices and of self-denials to an extent which, having never been called for, they would deem impossible.

Now, it was necessary I should declare this opinion of mine thus broadly before I assert what is my object at this writing—that, well as I think of humanity in the gross, I have the very smallest and shallowest faith in what are called "Reformatories," and I implicitly believe that they are as flagrant failures as are to be found in this grand era of soap-bubbles.

First of all, crime of every sort—and I take the word crime, as I desire to speak of prisons and prisoners—crime, I say, stands, with respect to the moral man, in relation very closely resembling what disease presents to the physical man, an abnormal condition, proceeding from a complication of causes, partly structural, partly accidental, and largely from a due want of that care, abstention, and self-control required to restrain men from doing what impulse suggests, but right reason and judgment would repudiate.

Disease is not more varied in its aspect than crime, for crime takes its characteristics from all the circumstances which fashion and mould disease. The individuals vary in all the different shades that age, sex, habit, training, physical conformation, passions, and temptations can impress. The agile youth who has stolen your watch is not a bit like the muscular scoundrel that broke open your plate-chest, or the oily, smiling villain who forged your acceptance; and yet these three men, sentenced and imprisoned, would be subjected to exactly the same reformatory discipline. Now, what would we say of the doctor who treated a sprained ankle, a dropsy, and an apoplexy by the same remedies, ignoring all consideration of both patient and disease, and simply regarding him as a sick man?

Prisoner or patient, there is the discipline you must undergo. Why, Morrison's pills or Mr Somebody's ointment is nothing to this! Let us be fair to the quacks in physic. They almost all of them insist upon a long course of their peculiar panacea, and in the letters of testimony that they publish we constantly read, "I have now been taking your invaluable drops for upwards of thirty years;" whereas the reformatory people turn out their cases in three, six, or twelve months, and a housebreaker goes out a cleansed leper, strong from the dietary, and vigorous in the ethics of prison discipline.

Now, I'll not enter upon the far too wide field of the immense liabilities to deception, the prisoner being as constitutionally a hypocrite as a thief; but I will return to my illustration, and ask, What would be said of the physician who only intervened when cases were all but hopeless, who had little to suggest for prevention, but kept all his science for those *in extremis*?

There was once on a time a very charitable lady in Ireland, Lady L—— C——, who established a refuge for her fallen sisters; and when one morning a fine fresh bright-eyed young girl, ignorant of the nature of the asylum, presented herself for admission, the patroness, deeply compassionating so young a victim, proceeded to ask the circumstances of her fall, and, to her astonishment, discovered that she was no derelict from virtue at all, but perfectly pure and innocent. "Ah, then, we cannot receive you, my

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dear child," said her Ladyship; "you must go and qualify."

Here is the essence of the whole reformatory system. The hard-worked poor man, wearied with labour and crazed with rheumatism, has no interest for you. You have no counsels, no encouragements, no wise precepts for him. He may fag his weary way through life without one word to cheer him; he may plod on to the grave unnoticed and unaided: but let him only steal a loaf, or knock over a rabbit, straightway is he dear to you. Then has he gone and qualified, and at once all the stores of reforming tenderness are opened to him, and hopes and promises, which in the days of his integrity he had never heard of, now shower down upon his head, an ill-doer and a criminal.

Reformation almost invariably begins from within. It is the result of a reasoning process by which the individual arrives at the conclusion that he will be healthier, or richer, or more long-lived, or something or other, than he would wish to be, if he were to abjure this and adopt that.

For the most part, men make these reformations in pure deference to public opinion. They argue somewhat thus: — There is an impression abroad that theft is immoral. Men have built up an arbitrary system of what they call property; and though I am persuaded it is a narrow-minded unbrotherly view to take of human nature, yet as I am in the minority, I succumb, and for the future I will work instead of rob. I don't mean to say I like it, but the odds are so terribly against me in the one case, that after mature deliberation I accept the other.

Now, when honesty is said to be the best policy, it is a mere trick to say that it is best in the sense of worldly advantage. It is best on grounds of morality—best in whatever regards man's highest and greatest interests; but that it is best with respect to mere success in life, I totally deny. He would be a shameless man who would venture to declare such a proposition in this age of railroad-jobbing and joint-stock swindle. It would be invidious to give examples near home; but look at the men around the French Emperor. Look at M——, and W——, and P——, and a score more—a mere set of from-hand-to-mouth adventurers a few years ago, and now amongst the richest men in Europe! Look at the ex-minister in Italy, with his railroad scheme jobbed at the price of a quarter of a million sterling. But why take examples? Simply ask yourself, Is it amongst the rigidly scrupulous, the strictly fair-dealing section of your acquaintances, you would seek for the men who are likely to make great success in life?

The fact is, the pursuit of money has all the characteristics of a grand *chasse*, and the men of consols and shares have an ardour fully as high, and a courageous daring not a whit inferior to that felt by the fox-hunter or the deer-stalker; and neither have time enough to be scrupulous. What a man does every day not merely enlists his sympathies and engages his interests, but blunts his susceptibilities as to its effect on others. He looks upon it as a thing that must be; and I have no doubt that your great Rothschilds regard "dividends" as a part of the universal scheme fully as confidently as they trust the earth will go round the sun.

Now, as heavenly bodies have their aberrations, so will earthly ones; and men enlisted in any pursuit which engrosses them deeply are more prone to become gamblers than they know of.

I remember here an anecdote a very dear old friend once told me. He was rector of a parish in the north of Ireland, where, from the habits of the Scotch Church prevailing largely, it is not unusual to find some two or three men taking

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rank and place amongst the congregation, and assuming, with the Episcopalians, somewhat the character of elders in the other community.

One of these, a man of hitherto unblemished integrity, had been accused of some sharp practice in money-dealing, and the case was reported to the rector. My friend sent for the man, narrated the charge, and anxiously asked, Could it be possible that such an imputation could attach to him?—"for," said he, "I have refused to credit it, Mathew, nor shall I, till you yourself declare to me it is true."

"And it is, your reverence," said he, submissively, and much sorrow-stricken; "it is just true, and there's no denyin' it! But," added he, with an effort, "it's unco hard to be 'in grace' in the flax season."

Now, I take it, most of us have our "flax seasons." But where have I left my reformatories all this time? Let me go back to them.

Let us take the case of the thief. Theft, like gambling, indisposes a man to any laborious effort to earn his livelihood. The fellow who can by a stroke of address provide himself with a week's or perhaps a month's subsistence, will certainly feel no vocation for hard work simply because it is an honest calling.

Now, when we tell such a man that honesty is the best policy, he says, "With all my heart; follow it if you like; but I like my own system better." If he comes, however, to see that he is usually found out, and that each new discovery heightens his punishment, and that at last the fight against the law is unequal, if he be a fellow of any wit, he will address himself to another handicraft; but it is neither you nor your system that has reformed him. It is simply the man himself, who, having some experience of life, has learned that roguery doesn't pay. Nor is it easy for him to come to this conclusion, no more than it was easy for the justice, who sentenced him, to give up snuff, or the justice's clerk to abandon gin-and-water.

If the thief's experiences are, however, more rose-coloured—if he has dodged the law successfully for a number of years, and only been "nabbed" by an accident, and slightly sentenced—take my word for it you'll not reform him, no more than you will persuade that bland old gentleman with the rubicund nose to give up port, or the thin man in spectacles beside him to forswear short whist. Make vice unprofitable—that is, make crime, so far as you can, certain of detection—and then you will reform criminals. As to your persuasive efforts, your orderly habits, your wise precepts, &c., I never trust them the day after their exercise has ceased. You cure for the time, but you can't prevent the relapse.

I remember hearing, once on a time, of a certain great meeting held in Dublin, to hear the report of a committee on the subject of the conversion of the Jews. The substance of the report was so far favourable, that several Jews had been brought to embrace Christianity; but here came the drawback: it was always found that when the efforts of the controversialist had ceased, and the convert was pronounced safe, he had invariably gone back again to his old belief.

This was disheartening, certainly; and while the meeting was in the act of deploring such a calamity, a young naval officer, who happened to be present, observed that he had within his own experience one case, which certainly gave a more cheery aspect to the question, and with their permission he would be glad to relate it. It was, of course, very interesting to obtain testimony, and from a quarter so unlooked-for, and he was politely requested to mount the platform and address the meeting.

After a brief apology for his deficiencies as an orator, he related

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how it happened that once he was in command of a small sloop of war at the mouth of an African river, whose banks were inhabited by a colony of Jews, a race of most strange and mysterious origin, but yet to be found there. Amongst these there was one, a very venerable-looking old fellow, who supplied the sloop with yams and sweet potatoes, and such other produce; "and with him," said the officer, "I had frequent discussions, some of them on religious topics. He interested me at last to that degree that I began to wish I could convert him, though really, from my ignorance of polemics, I did not know exactly how to set about it; and at the same time I was discouraged by hearing that, of the supposed converts made by missionaries on the coast, there was not one who had not relapsed.

"While I thus hesitated and pondered, I received sudden orders to sail. I went on shore to settle some matters of the ship's accounts, and seeing that Moses was on board I offered him a passage in my gig, to have a few last words with him. We started a religious discussion at once; but I found my friend, long trained to argue with the missionaries, rather more than my match. He knew far more than I did, and employed his knowledge more skilfully. In my embarrassment I grew angry. I was foiled so often that my men had hard work to keep from laughing, and this overcame me completely. So I just seized him by the collar and chucked him into the sea; and after keeping him down for a second or two, I said, 'Will you be a Christian now?'

"'No,' said he—'never.' Down he went again, and for a little longer, when I asked, 'Will you now?'

"'No,' said he, 'for nothing on earth.'

"I put him under again, ladies and gentlemen; and, I am obliged to own, I kept him almost a minute, so that when he did come up he was very red in the face, and nearly suffocated.

"'What do you say now? Will you be a Christian?'

"'Yes,' said he, with a gulp.

"'Then you shan't relapse anyway,' said I; and so, ladies and gentlemen, I put him down again, and held him there quite long enough to prevent accidents; and that was the only Jew I ever heard of who didn't recant."

The lieutenant may have been unlucky; but are we more fortunate in our experiences of the "ticket-o'-leavers" who are the prize-men of our jails? Are not the convictions we daily read of, all, or nearly all, of men well known to the police—"old offenders"?

The almost certainty of detection is your true reformer. Show the thief that it "won't pay." Let the burglar learn that housebreaking, like landlordism, has its responsibilities, ay, and that they are sure to be imposed; and when you have done this, the profession will become unpopular.

Strengthen your police and scrutinise your magistrates, and, take my word, you may practise a wise economy in jail reformers and prison disciplinists; and if, besides this, you make jails uncomfortable, there will be no more to do than "rest and be thankful."

SOME PROS AND CONS OF LIFE ABROAD.

Ever since that letter of Mrs O'Dowd's asking me for the name of the town abroad where, with an exquisite climate and a charming society, one can live for half nothing, I have been revolving in my mind the delusions of the people who come abroad for cheapness.

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Some years ago, doubtless, the Continent was cheap—one reason, and a great one, of the cheapness being, that you consented to live abroad without many things you would have judged to be indispensable at home; and so, instead of a house, you lived in part of one. In lieu of a regular establishment, your household consisted of two or three "grand utilities;" and your butler was a hairy rascal, who cleaned the windows, polished the *parquet*, and very possibly *coiffèed* your wife. You slept on sackcloth and ate out of earthenware; and the only bit of carpet in your salon warmed the legs of a small round table in the middle of the room, upon which, under a glass bell, stood a miniature tea-service.

All these were very cheap enjoyments, but would you have had them at any price in your own country? Of late, however, the Continent, except in some remote and little-visited spots, has become pretty much like England, and the consequence is, just as dear.

Paris is far more costly as a residence than London, St Petersburg double Paris, and Vienna about half-way between the two. Madrid is expensive, but it does not much matter—nobody would live there who was not paid for it.

Brussels is fast treading on the heels of Paris in point of expense; Rome is twice as costly as it was ten years ago; and so, too, might we say of Florence. Dresden is dearer also: and now I am at the end of places to live in; for as to Geneva and the Rhine towns, I have no sympathy with those who inhabit them, or a word of counsel to give them. The best cities to sojourn in are Paris and Rome. They are richer in objects of interest, more varied in aspect, and broader socially; and, for the latter reason, there is more personal independence than elsewhere. In speaking thus, I reject all considerations of government and administration. I have tried a great many governments, and I never found one too bad to live under. I am sure they did not abandon the knout during my visit to Moscow, and I strongly suspect that the Pope would have kidnapped a Jew child even while I prolonged my stay at Rome; but I can aver with a safe conscience I was never molested by either Cossack or Cardinal; and I came away from each of these places with a whole skin and an uninvaded faith. The smaller cities are not, it is true, devoid of social freedom; but, of course, there is more gossip, more neighbourly comment, than in wider circles. They are certainly cheaper too; that is, all fortunes are smaller, and the life of the highest class is no question of tens of thousands.

I have passed so much of my life abroad that I only take my home statistics from what my friends are so good as to tell me, and what I can glean from books and newspapers. From these sources I am led to conclude that there is very little difference in cost between England and the Continent generally; and that if we were to draw out a scale of equivalents—taking London, for instance, to rank with Paris, Bath with Baden, Edinburgh with Berlin, and Dublin with, let us say, Grätz in Styria—we should find the cost of living pretty equal.

The great difference between life in England and life abroad I take to be, that in England our effort is to do a great many things at the smallest possible cost; and abroad, to do without one-half of them.

Money is such a standard with us in England, not alone of solvency, but of social claim and personal worth, that a man is continually on the watch lest he should be detected in an economy. He must be liberal in all subscriptions, a free giver in fifty ways, no matter by what petty pinchings at home. he must readjust the balance of expenditure,—unless, indeed, he be very rich, when all his shortcomings will be set down to eccentricity.

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Be only eccentric in England, and there is nothing you may not do with impunity short of a murder.

Now, money abroad is only money. Do not imagine I say this disparagingly; Cornelius O'Dowd has had too many experiences of the minus sign in his life's algebra to speak disrespectfully of the plus emblem! I simply desire to say, that Continental people do not accept money as station, rank, education, good manners, and good connections; and for this reason no part of a man's income need be devoted abroad to the object of "imposing." In a word, you may keep all your saltpetre to make gunpowder, and never spend an ounce of it in fireworks. And, oh dear, what fireworks do we let off socially at home! What squibs and crackers of *déjeûners* and luncheons! what Catharine-wheels of stupid dinners! what Roman candles of routs and evening parties!—breaking our hearts and burning our fingers, all that our rockets may go up a little higher than our neighbours', and burst more gracefully!

I suspect that, at our very best, we are not a very social people, and we utterly swamp ourselves by overlaying all intercourse by costliness. We must eat that we may talk, and drink before we can laugh. They manage this better in France.

Twenty people can assemble of an evening where there may be a cup of tea, or, as often, some *eau sucrée*, and yet go home neither calling down the infernal gods on the host's shabbiness, nor inveighing against their own folly. They can come and go pleasantly, easily, and socially, discussing what there may be of passing interest, and not putting into mere light conversation that terrible earnestness that makes English small-talk like the discussion of a railway dividend; for it is true—unhappily, too—we neither understand light soup nor lighter small-talk. We put such a deal of substance into either, that when we have tasted we are filled.

Now, I ask, is there any excuse short of a fire would palliate a man dropping into a friend's house of an evening in England? For my own part, I should as soon think of sauntering down to the Old Bailey to pass an hour, as I would of calling upon the man I know best in any capital of Great Britain. We have our set periods for company as we have for church, and we are just as solemn in the one as the other. The very fact that an amusement is inexpensive, stamps it with us as undesirable.

Now, apply these instincts to our lives abroad, and you will see that we do not derive from foreign sojourn those benefits of economy we go in search of. Not that we are too free-handed or too liberal—far from it. Our little facility of speech in the languages of the Continent inspires us with perpetual distrust, which we discount into shabbiness.

"We killed our goose" abroad, or we might have enjoyed golden eggs for many a year. We overdid cheapness. We showed the foreigner that we had come abroad for economy so palpably, as to imply that for no other possible consideration would we have consented to his company. Now, this was not civil, but it was worse, it was impolitic. We put "Mussoo" on his mettle to show us that, besides being fifty times as brilliant, Paris could be as costly as London; and the "confounded foreigner" took an especial pride in exhibiting the rich Milor' as one of the hardest bargainers and craftiest dealers of Europe.

The flood of Americans over the Continent of late years has raised the cost of living, and, what I like even less, damaged us much as a nation—they are so constantly mistaken by foreigners for English. The effect is precisely like that produced in the mercantile world by some large issue of false scrip; people grow frightened, and sell out of the concern altogether.

Over and over again has it been my fortune to hear severe comment

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on English habits, derived from an unlucky experience of the popular customs of Kansas, or "the last new thing in politeness" from Ohio. How vain to tell the German or the Italian that he had been imposed on —that he had not been dealing with the "Old House," but with a new establishment of reckless traders, who, by puffing placards and lying advertisements, were trying to kidnap our customers!

False trade-marks are a terrible fraud in commerce, and we have suffered sorely of late years from those whom by some extraordinary figure of speech we call our Transatlantic cousins. When a well-known leader of the bar on an English circuit, presuming on the circumstance that he had begun life as a midshipman, once took upon him to return thanks at a public dinner for the toast of the navy, the explanation of a friend was, that he thought it was spelt with a K. Now if these connections of ours would allow us to call them "Cozens," we might admit the relationship more easily.

Not that I include all Americans in this sweeping judgment, for there is a rough unvarnished Yankee that I like much. I like his self-reliance, his vigour, his daring earnestness, and I don't dislike his intense acuteness, and I forgive his ill-humour with England. It is your travelled Philadelphian, your literary gentleman from Boston, or your almighty swaggerer from Broadway, that I cannot stomach. This be-ringed and gold-chained masticator is positively odious to me. His imitation of the usages of society is at once so close and so remote, as to afford a cruel mockery of our actual civilisation; and I long to read my Darwin backwards, and fancy the time when he will go back to his native woods and prairies, and be as wildly fantastic and barbarous as Nature intended him. These people are not the nation; they are not even like it. They are the offshoots of an over-wealthy and purse-proud society, who, not daring to exhibit their impertinences where they are known, come over to Europe to display themselves in all the extravagance of a mistaken culture.

"When a good American dies he goes to Paris," it is said; and I am almost tempted to wish that he would wait for his immortality on his own side of the Atlantic.

Such people have helped to make the Continent dear, and done very little to make it pleasanter; and next to these come Russians.

No man mourned the death of the late Emperor more sincerely than myself, for with him expired that admirable law which forbade Russians to leave their country without a formal and especial permission from the Czar himself. The Emperor was a wise man, and he thoroughly appreciated what the first Napoleon said about washing one's *sale linge* at home. The present head of the nation has revoked the edict, and we have Scythians everywhere—in the Tuileries, in the Vatican, up Vesuvius, on Mont Blanc.

If the Russian be better "plated" than the American, the metal beneath is vastly inferior; and once that the outward scale comes off, the vulgar material appears in all its atrocity; and the most polished production from the banks of the Neva is little better than a naked savage with a gold snuff-box.

Where, with ingredients like these afloat, Mrs O'D. is to find her cheap and pleasant residence, is more than I know of.

THE IRISH VICEROYALTY.

In the name of all the Lords-in-Waiting, what is this balderdash they are getting up against the Irish Viceroyalty? Are the English

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habitually too kind to us—are we over-complimented in Parliament, or over-flattered in the Press? Are we too much distinguished by Court favour, or has the Chancellor of the Exchequer reserved for us any especial benefits in the Budget? In one word, have we so much that they will not leave us this—this one remnant that recalls a time when we used to fancy ourselves a people?

The great ground of attack limits itself to calling the Viceroyalty a mockery. Now I certainly do not see this. Is the Viceroy more a mockery when deputed by her Majesty to represent her, than the Lord-Chancellor when he has been delegated to open or prorogue Parliament? It may be a more solemn office, certainly, to convene Englishmen than to kiss Irish women; but I think I can guess which is pleasanter. At all events, nobody can call it a mockery. I am not very sure what great substantial reality appertains to any Court ceremonial. I opine that there be many things in these displays that a chastened wisdom and a refined taste might demur to; the reflex, therefore, need not be too closely scrutinised, nor too severely judged.

But take it to be a mockery, reduce it as low as you like in the category of reasonable things, we in Ireland like it: it amuses us; we accept it, not perhaps as the best to have, but the best we can get; and surely you might be pleased with our humility, even if you laugh at our childishness.

Half the things men attach value to in life are mere symbols—sometimes not very intelligible ones. Often are they types of what has passed away, never to return. Thus, for instance, the rich gold cord, the *aiguillette* of a general, was taken from a Flemish regiment which went into battle with the halter round their necks, so that, if defeated, they should be hanged; and yet men are proud enough to display a decoration whose origin was certainly not flattering. Why, therefore, might not we Irish like to wear as an honour what was instituted as a penalty, and exhibit from pride what took its rise in repression?

It is certainly not as a boon for our countrymen that we seek to maintain the office, since in four hundred years but seven Viceroys have been Irish. Not that I complain of this. I am well satisfied with the sort of men her Majesty has sent over to rule us. They have generally been men of mark; always distinctively impressed with the great traits of their great country.

These men, whatever their political leanings, have conferred great benefits upon us. They have displayed to our over-impulsive natures the spectacle of a more measured judgment, a calmer tone, a more patient spirit of inquiry into things new or difficult, than are to be found generally amongst ourselves; and I am certain that the personal characters of English Viceroys have done much to raise the estimate of England amongst all classes of Irishmen. The Viceroy was able to do what would have been very difficult, if not impossible, for any other. He could bring together at his table men the most antagonistic and opposed. These men, fierce enemies till they had met, learned to acquire in social intercourse a very different estimate of each other, and parted very frequently, if not friends, at least with sentiments of respect and esteem.

The violence of party is always in the inverse ratio of the squares of the distance it is exercised in; and Dublin being so much narrower than London, men were proportionately more bitter in their dislikes. It was, then, an inestimable boon that there was one house in Ireland where men of opposing sides might sit down together, and learn, if not to settle their differences, to subdue their prejudices.

When, as was often the case, the Viceroy was a man of tact, the

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rapprochement was still more easily effected; and I could myself tell of changes of opinion acquired in this way, which a rash press and a rasher public ascribed to very different agency.

This, it may be said, is taking low ground for the defence, and I agree with you—but I do so in deference to the attack, since nothing could possibly be lower than that. I want the Viceroy to be maintained, as a dinner-giver the more, in a city which, hospitable as it is, is not over rich. I want a house where I can sit next the Grand-master, who drinks the Glorious and Immortal Memory, on one hand, and Father Cullen on the other. I want to dine as well as I could in Belgrave Square, with a far wittier and more genial society than all the Squares for ten miles round Belgrave could compass. And more than all, I want to hear how an Englishman of mark and note, in the favour of his sovereign and the confidence of his party, thinks of us, and talks of us; for let him be as reserved as he may, his judgment of Irishmen will ooze out as the claret goes round, and even his very concealments will have their significance.

Now, why grudge us this? Do you not every month of your lives spend more money on that endless lawsuit of "Armstrong *versus* Whitworth and others" than would maintain a Viceroy for Ireland in double splendour? Is there a cupola ship changed to a broadsider, or an unserviceable three-decker converted into an impossible frigate, without costing the nation the charge of many Viceroys? Why, you expended more money t'other day in running away from the King of Dahomey than would have kept up the Irish Viceroy for ten years.

Mind, I do not affect to say that I want the Viceroy as a Governor in the same sense that you send one to India. I ask for him as a measure of that equality you are always pretending to extend to us, but never in reality confer. We have our Law-courts and our University; they are not necessarily shams because they are in Ireland. Why not have our Court-receptions also? It is not the Queen's pleasure to visit us. More's the pity; but when she does, let us not lose the habits which may fit us for her presence.

When the foreman of an Irish jury, in a case where an English nobleman of large fortune was the defendant, was asked how the jury ever had the conscience to award such a sum in damages as forty thousand pounds? "It was a great deal, sure enough," he said, "but we all agreed it was a fine thing to bring all that money into Ireland."

Now, is it not a fine thing to bring five-and-twenty thousand annually into a city not overburdened with cash, and "take it out" afterwards in dinners and evening parties?

Look at it even as a normal school of politeness, and it has much in its favour. Imagine her Majesty coming over to Dublin and holding a levee, and not an alderman able to kneel down without "prostrating himself on his face," as a Lord Mayor called it; or a drawing-room where, as the same civic authority observed, "none of the ladies could advance backwards." Think of the distractions of Gold-sticks and Bed-chamber people at the untrained demonstrations of a very demonstrative people. It is but fair to let us have as much annual training as you accord to the Yeomanry.

Now, having said so much for retaining the office, a word for the man who is to hold it. There are two or three small changes I should like to suggest. First, I would abolish the privilege of knighting. No one, no matter how high his station in a free country, should have the power to make another man—even a Lord Mayor—ridiculous.

Secondly, I would do away with the kissing—we ought to do that for ourselves. To be sure, it is not

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all to the credit side of the Viceroy's book. There are now and then Celtic specimens of beauty in the shape of austere mothers that might make his Excellency doubt whether he had not better have remained in the "Colonies;" but he must take these with the lot.

This reminds me of what his Majesty George IV. said, as he saw a twinkle of malice in a waiting-lord's eye, when a very old and ill-favoured countess had just been submitted to the royal embrace: "Never mind," said the King, in a whisper, "I had my revenge; I kissed her daughter twice yesterday." I say, I'd do away with this, and I'd give a compensation—say two thousand a-year if the Viceroy was an old man, five if young; but in return I should insist on more dinners. Lastly, I would suggest that one-half of the gentlemen-in-waiting should be briefless barristers, the pleasantest class in the country, and well worthy of some sort of recognition.

Leave us, therefore, leave us what the Prussian calls our "Hegemony." I trust I am employing a decent expression, but I am not quite clear on the subject. Leave it to us, whatever it is, if it be good for us; don't despoil us of the small modicum of gold we used once to be so proud of when we had gingerbread; and as you have deprived us of Donybrook Fair, at least leave us our St Patrick's Ball.

If, however, it be the intention of our rulers to abolish the office, what could have induced them to mark its approaching extinction by naming Lord Carlisle to the post? Why accompany its decline and fall by regrets all the more poignant? Why join to the loss of certain material benefits the greater loss that attaches to the rupture of ties of affection and deep regard? I have never been in Ireland since his Viceroyalty; but I am told on all sides, and by men of all parties, such traits of his kindliness, his generosity, and his goodness, — I have heard of such instances of his thoughtful benevolence, that I can feel what Ireland must have lost by his departure—a sorrow all the deeper from the cause that produced it.

If it be a policy to extinguish the Viceroyalty, Lord Carlisle should never have been amongst the last to hold it.

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BANTING ON CORPULENCE.

Of all the salutations that ever were devised to express hearty good-will and large substantial friendship, recommend us to that of the Orientals—"May your shadow never be less!" Maceration, as a rule of life, is suitable only for hermits, anchorites, and suchlike recluses, who have faith in the efficacy of parched pease, and whose type of beatitude is the scarecrow. Orthodoxy is allied to plumpness, and a certain breadth of beam is most becoming to a high dignitary of the Church. In the man of portly presence we expect to find—and rarely indeed are we disappointed in our expectations—a warm heart, a kindly benevolent disposition, comprehensive charity, and a conscience void of offence. We feel that in such a man we can repose implicit trust—we can make him the depositary of our secrets without fear of betrayal—we can depend upon his good offices when we need the assistance of a friend. Very different are our sensations when we chance to encounter a gaunt herring-gutted individual of the human species, who, like the evil kine seen by royal Pharaoh in his dream, will not fatten upon the fairest pasture. His sharp looks and low-set hungry jaw instinctively beget distrust. He has the eye of a usurer, the yawn of an ogre, the gripe of a bailiff; and being utterly destitute of bowels, he yearns not for the calamities of his kind. Shrewd was the observation of Cæsar,—

"Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' night.
Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look;
I like him not—such men are dangerous."

Julius, who was in perfect training, and did not weigh a single pound more than the standard of his height would justify, saw the danger, and would have prevented it. His keen eye detected the conspirator and assassin under the unwholesome skin of the ascetic; but Antony, who was somewhat pudding-headed, and whom a liberal diet of quails and venison had lulled into a chronic habit of good-nature, felt no suspicion, and even tried to vindicate the character of the leanest villain of the age.

We therefore, being anxious that good men should abound, have a kindly feeling for the corpulent. It is a notable fact in criminal statistics that no fat man was ever convicted of the crime of murder. Stout people are not revengeful; nor, as a general rule, are they agitated by gusts of passion. Few murderers weigh more than ten stone. There are, however, exceptions, which justify us in assuming eleven as the utmost limit of the sliding-scale, but beyond that there is no impulse towards homicide. Seldom has such a phenomenon as a fat housebreaker been paraded at a criminal bar. It is your lean, wiry fellow who works with the skeleton-keys, forces himself through closet-windows which seemingly would scarce suffice for the entrance of the necessary cat, steals with noiseless step along the lobby and up the stairs, glides into the chamber sacred for more than half a century to the chaste repose of the gentle Tabitha, and with husky voice, and the exhibition of an enormous carving-knife, commands silence on pain of instant death, and delivery of her cash and jewels. It is your attenuated thief who insinuates himself under beds, skulks behind counters, dives into tills, or makes prey of articles of commerce arrayed at shop-doors for the temptation of the credulous

'Letter on Corpulence, addressed to the Public.' By William Banting.

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passenger. A corpulent burglar is as much out of place and as little to be feared as was Falstaff at Gadshill—and what policeman ever yet gave chase to a depredator as bulky as a bullock? Corpulence, we maintain, is the outward sign not only of a good constitution, but of inward rectitude and virtue.

There is, however, such a thing as over-cultivation; and we should be sorry if any one, misled by these our preliminary remarks, should think that we are attempting to elevate pinguitude to the rank of a cardinal virtue. Men are not pigs, to be estimated entirely by the standard of weight; and though, in a certain sense, the late Daniel Lambert was one of the greatest men that ever lived, we certainly do not hold him forth as a suitable example for imitation. But we cannot give in to the theory that plumpness is a positive misfortune; and we are decidedly opposed to a system which proscribes as deleterious and unwholesome such articles of food as are the best known and most universally accepted—which is essentially coarse and carnivorous, and though possibly well adapted for the training of a brutal gladiator, is in every respect unfitting for the nutriment of a reasonable Christian.

Seldom has fame descended with such amazing rapidity upon the shoulders of any man as upon those of Mr William Banting, late of No. 27 St James's Street, Piccadilly. Little more than a year ago his name was unknown beyond the limited but respectable circle of his acquaintance; now it has become a household word, and the doctrines which he has promulgated in his pamphlet have been adopted by thousands who acknowledge him as their instructor and guide. Though not professing to be the actual discoverer of a dietetic system which can cure or at least prevent many of the ills to which flesh is heir, he claims to be its first intelligible exponent; and as he uses none of the exotic terms or technical phrases with which medical men so commonly enwrap their meaning as to render it utterly obscure, but writes in plain, homely English, without any scientific nomenclature, he has found a ready and numerous audience. In vain do members of the Faculty—not unjustifiably incensed by the accusations levelled at their order by this intruder into their own peculiar walk—insist that there is no novelty in the system, though its application may be of doubtful expediency. Mr Banting replies that for thirty years and upwards he has been in search of a remedy against increasing corpulence, and has received no salutary counsel from any physician save the last, who regulated his diet.

"None of my family," he says, "on the side of either parent, had any tendency to corpulence, and from my earliest years I had an inexpressible dread of such a calamity; so, when I was between thirty and forty years of age, finding a tendency to it creeping upon me, I consulted an eminent surgeon, now long deceased—a kind personal friend—who recommended increased bodily exertion before my ordinary daily labours began, and thought rowing an excellent plan. I had the command of a good heavy life-boat, lived near the river, and adopted it for a couple of hours in the early morning. It is true I gained muscular vigour, but with it a prodigious appetite, which I was compelled to indulge, and consequently increased in weight, until my kind old friend advised me to forsake the exercise. He soon afterwards died; and as the tendency to corpulence remained, I consulted other high orthodox authorities (*never any inferior adviser*), but all in vain. I have tried sea air and bathing in various localities, with much walking exercise; taken gallons of physic and liquor potassæ advisedly and abundantly; riding on horseback; the waters of Leamington many times, as well as those of Cheltenham and Harrogate frequently; have lived upon sixpence a-day, so to speak, and earned it, if bodily labour may be so construed; and have spared no trouble nor expense in consultations with the best authorities in the land, giving each and all a

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fair time for experiment, without any permanent remedy, as the evil still gradually increased."

This is no doubt a sweeping charge against the Faculty; but when we consider it minutely, it appears to us that Mr Banting is somewhat unreasonable in his complaints. True, he was possessed with a morbid horror for corpulence, and was vehemently desirous to get rid of some superfluous flesh which seemed to be rapidly accumulating; but we are nowhere told that his health had been impaired in the slightest degree—indeed, the following passage leads us to the direct opposite conclusion :—

"When," says he, "a corpulent man eats, drinks, and sleeps well, has no pain to complain of, and no particular organic disease, the judgment of able men seems paralysed; for I have been generally informed that corpulence is one of the natural results of increasing years; indeed, one of the ablest authorities as a physician in the land told me he had gained one pound in weight every year since he attained manhood, and was not surprised at my condition, but advised more bodily exercise, vapour-baths, and shampooing, in addition to the medicine given. Yet the evil still increased, and, like the parasite of barnacles on a ship, if it did not destroy the structure, it obstructed its fair comfortable progress in the path of life."

The "obstruction" to which Mr Banting alludes, seems to have been nothing more than an extreme dislike to be twitted on the score of punchiness. He says, with undeniable truth, that

"Any one so afflicted is often subject to public remark; and though in conscience he may care little about it, I am confident no man labouring under obesity can be quite insensible to the sneers and remarks of the cruel and injudicious in public assemblies, public vehicles, or the ordinary street-traffic; nor to the annoyance of finding no adequate space in a public assembly, if he should seek amusement or need refreshment; and therefore he naturally keeps away as much as possible from places where he is likely to be made the object of the taunts and remarks of others. I am as regardless of public remark as most men, but I have felt those difficulties, and therefore avoided such circumscribed accommodation and notice, and by that means have been deprived of many advantages to health and comfort."

All that may be perfectly true, but we cannot see how it justifies his accusation of the doctors. Because cabmen and street-boys make impertinent remarks about stature —because querulous people in the pit of the theatre object to having a human screen interposed between them and the spectacle—because an elderly gentleman cannot contrive to squeeze himself with comfort into an opera stall, or the narrow box of a chophouse,—is it the duty of a physician to recommend such stringent measures as will make him a walking skeleton? It is the business of a doctor to cure disease, not to minister to personal vanity; and if Mr Banting ate, drank, and slept well, and was affected by no actual complaint, we really cannot understand why he should have been so pertinacious in demanding medical assistance. We are acquainted with many estimable persons of both sexes, turning considerably more than fifteen stone in the scales—a heavier weight than Mr Banting has ever attained—whose health is unexceptionable, and who would laugh to scorn the idea of applying to a doctor for recipe or regimen which might have the effect of marring their developed comeliness. What right, we ask, has Mr Banting to brand Obesity as one of the most "distressing parasites that affect humanity," while, by his own confession, he has never reached that point of corporeal bulk which is generally regarded as seemly and suitable to Bishops, Deans, Mayors, Provosts, Aldermen, Bailies, and even Dowagers of high degree? We deny that a man weighing but a trifle above fourteen stone is entitled to call himself obese. It may be that such a one is not qualified to exhibit himself as a dancer on the tight rope, or to take flying

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leaps in the character of Harlequin; neither should we be inclined to give the odds in his favour if he were to enter himself as a competitor for the long race at a Highland meeting. But gentlemen in the position of Mr Banting, who, we believe, has retired into private life after a successful business career, are not expected to rival Leotard, or to pit themselves in athletic contests against hairy-houghed Donald of the Isles. As a deer-stalker, it may be that he would not win distinction—for it is hard work even for light-weights to scramble up corries, or crawl on their bellies through moss-hags and water-channels for hours, before they can get the glimpse of an antler—but many a country gentleman, compared with whom Mr Banting at his biggest would have been but as a fatted calf to a full-grown bull, can take, with the utmost ease, a long day's exercise through stubble and turnips, and bring home his twenty brace of partridges, with a due complement of hares, without a symptom of bodily fatigue. Mr Banting seems to labour under the hallucination that he was at least as heavy as Falstaff—we, on the contrary, have a shrewd suspicion that Hamlet would have beaten him in the scales.

It is, of course, in the option of all who are dissatisfied with their present condition to essay to alter it. Lean men may wish to become fatter, and fat men may wish to become leaner; but so long as their health remains unimpaired, they are not fit subjects for the doctor. We have no doubt that the eminent professional gentlemen whom Mr Banting consulted took that view of the matter; and having ascertained that there was in reality no disease to be cured, gave him, by way of humouring a slight hypochondriac affection, a few simple precepts for the maintenance of a health which in reality required no improvement. Probably they opined that the burden of his flesh was no greater than he could bear with ease; and certainly, under the circumstances, there was no call upon them whatever to treat him as if he had been a jockey under articles to ride a race at Newmarket, whose success or failure might depend upon the exact number of pounds which he should weigh when getting into the saddle.

Excessive corpulence, we freely admit, may have its inconveniences. It is, as Mr Banting justly remarks, rather a serious state of matters when a man, by reason of fatness, cannot stoop to tie his shoe, "nor attend to the little offices which humanity requires, without considerable pain and difficulty." To be "compelled to go down-stairs slowly backwards" is an acrobatic feat which no one save an expectant Lord Chamberlain would care to practise; and it is not seemly, and must be a disagreeable thing, "to puff and blow with every exertion," like a porpoise in a gale of wind. But, as we gather from the pamphlet, these distressing symptoms did not exhibit themselves until very recently, whereas Mr Banting says that he has been soliciting a remedy from the Faculty any time during the last thirty years. He also makes constant reference to his increasing obesity throughout that period; therefore we are entitled to conclude that with advancing years he acquired additional weight, and did not arrive at the climax until 26th August 1862, when, as he informs us, his weight was 202 lb., or fourteen stone six. That is not, after all, a very formidable weight for an elderly gentleman of sedentary habits. Tom Johnson, the pugilist, weighed fourteen stone when he entered the ring against and conquered Isaac Perrins of Birmingham, supposed to be the most powerful man in England, and weighing seventeen stone. Neat weighed fourteen stone after training; and, according to the best of our recollection (for we have mislaid our copy of 'Boxiana'), Josh Hudson was considerably heavier. Tom Cribb, the champion of England,

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weighed sixteen stone before he went into training for his great fight with Molineaux, and reduced himself in five weeks, through physic and exercise, to fourteen stone nine. By dint of sweating and severe work, he came to thirteen stone five, which was ascertained to be the pitch of his condition, as he could not reduce further without weakening. Such instances go far to prove that, even when his circumference was the widest, Mr Banting had no reason to complain of excessive corpulency. But even if he had, the enlarging process was a gradual one—he had been complaining of obesity for thirty years; and if we suppose that he gained only a pound and a half per annum—which is a very low rate of increase—he must have been applying to the doctors for remedies against corpulence when he weighed only eleven stone three—a weight which most men of thirty-five years of age would regard as natural and appropriate.

We have thought it right to make these observations, because Mr Banting has chosen to insinuate that medical men generally are so ignorant of their calling, that they do not understand the evils of obesity, or cannot conquer it by prescribing the proper diet.

"The remedy," says Mr Banting, "may be as old as the hills, as I have since been told, but its application is of very recent date; and it astonishes me that such a light should have remained so long unnoticed and hidden, as not to afford a glimmer to my anxious mind in a search for it during the last twenty years, even in directions where it might have been expected to be known. I would rather presume it is a new light, than that it was purposely hidden, merely because the disease of obesity was not immediately dangerous to existence, nor thought to be worthy of serious consideration."

Now, let us steadfastly survey this new light, which was flashed on the astonished eyes of Mr Banting by the last practitioner whom he consulted. That light—but we really cannot continue the metaphor without making a botch of it, so let us have recourse to simpler language, and give Mr Banting's account of the dietary which he was advised to follow, and the reasons assigned therefor.

"For the sake of argument and illustration, I will presume that certain articles of ordinary diet, however beneficial in youth, are prejudicial in advanced life, like beans to a horse whose common ordinary food is hay and corn. It may be useful food occasionally, under peculiar circumstances, but detrimental as a constancy. I will therefore adopt the analogy, and call such food human beans. The items from which I was advised to abstain as much as possible were,—bread, butter, milk, sugar, beer, and potatoes, which had been the main (and, I thought, innocent) elements of my existence, or at all events they had for many years been adopted freely. These, said my excellent adviser, contain starch and saccharine matter tending to create fat, and should be avoided altogether. At the first blush it seemed to me that I had little left to live upon, but my kind friend soon showed me that there was ample, and I was only too happy to give the plan a fair trial, and, within a very few days, found immense benefit from it. It may better elucidate the dietary plan if I describe generally what I have sanction to take; and that man must be an extraordinary person who would desire a better table:—

For breakfast, I take four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, bacon, or cold meat of any kind except pork; a large cup of tea (without milk or sugar), a little biscuit, or one ounce of dry toast.

For dinner, Five or six ounces of any fish except salmon, any meat except pork, any vegetable except potato, one ounce of dry toast, fruit out of a pudding, any kind of poultry or game, and two or three glasses of good claret, sherry, or madeira — champagne, port, and beer forbidden.

For tea, Two or three ounces of fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup of tea without milk or sugar.

For supper, Three or four ounces of meat or fish, similar to dinner, with a glass or two of claret.

For nightcap, if required, A tumbler

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of grog—(gin, whisky, or brandy, without sugar)—or a glass or two of claret or sherry.

"This plan leads to an excellent night's rest, with from six to eight hours' sound sleep. The dry toast or rusk may have a tablespoonful of spirit to soften it, which will prove acceptable. Perhaps I did not wholly escape starchy or saccharine matter, but scrupulously avoided those beans, such as milk, sugar, beer, butter, &c., which were known to contain them."

Mr Banting subsequently specifies veal, pork, herrings, eels, parsnips, beetroot, turnips, and carrots as improper articles of food.

Now, before inquiring whether this dietary scheme be a new discovery or not, we beg to observe that Mr Banting has fallen into a monstrous error in asserting that every substance tending to promote fatness or increase the bulk of the human body is necessarily deleterious. His analogy, as he calls it, of the beans, is purely fanciful and absurd. Farinaceous food, which, with extraordinary presumption, he denounces as unwholesome, forms the main subsistence of the peasantry, not only of the British Islands, but of the whole of Europe; and are we now to be told, forsooth, that bread, meal, and potatoes are "prejudicial in advanced life"—that they may be "useful food occasionally, under peculiar circumstances, but detrimental as a constancy"? Are we to conclude, because Mr Banting's medical adviser prohibited them, that milk and butter, beer and sugar, are little short of absolute poison? It would be easy to show, from the recorded tables of longevity, that the persons who have attained the most advanced ages, far beyond the ordinary span of human existence, have never used any other kind of diet save that which Mr Banting's adviser has proscribed; but the idea is so manifestly preposterous, that it carries with it its own refutation. If Banting's bill of fare be the right one, and if the articles which he has been advised to avoid are generally hurtful to adults—heaven help not only the working-classes, but the greater proportion of the middle order, who certainly cannot afford to begin the day as Mr Banting does, with a meat breakfast of kidneys, broiled fish, or bacon, such as might make a Frenchman stare, to repeat the diet, with the additions of poultry or game, both for dinner and supper, to interject a fruity tea, and to wash down each meal with a few glasses of claret, sherry, or madeira!

In fact, Mr Banting has fallen into the egregious error of supposing that the food which agrees with him must agree with every other human being, and that articles which have been, perhaps judiciously, denied to him, must necessarily be hurtful to the rest of mankind. His logical position is this—

Banting is a mortal;
Bread, potatoes, &c., are bad for Banting—therefore
No mortal should eat bread or potatoes.

But the falsity of the syllogism is apparent. We are not all afflicted by Mr Banting's tendency towards obesity, and therefore we need not regard "beans" with his more than Pythagorean horror. There is a deep truth in the old adage, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison;" and Mr Banting might have escaped no small amount of ridicule had he carefully laid it to heart, before promulgating the doctrine that kidneys are more wholesome than potatoes, and that bread should be generally tabooed.

We fully appreciate the excellence of the motive which has induced Mr Banting to offer his observations upon corpulence to the public; but we can inform him that there is no kind of novelty in the system which was recommended by his last medical adviser, and which has led to such fortunate results. Training has long ago been reduced to a science, and the diet to be observed during training has received the most careful attention.

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The following were some of the rules of diet approved of by the late John Jackson, the celebrated teacher of pugilism, with whom Lord Byron used to spar. They are given at full length in Sir John Sinclair's work upon health and longevity :—

"The diet is simple; animal food alone: and it is recommended to take very little salt and some vinegar with the food, which prevents thirst, and is good to promote leanness. Vegetables are never given, as turnips or carrots, which are difficult to digest; nor potatoes, which are watery. But bread is allowed, only it must be stale. Veal and lamb are never given, nor is pork, which has tendency to purge some people. Beefsteaks are reckoned very good, and rather under-done than otherwise, as all meat in general is; and it is better to have the meat broiled than roasted or boiled, by which nutriment is lost. No fish whatever is allowed, because it is reckoned watery, and not to be compared with meat in point of nutriment. The fat of meat is never given, but the lean of the best meat. No butter nor cheese on any account. Pies and puddings are never given, nor any kind of pastry."

The like diet is prescribed for jockeys, pedestrians, and all others whose weight is to be materially reduced; but in such cases recourse is likewise had to sweatings, hard exercise, and preparatory doses of medicine. Mr Jackson, however, says with regard to training—

"A person in high life cannot be treated in exactly the same manner at first, from the indulgences to which he has been accustomed; nor is his frame in general so strong. They eat too much made dishes and other improper food, and sit too long at table, and eat too great a variety of articles; also drink too much wine. No man should drink more than half a pint of wine." He says moreover: "A course of training would be an effectual remedy for bilious complaints. Corpulent people, by the same system, could be brought into a proper condition."

But, not to multiply authorities, which would be rather tedious, let us refer at once to the 'Physiologie du Goût' of Mons. Brillat-Savarin, a work which has the merit of being extremely popular and amusing, and we shall presently see that no new light was flashed from the scientific lantern of Mr Banting's medical adviser. A translation, or rather abridgment, of that treatise, was published by Longman & Co., in 1859, under the title of 'The Handbook of Dining;' and from it we extract the following remarks on

"Obesity or Embonpoint.

"The primary cause of embonpoint is the natural disposition of the individual. Most men are born with certain predispositions, which are stamped upon their features. Out of one hundred persons who die of consumption, ninety have brown hair, a long face, and a sharp nose. Out of one hundred fat ones, ninety have short faces, round eyes, and a short nose.

"Consequently, there are persons whose destiny it is to be fat. This physical truth has often given me annoyance. I have at times met in society some dear little creature with rounded arms, dimpled cheeks and hands, and pert little nose, fresh and blooming, the admiration of every one, when, taught by experience, I cast a rapid mental glance through the next ten years of her life, and I behold these charms in another light, and I sigh internally. This anticipated compassion is a painful feeling, and gives one more proof that man would be very unhappy if he could foresee the future.

"The second and chief cause of obesity is to be found in the mealy or floury substances of which man makes his food. All animals that live on farinaceous food grow fat; man follows the common law. Mixed with sugar, the fattening qualities increase. Beer is very fattening. Too much sleep and little exercise will promote corpulency. Another cause of obesity is in eating and drinking too much."

Here the whole philosophy of the matter is set forth in a few simple terms. Certain people have a natural tendency towards fat, and that tendency will be materially assisted by a farinaceous and saccharine diet. But so far from regarding such substances as unwholesome, which view Mr Banting, in his pure ignorance, has adopted, Brillat-Savarin considers them as eminently nutritious;

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he would only regulate their use in cases where the tendency has been clearly ascertained.

"Of all medical powers, diet is the most efficient, because it acts incessantly, day and night, sleeping or waking: it ends by subjugating the individual. Now the diet against corpulency is indicated by the most common and active cause of obesity; and as it has been proved that farinaceous food produces fat, in man as well as in animals, it may be concluded that abstinence from farinaceous substances tends to diminish embonpoint.

"I hear my fair friends exclaim that I am a monster, who wishes to deprive them of everything they like. Let them not be alarmed.

"If they must eat bread, let it be brown bread; it is very good, but not so nutritious as white bread.

"If you are fond of soup, have it *à la julienne*, or with vegetables, but no paste, no macaroni.

"At the first course eat anything you like, except the rice with fowls, or the crust of *pâtés*.

"The second course requires more philosophy. Avoid everything farinaceous. You can eat roast, salad, and vegetables. And if you must needs have some sweets, take chocolate, creams, and jellies, and punch in preference to orange or others.

"Now comes dessert. New danger. But if you have been prudent so far, you will continue to be so. Avoid biscuits and macaroons; eat as much fruit as you like.

"After dinner take a cup of coffee and a glass of liqueur. Tea and punch will not hurt you.

"At breakfast brown bread and chocolate in preference to coffee. No eggs. Anything else you like. You cannot breakfast too early. If you breakfast late, the dinner hour comes before you have properly digested; you do not eat the less; and this eating without an appetite is a prime cause of obesity, because it often occurs.

"The above regulations are to prevent embonpoint. The following are for those who are already victims:—

"Drink, every summer, thirty bottles of Seltzer water—a large tumblerful every morning, two hours before breakfast, and the same before you go to bed. Drink white wines, and rather acid. Avoid beer like the plague. Eat radishes, artichokes, celery; eat veal and chicken in preference to beef and mutton. Only eat the crust of your bread; you will be all the lighter and younger for it."

The system recommended by Savarin is, as our readers will observe, in essentials the same as that which Mr Banting has proclaimed, with so much pomposity, to be an original discovery; but how infinitely more elegant and refined is the *carte* sketched by the Parisian gastronome, than the gross flesh-market bill of fare propounded by the English epicure! It will be observed that veal, which is expressly forbidden by Banting, is recommended by Savarin. We side in opinion with the Frenchman. Beef, as a constant article of food, is too nutritious for persons with a corpulent tendency. Roger Bacon, in his treatise, 'De retardandis Senectutis Malis,' expressly forbids it to old men, warning them that, if they accustom themselves to such meat, dropsies will be engendered, stoppages in the liver, and in like manner obstructions in the spleen, and stones in the kidneys and bladder. Veal and chickens, he thinks, ought decidedly to have the preference. And the following instance is strongly confirmatory of that view. Humphries, the pugilist, was trained by Ripsham, the keeper of the jail at Ipswich. He was sweated in bed, and afterwards twice physicked. He was weighed once a-day, and at first fed on beef; but as on that food he got too much flesh, they were obliged to change it to mutton.

As there are many persons whose health and appearance would be materially improved by putting on a little more of that garb of flesh which has proved such an intolerable burden to Mr Banting, we confidently recommend to their study the treatise of M. Savarin, wherein the means of attaining a becoming degree of pinguitude are elaborately explained. Leanness, says this wise philosopher, though it may be no absolute disadvantage

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to a man, "is a great disaster for ladies, for beauty is their life, and beauty consists chiefly in the rounded limb and graceful curve. The most *recherché* toilet, the best dressmakers in the world, cannot supply certain absences, or hide certain angles. But a woman who is born thin may be fattened like a chicken. It may take more time. The ladies must pardon me the simile, but I could not find a better." Clearly he is in the right. Even the savage instinct recognises the charms of female pinguitude, and takes care that it is properly cultivated. Art follows closely in the wake of instinct. What painter has ever dared to depict, or what sculptor to chisel out, a wood-nymph in attenuated form, or an angular and scraggy Venus?

No wonder that Mr Banting, having a natural tendency towards corpulence, found himself, in his sixty-third year, much fatter than was at all convenient. He has, with amiable candour, given us a sketch of his former dietary, and after perusing it, we cannot wonder at the result. Buttered toast, beer, and pastry, were his favourite articles of consumption; and moreover, he was in the habit of taking four meals a-day, which is greatly too much for a man of sedentary habits and occupation. We are strongly inclined to think that if Mr Banting had somewhat restrained his appetite, practised occasional fastings, and entirely abstained from heavy wet, buttered crumpets, muffins, and *pâtisserie*, he would have fully attained his object, without discontinuing the use of bread, sugar, or potatoes. Men have been known materially to reduce their weight, and at the same time to gain additional health and strength, by restricting themselves entirely to the use of the simplest farinaceous food. Such is the case of Wood, the miller of Billericray in Essex, stated in the Transactions of the London College of Physicians. This man, it would appear, had attained to such a degree of corpulency by the free use of flesh meat and ale that his life had become a burden to him, but he succeeded in reducing himself to a moderate bulk by the following means: His reformed diet consisted of a simple pudding, made by boiling coarse flour in water, without salt. Of this he consumed about three pounds in twenty-four hours, and took no fluid whatever, not even water. On this he lived in perfect health for many years, went through a great deal of exercise in the open air, and was able to carry five hundred pounds weight, "which," says our authority, "was more than he could lift in his youth, when he lived on animal food, and drank freely of ale." In fact, the man fed upon porridge, from time immemorial the favourite diet of the Scottish peasantry, among whom obesity is unknown. Pure farinaceous food can never be hurtful. On the contrary, as Mr Banting may learn from a perusal of the first chapter of the Book of Daniel, it is infinitely more wholesome both for mind and body than a dietary of butcher-meat and wine. But buttered toast, pastry, and beer are proper materials for the formation of a Lambert; and so long as Mr Banting indulged freely in those luxuries, which we object not to his stigmatising as "beans," he was necessarily compelled periodically to enlarge the limits of his girdle.

Mr Banting, with great propriety, wishes that the subject should be well "ventilated," and we are doing our very best to gratify that desire. His own experiences, we are bound to admit, have been quite satisfactory, inasmuch as, by adopting a certain dietary, he has reduced his weight from 14 stone 6 lb. to 10 stone 10 lb. with apparent advantage to his health, and hitherto without any evil consequence. It is also remarkable that these results have been attained without the necessity of having recourse to violent exercise or the use of medi-

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cine, which latter consideration is undoubtedly in favour of his system. Mr Banting indeed makes mention of a certain corrective cordial which he calls the Balm of Life, a spoonful of which, taken before breakfast, he found remarkably salutary. The recipe for this draught he declines to give, but we have little doubt that it is of the same nature as that recommended by Mons. Brillat-Savarin for the reduction of embonpoint — viz., a teaspoonful of bark, to be taken in a glass of white wine, about two hours before breakfast. But he does not seem to have used any medicines of a purgative nature, such as trainers sometimes administer—a decided point in his favour; and altogether it is reasonable that he should hug himself on the successful result of his experiment. But nostrums, if we may use such a term, are not infallible. Mr Banting is to be commended for his prudence in not insisting too strongly upon the universal applicability of his system, which may not, as he candidly admits, be suitable for every constitution; for great harm might ensue if his suggestions were to be implicitly adopted, and violent changes made in their dietary and mode of living by persons whose bulk is not excessive. All sudden changes of diet are hazardous; and more especially when the change is made from what is usually considered a light diet—that is, one in which vegetable substances predominate — to a heavier kind of nutriment. Excellent is the advice given in the Regimen Sanitatis of Salerno.

"Omnibus adsuetam jubeo servare dietam,
Quod sic esse probo, ne sit mutare necesse."

Unless much exercise is taken there is great risk that such changes will engender acute disease; and men of sedentary habits should be very cautious of adopting what Mr Banting is pleased to denominate a "luxurious and liberal dietary." Failing exercise, their best means of maintaining health is to use frequent abstinence, and always to be strictly temperate. Meat breakfasts, and continuous indulgence in the flesh-pots of Egypt, are every whit as dangerous as the copious imbibation of wine, or the consumption of ardent spirits; and they may be confident of this, that a gross gladiatorial diet will neither secure them immunity from disease, nor promote their chances of longevity. Man is an omnivorous animal; but nature, by limiting the number of his canine teeth, has distinctly indicated that animal food ought to form the smallest portion of his nutriment. Dr Cheyne, in his 'Essay on Health,' gives the following calculation of the quantity of food sufficient to keep a man of ordinary stature, following no laborious employment, in due plight, health, and vigour. He allows eight ounces of flesh meat, twelve of bread or vegetable food, and about a pint of wine or other generous liquor, in the twenty-four hours. But he adds that the valetudinary, and those employed in sedentary professions or intellectual studies, must lessen this quantity, if they would wish to preserve their health and the freedom of their spirits long. That may appear but spare diet; and we freely grant that a foxhunter or other keen sportsman might add to the allowance both solid and liquid, without any risk of evil consequences. But no man engaged in literary work will be able to accomplish anything worth sending to the printer, if he begins the day with kidneys, bacon, and mutton-chops, indulges in four substantial meals, and crams himself with as much butcher-meat as would satisfy the maw of a hyena. Of course his stomach would be equally clogged and his brain addled if he stuffed himself with buttered toast, muffins, beer, and pastry; but such vianda are more affected by ladies of Mrs Gamp's profession than by men

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of intellectual pursuits, who know and feel that a clear head and a light stomach are indispensable for the prosecution of their labours.

We rise from the perusal of Mr Banting's pamphlet with our belief quite unshaken in the value of bread and potatoes as ordinary and universal articles of diet. We maintain the excellency and innocency of porridge and pease-pudding; and we see no reason for supposing that any one will become a Jeshurun because he uses milk with his tea, and sweetens it with a lump of sugar. Starch and sugar are eminently nutritious, but they are not therefore unwholesome; on the contrary, if used in moderation, they will promote longevity, and prevent many of those diseases which the copious consumption of flesh is exceedingly apt to engender. Mr Banting has certainly found a remedy for the complaint which weighed so heavily on his spirits; but we feel assured that he would have found the same measure of relief had he simply exercised some control over his appetite, given his stomach more time to digest by lessening the inordinate number of his meals, abstained altogether from beer, and resolutely steeled his heart against the manifold temptations of the pastry-cook. We advise no one, whatever be his weight or girth, to adopt implicitly the system recommended by Mr Banting, at least until he has tried the effect of a temperate mixed diet (the vegetable element preponderating) combined with early hours and a due amount of exercise. We have no sympathy with the vegetarians who decry the use of animal food, and believe that Nebuchadnezzar's hallucination in the way of pasturage was prompted by a natural instinct; but we are assured there is no instance on record of death ensuing from the use of farinaceous food, whereas close behind the carnivorous gorger stalks the hideous form of Apoplexy, ready to smite him down when his stomach is full, and the veins of his forehead distended with indulgence in his fleshly lusts. A mixed diet is the best: and after all that has been said and written on the subject, Temperance is the one thing needful to secure a man against the evils of inordinate obesity.

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THE THREE-FOOT RULE.

A SONG ABOUT STANDARDS OF MEASURE, AND THE BATH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

AIR—"*The Poacher*"

WHEN I was bound apprentice,
And learned to use my hands,
Folk never talked of measures
That came from foreign lands:
Now I'm a British Workman,
Too old to go to school;
So whether the chisel or file I hold,
I'll stick to my three-foot rule.

Some talk of millimetres,
And some of kilogrammes,
And some of decilitres,
To measure beer and drams;
But I'm a British Workman,
Too old to go to school;
So by pounds I'll eat, and by quarts I'll drink,
And I'll work by my three-foot rule.

A party of astronomers
Went measuring of the earth;
And forty million metres
They took to be its girth:
Five hundred million inches, though,
Go through from pole to pole;
So let's stick to inches, feet, and yards,
And the good old three-foot rule.

The great Egyptian Pyramid
's a thousand yards about;
And when the masons finished it,
They raised a joyful shout:
The chap that planned that building,
I'm bound he was no fool;
And now 'tis proved, beyond all doubt,
He used a three-foot rule.

Here's a health to every learned man
That goes by common sense,
And would not plague the workman
On any vain pretence;
But as for those philanthropists
Who'd send us back to school,
"O *bless* their eyes if ever they tries"
To put down the three-foot rule!

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GENERAL McCLELLAN.

We suppose that no Federal, whether a native of the North or an obsequious advocate of Northern interests in this country, can find any particular gratification in contemplating the group of men who have come to the surface by the revolutions of Time's whirligig in America. The popular idols have been manufactured generally of the very coarsest and commonest clay; and even when permitted to remain on their pedestals, they are objects at least as much of ridicule as of admiration. We observe, indeed, that some English journals preserve, through all vicissitudes, their fealty towards Mr Abraham Lincoln; but we imagine that the admiration they profess is not so much for the individual as for some principle or other, certainly not democratic, which he is supposed to embody. To the eye of Europe in general he presents a rather melancholy spectacle, with nothing, except the honesty of purpose generally ascribed to him, to distinguish him from the swarm of politicians and generals that have been engendered by the corruption of the defunct Union. But there is one man who stands out in honourable distinction from the other public men of the North, remarkable alike for his consistency, his moderation, his singleness of purpose, his eminently respectable personal character, and his abstinence from the practice of those low arts to which men so commonly resort when they wish to gain the suffrages of a democracy: that man is General McClellan. Whether, in addition to his high character as a man, he is also, as his admirers assert, great as a general, is a subject on which, until lately, it was difficult to form an opinion. If success were the test of merit he must be pronounced a failure. But we have now before us, in his Report lately published, the means of knowing whether his plans were well adapted for the attainment of their ends, and how far their failure was due to the Federal Government. After being called upon at a desperate crisis to resume the command-in-chief of the Federal armies, he was again deprived of it, his conduct arraigned before a commission of inquiry, and himself consigned to an inaction which, if deserved, would have been dishonouring, and during which he has occupied himself in putting into form, and connecting by a thread of narrative, the official documents and correspondence which he has deemed it necessary for his own justification to publish.

The steps by which men destined to sudden eminence attain the point from whence in great emergencies they at once stride into power, are frequently obscure and unnoticed by the world. McClellan's claims lay, not in his position or rank, for he was only a captain in 1861, but in the character he had established. He was distinguished in the academical course at West Point, and as an officer of known intelligence he was one of the commissioners selected to proceed on the part of the Federal Government to the Crimea, and to report on the different armies in the field before Sebastopol. So little prospect appeared, after his return, of promotion in the United States army, that he almost entirely relinquished the service, and became manager of a public company. There had been nothing in his career to show the world that he was likely to achieve anything beyond an honourable mediocrity. But he had established a reputation among those who knew him as a man of great intelligence and of superior endowments—an opinion shared, it is said, and proclaimed, by men whose names now stand higher than his own, and on less doubtful foundations — such men as Jefferson Davis and General Lee.

In the spring of 1861 he was

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selected to direct the operations in a department including Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Western Virginia. In the affairs of Philippi, Rich Mountain, and Carrick's Ford, he had acquired a reputation for skill and conduct which caused the distracted Federal Government, at its wit's end for a general after the disaster of Bull's Run, to grasp at him as the hope of the Union. He was invited, in August 1861, to submit to the President his views of the military and political situation of affairs, and as the document in which he conveyed them is interesting, both in itself and as a key to the mind of the writer, we give it almost at length :—

"On the 4th August 1861 I addressed to the President the following memorandum at his request:

"MEMORANDUM.

"The object of the present war differs from those in which nations are usually engaged, mainly in this: That the purpose of ordinary war is to conquer a peace, and make a treaty on advantageous terms. In this contest it has become necessary to crush a population sufficiently numerous, intelligent, and warlike to constitute a nation. We have not only to defeat their armed and organised forces in the field, but to display such an overwhelming strength as will convince all our antagonists, especially those of the governing aristocratic class, of the utter impossibility of resistance. Our late reverses make this course imperative. Had we been successful in the recent battle (Manassas), it is possible that we might have been spared the labour and expense of a great effort; now we have no alternative. Their success will enable the political leaders of the rebels to convince the mass of their people that we are inferior to them in force and courage, and to command all their resources. The contest began with a class; now it is with a people. Our military success can alone restore the former issue.

"By thoroughly defeating their armies, taking their strong places, and pursuing a rigidly protective policy as to private property and unarmed persons, and a lenient course as to private soldiers, we may well hope for a permanent restoration of a peaceful Union. But in the first instance, the authority of the Government must be supported by overwhelming physical force.

"Our foreign relations and financial credit also imperatively demand that the military action of the Government should be prompt and irresistible.

"The rebels have chosen Virginia as their battle-field, and it seems proper for us to make the first great struggle there. But while thus directing our main efforts, it is necessary to diminish the resistance there offered us by movements on other points, both by land and water.

"Without entering at present into details, I would advise that a strong movement be made on the Mississippi, and that the rebels be driven out of Missouri.

"As soon as it becomes perfectly clear that Kentucky is cordially united with us, I would advise a movement through that state into Eastern Tennessee, for the purpose of assisting the Union men of that region, and of seizing the railroads leading from Memphis to the east.

"The possession of these roads by us in connection with the movement on the Mississippi, would go far towards determining the evacuation of Virginia by the rebels. In the mean time all the passes into Western Virginia from the east should be securely guarded; but I would advise no movement from that quarter towards Richmond, unless the political condition of Kentucky renders it impossible, or inexpedient for us to make the movement upon Eastern Tennessee through that State. Every effort should, however, be made to organise, equip, and arm as many troops as possible in Western Virginia, in order to render the Ohio and Indiana regiments available for other operations. At as early a day as practicable, it would be well to protect and re-open the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

"Baltimore and Fort Monroe should be occupied by garrisons sufficient to retain them in our possession. The importance of Harper's Ferry and the line of the Potomac, in the direction of Leesburg, will be very materially diminished so soon as our force in this vicinity becomes organised, strong, and efficient, because no capable general will cross the river north of this city when we have a strong army here ready to cut off his retreat. . . . .

"For the main army of operations I urge the following composition :—

250	regiments of infantry, say,	225,000
100	field batteries, 60 guns,	15,000
28	regiments cavalry, .	25,500
5	do. engineer troops,	7,500
		273,000

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"The force must be supplied with the necessary engineer and pontoon trains, and with transportation for everything save tents. Its general line of operations should be so directed that water transportation can be availed of, from point to point, by means of the ocean and the rivers emptying into it. An essential feature of the plan of operations will be the employment of a strong naval force to protect the movements of a fleet of transports intended to convey a considerable body of troops from point to point of the enemy's seacoast, thus either creating diversions, and rendering it necessary to detach largely from their main body in order to protect such of their cities as may be threatened, or else landing and forming establishments on their coast at any favourable places that opportunity might offer. This naval force should also co-operate with the main army in its efforts to seize the important seaboard towns of the rebels.

"It cannot be ignored that the construction of railroads has introduced a new and very important element into war, by the great facilities thus given for concentrating at particular positions large masses of troops from remote sections, and by creating new strategic points and lines of operations. It is intended to overcome this difficulty by the partial operations suggested, and such other as the particular case may require. We must endeavour to seize places on the railways, in the rear of the enemy's points of concentration, and we must threaten their seaboard cities, in order that each State may be forced, by the necessity of its own defence, to diminish its contingent to the Confederate army.

"The proposed movement down the Mississippi will produce important results in this connection. That advance, and the progress of the main army at the east, will materially assist each other by diminishing the resistance to be encountered by each. . . . .

[Some political suggestions here.]

"The force I have recommended is large, the expense is great. It is possible that a smaller force might accomplish the object in view; but I understand it to be the purpose of this great nation to re-establish the power of its Government, and to restore peace to its citizens in the shortest possible time. The question to be decided is simply this, — Shall we crush the rebellion at one blow, terminate the war in one campaign; or shall we leave it as a legacy to our descendants?

"When the extent of the possible line of operations is considered, the force asked for the main army under my command cannot be regarded as unduly large. Every mile we advance carries us farther from our base of operations, and renders detachments necessary to cover our communications, while the enemy will be constantly concentrating as he falls back. I propose, with the force which I have requested, not only to drive the enemy out of Virginia and to occupy Richmond, but to occupy Charleston, Savannah, Montgomery, Pensacola, Mobile, and New Orleans; in other words, to move into the heart of the enemy's country, and crush out the rebellion in its very heart.

"By seizing and repairing the railroads as we advance, the difficulties of transportation will be materially diminished. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that, in addition to the forces named in this memorandum, strong reserves should be formed, ready to supply any losses that may occur. . . ."

The opening of this memorandum shows that he took a view which, uncommon at the time, was in consonance with reason and fact. It is impossible to read the paper without recognising the moderation, humanity, and good sense of the writer, displayed at a juncture when those qualities were especially rare and valuable. Accustomed as we are to the inflated nonsense of Mr Seward's state papers, and the bombastic reports of other Federal generals, which their deeds have often so little justified, we are the more ready to appreciate the temperate and honourable sentiments of McClellan.

In estimating the military sagacity displayed, we must remember that his are not the opinions of an irresponsible essayist, inconsiderately formed and hastily delivered, but the deliberate judgment of a rising general, called to the councils of the state. On such a paper, if it were submitted to a sagacious ruler, might rest the whole future fortunes of the writer. We may presume, then, that we have here the very ripest conclusions that McClellan could at that time form.

Events have long since proved one of his opinions to be unsound, namely, that the possession of the

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roads of Tennessee, in connection with a movement on the Mississippi, would go far towards determining the evacuation of Virginia. The strongholds of the Mississippi have been captured; and not only the roads of Tennessee held, but an army supplied by those roads has moved deep into Georgia: yet the Confederates still defy in Virginia the main army of the Federals.

It might be inferred from his language that he considered it proper to make the first great struggle in Virginia, *because* the Confederates had chosen it for their battle-field. If so, the reason is quite inadequate, and is, in fact, no reason at all for choosing that line of invasion. To operate in a certain portion of the theatre of war merely because the enemy has already occupied it, is to abandon to him that great advantage in war known as "the initiative," which consists in selecting a line, and compelling the enemy to make his operations subordinate to those of the invader.

There is a vagueness in his sketch of the general plan which seems to show that his mind had failed to grasp as a whole the vast extent of the theatre of war from Washington to Memphis. His plan, too, of seizing and occupying points of the enemy's coast "at any favourable places that opportunity might offer" is essentially unsound; for even on the supposition that the Northern forces greatly outnumbered the enemy, the numerical superiority might be turned by an able general to much better account by concentrating than by dispersing them. But if by "threatening their seaboard cities," he means to employ a single force in making rapid descents on various points, so as to keep many defensive bodies of the enemy in doubt as to the real point of attack, he is indicating, though not with sufficient clearness, the right way of turning to account the great advantage of having the mastery at sea.

His remarks about the railways and the influence of the navigable rivers on campaigns in the Southern territory, though just, are obvious, and familiar to all students of war; and are only justified in a document like the present by the fact that they were intended for the enlightenment of a President who could not be supposed to know anything of the subject. Regarding this memorandum then as the work of a scientific soldier who had bestowed long and patient thought on a military problem of the deepest interest to him, we must consider it to be deficient in definiteness, distinctness, and originality. But it possesses the merit, a very considerable one at that time, of rightly estimating the nature of the struggle and the magnitude of the preparations required for success. We must remember that at this time Mr Seward was designating the Southern Secessionists as "a weak and failing faction," and assigning "ninety days" as the period of their resistance; while the Northern press, recovered from its recent panic, was proclaiming its confidence in Federal prowess in the contemptuous tone (maintained, with a few intervals of frantic terror, down to the present time) with which Goliah of Gath advanced upon his puny foe.

In November 1861 McClellan was placed in chief and general command of the Federal armies, and issued instructions to his subordinates, Burnside, Halleck, Butler, and Buell. In the following February the President desired to commence concerted operations. McClellan proposed to operate in Virginia from the lower Potomac, Lincoln from Washington. McClellan proceeds to discuss the two plans. The Confederate front at that time stretched from the position of Manassas on the left to below the point where the Occoquan meets the Rappahannock on the right, and it is unnecessary to remind the reader that the roads between Washington and Richmond, and Fredericksburg and Richmond, are intersected by several important rivers.

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"Two bases of operations," says McClellan, "seem to present themselves for the advance of the Army of the Potomac.

"1. That of Washington, its present position, involving a direct attack upon the intrenched positions of the enemy at Centreville, Manassas, &c.; or else a movement to turn one or both flanks of those positions; or a combination of the two plans.

"The relative force of the two armies will not justify an attack on both flanks: an attack on his left flank alone involves a long line of waggon communication, and cannot prevent him from collecting for the decisive battle all the detachments now on his extreme right and left.

"Should we attack his right flank by the line of the Occoquan, and a crossing of the Potomac below that river and near his batteries, we could, perhaps, prevent the junction of the enemy's right with his centre (we might destroy the former); we would remove the obstructions to the navigation of the Potomac, reduce the length of waggon transportation by establishing new depots at the nearest points of the Potomac, and strike more directly his main railway communication."

He goes on to detail the combinations for this operation; and assuming it to be successful, and the enemy forced to the intrenchments of Richmond, he says:—

"The question at once arises as to the importance of the results gained. I think these results would be confined to the possession of the field of battle, the evacuation of the line of the upper Potomac by the enemy, and the moral effect of the victory—important results, it is true, but not decisive of the war, nor securing the destruction of the enemy's main army, for he could fall back upon other positions, and fight us again and again should the condition of his troops permit. If he is in no condition to fight us again out of range of the intrenchments at Richmond, we would find it a very difficult and tedious matter to follow him up there, for he would destroy his railroad bridges, and otherwise impede our progress through a region where the roads are as bad as they well can be, *and we would probably find ourselves forced at last to change the whole theatre of war, or to seek a shorter land route to Richmond, with a smaller available force, and at an expenditure of much more time, than were we to adopt the short line at once.* We would also have forced the enemy to concentrate and perfect his defensive measures at the very points where it is desirable to strike him when least prepared.

"2. The second base of operations available for the Army of the Potomac is that of the lower Chesapeake Bay, which affords the shortest possible land route to Richmond, and strikes directly at the heart of the enemy's power in the east.

"The roads in that region are passable at all seasons of the year.

"The country now alluded to is much more favourable for offensive operations than that in front of Washington (which is *very* unfavourable)—much more level, more cleared land, the woods less dense, the soil more sandy, the spring some two or three weeks earlier. A movement in force on that line obliges the enemy to abandon his intrenched position at Manassas, in order to hasten to cover Richmond and Norfolk. He must do this; for should he permit us to occupy Richmond, his destruction can only be averted by entirely defeating us in a battle in which he must be the assailant. This movement, if successful, gives us the capital, the communications, the supplies of the rebels. Norfolk would fall; all the waters of the Chesapeake would be ours; all Virginia would be in our power, and the enemy forced to abandon Tennessee and North Carolina. The alternative presented to the enemy would be to beat us in a position selected by ourselves, disperse, or pass beneath the Caudine Forks.

"Should we be beaten in a battle, we have a perfectly secure retreat down the peninsula upon Fort Monroe, with our flanks perfectly covered by the fleet. During the whole movement our left flank is covered by the water; our right is secure, for the reason that the enemy is too distant to reach us in time; he can only oppose us in front; we bring our fleet into full play.

"After a successful battle our position would be;—Burnside forming our left, Norfolk held securely, our centre connecting Burnside with Buell, both by Raleigh and Lynchburg, Buell in East Tennessee and North Alabama, Halleck at Nashville and Memphis.

"The next movement would be to connect with Sherman on the left, by reducing Wilmington and Charleston; to advance our centre into South Carolina and Georgia, to push Buell either towards Montgomery or to unite with the main army in Georgia; to throw Hal-

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leck southward to meet the naval expedition from New Orleans.

"We should then be in a condition to reduce, at our leisure, all the Southern seaports; to occupy all the avenues of communication; to use the great outlet of the Mississippi; to re-establish our government and arms in Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas; *to force the slaves to labour for our subsistence instead of that of the rebels;* to bid defiance to all foreign interference. Such is the object I ever had in view; this is the general plan which I hope to accomplish.

"Should it be determined to operate from the lower Chesapeake, the point of landing which promises the most brilliant results is Urbana, on the lower Rappahannock. This point is easily reached by vessels of heavy draught; it is neither occupied nor observed by the enemy; it is but one march from West Point, the key of that region, and thence but two marches to Richmond. A rapid movement from Urbana would probably cut off Magruder in the Peninsula, and enable us to occupy Richmond before it could be strongly reinforced. Should we fail in that, we could, with the co-operation of the navy, cross the James and show ourselves in rear of Richmond, thus forcing the enemy to come out and attack us; for his position would be untenable with us on the southern bank of the river.

"Should circumstances render it advisable not to land at Urbana, we can use Mob Jack Bay,—or the worst coming to the worst, we can take Fort Monroe as a base, and operate with complete security, although with less celerity and brilliancy of results, up the Peninsula."

After some further details for the proposed concentration, he says:—

"My judgment as a general is clearly in favour of this project. Nothing is certain in war, but all the chances are in favour of this movement. So much am I in favour of the southern line of operations, that I would prefer the move from Fort Monroe as a base, as a certain, though less brilliant, movement than that from Urbana, to an attack upon Manassas.

We presume that Mr Lincoln would not imagine that either his previous occupation as a rail-splitter, or the fact of his election as President, could of itself qualify him for delivering grave opinions on extensive military combinations. It may be inferred that his ideas on the subject were derived from those officers in whose judgment he most confided. We have these ideas then, on the one side, and those of McClellan on the other. As a matter of military theory, McClellan was altogether in the right. But his judgment has received other than theoretical confirmation as regards the difficulties to be encountered in advancing from the Potomac. Facts have endorsed his opinion in characters of blood. Pope, Hooker, Burnside, and above all, Grant, have been so many involuntary illustrators of their predecessor's sagacity. Viewed by the light of this summer's campaign, the words we have italicised assume a character of prophecy. "*We would probably find ourselves forced at last to change the whole theatre of war, or to seek a shorter land route to Richmond, with a smaller available force, and at an expenditure of much more time, than were we to adopt the short line at once.*" Yet, when the result so plainly foretold actually came to pass, the sages of the North did not cease to assert, even up to the movement against Petersburg, that all the vain assaults on Lee's positions, all the carnage, all the circling marches of the baffled invaders round their object, were so many incidents calculated on in the original plan of the assured victor.

McClellan, then, rightly estimated the difficulties in the way of the President's plan, and the inadequate results it offered if completely successful. How far his own design was to be preferred may best be considered after reviewing the incidents of the campaign in the Peninsula.

The total Confederate Army of the Potomac numbered 115,000 men and 300 field-guns. The presence of these so near the river and the capital caused the President great uneasiness. In vain McClellan represented that as soon as he should have effected a landing on the Peninsula, the Confederate ar-

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my must fall back to interpose between him and Richmond, and that the surest defence of Washington would be a vigorous attack on the Southern city. The President could not free himself from the spectre that haunted him of a Southern army marching on Washington as soon as the expedition of McClellan should leave it uncovered. He was therefore desirous of attacking the enemy's batteries on the south bank as the preliminary of the campaign. But the mere rumour of the movement to the Peninsula proved the soundness of McClellan's opinion, for the Confederate army at once fell back from Manassas, Centreville, and the Occoquan; unpursued, because the state of the roads protected the retreat. The retiring troops destroyed behind them the bridges of the roads to Richmond, thus, as McClellan pointed out, affording an additional guarantee that Washington would not be menaced. A council of war was of opinion that the safety of the capital would be assured by leaving 65,000 men in front of it, and that the remainder of the forces might move on the Peninsula.

On the 19th March McClellan submitted the details of his plan to the President. "The proposed plan of campaign," he says, "is to assume Fort Monroe as the first base of operations, taking the line by Yorktown and West Point upon Richmond as the line of operations, Richmond being the objective point." A combined land and naval attack was then to be made on Yorktown, and, that point seized, a new base was to be established on the York river, "with every facility for bringing into play the whole of our available force *on either or both banks of the James.*" This last passage is remarkable, both on account of the "strategic movement" which is thus foreshadowed, and of the subsequent operations of Grant.

The divisions of the Federal army were collected in spots convenient for embarkation; and the unsuspecting General prepared to begin the campaign which was, as he hoped, to give him a place among the great conquerors of history. He would have been startled indeed had anybody suggested to him that he left the most formidable of his enemies behind him at Washington, in the person of that merry old gentleman who had just conferred with him with such friendly facetiousness, and had managed to shed some rays of jocularity on the stern topic of the approaching struggle. It might have been thought that Mr Lincoln, already embarrassed by the unaccustomed problems of statesmanship which he was endeavouring to solve, would have been glad to leave the conduct of the war to those whose business it was to study the matter. But the same system which had called him from a humble and laborious handicraft to the helm of the State, had also invested him with supreme control over the Federal armies. Whether his military ardour had been roused by discussing the plan of campaign with McClellan, or whether his fears for the safety of the city that contained him and his Ministry, so near the menacing lines of the Confederates, rendered him regardless of any other consideration than how best to protect it, we know not; but it is certain that, as soon as he had taken leave of McClellan, his fingers itched to be moving the pawns and knights on the military chessboard. This impulse he at once proceeded to gratify by removing 10,000 men, forming Blenker's division, from McClellan's command, and giving them to Fremont, in Western Virginia. "If you could know the full pressure of the case," writes Mr Lincoln to McClellan, "I feel sure you would justify it." As there was no military reason which could be unknown to McClellan, it is evident that the transfer of this division was due entirely to political motives, Fremont being at that time the favourite of a party sufficiently strong to make Mr Lincoln desire to conciliate it. "I expressed," says McClellan, "my re-

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gret that Blenker's division had been given to Fremont from any 'pressure' other than the requirements of the national exigency. I was partially relieved, however, by the President's positive and emphatic assurance that I might leave, confident that no more troops beyond these 10,000 should, in any event, be taken from me, or in any way detached from my command."

In the first days of April the movement to the Peninsula began. The divisions which first landed at Fort Monroe moved by the two roads up the Peninsula towards Yorktown, where it was known strong fortifications existed. These McClellan designed to turn by landing the First Corps (M'Dowell's) at a point above the town, and he hoped by a rapid march behind the lines to cut off the troops that held them before they could reach Richmond. Then, based on the bank of the York, he meant to move his whole force upon Richmond, calculating that he might reach the town before the enemy could concentrate a sufficient force on that line to withstand him. Having seized Richmond and isolated Norfolk, he believed that the Confederate army of the Potomac, seeing its communications with Tennessee and Georgia threatened, must seek a general engagement, which he would await in position. If victorious, his columns, in concert with the western armies, would commence a grand advance into the heart of the Confederacy, leaving the conquered territory secure behind them.

For the execution of this comprehensive plan, rapidity and numbers were essential. For the first disturbing element that appeared the President was not to blame. The course of the Warwick river was incorrectly laid down in the maps of the region—and one of the columns stumbled unexpectedly against a strong line of defence prepared behind the stream. It was while he was perplexed by this first obstacle in his path, and by his ignorance of the wild woody region into which he was plunging, that McClellan received the following telegram, dated 4th April :—

"Gen. McClellan : By directions of the President, Gen. M'Dowell's army corps has been detached from the force under your command ; and the General is ordered to report to the Secretary of War ; letter by mail.—L. Thomas, Adjt.-Gen."

This diminution of his force rendered the turning of Yorktown, which operation the First Corps was destined to perform, impossible. No wonder that McClellan should say, "To me the blow was most discouraging. It frustrated all my plans for impending operations. It fell when I was too deeply committed to withdraw. It left me incapable of continuing operations which had been begun. It compelled the adoption of another, a different and a less effective plan of campaign. It made rapid and brilliant operations impossible. It was a fatal error."

The succession of adverse incidents had in fact given a totally different aspect to the projected campaign. The failure of the navy to co-operate, and the deprivations of successive bodies of troops, amounting in all to more than 50,000 men, were incidents to stagger the most practised general. It may well be doubted whether a commander, finding himself in such a predicament, is bound by any rule of duty to persist in the execution of a plan so hopelessly marred. Probably a threat on his part to withdraw his army from the Peninsula would have induced Mr Lincoln to send M'Dowell's corps to him, and to restore his authority over General Wool's division. Had he but retired like wrathful Achilles to his tent, a deputation, in which Mr Lincoln might have figured in the double character of Nestor and Thersites, would probably have waited on him, beseeching him to resume his arms and lead his myrmidons to the field. But McClellan's fault seems to have been too much moderation, too conscientious an

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obedience. Had he not been so good a citizen he might have been a better general. His submissiveness was too extreme to coexist with some of the faculties that make up a commander. Not only had he received the indignities we have recapitulated, but at the outset of the campaign he, who had been entreated for the safety of the country to assume the direction of all the armies of the Republic, had been deprived of the command-in-chief, and reduced to the position of General of the Army of the Potomac, not merely without warning, but without being apprised of the important change in his position, which he first learnt from the newspapers. Yet with all this load of ill treatment heaped on him, he patiently set about the siege of Yorktown; while the President assumed towards the man he had so deeply injured a tone which might have roused a Quaker to fury. "Once more," he says, "let me tell you, it is indispensable to *you* that you strike a blow. . . . The country will not fail to note—is now noting—that the present hesitation to advance upon an intrenched enemy is but the story of Manassas repeated."

McClellan, thus goaded, displayed both prudence and temper. Refusing to be pushed into precipitate action, he set about a regular siege of Yorktown. On the 6th of May, after a month's labour, his batteries would have been ready to open, but on the 4th the enemy evacuated the position. The Federal divisions immediately pushed on in pursuit. The Confederates stood at Williamsburg to cover the withdrawal of their trains, and held their ground long enough to accomplish their purpose, the Federals suffering in the action that took place there a loss of more than 2000 men. Here McClellan paused to make new arrangements for approaching the Chickahominy. In the mean time one of M'Dowell's divisions, under Franklin, had joined him. But his enterprise had long since lost its original character of a surprise. The Confederate commander, J. E. Johnston, confronted him, leaning upon Richmond, and all the Southern troops in the Peninsula, whom it had been intended to cut off or drive apart, had fallen back upon the main army.

Part of McClellan's army moved by water up the York river to its tributary the Pamunkey, establishing there at the White House a permanent depot; while the remaining divisions moved on by land till they came into communication with the right wing again by the roads leading from the Pamunkey upon Richmond. These roads are three in number, of which the central crosses the Chickahominy at Bottom's Bridge; that on the right, nine miles distant, at New Bridge; that on the left, six miles distant, at Long Bridge; and beside the central one, and crossing the Chickahominy a mile up the stream, runs the railway from White House to Richmond.

"When," says McClellan, "on the 20th May, our advanced troops reached the banks of the Chickahominy river at Bottom's Bridge, they found that this, as well as the railroad bridge about a mile above, had been destroyed by the enemy.

"The Chickahominy in this vicinity was about 40 feet wide, fringed with a dense growth of heavy forest trees, and bordered by low marshy bottom-lands, varying from half a mile to a mile in width.

"Our operations embraced that part of the river between Bottom's and Meadow's Bridges, which covered the principal approaches to Richmond from the east.

"Within these limits the firm ground, lying above high-water mark, seldom approaches near the river on either bank, and no locality was found within this section where the high ground came near the stream on both sides. It was subject to frequent, sudden, and great variations in the volume of water, and a rise of a few feet overflowed the bottom-lands on both sides.

"At low-water it could be forded at almost any point, but during high-water it rose above a fording stage, and could then be crossed only at the few points

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where bridges had been constructed. These bridges had all been destroyed by the enemy on our approach, and it was necessary not only to reconstruct these, but to build several others.

"The west bank of the river, opposite the New and Mechanicsville bridges (New on road from Coal Harbour to Richmond—Mechanicsville on road from Hanover Town to Richmond), was bordered by elevated bluffs, which afforded the enemy commanding positions to fortify, establish his batteries, enfilading the approaches upon the two principal roads to Richmond in one night, and resist the reconstruction of the important bridges. This obliged us to select other less exposed points for our crossings."

McClellan's left therefore crossed at the ford of Bottom's Bridge, and pushed on to intrench itself and cover the rebuilding of the bridge —the centre moved on New Bridge —and the right, driving the Confederates from Mechanicsville, occupied the village, and thus embraced in the front of the army the road to Hanover.

All this time McClellan believed himself (erroneously as we imagine) to be confronted by a greatly superior foe. Anticipating an immediate battle before Richmond, opposed by numbers which he estimated at nearly double his own, he had not ceased to urge on the President the necessity of sending every man that could be raised, to reinforce him for the struggle. On the 18th May Mr Stanton wrote:

"The President is not willing to uncover the capital entirely, and it is believed that even if this were prudent it would require more time to effect a junction between your army and that of the Rappahannock, by way of the Potomac and York river, than by a land march. In order, therefore, to increase the strength of the attack upon Richmond at the earliest moment, General M'Dowell has been ordered to march upon that city by the shortest route. He is ordered, keeping himself always in position to save the capital from all possible attack, so to operate as to put his left wing in communication with your right wing, and you are instructed to co-operate so as to establish this communication as soon as possible by extending your right wing to the north of Richmond."

As McClellan observes, this rendered it impossible for him to use the James river as a line of operations. He had desired that his reinforcements should be sent by water, so that they might approach him by the roads he had already moved on, and thus leave him free to rest the army on the James. But he was now forced to extend, not his left towards the James, but his right to the Hanover road, to unite with M'Dowell. The serious issues thus raised between him and the President are two in number—viz., 1st, Was Mr Lincoln's expectation of a counter-attack on Washington a delusion that uselessly deprived McClellan of the reinforcements which might have given him success? 2d, Was McClellan right in attributing so great a superiority to the James as a line of advance?

With reference to the first question, we have the light of subsequent events to guide us. Had the two armies been facing each other in the open field, it is clear that the Confederates would have made a false move in detaching upon Washington while an enemy was before Richmond. But it must be remembered that the Confederates held a fortified position, and the very essence of such is to enable its occupants to hold in check superior numbers. "Strong defences," says McClellan, "had been constructed around Richmond." These defences, then, might have checked McClellan as they subsequently checked Grant; and the Confederates no doubt were as willing in 1862 as they have proved themselves in 1864 (or indeed as they proved themselves in the former year as soon as they had defeated McClellan) to carry the war north of the Potomac. Mr Lincoln's apprehensions, then, were by no means unfounded. And granting them to be reasonable, it is certain that M'Dowell's advance by land did cover Washington from attack by

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the way of Manassas, until his junction with McClellan should be effected. For though he would not directly interpose to protect the capital, yet it would be impossible for an enemy to approach the Potomac without laying bare his flank and rear to M'Dowell, posted on the Fredericksburg road, and based on Acquia. Therefore we think McClellan wrong when he says, "Frankness compels me to say that the march of M'Dowell's force upon Richmond by the shortest route will, in my opinion, uncover Washington, as to any interposition by it, as completely as its movement by water. The enemy cannot advance by Fredericksburg on Washington. Should they attempt a movement, which to me seems utterly improbable, their route would be by Gordonsville and Manassas."

The chief objection to the Government plan was, that it caused the two Generals to move from different bases, and by different lines, up to the time of junction, rendering them liable to be separately attacked. But there were reasons for expecting that, in such a case, the first attack would be made on McClellan. For an enemy's force advancing to meet M'Dowell would lay open its communication with Richmond to McClellan—whereas, McClellan once disposed of, the attack on M'Dowell would be made in security; as was in fact presently illustrated by the defeat of Pope, when he took M'Dowell's place. Moreover, McClellan was immediately at hand and threatening Richmond, and if the Confederates should assume the offensive, the obvious course was to assail him rather than seek a more distant and inferior enemy. But if McClellan was to be the object of attack, the sooner he was reinforced the better, and the shortest route to that end was by land. Granting, then, that there was nothing so improbable as McClellan supposed in a counter attack on the Federal capital, and that the Confederates would be likely to fall upon his own army as the preliminary to such a movement (which, in fact, is what actually took place), the advance of M'Dowell by the Fredericksburg road served the double purpose of supporting McClellan and protecting Washington in the readiest way. It only remains to consider whether an advance by the James would have compensated for the loss of these advantages.

Now, ignorant as McClellan certainly was of the precise character of the ground round Richmond, and of the defences of the city, it was a mere guess that he could reach it more easily on the James than elsewhere. Several reasons induce us to think that the guess was an unlucky one. For afterwards, when the country was better known, Grant, who might have begun his campaign on the James if he pleased, advanced by the Rappahannock; and when he was driven to take the line of the James, while the obstacles between him and Richmond seemed to accumulate, the way was left clear for the operations of Early north of the Potomac. Thus the advance of the united forces of McClellan and M'Dowell between the Chickahominy and the James, or on the right bank of the James by Petersburg, would certainly have uncovered Washington, without mending their chance of getting to Richmond.

Perhaps McClellan's chief reason for wishing to adopt the new line was, that he would thereby be freed from the perplexities with which the passage of the Chickahominy was surrounded. For the only crossing he had secured was that of Bottom's Bridge, and to attempt to pass his whole army there was to expose the heads of his columns to a defeat of which their rear would be the helpless spectators. Meanwhile, half his army, separated from the rest by the stream, was exposed to the attack of the whole Confederate army, and it was absolutely necessary to leave a force on the left

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bank to protect the communications with White House; whereas, were he free to abandon the line of York river, he could move his right wing behind the left to the James by Long Bridge, and so turn the dreaded obstacle. Nevertheless, admitting the advantages of the movement, and the likelihood that it would be accomplished, we are of opinion that, for the reasons already given, the project of operating by the James was injudicious. But we think that though he was wrong in wishing M'Dowell to join him by water rather than by land, yet he was right in desiring to concentrate the two armies, and it is not easy to say how much subsequent calamity Mr Lincoln caused in retaining M'Dowell.

Forced, then, by the President's arrangements to cross the Chickahominy on his present front, McClellan set about diminishing the perils of the passage by multiplying bridges and nullifying the obstacle while waiting for M'Dowell. And meanwhile, to relieve his own right flank, and to extend a hand to M'Dowell, he attacked and captured Hanover Court-House, driving out a division of the enemy; whereupon a Confederate force that had hitherto confronted M'Dowell at Fredericksburg fell back towards Richmond, thus proving what we lately asserted—namely, that the Confederates could not advance in force against M'Dowell until McClellan should be disposed of.

But a very startling and important element in the combinations had just made itself felt. Banks, left in the Shenandoah valley to cover the upper Potomac, had just been routed by Jackson, and the President stopped M'Dowell's march upon Hanover, sending him towards Front Royal. This McClellan rightly characterises as "a serious and fatal error;" for all the Southern forces were now in full march upon McClellan, who, had he been reinforced by M'Dowell's 40,000, might have made head against them, but who was now left to contend single-handed with the combined forces of the Confederacy.

That he had not exaggerated the perils of his army astride the Chickahominy, he soon had convincing proof. On the night of the 30th May, the rains had so swelled the stream as to render the bridges impracticable, and to threaten their destruction. This opportunity Johnston seized, and, issuing from Richmond on the 31st, threw his divisions upon the isolated Federal wing, doubling it up, and driving it back, in the action of Fair Oaks, with heavy loss. But Sumner on the left bank succeeded in completing his bridges, and crossed in time to restore the battle, and to regain the lost ground, the Confederates retiring to Richmond. Sumner's movement was made just in time; for, immediately after his passage, the bridges became totally useless.

While McClellan was fortifying his exposed front, and creating more permanent communications over the river, he was cheered by the prophecies of Mr Stanton, and the advice of the President.

"The indications are," says Mr Stanton, "that Fremont or M'Dowell will fight Jackson to-day, and *as soon as he is disposed of* another large body of troops will be at your service. . . . All interest now centres in your operations, and full confidence is entertained of your brilliant and glorious success." Mr Lincoln, without prophesying, sustained his General by such counsels as this: "With these continuous rains I am very anxious about the Chickahominy so close in your rear, and crossing your line of communication. Please look well to it." To which McClellan responds, with what in a less docile commander might look like sarcasm: "As the Chickahominy has been almost the only obstacle in my way for several days, your Excellency may rest assured that it has not been overlooked."

On the 12th June another of M'Dowell's divisions joined McClel-

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lan by water; and on the following day a force of Confederate cavalry came down upon the York river in McClellan's rear, destroyed some of his stores, and, making a complete circuit round his army, regained Richmond by way of Long Bridge. It is probable that this incident warned him of the necessity of providing for the transference of his depots to the James, an operation which was begun on the 18th. On the 25th he had recommenced his movement towards Richmond, but on the same evening he learned that Jackson was approaching, and would probably attack his right and rear. Next day the enemy assailed his right wing on the left bank of the Chickahominy, his assailants being, however, not the troops of Jackson, who had not yet come up, but the forces that had hitherto interposed between him and Richmond, whose leader, Lee, certain now of Jackson's support, crossed the river, and threw himself upon what he believed to be the vital point of attack—namely, the line which linked his enemy to the York.

McClellan incurred a great deal of ridicule because he described the abandonment of his depots at White House, which appeared to be compulsory and the result of defeat, as a "strategic movement." It was held by the world to be a weak attempt to veil a disaster. But it is evident that the world was wrong in its judgment. The movement to the James had long been meditated as part of the plan of campaign, and would have been executed long before but for the direction of M'Dowell's march. That it was compulsory at last is certain; but McClellan must have the credit of having foreseen and provided for the approaching necessity. His forethought alone prevented the destruction of the army. The attacks of the Confederates were all founded on the supposition that he was entirely dependent on the line of the York, and their fierce onslaught on his right in the seven days' fighting only precipitated his retreat to the James. But we think that the General speaks much too grandiloquently of the operation itself. "Such a change of base," he says, "in the presence of a powerful enemy, is one of the most difficult undertakings in war." So it is under ordinary circumstances—that is to say, when an army must make a flank march across an enemy's front, to take up a new line of supply, on roads to which depots are to be transferred from the old line. But McClellan had, for the evacuation of his stores, a railway which ran conveniently behind his line, bringing immediate supplies, and a flotilla which took the rest in perfect safety to the selected point on the James, the line to that river being already covered by one wing of his army, while the enemy, operating under the error we have mentioned, facilitated the concentration of the other. But what McClellan may justly be praised for, and what indeed is his most eminent service, is the conduct of the retreat under the daily and hourly pressure of a superior and persistent foe. On the 27th his right wing received a stunning blow at Gaines' Mill, where he lost 22 guns and a number of men which he does not dare to estimate. Yet he maintained the order and spirit of his troops, and, while falling back incessantly through woods and swamps, was still ready at each halt to oppose his determined pursuers, till he finally found shelter beneath the guns of his flotilla.

Notwithstanding the great losses he had sustained, McClellan's correspondence shows that he never lost heart. He continued to regard his retreat as a temporary measure, and to look forward to another advance upon Richmond. In fact, while sending his sick and encumbrances off by water, finding that the enemy had almost disappeared from his front, he began again to advance, and was evidently ready to recommence the campaign. But events were occurring elsewhere which speedily demolished his hopes.

The troops covering the upper

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Potomac had been combined under the unfortunately well-known general John Pope, and had been pushed southward to take the pressure off McClellan. Their very confident commander, not content with proclaiming the victories he was about to achieve, announced that the Confederates in alarm were evacuating Richmond. In the mean time they were really quitting McClellan's front, who, though unassailable, was for the present incapable of an offensive movement, and concentrating before Pope, whose misfortunes then commenced, and were crowded into the briefest possible space. First they defeated his vanguard at Cedar Mountain; then, passing behind the Blue Ridge, they emerged upon his rear, seizing his supplies and papers, and cutting him from the upper Potomac; next they defeated him in an action which he reported as a victory; and, lastly, they drove his whole army in utter rout upon Alexandria, and invaded the Federal States.

At the first appearance of the Confederate army in Pope's front, McClellan was ordered to embark his forces, and land them at Acquia Creek. Against this step he strongly remonstrated; but as his arguments were urged in ignorance of the nature of the crisis, they need not be recapitulated, for he talks of Pope's and Burnside's forces, all too few to oppose Lee, as if they were available to reinforce him. General Halleck responded in a letter which conclusively shows, what facts so soon confirmed, that the only way to unite the armies for the defence of the capital was to withdraw McClellan from the Peninsula. Accordingly he began to embark his divisions, and on the 26th August arrived in Alexandria, where he was ordered to take the entire direction of the despatch of troops to aid Pope, the communications with whom were presently cut by Lee, and placed in command of the forces destined to defend the capital.

Thus the command of the Army of the Potomac had passed out of the hands of McClellan, most of his troops being sent to reinforce Pope. But after the defeats of August, the Government officials again turned to McClellan for help. First the President, after saying that "he had always been a friend of his," besought him to use his influence with his late divisional commanders to co-operate cheerfully with Pope. Next, "on the morning of the 2d (Sept.) the President and General Halleck came to my house, when the President informed me that Colonel Kelton had returned from the front, that our affairs were in bad condition, that the army was in full retreat upon the defences of Washington, the roads filled with stragglers, &c. He instructed me at once to take steps to stop and collect the stragglers, to place the works in a proper state of defence, and to go out to meet and take command of the army when it approached the vicinity of the works, then to put the troops in the best position for defence, committing everything to my hands." Before following him in his new campaign, we will pause to see what claim this "friend of his" and the General-in-Chief, Halleck, had by their previous treatment acquired on his good offices to extricate them from their present dilemma.

All the indignities we have already recorded inflicted on him by the Government, McClellan had submitted to with singular good temper. Only once had he been roused to anything like reproach, and then not on personal grounds. The losses he had suffered in the disaster of Gaines' Mill deeply moved him, and he wrote to Mr Stanton: "I feel too earnestly to-night. I have seen too many dead and wounded comrades to feel otherwise than that the Government has not sustained this army. If I save the army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you, or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army." But he speedily

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recovered his equanimity, and went on writing and telegraphing in the most cheerful spirit. It was while, at Harrison's Bar, he was resting his army and restoring its confidence and spirits after the disastrous seven days, that General Halleck telegraphed to him, 2d August, thus: "You have not answered my telegram about the removal of your sick. Remove them as rapidly as possible, and telegraph me when they will be out of your way. The President wishes an answer as early as possible."

McClellan explains that the telegram which he was blamed for not answering, required him "to send away his sick, and to notify the General-in-Chief *when they were removed.*" As the removal was not completed he had not, of course, replied.

Aug. 4th.—After remonstrating against the removal of his army from the James, McClellan receives the following from Halleck: "My telegram to you of yesterday will satisfy you in regard to future operations. It was expected that you would have sent off your sick as directed, without waiting to know what were or would be the intentions of the Government respecting future movements. The President expects that the instructions which were sent to you yesterday with his approval will be carried out with all possible despatch and caution;" and on August 5th he receives, in reply to a request for troops, the still more laconic telegram—"I have no reinforcements to send you.—H. W. Halleck, Major-General." Again, Aug. 9th, "Considering the amount of transportation at your disposal, your delay is not satisfactory. You must move with all possible celerity." McClellan replies, explaining that Halleck is under a mistake, and that the order for embarkation is being executed as rapidly as possible. Nevertheless, on the 10th, Halleck says, "The enemy is crossing the Rapidan in large force. They are fighting General Pope to-day; there must be no further delay in your movements. That which has already occurred was entirely unexpected, and must be satisfactorily explained. Let not a moment's time be lost, and telegraph me daily what progress you have made in executing the order to transfer your troops." And on the 12th August—"The Quartermaster-General informs me that nearly every available steam vessel in the country is now under your control. To send more from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York would interfere with the transportation of army supplies, and break up the channels of travel by which we are to bring forward the new troops. Burnside moved nearly 13,000 troops to Acquia Creek in less than two days, and his transports were immediately sent back to you." Respecting which taunt about Burnside's comparative diligence, McClellan explains that Burnside "was not encumbered with sick or wounded men—he had no cavalry, artillery waggons, or teams. His force consisted of infantry alone, with a few ambulances and officers' horses; his baggage was already on the transports, where it had remained since his arrival from North Carolina, and his men had only to resume their places on board. I may also repeat that the vessels used by General Burnside had not returned from Acquia when the army left Harrison's Bar." All which facts ought unquestionably to have been known to the General-in-Chief, who was thus free and brusque in censuring the commander of the principal army.

But that he might have a fuller and readier communication with Halleck than could be obtained by sending a despatch seventy miles to the nearest telegraph office, and waiting ten hours for a reply, McClellan journeyed himself to the station and telegraphed to Halleck, "Please come to office—wish to talk to you. What news from Pope?" and again, next day (Aug. 14), "Started to Jamestown Island

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to talk with you; found cable broken, and came here. Please read my long telegram," &c. To which Halleck replied, "I have read your despatch. There is no change of plans. You will send up your troops as rapidly as possible. There is no difficulty in landing them. According to your own accounts there is now no difficulty in withdrawing your forces. Do so with all possible rapidity."

"Before I had time," says McClellan, "to decipher and reply to this despatch, the telegraph operator in Washington informed me that General Halleck had gone out of the office immediately after writing this despatch, without leaving any intimation of the fact for me, or waiting for any further information as to the object of my journey across the bay. As there was no possibility of other communication with him at that time, I sent the following despatch, and returned to Harrison's Landing: 'Your orders will be obeyed. I return at once. I had hoped to have a longer and fuller conversation with you after travelling so far for the purpose.'"

There was not much encouragement to continue a correspondence with the official personage who, after the curtest reply, walked away, leaving his anxious interlocutor to pour forth his questions to the empty air. Yet McClellan, touched by the fidelity and misfortunes of his army, once more addressed the great man in its behalf. "Please say a kind word to my army," he says on the 18th August, "that I can repeat to them in general orders in regard to their conduct at Yorktown, Williamsburg, &c. . . . No one has ever said anything to cheer them but myself. Say nothing about me; merely give my men and officers credit for what they have done. It will do you much good, and will strengthen you much with them, if you issue a handsome order to them in regard to what they have accomplished. They deserve it."

In his report he says, "As no reply was received to this communication, and no order was issued by the General-in-Chief, I conclude that my suggestion did not meet with his approbation."

Of course the officials who treated McClellan thus did not imagine they should have any further occasion for his services. They calculated, no doubt, that, as an unsuccessful leader, he would, by popular consent, be consigned to the inevitable limbo destined for all who should disappoint the expectations of the country. On arriving at Washington he was deprived of his troops, who were sent forward as they arrived to help Pope; and had that incapable braggart defeated Lee, McClellan would have been at once set aside. But, as fugitives came pouring into Washington with tidings of disaster, it began to be clear that McClellan, unsuccessful as he was, still possessed the confidence of his men, and that he alone could be trusted to lead them against the enemy. And when the wreck of the Federal corps sought shelter from Lee behind the works of the capital, and the scared Government besought him to save the country, this good citizen, forgetting all injuries and affronts, at once assumed the command, and, promptly reorganising the broken host, led it against his redoubtable opponent.

Lee, crossing the Potomac high up the stream, had moved his columns towards Pennsylvania, his flank being sheltered on the side of Washington by the mountains, the passes of which he held. McClellan moved towards these passes. Of course the nearer to the Potomac he could deliver a blow, the more effectual it would be. But he did not move on the pass which is on the very bank of the river, because the space between the mountain and the water was too narrow to allow of the formation of a line of battle, and was swept by Confederate artillery on both sides of the stream. At South Mountain he attacked the next gap in the ridge and forced it, while the centre and right from Frederick

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assailed Turner's Gap, which was abandoned by the Confederates in the night. "It is believed," says McClellan, "that the force opposed to us at Turner's Gap consisted of D. H. Hill's corps, and a part, if *not the whole*, of Longstreet's, and *perhaps* a portion of Jackson's; probably some 30,000 in all. We went into action with about 30,000 men, and our losses amounted to 1568, aggregate." This uncandid method of computing the enemy's force, and so making it appear equal to his own, as well as his glorification over the fancied victory, are the less excusable, as McClellan must have known that these detachments were placed in the gaps only to hold them till the main columns had concentrated, and that, this object effected, the sooner they retired the better.

The mountain-ridge being passed, the Federal columns swung round on their left towards the river; and, nearing it, found Lee's army drawn up to bar the way. The Confederate leader had no doubt calculated on holding, at pleasure, undisturbed possession of the country north of the Potomac, thinking the Federal army too severely shaken by defeat to resume the offensive. But when McClellan moved against him, he had hastened to withdraw his columns towards Virginia, behind the detachments posted to hold the gaps of the ridge. The concentration being effected between the enemy and the Potomac, Lee might have continued his retreat without a battle. But to have retired in face of the enemy without a passage of arms, would have been inconsistent with the character of a commander always more ready to fight than to evade an action. Taking post behind the Antietam Creek, he awaited the onset, while he saw the long trains of his spoils pass the river behind him.

This battle of Antietam may be considered the test of McClellan's fighting qualities. It is the only great action in which he directed all the main operations. For at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines one wing of the Federals was assailed unexpectedly, and the commanders of corps had to make good their ground as best they could. At Williamsburg it was Sumner who commanded, and at Hanover, Porter. At Gaines' Mill, again, it was General Porter who made the actual tactical dispositions on the field. But when the Federal advance came upon Lee's line of battle at Antietam, it was, McClellan says, too late to attack that day, and he proceeded, after examination of the position, to employ the remainder of the 15th in making deliberate dispositions for the engagement.

Some months ago, in reviewing books on the American war, we commented on the excellent work of Captain Chesney on the campaigns in Virginia and Maryland. The reader will find, on consulting it, that it records facts, carefully and dispassionately adduced, which are in many important respects at variance with the report of McClellan. We find, for instance, that the troops which opposed him at South Mountain (the division of D. Hill) were 10,000 in number, instead of 30,000, as the Federal commander estimates their force. It will be found, too, that the force with which Lee barred the way at the Antietam consisted only of a part of Longstreet's corps. The whole of Jackson's force, 24,000, had been employed in the attack on Harper's Ferry, the relief of which post had been one special object of McClellan's advance. Now, the post surrendered at 8 in the morning of the 16th, and McClellan knew it from the cessation of the firing. He must also have known that Jackson's force was thus set free to join Lee. Had he, therefore, attacked at once on the evening of the 15th, when he had five corps at hand, he might have brought above 70,000 men against about a third of their numbers. But, imposed on by Lee's attitude, he contented himself with reconnoitring him that evening.

The Antietam and Potomac both

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run southward for some distance in the neighbourhood of the battle-field, but before their junction the Potomac makes an eastward bend. In the hilly wooded space between them is Sharpsburg, at the junction of many roads leading from Maryland to Virginia. In front of Sharpsburg Lee had drawn up his lines, his right resting on the Antietam, which covered about two-thirds of his front, but its course then diverging, his left wing did not command the passages of the upper portion of the stream. Thus, of the three passages leading on Lee's right, centre, and left, that on his left was unguarded.

McClellan, then, after a second reconnoissance, which lasted till two in the afternoon of the 16th, and which was, he says, rendered necessary by a change in the disposition of Lee's batteries, resolved to cross first by the unguarded passage (no doubt because it *was* unguarded) and to attempt to turn Lee's left, as the preliminary to an attack upon his other flank. Then, when his own left should have pushed back his enemy's right, it was to move along the crest towards the right, and the centre was finally to advance and connect them.

Now, two roads led along Lee's rear from Sharpsburg across the Potomac. That on his left crossed at Williamsport, that on his right at Shepherdstown. If his left only was turned, he could still cross at Shepherdstown—if his right only, he could still retreat on Williamsport; which flank then was it best for McClellan to turn? We have said that the passage of the Antietam would be undisputed on Lee's left, and that it was therefore *easiest* to attack there. But it often happens that the point of an enemy's line which is weakest, and where it will be easiest to defeat him, is by no means that which offers the most decisive results. And it is a distinctive feature in the character of a great general that he always aims, if possible, not at the point where he may most easily gain the battle, and nothing more than the battle, but at that which will entail the most fatal result on the enemy.

Now the Potomac from Williamsport to Shepherdstown runs nearly north and south. If Lee should be compelled to retreat by Williamsport, McClellan, crossing at Shepherdstown, would interpose between him and the Shenandoah valley, between him and all Eastern Virginia, between him and Richmond—would in fact ruin him. But if he were compelled to retreat by Shepherdstown, his course down the Shenandoah valley (as was actually the case) would be unimpeded, and nothing would be gained beyond the ground he had stood on. Thus the result of an attack on Lee's right would be enormously greater than that which would follow from an attack on his left. And had a successful attack been made on his right on the 16th it would have cut Jackson from the main body, for he did not join Lee till after midnight.

But, though McClellan's plan contemplated an attack on both flanks, there can be no doubt as to which was the point he specially aimed at. Out of six corps he threw four against the enemy's left, while one only attacked the right, and one, opposite the centre, was not engaged. Now, an attack on the right was not impracticable, for it was made, and was so far successful that Burnside crossed there and held his ground on the further bank. If, then, the four corps had been massed there instead of on the left, and had been equally successful in forcing back by their weight the opposing line, Lee could not have retreated by Shepherdstown, but must have been driven on Williamsport, and the result would have been what we have indicated. We think, therefore, McClellan's whole plan of battle false; and we believe that he was induced to adopt it because the attack on the left was so much easier than that on the right—a consideration which, especially with

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such disparity in his favour as existed in the opposing forces, ought not to have controlled his decision.

It was so late on the 16th when McClellan began his attack that Hooker's corps only was engaged. It crossed by fords unopposed, attacked Longstreet's left, and at the close of some sharp, indecisive fighting, encamped close to it for the night. Jackson, arriving at midnight, took post opposite Hooker. Next day the general engagement began. All day the four corps in succession were hurled against the left of Lee, which, at the close of the battle, had fallen back about a mile, after varying fortunes, and heavy loss on both sides. Burnside, after failing in two attempts, had also crossed on Lee's right, gained a footing on the crest, and was then driven back upon the bridge, remaining on the right bank. Lee still held Sharpsburg in the centre.

On the morning of the 18th, the armies faced each other, but the battle was not renewed. McClellan's troops were not in a condition to attack. Hooker's corps and part of Sumner's on the left were demoralised, and Burnside's was so shaky that, after demanding support, he retired, though unassailed, to the left bank. McClellan had lost by his own account more than 12,000 men; but he omits to count among them about 6000 of Hooker's men who abandoned the field, and did not rejoin their colours till the 22d.

Such, then, were the results accomplished by the deliberately arranged attack of 87,000 men on, at the most, 70,000. They had caused one wing of the opposing line to recede a short distance, at the expense, *per contra*, of a loss of about 20,000 men, and the demoralisation of part of the army. Nevertheless, as the Confederates ultimately retired, McClellan claims a signal victory. But he tells us, in excusing himself for not renewing the battle on the 18th, that he expected large reinforcements from Pennsylvania. This, which might of itself be a good reason why he should postpone the attack, was also an excellent reason why Lee should not await it. And when it is added that two fresh divisions joined McClellan on the morning of the 18th, while Porter's corps (in the centre) was still almost untouched, there is sufficient to account for Lee's retreat without attributing it to any success gained by McClellan in the action. He was preparing to re-engage on the morning of the 19th, when he found that Lee had, during the night, withdrawn his whole force safely beyond the Potomac; and a strong detachment sent across to ascertain whether he was still in force in the neighbourhood of the river received convincing, if not satisfactory, proof of the fact in a severe disaster.

Accepting, then, the battle of Antietam as a fair criterion of McClellan's fighting quality, we cannot estimate it very highly. Sagacious and sound in combining the movements of a campaign, he would always be apt to forfeit any advantages which his plan had gained by irresolution in striking the blows which his previous operations could only have placed him in a good position to deliver. It is not that we think him deficient in determination—his conduct of the seven days' retreat, when, fiercely pressed by an undoubtedly stronger foe, he kept throughout a firm countenance, and was so little damaged that at the first pause he was ready to resume with spirit his advance, proves that disaster and peril cannot daunt him. But his resolution has only been exhibited in circumstances where there was no alternative, and where to give way was to be destroyed. It does not appear to be of that kind which induces great generals to disregard present risk for the sake of adequate future advantage, and which alone can achieve brilliant strokes in war. He is eminently a prudent and safe general; and it would be difficult probably to inflict upon him any disaster which foresight

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could prevent; but, on the other hand, he appears to have radical defects of character which will hinder him from ever achieving notable successes.

In support of this estimate, we would point to his tendency constantly to overrate the strength of his adversary—a tendency which is absolutely fatal to enterprise or to a happy audacity. On first landing in the Peninsula, he immensely exaggerated the force opposing him in the lines of Yorktown; and his false estimate was the means of detaining him there when some of the advantages he had aimed at in his original plan might have followed from a bolder course. Throughout his subsequent operations, up to the battle of Gaines' Mill, he was always crippled by the expectation of being attacked by superior numbers; and we have seen that at South Mountain and Antietam he ridiculously overrated his enemy.

The statements by which he supports his estimates of the enemy's strength and comparative losses in battle, are, to say the least, uncandid. Thus at Fair Oaks he had at first four, and afterwards six divisions, against three of the Confederates—viz., Longstreet's, Hill's, and Smith's; and in summing up the results of the two days' engagement, he gives his own loss as 5700, the enemy's as 6700. But in a despatch some days after the battles he places his own losses for the two days at 7000. It is probable, therefore, that the first more favourable balance is obtained by giving the Confederate losses for both days, and his own only for the first day. For he quotes, in confirmation of the Southern casualties, the report of General Johnston, the Confederate commander; and it is most likely that the report would include the two consecutive engagements, since the intervening night would afford no opportunity for ascertaining and reporting the results of the first action. But the example of this kind of manipulation of numbers which, while unexplained, is most discreditable to McClellan, is in his comparison of forces at Antietam. He gives the following summary:—

"An estimate of the forces under the Confederate General Lee, made up by direction of General Banks from information obtained by the examination of prisoners, deserters, spies, &c., previous to the battle of Antietam, is as follows:—

General T. J. Jackson's Corps, .	24,778
,, James Longstreet's Corps,	23,342
,, D. H. Hill's two divisions,	15,525
,, J. E. B. Stuart's Cavalry,	6,400
,, Ransom's and Jenkins's Brigades, ...	3,000
Forty-six regiments not included in above, ...	18,400
Artillery estimated at 400 guns,	6,000
Total,	97,445

"These estimates give the actual numbers of men present and fit for duty.

"Our own forces at the battle of Antietam were as follows:—

1st Corps, ...	14,856
2d Corps, ...	13,813
5th Corps (one div. not arrived),	12,930
6th Corps, ...	12,300
9th Corps, ...	13,819
12th Corps, ...	10,126
Cavalry Division, ...	4,320
Total in action,	87,164"

Now, when we observe that the artillery, liberally estimated at 400 guns, with a further liberal estimate of fifteen men per gun, are counted on the Confederate side, while none appear on his own, and that D. H. Hill's division, raised from its real number 10,000 to 15,000, formed part of Longstreet's corps, and appears thus to be counted twice over, we may well regard with added suspicion the very doubtful item of "forty-six regiments not included in above," and discredit entirely the preposterous balance of 10,000 men on the side of the Confederates in the statement thus manufactured with the "examination of prisoners, deserters, spies, &c.," as its trustworthy basis. We think, therefore, that we are justified in regarding this manner of measuring his strength with his enemy's as a habit and a great

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defect of his mind, and in setting aside his own estimates when they tell in his favour, especially as we find that on one occasion, soon after the commencement of the Peninsular campaign, the President points out a discrepancy, in his statement of his own numbers, of no less than 23,000, which is not cleared up in the Report.

However, whatever faults McClellan might have committed, one fact was evident, that he alone had saved the Government and the capital, perhaps the whole cause of the Union. Of all the Generals who crowded into Washington in the last calamitous days of August, amidst the wrecks of the corps that had felt the weight of Lee's and Jackson's blows, there was not another under whom the army would have consented to take the field, or probably, if it had, who could have reduced the chaos to order before it was too late. Accepting without a murmur the task of redeeming the failures of his late rival Pope, he had rapidly brought an army, respectable for discipline as well as numbers, into the field, restored its confidence in itself, led it straight upon the enemy, and regained for the Federal Government the control of all the territory north of the Potomac. Whereas, but for him, history would have had a very different picture to paint—the Federal army broken, dispirited, and uncontrollable, perhaps mutinous—its chiefs divided in council—the Government either shut up in Washington or fugitives—the Confederates unopposed masters of the country up to the Susquehanna—with all the dissensions and anarchy that such calamities would entail on the North. And, in the first revulsion after his late alarms, the grateful President thus telegraphed to McClellan, "Your despatch of to-day" (about South Mountain) "received. God bless you, and all with you. Destroy the rebel army if possible." But the jealous dislike of Halleck and Stanton was only restrained till it was safe to vent it. Three days after Antietam, when it was certain that Lee had re-crossed the Potomac, Halleck telegraphs thus, "We are still left entirely in the dark in regard to your own movements and those of the enemy. This should not be so. You should keep me advised of both, so far as you know them." Whereupon McClellan, no doubt invigorated by success, becomes actually resentful. "Your telegram of to-day," he replied, "is received. I telegraphed you yesterday all I knew. . . . . I regret that you find it necessary to couch every despatch I have the honour to receive from you in a spirit of fault-finding, and that you have not yet found leisure to say one word in commendation of the recent achievements of this army, or even to allude to them."

But the demeanour of these officials was only significant of their designs. McClellan, successful and applauded, was becoming far too dangerous a personage to be countenanced, or even tolerated much longer. His dismissal was doubtless resolved on at once, but as a necessary preliminary he must be shorn of his popularity. If he could be made to appear dilatory and incapable, the people would soon forget his services, and the best way to exhibit him in this light was to deprive him of the power of acting. Accordingly his army was kept in all respects on a starvation allowance—regiments were allowed to remain mere skeletons, the cavalry and artillery were not re-mounted, the transport service was below the needs of the army, the men were kept half-clothed and shoeless, the accumulation of supplies was insufficient to maintain the troops during an advance—and all the time the Secretary for War and General-in-Chief were urging the unfortunate commander of this force, which they were studiously rendering helpless, to advance and fight. Even if fully equipped and supplied, the troops could not have been trusted in an offensive movement against Lee,

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who showed a bold front, and even made inroads on McClellan's rear. "The army," says the Federal General at this time, "is not now in condition to undertake another campaign, nor to bring on another battle, unless great advantages are offered by some mistake of the enemy, or pressing military exigencies render it necessary." All this, of course, afforded a handle to his enemies, to be worked in due season. Meanwhile he remained guarding the Potomac, and devising plans for an advance. While the river was low, and the enemy could cross easily, he was desirous of advancing from its upper course along the Shenandoah valley, thus covering Maryland by his front. But the President, who was always fully alive to any danger threatening the capital wherein he resided, was anxious to see McClellan's army interposed between himself and Lee, and urged that it should occupy the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, basing on Alexandria. Willing to gratify Mr Lincoln, McClellan, as soon as the rainy season rendered the passage of the Potomac precarious to Lee, commenced the movement east of the Blue Ridge, towards Warrenton, seizing the gaps as he passed, to prevent the enemy from issuing on his communications with the Potomac; for he remained dependent on his depots at Harper's Ferry and Berlin till he should reach the Manassas Railroad, when the line of the upper Potomac would be no longer important. Supposing that Lee should be parallel to him on the other side of the Ridge, he meant to move south till he should find the enemy's main body between him and the Potomac—when, forcing his way into the valley, he would get in their rear, and, if he could defeat, would destroy them. This simple plan did not sound very feasible in practice against Lee; and McClellan says—"I hardly hoped to accomplish this, but did expect that by striking in between Culpepper Court House and Little Washington, I could either separate their army and beat them in detail, or else force them to concentrate as far back as Gordonsville; and thus place the army of Potomac in position either to adopt the Fredericksburg line of advance upon Richmond, or to be removed to the Peninsula."

These movements, continued for ten days, brought the Federal force about Warrenton, and McClellan believes he was in a position to separate and defeat the enemy, when any such untoward exercise of zeal on his part was effectually prevented by Messieurs Stanton and Halleck. "I was confident of decisive victory," he says (he had often been confident of that), "when, in the midst of the movement, while my advanced-guard was actually in contact with the enemy, I was removed from the command." It would perhaps have fared better with him then, had he resented previous injuries more indignantly. Could it have been supposed that he would use the influence he undoubtedly possessed for his own purposes, the risk of offending him, when so powerful, would have been too great. A spice of the Napoleon or the Cromwell temper might have caused him to conclude an armistice with Lee, march on Washington, hurl from their seats the clique that burlesqued a government—and that would have been the reproach even of nations whose pretensions were moderate, and who did not select their own rulers—and seize the loose reins of empire. But he was not of that fiery stamp. He received the mandate with submission, and retired into private life, leaving his army to be shattered against the Confederate lines at Fredericksburg by Burnside, and at Chancellorsville by Hooker.

Notwithstanding our entire belief that the popular opinion which ascribes to McClellan's generalship the grave defects of slowness and over-caution is correct, we think he is by far the best leader that has yet conducted a Federal army. Setting aside the numerous failures

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whom we have been regularly required to accept as great commanders, we see none among those whose incompetence has been less obvious, or whose success has been more considerable, whom we would place beside, far less above, McClellan. For instance, let us consider the campaign of Grant.

This commander was free last spring to choose his own line of operation in the campaign that had been so boastfully announced, and so elaborately provided for. He had the experience of other Generals, in many preceding campaigns, to enlighten him on the special obstacles and special facilities which existed on each route to Richmond. Fremont, Milroy, Banks, and other hapless military pretenders, could tell him what pitfalls lurked for incompetence in the Shenandoah valley. If he wanted information about the line of the Orange Railway from Alexandria to the Rapidan, he could obtain plenty from General Pope. M'Dowell, Burnside, and Hooker, could tell him what sort of obstacle the Rappahannock interposed to an advance by the Fredericksburg road—and the first of these had traversed a great part of that road in his movement to join McClellan. Lastly, the lines from the Pamunkey on the one side, and from the James on the other, to the Chickahominy, had been amply illustrated by the events which we have been reviewing. Deliberating, then, on all these alternatives, the command of the rivers left him free to choose among them. If he wished to operate by either bank of the James, there was nothing to prevent him from making Bermuda Hundred (the starting-point of Butler) the base of the whole army. But he deliberately selected the Fredericksburg road—not aiming at it through Fredericksburg, which would have involved so long a movement to his left that Lee might have discovered it, and have had time to interpose, but selecting the fords by which Hooker had crossed to fight at Chancellorsville. Quitting Lee's front on the upper stream, he concentrated at the fords below, and began to cross. His idea was obvious. If he could collect his army on the south bank, and move obliquely by the Wilderness towards Bowling Green, he would be much nearer Richmond than Lee was, and he probably calculated that his antagonist, thus cut from the capital, would be forced to regain it by the long circuit of the upper James; but that, in any case, his own superior numbers would enable him at once to hold Lee at bay, and to invest the capital. This plan was baffled at its very outset. Lee followed the movement to the fords so rapidly that his leading divisions formed across the heads of Grant's columns as they moved up from the river—and but for the unfortunate wound which Longstreet received from his own men as he was advancing to complete the discomfiture of the invaders, the Wilderness would probably have been the scene of the beginning and ending of this campaign. As it was, Lee easily regained the direct line to Richmond, and took up a position on it which Grant in vain assailed. Baffled in front, he moved off to his left until his circuit brought his rear towards the Peninsula, when, his line by Fredericksburg being quite uncovered, he began to draw his supplies from the Pamunkey. Next he tried to break into Richmond through its eastern defences, and sustained what was probably the bloodiest of his many bloody defeats. Shifting to the James, he crossed it, and commenced that advance on Petersburg which has lasted until now, respecting which line of operation against Richmond we will offer a few remarks.

In commenting on McClellan's operations we pointed out that the President's fears of an attack on Washington were unfounded, provided a great Federal force were east of Richmond, such as the General wished and designed to accumulate there. For such an army

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must always menace the communications of a Confederate force moving to the Potomac from Richmond; and we illustrated this by the fact that, directly McClellan seized Hanover Court-House, the Southern troops fronting M'Dowell on the Rappahannock were obliged to fall back. And so long as Grant's army remained east of Richmond it was difficult or impossible for Lee to direct any counter stroke on the Federal capital. But directly Grant crossed to the south bank of the James, Lee, so long as he could hold the enemy at bay by his fortifications, was free to detach troops northward—and we have seen that Early has twice, with a comparatively small force, invaded the Federal States, collected there vast trains of supplies, and created such alarm at Washington as seriously crippled Grant. Such then has been one result of the advance on Richmond from the south. But it has another feature of its own. In selecting any other line, the Federal army always covered by its front its own communications, whether with Alexandria, Acquia, Urbana, or the James. But directly the army moved towards Petersburg, it was linked to its supplies on the river by a line in the prolongation of its right flank. Thus if the line should be broken anywhere between the left and the river, all the troops thus separated would be lost, unless they could cut their way through, because behind them was the Confederate territory. This accounts for the frequent large captures of Federals, and disasters to bodies of their cavalry acting in extension of their line—and nothing but the immense superiority of force which Grant has possessed throughout the campaign has prevented this blot from being fatally hit by his skilful and determined opponent.

Seeing, then, what Grant has accomplished and failed to accomplish—looking at the position he has established himself in after so many struggles, and the enormous, unheard-of expenditure of men and means which has attended his futile manœuvres, we think we should be wronging McClellan if we set Grant beside him in generalship. As to Sherman, he has never been sufficiently tested to have given proof of his qualities, for though he has made good his advance on a long and difficult line, yet his superiority of numbers has always been so considerable as to compensate for all disadvantages of circumstances, as is sufficiently manifest from the fact that, while always too strong to be attacked in front, he was able to detach largely to a flank, and so turn every position; under such conditions, movements otherwise difficult and hazardous become easy.

But there is one aspect in which McClellan shines with absolute lustre when compared with other generals of the North. The spirit in which he makes war is humane and honourable. The grisly fanaticism of Sherman — who lays waste a broad belt of cultivated country along his line of march, as if some poisonous wind had swept over it, and who depopulates cities and districts as a sacrifice to that extinct Union, a belief in which he has erected into a religious principle not to be denied without blasphemy—finds no countenance from McClellan. Of that Union he has always professed himself a firm adherent; but he has never proclaimed that it is to be maintained at the cost of the destruction of the Southern people, and the devastation of their territory. From his point of view it is an end to be attained by the superior resources of the North, employed in an honourable and civilised contest. It was while he was smarting on the banks of the James from the blows inflicted on the Chickahominy, an enemy in front still threatening him with destruction, that he wrote, in an address to the President, the following sentences:—

"This rebellion has assumed the

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character of war; as such it should be regarded; and it should be conducted upon the highest principles known to Christian civilisation. It should not be a war looking to the subjugation of the people of any state, in any event. It should not be at all a war upon population, but against armed forces and political organisations. Neither confiscation of property, political executions of persons, territorial organisation of states, or forcible abolition of slavery, should be contemplated for a moment. In prosecuting the war, all private property and unarmed persons should be strictly protected, subject only to the necessity of military operations. All private property taken for military use should be paid or receipted for; pillage and waste should be treated as high crimes; all unnecessary trespass sternly prohibited, and offensive demeanour by the military towards citizens promptly rebuked. Military arrests should not be tolerated, except in places where active hostilities exist, and oaths not required by enactments constitutionally made should be neither demanded nor received. Military government should be confined to the preservation of public order and the protection of political rights."

In the approaching contest for the Presidency, the issue submitted to the people of the North is sufficiently clear. Both candidates have declared for the prosecution of the war. The election of McClellan means humane and civilised war. It would be a confession that the savage nature of the contest has been repugnant to the spirit of the majority of the Northern people; it would be a vast step towards retrieving the deep stigma which now rests upon them. It would be, too, a recognition of the claims of worth, sense, and respectability in a contest for rule, and, so far, a return to the principles on which the Union was framed; and it would be a guarantee for the restoration throughout the North of that freedom without which the word Constitution is a mockery. The re-election of Lincoln would mean that the sentiments of the Northern people are fitly represented by him, his Ministers, and Generals—that, for the sake of producing a hideous caricature of their former partnership in government, they are ready to sanction more cruelties in the South — more peculation, corruption, and tyranny, in the North— and to inspire civilised nations with more horror and disgust for the frenzied acts in which they express devotion to their political Moloch.

The interest of the South in the election is chiefly contained in the question, "Will McClellan be readier to make peace than Lincoln?" He has answered this in the negative. "The Union," he says in his late manifesto, repeating it with a needless stolid reiteration, "must be preserved at all hazards." This announcement took the world by surprise — for though he had always proclaimed his loyalty to the Union, yet there was nothing in his previous professions which would have been inconsistent with the declaration that all permissible means had been tried in vain, that a prosecution of the war threatened the ruin not only of the South but of the whole continent, and that his voice should now be raised for separation. And as these certainly were supposed to be the sentiments of the party which made him its candidate, it is to be presumed that, before nominating him, the Democratic leaders had ascertained his opinions to be generally concurrent with their own. Perhaps they were — but incidents occurred to create a change in public feeling which neither McClellan nor any other public man in that country can venture to oppose. The defences of Mobile fell—Sherman captured Atlanta—Sheridan obtained a success, the popular delight at which reveals how much the North is compelled to respect the military genius of the South, since the victory, whatever its real extent may prove when it is divested of Mr Stanton's exaggerations, was obtained with a superiority in numbers of about three to one. The advocates of peace were silenced, and McClellan made that declaration of war principles which, while

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it was so ill-timed as to deprive his course of all appearance of independence, was also so ill-judged as to alienate from him the strength of his party. The South, then, seeing him thus committed to a war policy, would probably rather submit to the fresh outrages and injuries that the re-election of Lincoln will entail, confident, as they must be, that these, after all, must really strengthen their cause, than see the still formidable resources of the North in the hands of one so much more competent to direct them.

Meanwhile, the war must go on with its exhibition of constancy on the one side, and truculence on the other. And the onlookers, while very calm and measured in their admiration of the constancy, damning it with very faint praise, are extremely indulgent to the truculence, nay, in some cases, applaud it. It is easy to understand why the majority of the people of the North approve the conduct of the war, if we admit sorrowfully that the base temptations of gain and of gratified rancour may be too strong for ordinary consciences. But it is not so easy to understand what possible interest people in England can have in joining the frenzied cry for Union. Strange to say, it is our Radical newspapers which now proclaim that it is permissible for any people to choose their form of government except the members of a democracy — that the dissolution of a political partnership, which does not fulfil the ends for which it was instituted, is a crime to be appropriately visited with extermination — and to greet each new act of atrocity with shouts of applause, which may well be echoed in laughter by the devils.

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BLACKWOOD'S

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A VISIT TO THE CITIES AND CAMPS OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES, 1863-64.

[To the Editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine.' *Nov.* 1864.

SIR,—I have lately returned from America, after spending nearly a year in the Confederate States. During that period I visited all the principal cities and armies in the field, and was a witness of many interesting events, being present at Gettysburg, the bombardment of Charleston, Chicamauga, &c. Leaving the Confederacy in April, after a short stay at Nassau and Havana, I also visited the Northern States and Canada.

As my friends think that a little account of my travels which I have written might interest the public generally, I take the liberty of offering it to you for publication. The narrative is no doubt very defective, as I am quite unaccustomed to writing; but I believe that no one has had a more favourable opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the Southern Confederacy, under its present aspects, than myself.—I enclose my card, and am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A CAVALRY OFFICER.]

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

I CAME into this neighbourhood, which, by way of distinction, I will call a station on the Underground Railway from Yankeeland to Secessia, some time in the month of May 1863, and stopped at a road and river side inn, where I found four gentlemen, with whom I linked my fortunes for the nonce.

I could not tell you their names, even if I chose to do so; they all go by false ones, as they have informed me, with a promise to disclose their true patronymics when we reach the other side. I cannot tell you where this neighbourhood is to be found, lest I should get my friends into trouble.

The one of them of whom I see most, and with whom I cheerfully associate, is called the Major. He is very agreeable and well-informed,

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has travelled a great deal in his own country, and seems to know everybody. I believe him to be a Virginian country gentleman, who has been run off his plantation by the Yankees. Of course he hates them most cordially.

Two others are young Marylanders going to join the army; and the fourth is, I think, going to run the blockade for commercial purposes.

I brought the latest newspapers with me, which were immediately seized, and the Major read them aloud with amusing comments.

Most Northern newspapers make it a rule never to tell the truth if they can help it, and it requires a great deal of ingenuity and practice to interpret them correctly.

The Major did so, I thought, very successfully. The reading over, we took "a drink" all round, according to the custom of the country. Conversation ensued, and it was late before we retired; the Major and the two soldiers to a deserted church near at hand, and the commercial blockade-runner and myself to our beds at the inn.

The next morning the Major pumped me a little, and finding me, I suppose, "all right," he promised me his protection and services, for which I was very grateful, and indeed they proved invaluable in the sequel. I found the day tediously long, as we got up soon after daylight, and the Major left after breakfast to make some arrangement for obtaining a boat to cross the water. He returned in the evening, having purchased a boat, in which we shall embark as soon as the weather permits. I had to shut myself up in my room for some time during the day, as a Federal officer came to the inn to look at our landlord's whisky, and see that he had not too much of it—rather a strange piece of duty, I thought, for a commissioned army officer. I understand that innkeepers are not allowed to keep more than a certain store of whisky, for fear they should sell it to the rebels over the water, and thereby "aid and comfort" them. This is a very out-of-the-way place. Fancy in this "Excelsior" "go-ahead" country your being seven or eight miles from the nearest post-office, and even there the post coming in only once a-week!

Still we thought ourselves not safe from observation, and "concluded" to part company, and lie about amongst the farmers and planters in the neighbourhood whilst making our preparations. I stuck to the Major, and we have been living at different houses with all sorts of people ever since.

They are all kind, hospitable, good fellows, a little depressed by the bad times, and at being obliged to keep their political sentiments entirely to themselves; for I need not say that in this part of the world all are violent Secessionists, and have forfeited all their political rights, as they will not take an oath of allegiance to the administration. They run no small risk in harbouring us too. If found out, it would go very hard with their persons, and their estates would almost certainly be confiscated. Only a few days ago, the family of a gentleman of large property in Maryland entertained two relations, soldiers in the Southern army, at their house during the absence of the owner himself. They were found out; the gentleman, who knew nothing of the matter, was sent to Fort Warren; his property was confiscated, and the ladies of the family were sent South without being allowed to take anything with them.*

Yet I never discovered the slightest hesitation on the part of the sturdy planters and farmers down here as to receiving us into their houses, and giving us the best entertainment they could afford.

This kind of life is very instructive and entertaining, as far as giving one a thorough insight into the American mode of living in the country; but it is rather hard work to get up at daylight every morn-

* They subsequently earned their living by needlework at Gordonsville.

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ing, and breakfast at half-past four or five. During the day-time we occupy ourselves with walking or riding, or boating and fishing, or we visit a neighbour who invites us to make his house our next quarters.

We never stop more than two nights at the same place.

Dinner is generally before twelve, and by nine in the evening we are in bed and asleep. There is always a great profusion at every meal of salt meat, fish, terrapins, hot cakes, eggs, bacon, butter, &c.; but fresh meat is very rare. I do not believe that a butcher exists nearer than the county town, twenty miles off. There are no markets anywhere except in large cities—not even in the county town, where I spent two days before I came to this part of the country.

A company of Federal soldiers was stationed there, but the "citizens" are all ardently Southern in their sentiments.

I sat one evening with a party of them before the door of the hotel, and they were talking red-hot "Secesh" politics. All regretted that the American colonies had ever separated from England; and though they professed to admire Washington personally, yet they heartily wished he had never been born. One went so far as to d—— Christopher Columbus—"What business on earth," he said, "had he to come and discover this God-forsaken country?"

"Yes, sir," said another, addressing himself to me, "it was a Yankee trick, sir: they cheated us, as they have done ever since. We didn't want to quarrel with England, but they did, because they had been kicked out of the country, with their Mayflower and their Puritans. D—— them, I wish they'd all been drowned at the bottom of the sea. And they didn't want to fight, sir; Yankees never do, sir; and we Southerners, like fools, went and fought it out for them, just as they're making them Dutch and Irishmen fight for them now, sir! No Yankee is ever killed in battle, sir—not at least to speak of," he added, in modification of this rather untenable proposition.

I believe I added to the geographical knowledge of many persons there, by explaining to them the relative position of Vienna and Berlin, dissipating the idea of Prussia being governed by an emperor, &c. &c. At the same time, I have myself learnt several "facts" of which I was previously ignorant.

It seems that the Austrian Field-Marshal Giulay, after losing the battle of Magenta, was cashiered, and then re-entered the army as a private soldier, and was killed at Solferino fighting like a hero.

There was once a famine threatening to break out amongst the tailors of Paris in consequence of want of work. Upon this the Emperor Louis Napoleon suddenly appeared in a totally new and original costume, and all the fashionable young men of Paris following his example, the tailors got plenty to do, and were saved. I made great friends with several of the unsophisticated natives of that quaint little county town; and one of them said to me as we shook hands at parting—"I hope, sir, when you are here again, I'll see you at the jail."

I suppose I looked rather startled at his suggesting such a contingency, which, under the circumstances, was not quite an improbable one; for he then added in explanation that he himself was the guardian of that county institution: "I am the jailer, you know, sir." He seemed to be a very intelligent fellow, and I hope will live to be a judge.

I mentioned before that there are no markets in this country, except in large cities; but they have a substitute for them in the shape of periodical meetings of planters and farmers in fixed places on stated days. Such a reunion takes place weekly at ——; and thither I betook myself one day, having ascertained that there would be none but "right" people about.

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A long line of one-horse buggies and a good many saddle-horses were fastened up to the stake-fences on one side of the road, and their owners were at the store or the wayside-inn, or walking about, buying and selling, and bargaining or talking (politics, of course), or—and that very frequently—"taking a drink." This national custom never takes a solitary form, nor is it indulged in for the purpose of satisfying your thirst. To take a drink with any one, is to accept or proffer a compliment; to refuse one would give grave offence.

Your friend takes you to the bar, and the "liquor" is concocted. Probably several of your friend's friends are there. "Mr So-and-so, will you join us? Mr So-and-so, allow me to introduce you to my friend, Mr Blank." "Mr Blank, I am very happy to meet you, sir" (an American always repeats your name, and treasures it up in his memory); "I hope you are in good health, Mr Blank." You go through the ceremony with all the friends, and in the mean time the drink is ready. Then you bow all round, saying, "My regards, gentlemen," and swallow it gravely, pretending to like it, and trying not to make a grimace. Of course all the drinks here are made of very bad whisky; and I did think it very nasty at first, but one gets used to everything.

After spending nearly a fortnight in this neighbourhood, the wind and weather suddenly became favourable, and it was determined that we should be off at dark.

There was no time to lose. It was five o'clock, and we had to collect our party, which had been increased by two gentlemen from Washington (father and son) and a young doctor. However, by ten o'clock we were on board our little boat, and were fairly off.

We passed one guardship without being perceived, and nothing disturbed us till near daylight. As it dawned, a big dark object suddenly loomed up in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came straight towards us. We strained our eyes looking through the twilight. Could it be? Yes, it was—yes, it was certainly—there could be no mistake—it was a gunboat. I was excessively disgusted: if she saw us we were lost — Fort Lafayette instead of a campaign with Lee. Horrible thought!

Still she came nearer and nearer, whilst we scudded away as fast as we could. But what chance had our little boat against steam? Bigger and bigger the monster became, till hope dawned within us as we saw her swing round and turn her black broadside towards us. She had not perceived our little cockle-shell. Away she steamed in an opposite direction, and as her ugly black hulk gradually receded, and began to look smaller and smaller in the distance, we recovered our spirits and laughed at our "scare." The Major proposed "a drink," and I thought the whisky this time really delicious.

We ran safely into a little creek on the Virginia shore, and then we soon discovered that it was all for the best that we had been detained so long. We landed in the midst of a deserted Yankee camp, and its occupants had only left this part of the country two days before, after having dispossessed the inhabitants of all the property they could lay their hands on.

Negroes, horses, mules, cattle, had been carried off; corn and hay, and even agricultural implements, had been burnt and destroyed. The poor people were in a state of despair.

This part of the country, I must remark, is entirely removed from the seat of war, and the Yankee raid had been made solely for the purpose of plundering and destroying the property of the poor unoffending inhabitants.

Landed in this desolate place, it is hard to say what we all should have done without the Major; but he, who knew everybody, of course was acquainted with the principal proprietor in the neighbourhood,

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and through his influence we obtained a yoke of oxen which had been hidden in the woods during the raid, and a cart on which our baggage was put.

The Major's friend drove him over in his buggy, and we marched some fifteen miles to the banks of a river, where we met another friend of the Major's, who took us in, lodged, and fed us.

Next morning early we had engaged a boat, and had a most charming sail up the river. At three o'clock we landed on the other side; and, after a delicious bath, walked on to the house of another of the Major's friends, where again we were hospitably received, and slept the next night.

Fresh troubles about a conveyance for baggage—for the Yankees had been here too, robbing and destroying; but the Major was once more successful in getting a waggon, and, moreover, found here two horses which he had left behind some time back. They had fortunately escaped the Yankee raid, much to his satisfaction—and mine too, as for the rest of the road I had a mount.

It was a very pleasant ride through a beautiful country with magnificent trees. We got along slowly, as most of the party had to walk the whole way.

Wherever we stopped we were kindly and hospitably welcomed; you could not even ask for a glass of water at any house without their sending out a lump of ice in it, and asking you to dismount and sit in the shady porch. The country-houses are chiefly built of wood—*frame-houses* they call them—and all have a porch along the whole of one side, which in hot weather is the general resort of the inmates when at home.

On the last day of our journey, I rode into a yard where there were two little boys at play. They looked up, and one cried out, "Have you heard the news?" Then he looked a little frightened at my outlandish appearance, for Stoneman's cavalry had been near lately, during the battle of Chancellorsville.

"You're not a Yankee, are you?"

I reassured him on this point, and he went on eagerly—

"Well, Ewell has taken Winchester, and whipped Milroy, and taken him prisoner with all his folk." Then the little fellow ran up with a "Won't you get down? Pap's indoors; he's got the paper and all about it."

Pap soon came out with a hearty welcome and confirmed the news. Of course he knew the Major, who came up just then, and insisted on our stopping to take some refreshment and feed our horses, which we were glad to do, as it was an overpoweringly hot day.

At ten in the evening of Thursday, June 18th, we reached Richmond, it having taken us five days to travel not more than seventy miles, owing to the devastation of the country we had passed through. Here, then, I was at length safe in the Confederate capital, and had reached it at one of the most critical periods of the war.

It will be remembered that little more than a month previously, in the beginning of May (1863), a great battle had been fought at Chancellorsville, sixty miles to the north of Richmond.

General Hooker had crossed the Rapidan not far from Fredericksburg, and a series of battles had been fought during three days, ending in the complete rout of the Federal army, with a loss of thirty thousand men. Lee's loss on this occasion had been comparatively very small, but his triumph had been dearly purchased by the death of the brave General "Stonewall" Jackson, who was accidentally killed by a shot from one of his own men.

Shattered as it was, the Federal army had nevertheless succeeded in recrossing the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, and occupied a position on the north bank of the latter river sufficiently strong to make it disadvantageous to attack, and the

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Confederate commander determined upon a march into the enemy's country, in order to draw General Hooker away from his position. The motives which induced General Lee to take this step are stated by himself in an official despatch addressed to the Adjutant-General of the Confederate army.

He wrote as follows:—

"The position occupied by the enemy opposite Fredericksburg being one in which he could not be attacked to advantage, it was determined to draw him from it. The execution of this purpose embraced the relief of the Shenandoah Valley from the troops that had occupied the lower part of it during the winter and spring, and, if practicable, the transfer of the scene of hostilities north of the Potomac. It was thought that the corresponding movements on the part of the enemy, to which those contemplated by us would give rise, might offer a fair opportunity to strike a blow at the army therein, commanded by General Hooker, and that in any event that army would be compelled to leave Virginia, and possibly to draw to its support troops destined to operate against other parts of the country.

"In this way it was supposed that the enemy's plan of campaign for the summer would be broken up, and part of the season of active exertions be consumed in the formation of new combinations, and the preparations they would require.

"In addition to these advantages, it was hoped that other valuable results might be attained by military success."

This advance of the Confederate army had commenced on June 3, a fortnight before my arrival, and had been thus far very successful. The Shenandoah Valley had been cleared of the enemy; General Milroy had fled from Winchester, leaving the greater part of his division prisoners in the hands of the Confederates, besides a large amount of military stores and artillery; and the day before I reached Richmond (June 17th), the vanguard of the Confederate army had entered Maryland.

On the morning after my arrival I delivered my introductions, which were chiefly in the shape of photographs, letters being considered too compromising. I met with the kindest and most cordial reception from each and all of them.

Major Norris, Chief of the Signal Corps, Mr Joynes, Under-Secretary of War, and Mr Harrison, the President's private secretary, were especially obliging, and furnished me with letters of introduction to their friends in the army. In the evening I called on Mr Benjamin, the Secretary of State, and was fortunate in finding him at home and alone. We had a long, and, I need hardly say, a most interesting conversation. We talked about the war and the foreign prospects of the Confederacy, and the atrocities which the Yankees seem to delight in committing wherever they have a chance.

"If they had behaved differently," Mr Benjamin remarked—"if they had come against us observing strict discipline, protecting women and children, respecting private property, and proclaiming as their only object the putting down of armed resistance to the Federal Government, we should have found it perhaps more difficult to prevail against them. But they could not help showing their cruelty and rapacity; they could not dissemble their true nature, which is the real cause of this war. If they had been capable of acting otherwise, they would not have been Yankees, and we should never have quarrelled with them."

Next day I went down to Drewry's Bluff with a letter from Major Norris to Captain Lee, brother of the General, who is in command there. "The Major," my travelling companion, and a friend of his, accompanied me.

Captain Lee kindly showed us over the fortifications, which are very formidable, and would effectually bar the passage up the river against any number of ironclads or gunboats.

Drewry's Bluff is the same place as Fort Darling, where the Yankee gunboats were repulsed last summer.

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At that time only three guns were there, and those not particularly large ones; but now the place is really very strong, and much more heavily armed.

After Captain Lee had shown us the fort we sat down in front of his house, and had a long conversation whilst waiting for the steamer to return to Richmond.

I thought Captain Lee spoke rather despondently about the coming campaign. He dwelt a good deal upon the difficulties General Lee has to contend with —his want of mechanical appliances, pontoons, &c.; no organised corps of engineers; the danger of exposing Richmond if he gets too far away. He gave us some interesting details of their extraordinary difficulties at the commencement of the war, which they began without any material for carrying it on except men, and without the means of supplying their most urgent necessities.

But things have greatly improved since then.

Now they manufacture their own guns, small-arms, gunpowder, clothing, and almost everything they want. The blockade-runners easily supply the rest.

He told us how little they thought at Washington that it would come to war, till the Administration treacherously, and against their repeated promises, attempted to reinforce Fort Sumter, adding, "But by God's mercy the fleet was detained by contrary winds, and Beauregard then took the fort before they could get there."

Before we left Drewry's Bluff we went on board the Richmond, or Merrimac No. 2, as she used to be called. She is built on the same principle as the Merrimac No. 1, and is very heavily armed. A banded "Brooke" gun was especially pointed out to us as a great beauty and triumph of art.

In the evening Mr Harrison took me to see the President, who was very courteous in his reception, and conversed some time with me.

I mentioned the devastations of the country I had passed through on my journey, and he observed, "It is the same everywhere, I am sorry to say; they are not behaving well to us."

I had also an interview with Mr Seddon, the Secretary of War, who kindly wrote me a pass to the army, so that I was now all ready to start.

Major Norris was particularly obliging in making all arrangements for my journey, which was to be by rail to Staunton, and thence by stage to Winchester, where I should learn the whereabouts of General Lee. Nobody at Richmond seemed to know anything about his movements.

Major Carrington telegraphed to Staunton to secure me a place on the *stage*, and gave me a letter to the quartermaster there. He came down to the train to see me off at six o'clock in the morning, and got me a seat in the ladies' car, and told the conductor to take care of me. Everybody seems to take pleasure in doing all they possibly can to oblige a stranger. It is enough to know that you are a foreigner, and all will do their utmost to assist you.

We rattled along a very good railroad, up hill and down hill—the steepness of the grades rather astonishing me—through a beautiful country, till we reached Staunton in the afternoon.

The little town was crowded with all sorts of people "hurrying up" to the army, and I thought myself fortunate in getting a room to myself in the hotel.

I had made the acquaintance of several officers on the road, and we strolled about the little pleasant place, and passed away the time agreeably enough till supper and an early bed-time.

It was lucky that my place on the stage had been taken by telegraph, or I should not have got off next morning. The coach was crowded both inside and out, and many who wanted to go on with us

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were left behind. It was not particularly pleasant travelling, as we sat squeezed up on the top of the coach amongst sharp-edged boxes and baggage, with scarcely room to turn round; but we were only too glad to get on at all.

We reached Woodstock that night, and slept there, going supperless to bed, as the landlord's provisions had been exhausted before we arrived.

In the afternoon of the next day we reached Winchester. There was no room to be had at the hotel; but a young Baltimorean, Mr Crane, who had been a very pleasant companion during our uncomfortable journey from Staunton, immediately took me under his protection, and brought me to a very comfortable boarding-house, where a number of officers were boarding. My next care was to try and find some further means of conveyance towards the front; and I began to feel some misgivings on this score, when I discovered that several of my travelling companions, amongst whom was a member of General Lee's staff, had already applied in vain to the quartermaster for assistance.

When I presented myself with my passport for the same purpose, Captain Thomson soon relieved my apprehensions, and, welcoming me cordially, placed a Government waggon at my entire disposal, which I might keep as long as I liked till I reached General Lee's headquarters.

The evening passed very pleasantly; also there were some very agreeable young ladies, who told us of their sufferings under Yankee rule, and hoped and prayed they might never return. The officers talked of the late battle and capture of Winchester.

It seems the Yankees were taken entirely by surprise. They had built a strong fort outside the town, towards Martinsburg, which they flattered themselves was impregnable, and which was intended to overawe Winchester, and keep the whole valley of the Shenandoah in subjection. Well, one fine morning there was some skirmishing in the valley, and the garrison of the fort, from which there is an extensive view, turned out upon the ramparts to see what was happening. Suddenly General Early opened upon them from some higher ground behind, which they had overlooked when they built their fort, and began knocking the place about their ears in a very disagreeable way. A Federal account of what passed that day describes the scene as follows:—

"Away down the valley in front heavy skirmishing was going on. Every eye was turned that way, when, on a sudden, came a boom of cannon and a rush of shell, as if hell itself had burst its bolts and bars, and was bringing fire and tempest on the world. Every eye was turned west. Twenty rebel cannon were throwing shot and shell into the regular battery. In less than five minutes the roar of cannon was exchanged for the sharp rattle of musketry, and we saw the fort stormed, taken, and the rebel flag floating over it. If an angel had descended from heaven, and told us of this five minutes before, we should not have believed it," &c. &c.

They held out in the other works till nightfall, and then the same writer continues:—

"Every one knows what followed—the retreat in the darkness of the night, with everything left behind except men and animals; hundreds of waggons, immense commissary and Government stores, all the private baggage, books, and papers of both officers and men; in a word, provisions enough to feed ten thousand men for two months, and clothing enough for the same number, for six months."

General Ewell captured, besides this, a large number of guns, an enormous amount of ammunition, and nearly all General Milroy's "folk."

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CHAPTER II.

The following morning I left Winchester in a neat Pennsylvania spring-waggon, which had just been sent down from the advance of the army. As companion I had a young fellow carrying despatches to General Longstreet. The driver was a German Jew.

When we reached Martinsburg we found the hotel crowded, and there was no hope of getting any accommodation there for man or beast. I had not time to lament the circumstance, however; for a gentleman immediately stepped up, and, introducing himself as Captain Ehrhardt, Chief Quartermaster to General Ewell, offered to take me to Colonel Faulkner, whose residence is just outside Martinsburg.

Colonel Faulkner is Chief of the Staff to General Ewell, as he formerly was to Stonewall Jackson. Under Buchanan's administration he was ambassador at Paris.

The Colonel received me very kindly; and as I was advised not to attempt to get on to Hagerstown that night, the road being blocked up by Ewell's waggon-trains, I accepted his hospitable offer of staying till the next morning. I was duly presented to Mrs Faulkner, and spent a very pleasant afternoon.

One remark of Colonel Faulkner's struck me as not quite in accordance with the view of the treatment of slaves which Abolitionists indulge in.

He assured me that though he was a large slaveholder himself, and had always lived amongst slaveholders, yet he had never in the course of his life even heard of a grown-up slave being whipped. He said, too, that a man guilty of cruelty towards his slaves would incur such odium as he would never survive.

He spoke very feelingly of Jackson, and with great admiration of his high qualities. He attributed his death, not so much to his unfortunate wounds, as to a severe attack on the lungs, brought on by exposure on the night of Friday.

Next morning I continued my journey, and crossed the Potomac into Maryland at Williamsport.

The road was getting very lively. Hundreds of soldiers on foot and on horseback, in large and small parties and squads, were hurrying up towards the front, each in a costume of his own, anything but uniform. Some of the horsemen had sabres, some pistols, and all of them some sort of rifle, long or short. The cavalry here is very differently organised from the same branch of the service in Europe. They are, in fact, mounted infantry. Every man's horse is his own property, and that may be one reason why they prefer fighting on foot, as if a man loses his horse, and cannot get another, he has forthwith to join the infantry. Besides, there has been no time to put them through a regular cavalry drill, and teach the efficient use of the sabre—the true arm of real cavalry—whilst with the use of the rifle they have been familiar from their earliest youth. To handle a rifle efficiently, of course, a man must dismount. On the whole, I think they have acted judiciously in taking their men as they found them, and not trying to establish the European system. Besides, the country is so wooded and broken up with high fences that opportunities for a regular cavalry-charge on a large scale seldom occur. Their horses are generally good, some exceedingly so, but not large. I understand they are very enduring, and will go through any amount of rough work.

The men's shoes are good, and so are their clothes, though they look very coarse, being made of a yellowish-brown homespun. Very few carry a knapsack, but most of them have a haversack, and almost all a blanket. Many of the blankets

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are made out of old carpets with very gay colours, and all have a hole in the middle, through which the man inserts his head when the weather is cool, or when it rains, as it has been doing occasionally to-day, and the effect is marvellously picturesque, especially when you see them lying or squatting down in groups round a fire cooking their meals.

Beyond Williamsport we stopped, and turned our horse out to graze in a field by the side of the road. A number of horsemen were committing the same trespass. Amongst them was a handsome jolly fellow, singing songs to his horse, whom he had christened "Abe Lincoln." We made friends with him, and when we went on he joined us and rode by the side of our waggon, singing songs and making all sorts of funny observations. Besides the soldiers going forward to the army, the road was crowded with waggons and horses and droves of cattle and sheep, the spoils of Pennsylvania—all being sent to the rear. Some of the waggons were of the most extraordinary size, drawn by six or eight horses. Our merry companion remarked on one of them, "Why, I thought somebody told me Noah's ark had been broken up and burnt long ago, but here it is." "How many horses do you mean to get in Pennsylvania?" we asked, "Oh, I shall only take one, sir. I intend to trade equal. I mean to take one and keep this one here that I've got." We offered him a "drink," which he refused—he was not going to drink any whisky again till the war was over. Teetotallers will rejoice to hear that none of the Confederate soldiers ever touch spirits, and they get on very well without. Wherever the army marches, the bar-rooms in the surrounding towns and villages are closed by the authorities, and no one is allowed to sell intoxicating liquors to the soldiers. Of course, a great many do drink whenever they can find an opportunity, but opportunities are very rare. I do not recollect ever to have seen a drunken private soldier in the South, though perhaps once or twice I may have seen an officer a little "tight."

When we got to Hagerstown we found the shops all closed, and all the people were looking very glum. Lee left here yesterday, and it is said will be in Chambersburg to-day. The town is crowded with stragglers, amongst whom there is some little excitement, as five thousand Federal cavalry are said to have left Frederick City this morning with the intention of harassing Lee's rear.

The main army has now cast itself nearly loose from its base of supplies, carrying with it all that is absolutely necessary for the campaign, and intending to subsist chiefly on the country it passes through. There is some anxiety about an ammunition-train, I hear, which has not yet come up, and is of course of great importance.

It is surmised that the Yankees, reported on their march from Frederick, intend to attack this train; and the stragglers are, I believe, being organised in some sort of way to protect it. Altogether, there is a good deal of commotion. But of all places in the world, the rear of an army is *the* place for all sorts of conjectures and rumours; and I daresay the five thousand Federal cavalry will turn out to be fifty, and marching in an opposite direction. We pushed on ourselves towards Greencastle, intending to sleep there. As soon as we got out of Maryland and into Pennsylvania the road became abominable, and we had to walk. We passed through several villages, where the inhabitants came out of their doors and stood and stared at the crowds of soldiers and waggons passing along. They were not in the least molested, of course, and seemed to have got over their first "scare" at the strange sight. All were ready to talk, and groups would gather together, especially around the wells and pumps, where the soldiers

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stopped to quench their thirst; and a good deal of civil conversation went on. One old fellow, however, who seemed to be half-crazy, was preaching in a very abusive style. He used Bible language, it is true, but they were words of wrath. The "rebel" soldiers only laughed, and *chaffed* him good-humouredly.

When we reached Greencastle reports were again rife of "Yankee" cavalry and "bushwhackers," and to our disgust it was determined that Ewell's waggon-train should move forward. That enormous train had *parked* on each side of the town, and we were in the middle of it, and had thus no choice but to move on too. So we tramped along. It was pitch dark, and by the side of the road innumerable fires were burning, surrounded each and all by groups of soldiers—a strange and picturesque sight. We marched several miles, for the road was too horribly bad for us to use the waggon; and at last halted again, and, finding a barn near at hand, we lay that night on the straw, and were comfortable. Next morning we went to a farmhouse close by, and persuaded the farmer's wife to give us some milk. The population of this part of the country is called Dutch, though neither they nor their ancestors ever had anything to do with Holland.

I find that when people mean to speak of a native of Holland, they call him an Amsterdam Dutchman; but when they speak of one of German race generally, they leave out the *Amster*. As most of the Germans of any education who come here were *Freiheits helden* at home, and left their country for their country's good, it is not surprising that they are considered a nuisance. There are quite enough demagogues already in this part of the world without any importations from "Fatherland."

The so-called Dutch, however, in this neighbourhood, are a simple race; they build enormous barns, in which their whole soul is wrapped up. I talked with the farmer's wife and her two daughters, and attempted to elicit from them what part of Germany they or their ancestors had immigrated from to this country. "*Mir seyn Pennsylvanisch Deutsch*," was all the answer I could get. They knew nothing about their forefathers, and had evidently never heard of the "old country." Her grandfather had come here from Pennsylvania higher up. "*Mir seyn Pennsylvanisch Deutsch*," she repeated, with utter disregard of German grammar; and she evidently thought me crazy for asking any further questions. Her accent in speaking German was decidedly Swabian, and both she and her daughters spoke very broken English.

We reached Chambersburg about mid-day, and here I was at last at the headquarters of the army. I drove out immediately to General Lee's camp, about a quarter of a mile from the town. The General was holding council with Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and others, but I was received in a most friendly way by his Staff, to several of whom I brought letters from Richmond. After staying some time, Captain Scheibert of the Prussian army accompanied me back to the town, to assist me in getting quarters at the hotel there, where I should find L., whom I was particularly anxious to meet. After some trouble, and with the assistance of Colonel Allen, who was acting as commandant of the place, we got inside the house, and here I found L. ill in bed.

Through his and Colonel Allen's intercession, and on my promising to pay liberally, and in greenbacks, the landlord was at last induced to receive me into his house, and gave me a very comfortable room. I confess I was a little surprised to see how entirely this matter depended upon the goodwill and favour of the landlord. We manage these things differently in some parts of Europe, in war-times, in an enemy's country. During the day numbers of troops passed through the town, amongst them the whole

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of M'Laws's division. They seemed in high spirits, and, as they passed through the crowd of lookers-on, would treat them to a little chaff and badinage. The chief joke was about having "got back into the Union at last, you see." The Chambersburg public looked on with stolid equanimity. As long as their persons and property are left alone, they do not seem inclined to take much interest in either side. There are a large number of young fellows "loafing" about the town, who ought to be in the army or in the "State militia" at least; which last-named body of defenders of the soil has been called out by the State Government, but does not seem likely to come. Our landlord professes entire neutrality, and asserts that, as the Administration at Washington has done nothing to defend their State, he can see no obligation for them to turn out for the defence of the Government. His son has stronger Union sentiments than the old man, and thinks that Hooker is quite sure to whip Lee, but is content to see it done without his personal assistance. A thick-headed young fellow, a stanch Unionist, with whom I conversed in the parlour, assures me that the South will be benefited by a reverse. "It is just like a bad boy, sir; a good sound whipping does him a world of good!" But he does not seem at all inclined to assist in performing the operation himself. There is a fine wooden statue of Franklin, boldly perched on the top of the county court-house, and painted to resemble marble. I am sorry to say that this great man excited the derision of the passing soldiers, who saluted him with that "terrible scream and barbarous howling," a real Southern yell, which rang along the whole line. I heard it that day for the first time. It was a very peculiar sound. By practice, many have arrived at a high pitch of perfection, and can yell loud enough to be heard a mile off. They learnt it from the Indians, I believe. Many of the regiments had little bands of three or four musicians who played rather discordantly. The Southerners are said to be extremely fond of music, though they seldom take the trouble to learn to play themselves, and seem not very particular as to whether the instruments they hear are in tune or not. The bandsmen are almost all Germans. I spent a pleasant evening at Colonel Allen's quarters, where there were a good many officers. Whilst I was there a sergeant reported that he had just come in from the country with a lot of horses, and we went out to look at them. There were about twenty big heavy animals, better adapted for draught than for the saddle. The parties sent out for supplies, horses, waggons, &c., give Confederate notes or receipts for everything they take, and the owners are thus sure of being paid eventually; as, if the Confederates do not pay them, they can, with a receipt in hand, easily prove their claim against their own Government for war damages, as indeed has since been done. Still they do not like the transaction, and hide their horses in the woods whenever they can, so that the scouting-parties have to exercise a good deal of ingenuity in finding them.* Next day L. was much better, and we breakfasted at the hotel. As none of the Confederate host were permitted to enter its sacred precincts, the guests at table were

* A little account of this campaign by a Mr Jacobs, professor of mathematics at Gettysburg College, says of Ewell's "rebel" corps, which passed through Gettysburg going to Carlisle: "They did not do much damage in the town. In the country, however, they treated the farmers less gently. They there enacted their old farce of professing to pay for what they took by offering freely their worthless 'Confederate' scrip, which, they said, would in a few days be better than our own currency." I need hardly say here that the Yankees never enact the farce of professing to pay in greenbacks for what they take from the "rebels" when their opportunity comes.

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pretty free and outspoken in their opinion of passing events. One lady was especially indignant at the way in which the soldiers marching along had not kept to the road (a thing which it was almost impossible to do, as it was crowded with waggons, besides the mud being almost knee-deep). The bloodthirsty ruffians, she said, had actually marched through the fields by the side of the road, treading down the growing crops for about twenty yards on each side. The people here are, it seems, beginning to feel the horrors of war!

L. rather exasperated the company by showing them a twenty-dollar Confederate note, and saying that in a month it would be worth more than all their greenbacks in the North put together.

I went out to the camp again, and was presented to General Lee, who invited me to dinner. It was a frugal meal, and simply served. The General has little of the glorious pomp and circumstance of war about his person. A Confederate flag marks the whereabouts of his headquarters, which are here in a little enclosure of some couple of acres of timber. There are about half-a-dozen tents, and as many baggage-waggons and ambulances. The horses and mules from these, besides those of a small escort, are tied up to the trees, or grazing about the place. The General has a private carriage, or ambulance, as it is called, of his own, but he never uses it. It formerly belonged to the Federal General Pope. I remained some time at headquarters, and had a good deal of conversation with the officers of General Lee's staff. Major Marshall mentioned to me, as one of the greatest misfortunes which has happened to them during the war (greater, he thought, than the fall of New Orleans), the accidental loss last year, through carelessness by a general of division, of a very important order of General Lee's. McClellan, who had been slowly and carefully feeling his way, totally ignorant of General Lee's plans, and the whereabouts of his main force, is said to have exclaimed, on finding this order, "Well, if I don't destroy Lee this time, you may call me what you like;" and he immediately pushed on as fast as he could march, and caught the Confederates before they were ready. The drawn battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam Creek, followed; and Lee, not destroyed, but thwarted in the main object of his campaign, soon afterwards recrossed the Potomac. In the mean time, however, Jackson had captured Harper's Ferry, with its garrison of 12,000 men, and immense stores, so that Lee still reaped some advantage from his ably-conceived plan of campaign. McClellan alludes to this matter, in his evidence before Congress on the conduct of the war, in the following terms:—

"When at Frederick we found the original order issued to General D. H. Hill by direction of General Lee, which gave the orders of march for the whole army, and developed their intentions. The substance of the order was, that Jackson was to move from Frederick by the main Hagerstown road, and, leaving it at some point near Middleburg, to cross the Potomac near Sharpsburg, and endeavour to capture the garrison of Martinsburg, and cut off the retreat of the garrison of Harper's Ferry in that direction. General M'Laws was ordered, with his own command and the division of General Anderson, to move out by the same Hagerstown road, and gain possession of the Maryland heights, opposite Harper's Ferry. General Walker, who was then apparently somewhere near the mouth of the Monocacy, was to move through Lovettsville, and gain possession of Loudon's height, thus completing the investment of Harper's Ferry. General Longstreet was ordered to move to Hagerstown with Hill, to serve as a rearguard. Their reserve trains to Manassas, &c., were ordered to take a position either at Boonsboro' or Hagerstown, I have now forgotten which. It was directed in the same order, that after Jackson, Walker, M'Laws, &c., had taken Harper's Ferry, they were to rejoin the main army at Hagerstown or Boonsboro'. That order is important in another sense. It shows very plainly that the object of the enemy was to go to Pennsylvania, or at least to remain in Maryland. Upon learning the con-

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tents of this order I at once gave orders for a vigorous pursuit," &c.

Singularly enough, the same General lost an equally important order before the seven days' fighting around Richmond, and it was found on a prisoner who was captured at Gaines's Mill. Unaware, perhaps, of its importance, he had not sent it on to headquarters, or it would have done incalculable mischief.

Next day we moved on a few miles on the road to Gettysburg, and encamped near a deserted saw-mill. General Longstreet's headquarters were, as usual, very near to General Lee's, so I walked over, and was introduced to the General and his Staff, to several members of which I had brought letters from Richmond. I dined and spent the afternoon very pleasantly. Besides L., who is staying with Longstreet's medical staff, there was Colonel F. of the Coldstream Guards, who came to the Confederacy by Matamoros, in order not to run the blockade, and had a most adventurous journey through the whole of the Southern States.

CHAPTER III.

Early on the following morning, the 1st of July, the troops began to advance. The trains were enormously large in this army, as, being now separated from their base of supplies, they had to carry everything they wanted with them. Amongst other things, they carried their tents wherever they went, and the troops were never quartered in any village, nor allowed to enter houses on any account. Although this was the case with the Confederate army, I believe the Yankees are not so particular, at least when they are encamping in an enemy's country.

First came A. P. Hill's corps and waggon-train. After Hill's, Longstreet's corps, and in his train L. and myself occupied an ambulance. We got on but slowly, for we were crossing the South Mountains, and the roads were steep and crowded with waggons. Presently we heard cannonading, and news came from the front that Hill's corps was hotly engaged. Just as it was getting dusk we reached the crest of the mountains, whence we had a magnificent prospect of the country beyond us; but of the battle we could see nothing, as the town of Gettysburg, around which it had been raging, was still hidden from our sight. A mile or two farther on we reached our destination for that night. Of course we were excited and anxious to hear how things had been going; but it soon became pitch dark, and we could not move about, but had to wait patiently till some one should come in from the front. We lighted fires, tents were pitched, and presently the doctors Cullen, Maury, and Barksdale, of whose camp and mess I was henceforward to be a member, rode in and brought us the glorious news. Ewell and Hill, after a stubborn fight, had routed the force opposed to them, driven them through Gettysburg, and taken from five to seven thousand prisoners. The Federal General Reynolds had been killed. Presently General Longstreet and his Staff came in and confirmed the news. The Yankees would probably make a stand to-morrow on the hills south and east of the town, as their position was strong, and a general action was pretty sure to take place. I had not been able to procure a horse for myself as yet, although I had luckily brought a saddle and bridle from Richmond; however, Major Walton, of General Longstreet's Staff, very obligingly supplied me with one. Major Clarke lent another to Colonel F., and L. had brought one from Richmond, so this important affair for us three strangers in camp was satisfactorily arranged. It was still dusk next morning when the sound of cannon aroused

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me from my sleep. "C'est le sanglant appel de Mars!" I sang out to my tent-mates. I went over to Longstreet's quarters, a few hundred yards off, "fixed" my saddle and bridle on the horse I was to ride, and then breakfasted with General Longstreet and his Staff. We had to ride some five miles before we got to the front, where we halted at the top of a hill, from which there was a full view of the enemy's position. General Lee was there with his Staff, and we let our horses loose in an enclosed field close by, and lay about for some time looking through our glasses at the Yankees, who were near enough for us to distinguish every individual figure, gun, &c., and who were apparently engaged in the same occupation as ourselves.

As evidently a long time would elapse before Longstreet's corps, which was to do the chief fighting that day, could be placed in position, I determined meanwhile to ride into the town of Gettysburg with the doctors. We crossed the ground which had been fought over yesterday. The Confederate wounded had been removed and their dead buried, but there were still a large number of dead Yankees lying about, and some of their wounded, especially in the cutting of a railroad where some of the fiercest fighting had taken place. I saw one man who had been entirely cut in two, his head and shoulders lying a couple of yards from the rest of his body—a horrible sight. The wounded men, too, who had lain there all night were ghastly to look at; and indeed a battle-field the day after the fight is anything but a pleasant place to come near.

Gettysburg is an insignificant little town, but contains some large buildings—county court-house, colleges, &c.—in and about the town. These have been turned into hospitals. At the end of one or two of the streets some sharpshooting was going on at the Federal position on the Cemetery Hill behind the town, and the Yankees were returning the fire, but without doing any mischief, as far as I could see. Still we did not take the trouble to go beyond the town in that direction.

We met General Chilton, Lee's Inspector-General, in the town. He was riding about seeking whom he could devour in the shape of a depredator or illegal annexer of private property; but I do not think he found any. Indeed, the good behaviour and discipline of the men of this army is surprising to me, considering the way in which the Northerners have devastated the country and wreaked their wrath on women and children in the South wherever they had an opportunity.

They are as cheerful and good-natured a set of fellows as ever I saw—seem to be full of fun, and are always ready to talk, and joke, and "chaff," but are never pushing or insolent.

We also met General Early, a gruff-looking man, but with a high reputation as a soldier.

On returning to the hill where we had left the generals in command, we found them still there. They had been joined by Generals A. P. Hill and Heth, the latter of whom was wounded in the head yesterday, and several others.

General Hill sent for water, and they brought him some dirty stuff in a pail, with an apology that no good water was to be had within a mile, and an inquiry whether he would wait. "Oh no, that will do very well," said the General, and I began to realise that we were actually campaigning.

Wherever an army is stationary for a few days, the wells and pumps are soon drunk dry; and in fact, before we left this neighbourhood, most of the wells had a guard on them, who only permitted water to be fetched for the wounded. For men in health, water brought from the nearest brook or creek is good enough, and sometimes details of men have to be sent a considerable distance for it.

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On riding to the rear of our present position on the Fairfield road, we met with Colonel Walton, chief of artillery to General Longstreet, and his adjutant, Captain Owens, and for some time we lay in a meadow under a hedge awaiting events.

Colonel Walton is a New Orleans man, who in the beginning of the war was in command of "The Washington Artillery," a picked corps raised in that city, which boasts that every member of it is a gentleman of property and position. Of course their commander was a man of mark in his native city, where he was, I believe, a wealthy merchant.

Like many others, Colonel Walton, though not a young man, had cheerfully sacrificed all his worldly advantages to his principles, preferring the hardships of camp life and "the cause," to luxury and ease at home under Yankee tyranny. But such instances are the rule and not the exception in the South. There are thousands of men now carrying a musket in the ranks, who before the war were gentlemen of wealth and property, which they are now deprived of—"it may be for years, or it may be for ever," as one of them said to me; but not one seems to regret it, or would for an instant dream of submission to the North in order to regain what he has lost.

Almost all the young men from Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, the overrun portions of the Carolinas, Virginia, and Florida, many too from Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland, are in this position; but they seem to be none the worse soldiers for having been brought up in luxury and comparative idleness.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon we rejoined General Longstreet, who, after a long consultation with the Commander-in-Chief, was at this moment riding down with his Staff towards the front. We found his corps already forming for the attack in a wood.

Longstreet rode up the line and down again, occasionally dismounting, and going forward to get a better view of the enemy's position.

The ground just before us was plain and open, but beyond were those hills, since so celebrated, covered with Federal breast-works and rifle-pits, and bristling with cannon. The Federals had also possession of the open ground below in front of their works, and their foremost guns were about a quarter of a mile from the wood we were in.

I especially remarked a battery in a peach orchard, which was blazing away at one of ours not far off.

As we passed Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade the General came up eagerly to Longstreet; "I wish you would let me go in, General; I would take that battery in five minutes." "Wait a little," said Longstreet; "we are all going in presently."

The men were as eager as their leader, and those in the front line began to pull down the fence behind which they were crouching.

"Don't do that, or you will draw the enemy's fire," said Longstreet, who sees and observes everything.

We passed on, and very soon afterwards the General called for his horse, mounted, dashed to the front of the line, gave the word, and led them on himself. We all followed him.

It was a glorious sight: The men who had been lying down sprang to their feet, and went in with a will. There was no lagging behind, no spraining of ankles on the uneven ground, no stopping to help a wounded comrade. Not one fell out of the line unless he was really hurt. On swept the line, breaking out with an occasional yell when they came face to face with the foe, but on the whole silently. The guns in the peach orchard were pounced upon, and half of them taken in a trice, whilst the others limbered up and made off. Hundreds of prisoners were captured, and everything was going so satisfactorily that for a time we hardly doubted that the enemy would be

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driven from his very strong position on the hills in front.

But at a critical moment General Hood was severely wounded, General Barksdale killed, and their men, at the very moment of apparent victory, when they had overcome almost all the difficulties that lay between them and entire success, hesitated, halted, and at length fell back, losing thereby far more men than they would have done if they had continued their advance.

But still we gained decided advantages, taking prisoners and guns, and getting possession of the ground up to the foot of the hill.

General Lee, in his report to the Government, describes this day's fight as follows :—

"The preparations for attack were not completed until the afternoon of the 2d of July. The enemy held a high and commanding ridge, along which he had massed a large amount of artillery. General Ewell occupied the left of our line, General Hill the centre, and General Longstreet the right. In front of General Longstreet the enemy held a position, from which, if he could be driven, it was thought that our army could be used to advantage in assailing the more elevated ground beyond, and thus enable us to reach the crest of the ridge. That officer was directed to endeavour to carry this position, while General Ewell attacked directly the high ground on the enemy's right, which had already been partially fortified. General Hill was instructed to threaten the centre of the Federal line, in order to prevent reinforcements being sent to either wing, and to avail himself of any opportunity that might present itself to attack.

"After a severe struggle, Longstreet succeeded in getting possession of and holding the desired ground. Ewell also carried some of the strong positions which he assailed, and the result was such as to lead to the belief that he would ultimately be able to dislodge the enemy."

CHAPTER IV.

The battle ceased at dark. As we rode back from the field, General Longstreet spoke with me about the failure to take the position on the hill, saying, "We have not been so successful as we wished;" and attributed it chiefly to the causes before mentioned — Hood's wound and Barksdale's death. Perhaps if the attack had been made a little earlier in the day it might have been more successful; for Sedgwick with the 6th Federal corps reached Meade just in time to assist in repelling the assault, and without this reinforcement the Northerners would probably have been defeated. The men might have been put in position a good deal sooner; and in fact one of the commanders of division, Major-General M'Laws, was blamed by some people for having been too slow.

We did not return to the camp, but lay down in a meadow near the battle-field, tying up our horses to a fence, and using our saddles as pillows. Some of the officers had blankets, but, as I had none, Major Latrobe shared his with me, and we slept soundly after the fatigues of the day.

At early dawn on Friday, again the sound of cannon awoke us, and told of the bloody fight that was to be renewed that day. The morning was spent in riding over the battle-field of yesterday, the Generals holding a long consultation, and reconnoitring the position to be attacked to-day. I was standing in the road with Dr Cullen and some officers, when Pickett's division of three brigades, which had been left at Chambersburg, and was to take a prominent part in the fight, passed us. They halted and rested for about half-an-hour, and I conversed with several of the officers; among others with Colonel Allen and Major Wilson, whom I had met at Chambersburg. They were both killed a few hours later; and indeed but few of those I met that morning came unhurt out of the terrible

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charge made by Pickett's division that afternoon.

One hundred and forty-five guns, I was subsequently informed by Colonel Walton, were on this day placed in position, to open fire simultaneously on the enemy, preparatory to the assault which was to be made on their works. Whilst the preliminary arrangements were being completed, General Longstreet rode with his Staff to the rear of the guns, where his men were lying down in line in the woods. Here it would have been impossible to have a view of the battle; and we were recommended to ride into Gettysburg, and take our station on the top of a certain church-tower, whence we should have a very good view. Accordingly Colonel F. and I started in that direction. We had just reached the top of a hill from whence we could overlook both positions, when in one instant, at a given signal, the whole hundred and forty-five Confederate guns burst into a roar of cannonading. They were quickly answered by the enemy, and the effect was grander than words can express. We could see but few of the guns on either side, as both they and the men were hidden from our view by the woods; but the smoke rising above the trees presently formed a dense cloud above them, and showed us where the work was going on. We left the hill and rode on towards Gettysburg; but as we approached the town we found that we could not reach it without passing through a sharp fire from both sides, as Ewell on our side and the Yankees on the Cemetery Hill were pounding away at each other across the road. A shell or two bursting not far from us, warned us to proceed no further. Colonel F. rode back to rejoin Longstreet, and I, who was feeling quite faint with hunger, fortunately fell in with General Heth, who gave me and my horse a feed, after which I returned to the hill where we had witnessed the grand spectacle of the commencement of the battle, and where I now found a good many officers assembled watching the fight.

The assault by Pickett's division had just been repulsed. They had gone in splendidly, led in gallant style by their daring chief, had stormed the breastworks, and taken the enemy's cannon. Heth's division, commanded by the senior Brigadier Pettigrew, was to have supported them, and they went in for that purpose, steadily at first, but soon got shaken by the storm of shot and shell that met them. Presently a small column of the enemy, emerging from a wood, began to form on their flank; the men saw it, wavered, stopped, and then fell back in a panic, getting terribly punished as they did so. In vain were all efforts to stop them. Longstreet, who had seen the threatening move, sent off Latrobe to warn General Pettigrew, but the rout had commenced before he could meet him. Pickett, whose men were now well in, and in the full flush of the victory they deserved and would have gained if they had been supported, galloped down and implored the men to rally. Many other officers did the same, but it was all in vain; it was a panic such as will strike the bravest troops sometimes, and no efforts could induce them to form anew whilst under that terrific storm of fire. The division lost frightfully, but the worst effect was that Pickett's men, who had behaved gloriously, were now left to fight alone against overwhelming odds. Encouraged by their success, the enemy, freshly reinforced, now turned upon them with redoubled energy and courage, and soon their fate was sealed. Some surrendered at once, the rest retreated, nearly half the men of the division were killed, wounded, or captured. But they had won undying fame by their glorious onslaught, and as long as the war is remembered, so long will the charge of Pickett and his Virginians be spoken of by their countrymen with the same proud

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and yet regretful satisfaction with which Englishmen tell of the charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava.

Another assault was made, I think, under Trimble, but it was unsuccessful; nor, indeed, had it much chance of success, and would, perhaps, not have been made but for the confusion inseparable from the state of affairs in the battle-field. The grand assault had already miscarried, and Colonel G., an Englishman, who was wounded in the charge, told me afterwards that before they made it he had seen and spoken to Pickett, and said that as he had been repulsed, he did not think that they were going to succeed. However, they went in very gallantly, but had to retire, losing a good many men.

The enemy made no attempt to follow up their advantage, and it was well for them they did not. I see that a General Butterfield, in evidence given before some Federal committee, blames General Meade for not attacking Lee's right after the repulse, imagining that enormous captures of guns and other great successes would have been the result. It was, however, well for the Federals that General Meade did not do so, for he would have found M'Laws's and Hood's divisions there perfectly ready and willing to give him a much hotter reception than he would have liked. But in fact the Yankees were a great deal too much cut up themselves to think of anything more than holding their own. They had been huddled up in masses in their contracted position (which was not half so extended as that of the Confederates) in order to repel the expected assault, and the artillery had done tremendous execution among them. Then, though partially protected by breastworks, they had lost very heavily by musketry fire during the assaults, for the Southerners possess a great superiority in this weapon. Almost every individual Southerner has been accustomed to use the rifle from his earliest youth, and has thus acquired a skill in handling the weapon which no amount of drilling can supply, and which the Irish, Dutch, and city Yankees, who form the mass of the Federal army, can never hope to attain. Altogether, I am perfectly convinced that in the three days' fighting the Federal loss was far heavier than the Confederate in killed and wounded; and it is only the fact of about 6000 Confederate wounded having been left behind in the hospitals around Gettysburg that gave the Northerners even a nominal preponderance in the number of prisoners taken. Longstreet's corps, which was the most heavily engaged, lost 6920 men. Pickett's loss was 3500, M'Laws's 1660, and Hood's 1760. I do not know the numbers lost in A. P. Hill's, nor in Ewell's corps.

We returned to the camp after the battle, and spent the evening rather gloomily. In the night it began to rain heavily; and whilst we were asleep a thief came into our encampment and stole two trunks out of the tents in which we were lying—one from Major Moses, which had 5000 dollars of public money in it, and one from Dr Barksdale containing personal effects. Both were, naturally, much provoked; and Dr Barksdale's disgust seemed only increased when his trunk was found in the course of the morning in a neighbouring field, open, robbed of its most valuable contents, and the rest saturated with rain. Major Moses' trunk was also found in the same state.

Colonel F. and I had returned our horses to their owners, but L. still had his (a very seedy animal); and the officers of the Staff and the medical department being occupied with their respective duties, we sallied forth together after breakfast, two on foot and one riding alternately, and in this way we wandered about the lines.

We met General Longstreet, who had been much amused by hearing, through a flag of truce, that he was severely wounded and in the

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enemy's hands, but would be well taken care of. We also met the Rev. General Pendleton, chief of artillery to the army, and remained some time in conversation with him.

CHAPTER V.

L. presently rode off to see General Lee, and when he returned, told us that a retreat had been decided on. We were kept a long time at the cottage of a silly old Dutchman, by a heavy downfall of rain, and then went to Bream's tavern on the road to Fairfield, which lay in the direction of our retreat. The road was crowded with waggons, as the whole train had but two roads to move on—the Fairfield and the Cashtown one. When Lee's army entered Maryland, the waggon-train alone, without the artillery, was forty-two miles long, and it was now larger than ever, though most of the waggons and teams procured in Pennsylvania had been already sent to the rear.

Bream's tavern, house, stables, barn, and every out-building, were full of wounded men, some of whom were being moved into the ambulances, and others more badly wounded were being removed to the better accommodation left thereby vacant.

It was a grievous sight to see these fine young fellows, many of them probably crippled for life, and yet all were cheerful and smiling. Looks of deep sympathy greeted them on every side as they were borne past on stretchers. And sometimes the wounded men would address a few encouraging words to some friend who stood near, himself too sad to speak.

Many were to be left behind, too severely wounded to bear removal; and it struck me very much that it should be they who would speak words of comfort to their more fortunate friends who had escaped the dangers of the battle.

Not one complained. All bore themselves in the same proud manly way.

For a time the yard in front of Bream's tavern seemed a regular rendezvous for generals and their staff-officers, and all who passed stopped on their way and entered into conversation.

Here I met General J. E. B. Stuart for the first time, and was introduced to him, and to many others too numerous to name.

When it was dusk we went on a mile or two farther on the Fairfield road, and presently came upon a blazing fire, around which were Generals Lee and Longstreet, with all their Staff.

We were to remain here till the train had passed, when the main body of the army would be withdrawn from its position and join the retreat.

It soon grew pitch dark, and then the rain began again. Oh, how it did pour! I never saw anything like it. Now and then it would relax a little, and then again and again would rush down in torrents. "This is too heavy to last," I thought to myself many a time, but it did last.

Fortunately for me I was tolerably weatherproof, as Colonel F. had very kindly lent me his india-rubber overcoat, he and L. having gone off in an *ambulance*, as a covered four-seated "buggy," specially belonging to the headquarters of the medical department, was called.

It was certainly a dismal night. The fire was kept up and protected from the rain by continually piling on fresh wood, and it was a roaring one, yet I wondered that it was not extinguished. It lighted up the scene with a strange glare.

Lee and Longstreet stood apart engaged in earnest conversation, and around the fire in various groups lay the officers of their Staffs.

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Tired to death, many were sleeping in spite of the mud and drenching rain; and I well remember one long log of wood, a fence rail, which was much coveted as a pillow. Once Major Moses, unable to sleep, got up and politely offered me his share of it.

I accepted and lay down, but the edges were very sharp, and each time I fell off into a doze, I began to dream so vividly that my head was being cut off, that at last I could stand it no longer, and returned the Major his part of the bolster with thanks. Again and again during the night reports came in from Law, M'Laws, Ewell, &c., stating that the enemy had retreated, and that they had nothing but cavalry in front of them.

General Lee said, a few days afterwards, that he had hesitated whether he should not countermand his own retreat, which he certainly would not have commenced if he had anticipated such dreadfully bad weather. But the waggon-trains were now well on their road to the rear, and their safety might have been compromised if the army had not followed them. By eight o'clock next morning the whole waggon-train had got past us, and the troops began to move. It had ceased raining, but the road was a sea of slush and mud, and we got along very slowly. I was on horseback this day, but the next I travelled with L., in an ambulance, a most tedious way of proceeding on a march, as one has to stick to the line of mud called the road, and keep time with the train, which comes to a stop every now and then by a waggon getting "stalled" in some hole or rut. Once well stuck, it takes a good deal of hard pulling by the mules, and almost as much hard swearing, I am sorry to say, by their drivers, to get a waggon afloat again; and so we moved along, but very slowly, and it was dark before we reached Hagerstown.

Some smart skirmishing had been going on near here before we arrived, as some of the enemy's cavalry had attacked the trains. They succeeded in capturing about forty of Ewell's waggons and ambulances, and twenty of Stuart's, but were driven off before they could do further damage. On this occasion the teamsters were said to have behaved very well, and to have repelled an attack of the enemy by themselves after their own cavalry guard had "skedaddled." We managed to get on a couple of miles beyond the town; but L., Colonel F., and myself, returned next day, and took up our quarters together in Hagerstown, at the Washington Hotel. We were anxious to get some supplies here, but the shops were all shut, so we made interest with the landlord of our hotel; and as we engaged to pay in "greenbacks," he promised to introduce us to a "store" keeper of the place. "You'll find him a very fine gentleman, sir, and quite honest," he said. Next morning we were turned out early, our black waiter announcing that the "lady" wished to make the beds, so we had to make room for the chamber-maid, and went down-stairs, and were introduced to the "fine gentleman." I very nearly forgot to shake hands when this ceremony was performed, which would have been a terrible breach of etiquette. However, all went on smoothly; we got into his store through the back-door, and invested a large amount of greenbacks in the purchase of coffee, white sugar, stearine candles, &c. &c., all which luxuries are at present almost unprocurable in the Confederate States.

In the afternoon I rode out to the camp, and stayed there till the evening, talking over the late battles. It seemed undecided whether we should advance again; but in summing up the advantages already obtained by this forward movement of Lee's, it is obvious that the campaign has not been a fruitless one. The war has not only

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been carried on in the enemy's country, but enormous supplies have been obtained, which will maintain the army for several months to come. Waggons and horses, which were very necessary, have also been secured in incalculable numbers. The men, whose meat-ration for several months past has been a quarter of a pound of bacon, now get a pound and a half of beef. Fifteen thousand cattle have been driven to the rear for the use of the army, which at present requires about three hundred head a-day. Then the enemy has had to evacuate a large portion of Southern territory, upon which they were pressing heavily, and that, too, just in time for the harvest to be secured to the Confederacy. There is no doubt, however, that the North will claim Gettysburg as a glorious victory; and there will, of course, be great rejoicings over it in "Yankeedoodledom," as my friends say.

At the Dutchman's cottage I met two officers who had been prisoners of war in the North, and confined in Fort Delaware, near Baltimore. They described the horrors of their existence there; and it seems, indeed, by all accounts that I have heard before and since, to be a very filthy and unwholesome place, utterly unfit for the confinement of prisoners of war. The fact that both sides speak the same language makes it extremely difficult to recapture a man when he has once escaped, and renders it perhaps necessary to resort to restrictions far more stringent than usual in Europe; and if only close confinement and want of exercise were complained of, there might be some excuse: but there is none for choosing a place notoriously unwholesome, denying the unfortunate captives the means of keeping their prison and themselves clean, and supplying them at the same time with scanty food, which is sometimes so bad as to be almost poisonous. I visited the Libby Prison at Richmond some time afterwards, and found, it kept scrupulously clean and well ventilated; there was not a bad smell about the place; and, to attend upon the 900 to 1000 officers confined there, forty negro servants were kept.

At Belle Isle, in the James river, close to Richmond, there were about 8000 prisoners living in tents, in a regular encampment, with plenty of room for exercise, any amount of water, bathing allowed in the season, and better rations than the Confederate soldiers get in the field, though nominally the same. They had been on Belle Isle six months when I went there, and I counted seventy-six graves in the island. As many have died in one day at Fort Delaware—so Captain Bois-Sieux, the Commandant of Belle Isle, informed me. During the first three months only one had died, but latterly, since the exchange of prisoners had been stopped, the men easily fell ill, grew despondent, and died.

The Yankees have tried very hard to get up a sensation in the North, about the alleged ill-treatment of Federal prisoners in the South. For this purpose they have had photographs taken of some poor fellows who had been for a long time ill in the hospitals at Richmond, and had been sent home to their friends to save their lives. Of course, these poor wretches looked in the most miserable condition, although it was through illness and not from starvation; but the Yankees did not scruple to scatter portraits of them about by the million, as samples of the state of all the prisoners held in the South. It was a *jeu d'esprit* very laudable, "as it might injure the South," like Mr Seward's forged despatches; but, after what I had seen with my own eyes at Belle Isle and the Libby Prison, and what I heard with my own ears from Southerners of their treatment as prisoners in the North, I could not help being reminded of the old Scotch proverb, "Ill doers are ill deemers."

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CHAPTER VI.

Two days after our return to Hagerstown, Colonel F. left us, being obliged to return to England without delay, and made straight for the Federal lines, determined to take his chance of getting through them. Most of his friends were rather anxious about him, but Longstreet, with whom he was a great favourite, was confident he would succeed. "A man who has travelled all through Texas as successfully as the Colonel, is safe to get through the Yankee lines all right," he said.

L. and I visited General Lee in the afternoon, and he spoke very openly on the subject of the late campaign.

Had he been aware that Meade had been able to concentrate his whole army—for which he deserved great credit—he certainly should not have attacked him: indeed it had not been his interest nor his intention to bring on a great battle at all; but, led away, partly by the success of the first day, believing that Meade had only a portion of his army in front of him, and seeing the enthusiasm of his own troops, he had thought that a successful battle would cut the knot so easily and satisfactorily, that he had determined to risk it. His want of knowledge of the enemy's movements he attributed to Stuart having got too far away from him with his cavalry.

Stuart, who had gone to within sight of Washington and captured a large train of waggons close to Georgetown, a suburb of that city, had expected to rendezvous with the main army on the Susquehanna, but when he reached York he found that General Lee had not advanced as far as he expected, and that the whole Federal force was between him and General Lee. Consequently he had to make a long detour, coming round by Carlisle, to rejoin the army, and did not arrive till the evening of the second day's battle.

General Lee, when he had commenced his forward movement, had gained several days' march upon General Hooker, who was at that time opposed to him; but at Chambersburg he had been obliged to halt with his main force for three days, as there had been some delay in forwarding his supply trains. This gave Meade, who had now superseded Hooker, time to concentrate his forces in the right direction. Otherwise, and if Lee had been able to follow closely upon Ewell's corps, which had advanced as far as Carlisle, he would have crossed the mountainous region of Pennsylvania, and got into the rich and fertile valley of the Susquehanna without any opposition.

Here his army would have found plentiful means of subsistence. Philadelphia would have been threatened, and Washington, Baltimore, and the army of the Potomac would have been cut off from their supplies, and from all communication with the North except by sea. The communications of General Lee could not have been *seriously* interfered with without the Federal army entirely uncovering Washington and Baltimore. He might have taken up a position where it would have been very difficult for Meade to attack him; and without further fighting, by merely maintaining his army at or near Harrisburg or some other central point, incalculable results might have been secured. But it was not so ordained.

If the campaign had such an object in view as I have supposed, it was already defeated, when Meade was able to concentrate his whole army and place it in Lee's way before he had got through the mountains.

Far from his base of supplies, with an enormous waggon-train,

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Lee could not hope by manœuvring to dislodge Meade from before him; and in that difficult mountainous region, where strong defensive positions are to be found at every few miles' interval, it would have been very unreasonable to expect to inflict such a crushing defeat upon Meade's army as would prevent him from making any further resistance.

Had the strong positions at Gettysburg been stormed, no doubt cannon and colours and prisoners would have been taken, but at a great sacrifice of life. The Federals would have fallen back, and probably taken up a still stronger position a few miles to the rear. Lee would have had to retreat all the same, especially as, after the third day's fight, ammunition—particularly small-arms ammunition—was getting short. Had there been only a portion of Meade's army at Gettysburg, and that portion had been overwhelmed, of course it would have been a different thing; and, as General Lee said himself, it was under the impression that he had only a part of Meade's army to deal with that he fought the battle.

As we were riding back to Hagerstown we fell in with Colonel Wickham, who commands a brigade of Stuart's cavalry, in connection with whom the following story was told me.

It will be remembered that Virginia was one of the last States to secede, and did not do so until she had exhausted every effort to effect a compromise; and when she did so, the few Southern States that were still hesitating followed her example, and the war became inevitable.

Matters were coming to a crisis when the leading men of Virginia sent a deputation of three of their number* to wait on the President, Mr Lincoln.

They tried to impress him with a sense of the gravity of the situation, and urgently entreated that he would do something to calm the excitement amongst the people, whose irritation at the threats of the Administration and of the Northern States was getting beyond control.

It was just after the taking of Fort Sumter, and Lincoln's having called out 75,000 men to coerce the South.

"But what would you have me do?" said Mr Lincoln.

"Mr President," replied one of the deputation, "I would beg you to lend me your finger and thumb for five minutes"—meaning, of course, that he wished him to write something that should allay the prevailing excitement.

But Mr Lincoln did not choose to understand him. "My finger and thumb!" he repeated—"my finger and thumb! What would you do with them? Blow your nose?"

The deputation retired in disgust, and Virginia seceded.

We remained about a week at Hagerstown, being all the time, as we discovered afterwards from the Yankee newspapers, in the most frightful danger of being captured by Meade's victorious and pursuing army. Lee's army, upon which we relied for security, was, it is true, only a mile off, Hagerstown and ourselves lying between them and the Yankees, but it was a demoralised horde of fugitives; and Meade lost all the credit he had gained at Gettysburg, because he did not capture the whole "crowd," or drive them into the Potomac. Fortunately we were in happy ignorance of the peril in which we were placed, or it might have disturbed our peaceful slumbers at the Washington Hotel.

Whilst we were at Hagerstown, the news arrived of the fall of Vicks-

* I have since heard that Colonel Wickham, although a very prominent man in the councils of his State, was not one of this deputation, which consisted of Messrs W. B. Preston, G. W. Randolph, and A. N. H. Stuart.

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burg, and this may perhaps have had some influence in deciding General Lee to recross the Potomac. Many were disappointed at this decision, as it had been the general opinion that the army was only waiting for fresh supplies to recommence offensive operations.

Again the rain came down in torrents, and the generals must have had an anxious time of it, as the Potomac was much swollen already, and there was but one pontoon bridge at the point where we crossed. However, all got over safely, and Meade did *not* capture a rearguard of two brigades, as he afterwards boasted he had done. There was, however, a furious attack made by some forty tipsy cavalry men upon the rearguard; and though they were entirely cut to pieces themselves, they killed General Pettigrew, and several soldiers. General Pettigrew, as they came tearing along with a Yankee battle-flag flying, had forbidden his men to fire at them, thinking it was a party of Confederates who had captured a Yankee flag; he could not conceive it possible that a squad of cavalry should attack his strong force.

The Yankee cavalry has not the credit of doing very dashing things, and at present the Confederate cavalry is also a little under a cloud. The cavalry have always artillery with them, and Longstreet says it is this which demoralises them. When two cavalry parties meet they do not fight themselves, but set their artillery to work at a game of long bowls.

I think the fact of the men owning their own horses is likely to make them more careful than they should be. If a man loses his horse and cannot buy another, he is transferred to the infantry, which of course he does not like. Besides, the perpetual raiding, and pouncing upon supply-trains and sutler's stores, though capital fun, does not conduce to make good soldiers.

We pitched our tents a mile or two south of where we had crossed the river, and made ourselves comfortable. The army is in good spirits in spite of our own retreat and the bad news from the west. As for despondency, or being weary of resistance and of the war, which kind of feeling I see the Northerners are fond of attributing to the South, there are certainly no symptoms of it in this army. "We will fight them, sir, till h—— freezes, and then, sir, we'll fight them on the ice," said an energetic officer to me; and the same sentiment seems to animate every one, though they do not all express themselves in such strong language.

The Southerners are of course not nearly so commercial a race as the Yankees, but still they are much given to "trading" amongst each other; and the other day at an hospital in Gettysburg, an artilleryman whose leg was to be taken off, no sooner knew that the amputation was decided upon by the doctors, than he turned to another wounded man in the next bed, and before the operation was performed had "traded" the boot which was henceforth to be of no use to him.

The negroes in camp are a great study. Of course they are all slaves. They have a great horror of the Yankees, and when in Pennsylvania could not be got to move a hundred yards from the camp for fear of being kidnapped, whilst here they delight in roaming about the country in search of poultry, eggs, fruit, and suchlike delicacies, for which they are excellent caterers. I heard of only a single instance of a servant being lost during the campaign, and his master was convinced that he had been stolen, and that he had not run off of his own free-will. Our excellent cook Jeff is a great character, and has arrived at the dignity of being an "uncle" on account of his mature age; whilst Andrew, a handsome lad of about twenty, who cleans my boots now and then, in fine weather, is a "boy," and will remain one till he is forty.

Jeff is a preacher, and holds re-

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ligious meetings with his fellow-darkies. They are very shy of white people coming to these meetings, and of course their masters let them alone, and do not intrude upon them. Lying in my tent one morning, I overheard Jeff lecturing Andrew for using profane language: Andrew, I hear you say 'by——.' Now, Andrew, you know you've not money enough in your pocket to buy a bit of biscuit, and yet you say, by ——. Andrew, you'll never go to heaven," &c. &c. And Andrew hung his head, and was ashamed of himself. They always call their masters and mistresses by their Christian names, whatever may be their rank and titles. General Lee, for instance, will never be anything but Master Robert to any of his servants. They have a strong sense of humour, and are always laughing at something or other. Sometimes their repartees are not bad. A few days ago I was in the tent of an officer who had just been promoted. His servant was making up his bed, and the officer told him to be sure and make it long enough. The "boy" looked up and grinned. "S'pose, Master William, you'se not grown taller since you was major," he said. Their teeth are remarkably fine, and they are proud of them, I suppose; at least they mostly wear a toothbrush very prominently stuck into their coat button-hole, as a dandy would carry a flower, or a Frenchman his ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

They are a very affectionate race, and the attachment they have for their masters is very like the clannish feeling which we read of as having existed formerly in the Highlands of Scotland between the lower classes and their chiefs. Whenever they have occasion for a surname, they make use of their master's. They display great contempt towards the poor "free niggers" in the towns, who are generally dirty and ragged. They look up to their masters for protection, which is readily given, not only as a matter of course to their own servants, but to any other "darkies" as occasion may require.

If any one in the South wished to make quite sure of getting into trouble, he need only abuse or ill-treat a negro; and though the "boy" might be submissive, he would soon have every white man in the neighbourhood down upon him, and perhaps a revolver or two emptied into his body.

(*To be continued.*)

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TONY BUTLER.

PART XV.

CHAPTER LIII.—UNPLEASANT RECKONINGS.

THERE were few busier diplomatists in Europe during these eventful days of Naples than Skeffington Damer; and if England had not her share of influence, it was no fault of his. He sent off special messengers every day. He wrote to F. O. in a cipher, of which it was said no one had the key; and he telegraphed in mystical language to the Admiral at Malta, which went far to persuade the gallant seaman that his correspondent was a maniac. He besieged the Court and the ministerial offices, and went home to receive deputations from the wildest leaders of the extreme democracy. He was determined, as he said, to "know the truth," and he surrounded himself for that purpose with a mass of inextricable perfidy and falsehood; and yet, with all these occupations, he passed his entire mornings with the Lyles, and dined with them every day.

It was a great pleasure, as Sir Arthur said, to be "behind the scenes;" and really the phrase did not ill represent their position, for they knew as much of what was going on upon the stage as people usually do who have only an occasional glimpse, and that from a wrong point of view. Sir Arthur, however, believed Skeffy to be the rising diplomatist, the embryo Talleyrand of Great Britain; and it was strange to see an old, crafty, case-hardened man of the world listening with implicit trustfulness to the hare-brained speculations of a young fellow, whose solitary pretensions were, that he sent off his daily balderdash marked "On Her Majesty's Service," and sealed with the royal arms.

Lady Lyle only half believed in him; and as for Alice, she laughed at, but liked him; while Bella gave him all her confidence, and admired him greatly. And a very nice thing it is of young ladies, and never to be too much commended, how they will hang on the words, and store up the sayings, and repeat the opinions of the man who prefers them. It is not exactly Love, no more than gooseberry-wine is champagne, but it effervesces and exhilarates, and I'm not sure if it does not agree very well with weak constitutions.

Now Skeffy told Bella every morning in the most mysterious manner how he had checkmated Bresson, the French Minister, and outwitted Caraffa and the Cardinal Riario. They never could make out whence he had his information. The Queen had spent a fortune in paying spies to watch him, but he out-manœuvred them all. Nobody knew — nobody ever could know—the resources of his craft; and indeed, except Louis Napoleon, there was not a man in Europe had fathomed the depth of his astuteness. "I have to pretend," would he say, "to be a light, flippant, volatile creature, given up to pleasure, fond of play, of the ballet, and all that sort of thing. I let them hear every day of the sums I have lost at lansquenet, and the enormous extravagance of my daily life, but they don't know what goes on here," and he would tap his forehead; "they never suspect what plots and plans and machinations are at work within that brain they imagine to be abandoned to enjoyment. It will come out one of these days, dearest Bella; they'll know who 'did it' yet." And this was a very favourite phrase with him, and Bella caught it up, and talked of the people

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who had not "done it," and never could "do it," and hinted at one whom an ignorant world would awake one morning to see had "done it," and "done it" to perfection.

To hear him talk, you would say that he rather liked the mistaken estimate the world had formed of him; that it was one of those excellent jokes whose point lay in a surprise; and what a surprise would that be one of these days when he came forth in his true character, the great political genius of Europe! Bella believed it all; not that she was deficient in common sense, or wanting in discernment; but she liked him—there was the secret. She had made her investment in a certain stock, and would persist in regarding it as a most profitable venture; and thus would they pass their mornings—a strange way to make love, perhaps; but that passion, etherealise it how you may, trades on some one form or other of selfishness; and all these endearments were blended with the thought of how happy they should be when they were great people.

Skeffy would bring with him, besides, a whole bagful of papers, despatches, and "private and confidentials," and suchlike, and make Bella copy out pages for him of that dreary trash, which, like a bad tapestry, has served no other purpose than to employ the small mind that devised it. And he would sit there, with his eyes closed, and dictate to her endless "brief glances" at the present aspect of the Italian question, till the poor girl was half worn out between the importance of her task and its weariness.

"What's that you are poring over, Bella?" he asked, as she read over a somewhat lengthy letter.

"It is the complaint of an Englishman at being detained by the authorities, first at Palermo and again here: he was a mere traveller, he asserts, and not in any way engaged in political schemes. He says that this is his fourth appeal to you without an answer, and he declares that if this be not replied to he will address the Chief Secretary at home."

"Tell the fellow that a Damer is inaccessible to a menace; tell him that his stupid letter would be promptly referred back to me; and say that, so far as this peninsula is concerned, I am F. O., and to be propitiated by humility, and not outraged by a threat."

"But if it be really true—if the poor fellow should be imprisoned for nothing, Skeff?"

"If so I shall liberate him;" and as he spoke he arose and walked the room with a haughty stride and a head erect. "Write—

"'Sir,—I am directed by H. M.'s Chargé d'Affaires'—or rather say 'The undersigned has to acknowledge the receipt of'—what's his name?"

"Samuel M'Gruder."

"What a name! 'of Samuel M'Gruder's letter; and although he takes exception to the passages marked A and B, and requires explanation of the paragraph C, beginning at the words, "nor can I," and ending at, "British subject"'—— You'll have to copy out the whole of his despatch, Bella, and then I shall mark the passages—where was I?"

"British subject."

"Yes, I remember. 'Yet that, conceding much to the feelings'—no, that is too familiar—'making allowances for an irritability——'"

"I don't think you can say that, Skeff. He has now been seven weeks in confinement."

"Lucky dog that he has not been seven weeks worked almost to a skeleton, like me, with the cares of a whole nation on my head, and the eyes of Europe upon me."

"Just let me say that you will look into his case, and do your best to get him out of prison."

"With all my heart. It is fearfully undignified; but let it go, and I'll send off a messenger to the Prefetto Lanzi to deliver up the prison-

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er M'Gruder to me to-morrow morning, and we will interrogate him here."

The roll of a drum was now heard in the street without, and from the balcony could be seen an immense crowd of people moving in front of an infantry regiment, who marched past travel-stained and disordered, and with an indescribable something in their air that indicated, it might be defeat, it might be disaffection.

"Here's strange news," said Sir Arthur, as he joined them. "The landlord tells me Garibaldi has landed in Calabria, near Reggio, beaten the royal troops, and is in full march on Naples. The regiment that you see there were ordered off to reinforce the advanced guard, but cried out 'Vive Garibaldi!' and have been now recalled, and are to be sent into the fortress."

"Look!" cried Skeff; "here comes the artillery after them, a strong proof that they don't trust these fellows. Bella, I must write off the news at once."

"Let me first finish about M'Gruder," said she, as she sat down to the table.

"I wish we were all safe back in England," said Lady Lyle, as she came up.

"I was just thinking the very same thing," said Sir Arthur.

"Have no fears," interposed Skeffy; "I shall order up the fleet from Malta. You shall have a frigate —a line-of-battle ship, if you like it better."

"I'd much rather we had post-horses and an escort," said Lady Lyle.

"Would that be possible, Damer?"

"All is possible, Sir Arthur, to power properly exercised. I'll go down at once to the War-Office and see what can be done."

"If it were perfectly safe," said Bella, "I should like to drive through the streets and see what is going on; and as Alice refuses to go out, we are just enough for one carriage." The project was agreed to, all the more readily that Skeff assured them his presence was an ægis that all parties would know how to respect: he was, in fact, as he put it, a sort of emblematised British lion, who, with folded paws, was about to take an airing for his own amusement.

"As we drive along," whispered he to Bella, "just watch the recognitions fellows will throw me—a look, a gesture, a sign, scarcely perceptible, but enough to say, 'Your Excellency may depend upon us.'"

And Bella felt a certain elation at the thought that she was the chosen one of a man so eminent and so distinguished. And oh dear, let us not be severe upon her for it! If we could not make occasional swans of our geese in this life, we should be very ill off in matters of ornithology. Away they drove down the Chiaja and up the Toledo, where, amidst wild yells and cries for the King, and at times for Garibaldi, a dense mass of people surged and swayed like a mighty monster awaking out of slumber and arousing to deeds of violence.

The populace seemed intoxicated, but not with wine or with joy, but a sort of dare-devil recklessness which sought something—anything—to vent its passion upon. Lines of men linked arm in arm, and filling the full breadth of the street, marched rapidly on, chanting wild songs; and it was strange to mark in these the old grey-headed feeble man coupled with the stalwart youth, or perhaps the mere boy. Here and there were groups listening to some street-orator, now greeting his words with a cheer, now with a burst of vociferous laughter; and through all these went other men, busily, eagerly, whispering to this, conferring with that, now exerting every effort of persuasiveness, now seeming to employ incentives to vengeance.

Except the carriage where sat the Lyles, not another vehicle of any kind was to be seen; and as the horses moved slowly along through the dense crowd, many a rude jest and droll comment was passed upon

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the "matti Inglesi"—the mad English—who had taken such a time and place for a carriage airing. Nor was the courage of the act unrecognised, and twice or thrice a wild cheer proclaimed what they thought of a nation whose very ladies were above all fear and timidity.

The most striking feature in all this tumult was, that soldiers were seen everywhere mixed up with the civilians; not merely furloughed men in undress, but soldiers in full uniform and perfectly armed, but yet displaying, sometimes ostentatiously, by the way they carried their shakoes or their bayonets, or wore their coats open and unbuttoned, that they no longer respected the claims of discipline.

Patrols on foot or horseback would be met too; but the men, under no restraint, would not only exchange words of greeting with the mob, but accept offers of wine or cigars; and it was seen that the officers were either powerless to prevent or unwilling to curb this indiscipline.

"What does all this portend, Damer?" asked Sir Arthur. "We hear cheers for the King; but all I see seems to threaten his downfall."

Skeffy was puzzled, and a wiser man might have been puzzled; but his diplomatic instincts forbade such a humiliating avowal, and so he merely muttered something to the purport, that "We" had not fully determined what was to be the issue; and that till "We" had made up our minds, all these signs and portents were mere street-noises.

If I am not perfectly just to him in this rendering of his explanation, I am at least merciful to my reader; and, leaving the party to follow out the exploration, I shall return to the drawing-room they had just quitted, and where Alice now sat alone, and deep in thought. The yells and cries that filled the street outside, and the continual uproar that resounded through the city, were all unheeded by her; and so immersed was she in her reflections, that when a servant entered the room to present the card of a visitor, she was unaware of his presence till he had twice addressed her.

"It cannot be for us," said she, looking at the name. "I do not know the Count d'Amalfi."

"He hopes to be better remembered as Mr Maitland," said that gentleman, as, pushing wide the half-open door, he approached her and made a low bow.

The servant had time to retire and shut the door before Alice had sufficiently recovered herself to ask Maitland to be seated. So coldly was the request conveyed, however, that if he was not determined on having an interview, he would have affected to make his call an offer of some sort of attention, and taken his leave almost on the instant. Far different were his present intentions; and as he deposited his hat and cane, and took his place in front of her, there was a methodical slowness that indicated purpose.

"I am almost afraid to tell you, Mr Maitland," she began, "that I gave orders to be denied to all visitors. They have all gone out to drive, and——"

"It was for that reason I took this opportunity to call, madam," said he, very quietly, but in a tone of some decision. "I desired to see you all alone."

"Not, surely, if you were aware that I did not receive?"

"Do not oblige me to convict myself, Mrs Trafford; for I, too, shall be almost afraid to tell the truth," and a very faint smile moved his mouth as he spoke.

"But, as I conjecture, you would like to meet my father——"

"My visit at present is for you," said he, interrupting; "and as I cannot assure myself how long the opportunity may last, let me profit by it."

She became very pale; some fear she certainly felt: but there was more of anger than fear in the thought that this man was, by his manner,

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almost asserting a right to see and speak with her.

"Mr Maitland is too accomplished a man of the world to need being told, that when a person has declared an indisposition to receive it is usually deemed enough to secure privacy."

"Usually—yes; but there are occasions which are not in this category."

"And do you mean to say this is one of them, sir?" said she, haughtily.

"Most certainly, madam, this is one of them!" As Maitland said this he saw the colour mount to her face; and he saw, too, how, now that her proud spirit was, as it were, challenged, she would not think of retreat, but brave him, whatever might come of it.

"Indeed!" said she, with a scornful laugh—"indeed!" and the last syllable was drawn out in an accent of most insolent irony.

"Yes, madam," he continued, in a tone perfectly calm and unimpassioned; "our last relations together fully warrant me to say so much; and however presumptuous it might have been in me to aspire as I did, the gracious favour with which I was listened to seemed to plead for me."

"What favour do you speak of, sir?" said she, with evident agitation.

"I must not risk the faint hope that remains to me, by recalling what you may not wish to remember; but I may at least ask you to bring to mind a certain evening—a certain night—when we walked together in the garden at Tilney."

"I do not think I am likely to forget it, sir: some anonymous slanderer has made it the pretext of a most insolent calumny. I do not, I need not say, connect you in any way with this base scandal; but it is enough to make the incident the reverse of a pleasant memory."

"And yet it was the happiest of my whole life."

"It is unfortunate, sir, that we should look back to an event with feelings so diametrically opposite."

Maitland gave no heed to the irony of her tone, but went on. "If I was conscious of my own unworthiness, I had certain things in my favour which served to give me courage—not the least of these was your brother's friendship."

"Mark was always proud of being Mr Maitland's friend," said she, rather touched by this haughty man's humility.

"That friendship became very precious to me when I knew his sister. Indeed, from that hour I loved him as a brother."

"Forgive me, sir, if I interrupt you. At the time to which you allude we would seem to have been living in a perfect realm of misconceptions. Surely it is not necessary to revive them: surely, now that we have awoke, we need not take up the clue of a dream to assist our reflections."

"What may be the misconceptions you refer to?" said he, with a voice much shaken and agitated.

"One was, it would appear, that Mr Maitland made me certain professions. Another, that he was—that he had—that is, that he held ——. I cannot say it, sir; and I beg you to spare me what a rash temper might possibly provoke me to utter."

"Say all that you will; I loved you, Alice."

"You will force me to leave you, sir, if you thus forget yourself."

"I loved you, and I love you still. Do not go, I beg, I implore you. As the proof of how I love you, I declare that I know all that you have heard of me, all that you have said of me; every harsh and cruel word. Ay, Alice, I have read them as your hand traced them, and through all, I love you."

"I will not stoop to ask how, sir; but I will say that the avowal has not raised you in my estimation."

"If I have not your love, I will never ask for your esteem. I wanted your affection, as a man wants that which would make his life a reality. I could have worked for you, I could have braved scores of things

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I have ever shrunk from; and I had a right to it."

"A right!—what right?"

"The right of him who loved as I did, and was as ready to prove his love. The man who has done what I have is no adventurer, though that fair hand wrote him one. Remember that, madam; and remember that you are in a land where men accept no such slights as this you would pass upon me." His eyes glared with passion as he spoke, and his dark cheeks grew purple. "You are not without those who must answer for your levity."

"Now, sir, I leave you," said she, rising.

"Not yet. You shall hear me out. I know why you have treated me thus falsely. I am aware who is my rival."

"Let me pass, sir."

He placed his back to the door, and folded his arms on his breast; but though he made an immense effort to seem calm, his lips shook as he spoke. "You shall hear me out. I tell you, I know my rival, and I am ready and prepared to stake my pretensions against his."

"Go on, sir, go on; very little more in this strain will efface any memory I preserved of what you first appeared to me."

"Oh, Alice!" cried he, in a voice of deep anguish. "It is despair has brought me to this. When I came, I thought I could have spoken with calm and self-restraint; but when I saw you—saw what I once believed might have been mine—I forgot all—all but my misery."

"Suffer me to pass out, sir," said she, coldly. He moved back, and opened the door wide, and held it thus as she swept past him, without a word or a look.

Maitland pressed his hat deep over his brow, and descended the stairs slowly, one by one. A carriage drove to the door as he reached it, and his friend Caffarelli sprang out and grasped his hand.

"Come quickly, Maitland!" cried he. "The King has left the palace. The army is moving out of Naples to take up a position at Capua. All goes badly. The fleet is wavering, and Garibaldi passed last night at Salerno."

"And what do I care for all this? Let me pass."

"Care for it! It is life or death, caro mio! In two hours more the populace will tear in pieces such men as you and myself, if we're found here. Listen to those yells, '*Morte ai Reali!*' Is it with 'Death to the Royalists!' ringing in our ears we are to linger here?"

"This is as good a spot to die in as another," said Maitland; and he lighted his cigar and sat down on the stone bench beside the door.

"The Twenty-fifth of the Line are in open revolt, and the last words of the King were, 'Give them to Maitland, and let him deal with them.'"

Maitland shrugged his shoulders, and smoked on.

"Genario has hoisted the cross of Savoy over the fort at Baia," continued the other, "and no one can determine what is to be done. They all say, 'Ask Maitland.'"

"Imitate him! Do the same over the Royal Palace!" said the other, mockingly.

"There, there! Listen to that cry! The mob are pouring down the Chiaja. Come away."

"Let us look at the scoundrels," said Maitland, taking his friend's arm and moving into the street.

Caffarelli pushed and half lifted him into the carriage, and they drove off at speed.

CHAPTER LIV.—SKEFF DAMER TESTED.

When the Lyles returned from their drive, it was to find that Alice was too ill to come down to dinner. "She had," she said, "a severe headache, and wished to be left perfectly quiet and alone." This was a sore disappointment to Bella, brimful of all she had seen and

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heard, and burning with impatience to impart how Skeffy had been sent for by the King, and what he said to his Majesty, and how the royal plans had been modified by his sage words; and, in fact, that the fate of the Neapolitan kingdom was at that moment in the hands of that "gifted creature."

It was such she called him; and I beg my kind reader not to think the less of her that she so magnified her idol. The happiest days of our lives are the least real, just as the evils which never befall us are the greatest.

Bella was sincerely sorry for her sister's headache; but with all that, she kept stealing every now and then into her room, to tell what Skeff said to Caraffa, and the immense effect it produced. "And then, dearest," she went on, "we have really done a great deal to-day. We have sent off three 'formal despatches' and two 'confidentials,' and Skeff has told My Lord B., Secretary of State though he be, a piece of his mind—he does write so ably when he is roused; and he has declared that he will not carry out his late instructions. Few men would have had courage to say that; but they know that, if Skeff liked, he has only to go into Parliament: there are scores of boroughs actually fighting for him; he would be positively terrible in opposition."

A deep wearied sigh was all Alice's response.

"Yes, dearest, I'm sure I am tiring you; but I must tell how we liberated Mr M'Gruder. He has been, he says, fifty-three days in prison, and really he looks wretched. I might have felt more for the man, but for the cold good-for-nothing way he took all Skeff's kindness. Instead of bursting with gratitude, and calling him his deliverer, all he said was, 'Well, sir, I think it was high time to have done this, which, for aught I see, might just as easily have been done three or perhaps four weeks ago.' Skeff was magnificent; he only waved his hand, and said, 'Go; you are free!' 'I know that well enough,' said he, in the same sturdy voice; 'and I intend to make use of my freedom to let the British people know how I have been treated. You'll see honourable mention of it all, and yourself too, in the 'Times,' before ten days are over.'"

"My dear Bella, my head is racking; would you just wet that handkerchief and lay it on my forehead?"

"My poor sweet Alice! and I so cruel, with all my stupid stories; but I thought you'd like to hear about Tony."

"Tony!—what of Tony?" asked she, raising herself on one elbow and looking up.

"Well, dearest, it was while in search after Tony that M'Gruder got imprisoned. They were sworn friends, it seems. You know, dear, Tony was never very particular in his choice of friends."

"But what of him—where is he?"

"I'll tell you everything, if you'll only have a little patience. Tony, who was living with M'Gruder in Leghorn,—a partner, I think, in some odious traffic—cast-off clothes, I believe,—grew tired of it, or got into debt, or did something that brought him into trouble, and he ran away and joined that mad creature Garibaldi."

"Well, go on."

"Well, he had not been gone more than ten days or so, when a lawyer came out from England to say that his uncle, Sir Somebody Butler, had died and left him all he had—a fine estate and I don't know how much money. When Mr M'Gruder was quite satisfied that all this was true—and like a canny Scotchman he examined it thoroughly—he set off himself to find Tony and tell him his good news; for, as he said, it would have been a terrible thing to let him go risk his life for nothing, now that he had a splendid fortune and a large estate. Indeed,

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you should have heard Mr M'Gruder himself on this theme. It was about the strangest medley of romance and worldliness I ever listened to. After all, he was a stanch friend, and he braved no common dangers in his pursuit. He had scarcely landed, however, in Sicily, when he was arrested and thrown into prison."

"And never met Tony?"

"Never—of course not; how could he? He did not even dare to speak of one who served under Garibaldi till he met Skeffy."

"But where is Tony? Is he safe? How are we to hear of him?" asked Alice, hurriedly.

"Skeff has undertaken all that, Alice. You know how he has relations with men of every party, and is equally at home with the wildest followers of Mazzini and the courtiers about the throne. He says he'll send off a confidential messenger at once to Garibaldi's camp with a letter for Tony. Indeed, it was all I could do to prevent him going himself, he is so attached to Tony, but I begged and implored him not to go."

"Tony would have done as much for him," said Alice, gloomily.

"Perhaps he would; but remember the difference between the men, Alice. If anything should befall Skeffy, who is there to replace him?"

Alice, perhaps, could not satisfactorily answer this, for she lay back on her bed and covered her face with her hands.

"Not indeed that he would listen to me when I made that appeal to him, but he kept on repeating, 'Tony is the finest, truest-hearted fellow I ever met. *He'd* never have left a friend in the lurch; he'd never have thought of himself if another was in danger; and help him I must and will:' and that's the reason we are waiting dinner, dear, for he would go off to the Minister of War or the President of the Council; and he told papa, as he shook hands, on no account to wait for him, for he might be detained longer than he expected."

As she spoke a tap came to the door, and a servant announced dinner.

"Has Mr Damer arrived?" asked Bella, eagerly.

"No, ma'am, but Sir Arthur has just got a note from him."

"I must see what he says!" cried she, and left the room.

Sir Arthur was reading the letter when she entered.

"Here's Skeff gone off to what he calls the 'front;' he says that Tony Butler has joined the insurgents, and he must get him out of their hands at any price."

"But of course, papa, you'll not permit it; you'll forbid him peremptorily," broke in Bella.

"I'm not so sure of that, Bella; because, amongst other reasons, I'm not so sure he'd mind me. Our gifted friend is endowed with considerable self-will."

"Immense determination, I should rather call it, papa; but, pray, try to stop this mad freak. He is not certainly called on to expose such a life as his, and at such a moment."

"What am I to do?"

"Go over to him at once—declare that you have the right to speak on such a subject. Say that if he is pleased to overlook the necessity of his presence here at this crisis, he ought to remember his position with regard to us—ought to think of *me*," said she, with a burst of grief that ended in a shower of tears, and drove her from the room.

Sir Arthur was far more disposed to sit down to his dinner than go off on this mission of affection; but Lady Lyle took the same view of the case as her daughter, and there was no help for it. And although the bland butler repeated "Soup is served, sir," the poor man had to step down-stairs to his carriage and drive off to the Legation.

On arriving there he learned that his Excellency had gone to see the Prime Minister. Sir Arthur set off in the pursuit, which led him from one great office of the

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state to another, always to discover that the object of his search had just left only five minutes before; till at length his patience became exhausted on hearing that Mr Damer was last seen in company with an officer of rank on the road to Castelamare, whither, certainly, he determined not to follow him.

It was near nine o'clock when he got home to report himself unsuccessful, to meet dark looks from his wife and daughter, and sit down alone to a comfortless dinner, chagrined and disconcerted.

Lady Lyle tried to interest him by relating the news of Tony Butler's accession to fortune; but the re-heated mutton and the half-cold *entrées* were too trying to leave any portion of his nature open to such topics, and he sulkily muttered something about the folly of "having snubbed the young fellow"—a taunt Lady Lyle resented by rising and leaving him to his own reflections.

And now to turn to Skeff Damer. I am forced to confess, and I do not make the confession without a certain pain, that our gifted friend had not that amount of acceptance with the ministers of the King that his great talents and his promise might be supposed to have inspired; nor had he succeeded in acquiring for the country he represented the overwhelming influence he believed to be her due. When, therefore, he drove to Caraffa's house, the Prince frankly told him what certainly was true, that he had affairs far too weighty on his mind to enter upon that small question H.M.'s Chargé-d'Affaires desired to discuss. "Try Carini," said he, "the Minister of Grace and Justice; he looks after the people who break the law." Skeff grew angry, and the minister bowed him out. He went in succession to some five or six others, all occupied, all overwhelmed with cares, troubles, and anxieties. At last, by a mere accident, he chanced upon Filangieri going off to wait on the King: he was accompanied by a small man, in a very gorgeous uniform, studded over with stars and decorations.

In a few hurried words Skeff told how his friend, a man of rank and fortune, had been seduced by some stupid representations to take service with Garibaldi, and that it was all-important to rescue him from such evil associations, and restore him at once to his friends and country.

"Where is he?"

"Wherever Garibaldi may be—I can't tell."

"He's nearer than we like," said the other, with a faint smile. "Are you sure your friend will return with you, even if you should track him out?"

"I think I can answer for him. I am almost certain that I can."

"Can you answer for Garibaldi too?—will *he* give him up?"

"I believe Garibaldi cares a great deal for the good opinion of England; and when he sees *me*, her Majesty's——"

"Yes, yes, I can understand that. Well, I have no time to give you for more consideration of the matter; but I'll do better. I'll give you this gentleman—my aide-de-camp, Colonel the Count M'Caskey; he'll pass you through our lines, and go, as flag of truce, to the headquarters of the rebels. The whole thing is a blunder, and I am doing exceedingly wrong; but here we are, making one mistake after another every day, and all regularity and order are totally forgotten." Turning to M'Caskey, he took him aside for a few seconds and spoke eagerly and rapidly to him, and then, once more shaking Skeff's hand, he wished him well through his adventure and drove off.

"Whenever you have all in readiness, sir," said M'Caskey, slightly raising his hat—"and I hope your carriage is a comfortable one—take me up at the Aquila d'Oro, two doors from the Café di Spagna;" uttering the words in a tone of such positive command that Skeff had only to accede; and, coldly bowing to each other, they separated.

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CHAPTER LV.—AMONGST THE GARIBALDIANS.

By heavy bribery and much cajolery, Skeff Damer secured a carriage and horses, and presented himself at the Café di Spagna a little before midnight. It was not, however, till he had summoned M'Caskey for the third time that the gallant Colonel arose and joined him.

"I suspect that the waiter did not tell you I was here, and waiting for you?" said Skeff, somewhat irritated.

"I rather apprehend," replied M'Caskey, "that you were not aware I was at supper."

With this brief passage of arms each sank back into his corner, and nothing more was said.

For a long while the way led through that long suburb of Naples that lies on the south of the city, and the tramp of the horses over the pavement would have made any conversation difficult to hear. At length, however, they gained the smooth road, and then Skeff discovered, from the long-drawn breathings of his companion, that he was sound asleep.

By the small wax taper with which he lighted his cigar Skeff examined the features of the man; and brief as was the inspection, there was enough seen to show him that he was not a subject for either dictation or raillery. The hard, stern, thin-lipped mouth, the knitted brows, the orbits marked with innumerable wrinkles, and an ugly scar, evidently from a sabre, that divided one whisker, and reached from nigh the ear to the chin, presented enough to show that he might easily have chanced upon a more genial fellow-traveller.

Skeff knew that the Neapolitan service had for some years back attracted adventurers from various countries. Poles, Americans, with Irish and Hungarian refugees, had flocked to the scene of what they foresaw must be a struggle, and taken their side with the Royalists or against them as profit or inclination prompted. Now this man's name, M'Caskey, proclaimed him as Irish or Scotch; and the chances were, in either case, if a renegade from his own country, he would not be over well disposed towards one who represented the might and majesty of England.

"If I could only let him see," thought Skeff, "that I am one of those fellows who have done everything and know every one, a thorough man of the world, and no redtapist, no official pedant, we should get on all the better." He puffed away at his cigar as he thus mused, turning over in his mind by what species of topic he should open acquaintance with his companion.

"That's good tobacco," said M'Caskey, without opening his eyes. "Who's smoking the cheroot?"

"I am. May I offer you one?"

"A dozen if you like," said the Colonel, giving himself a shake, and sitting bolt upright.

Skeff held out his cigar-case, and the other coolly emptied it, throwing the contents into his hat, which lay on the cushion in front of him.

"When old Olozaga was Captain-General of Cuba, he always supplied me with havannahs; but when O'Donnell's party came into power I came down to cheroots, and there I have been ever since. These are not bad."

"They are considered particularly good, sir," said Skeff, coldly.

"*That* I will not say; but I own I am not easy to please either in wine, women, or tobacco."

"You have had probably large experiences of all three?"

"I should like much to meet the man who called himself my equal."

"It might be presumptuous in me, perhaps, to stand forward on such ground; but I too have seen something of life."

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"You! you!" said M'Caskey, with a most frank impertinence in his tone.

"Yes, sir, I, I—Mr Skeffington Damer, her Majesty's representative and Chargé-d'Affaires at this Court."

"Where the deuce was it I heard your name? Damer—Damer—Skeff—Skeffy—I think they called you? Who could it be that mentioned you?"

"Not impossibly the newspapers, though I suspect they did not employ the familiarity you speak of."

"Well, Skeff, what's all this business we're bent on? What wild-goose chase are we after here?"

Damer was almost sick with indignation at the fellow's freedom; he nearly burst with the effort it cost him to repress his passion; but he remembered how poor Tony Butler's fate lay in the balance, and that if anything should retard his journey by even an hour, that one hour might decide his friend's destiny.

"Might I take the liberty to observe, sir, that our acquaintance is of the very shortest; and until I shall desire, which I do not anticipate, the privilege of addressing you by your Christian name——"

"I am called Milo," said M'Caskey; "but no man ever called me so but the late Duke of Wellington; and once, indeed, in a moment of enthusiasm, poor Byron."

"I shall not imitate them, and I desire that you may know me as Mr Damer."

"Damer or Skeffy—I don't care a rush which—only tell where are we going, and what are we going for?"

Skeff proceeded in leisurely fashion, but with a degree of cold reserve that he hoped might check all freedom, to explain that he was in search of a young countryman, whom he desired to recall from his service with Garibaldi, and restore to his friends in England.

"And you expect me to cross over to Garibaldi's lines?" asked M'Caskey, with a grin.

"I certainly reckon on your accompanying me wherever I deem it essential to proceed in furtherance of my object. Your General said as much when he offered me your services."

"No man disposes of M'Caskey but the Sovereign he serves."

"Then I can't see what you have come for!" cried Skeff, angrily.

"Take care, take care," said the other, slowly.

"Take care of what?"

"Take care of Skeffington Damer, who is running his head into a very considerable scrape. I have the most tenacious of memories; and there's not a word—not a syllable—falls from you, I'll not make you accountable for hereafter."

"If you imagine, sir, that a tone of braggadocio——"

"There you go again. Braggadocio costs blood, my young fellow."

"I'm not to be bullied."

"No; but you might be shot."

"You'll find me as ready as yourself with the pistol."

"I am charmed to hear it, though I never met a fellow brought up at a desk that was so."

Skeff was by no means deficient in courage, and, taken with a due regard to all the conventional usages of such cases, he would have "met his man" as became a gentleman; but it was such a new thing in his experiences to travel along in a carriage arranging the terms of a duel with the man who ought to have been his pleasant companion, and who indeed, at the very moment, was smoking his cheroots, that he lost himself in utter bewilderment and confusion.

"What does that small flask contain?" said M'Caskey, pointing to a straw-covered bottle, whose neck protruded from the pocket of the carriage.

"Cherry brandy," said Skeff, dryly, as he buttoned the pocket-flap over it.

"It is years upon years since I tasted that truly British cordial."

Skeff made no reply.

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"They never make it abroad, except in Switzerland, and there, too, badly."

Still was Skeff silent.

"Have you got a sandwich with you?"

"There is something eatable in that basket—I don't know what," said Skeff, pointing to a little neatly-corded hamper. "But I thought you had just finished supper when I drove up."

"You're a Londoner, I take it," said M'Caskey.

"Why so, sir? for what reason do you suppose so?"

"The man who reminds another of the small necessity there is to press him to take something—be it meat or drink—must be a Cockney."

"I am neither a Cockney, nor accustomed to listen to impertinence."

"Hand me your flask, and I'll give you my opinion of it, and that will be better than this digression."

The impudence seemed superhuman, and in this way overcame all power of resistance; and Skeffy actually sat there looking on while M'Caskey cut the cords of the little provision-basket and arranged the contents on the front seat of the carriage, assuring him, as he ate, that he "had tasted worse."

For some time the Major continued to eat and drink, and was so completely immersed in this occupation as to seem quite oblivious of his companion. He then lighted his cigar and smoked on till they reached Caserta, where the carriage halted to change horses.

"The fellow is asking for something for the ostler," said M'Caskey, nudging Skeffy with his elbow as he spoke.

"My servant, sir, looks to these details," said Skeff, haughtily.

"Take these, old boy," said M'Caskey, pitching out to him the basket with the fragments of his late meal, and the silver forks and cup it contained; and the horses whirled the carriage along at full speed as he did so.

"You are perfectly munificent, sir," cried Skeff, angrily, "with what does not belong to you. The proprietor of the Hotel d'Universo will probably look to you for payment for his property."

"If your friend of the Universo has a salt-spoon of his own this time to-morrow, he'll be a lucky dog."

"How so? What do you mean?"

"I mean, sir, that as the troops withdraw, pillage will begin. There is but one force in Naples that could control a mob."

"And that is?"

"The Camorra! and but one man could command the Camorra, and he is here!"

"Indeed!" said Skeff, with the very faintest possible sarcasm.

"As I tell you, sir. Colonel M'Caskey might have saved that city; and instead of it he is rumbling along over a paved road, going heaven knows where, with heaven knows whom, for heaven knows what!"

"You are either rude or forgetful, sir. I have already told you my name and quality."

"So you have, Skeff; but as a man rises in the service, he forgets the name of the uncommissioned officers. You are Attaché, or what is it?"

"I am Chargé d'Affaires of Great Britain."

"And devilish few will be the affairs you'll have in your charge this day week."

"How do you make out that?"

"First of all, if we are to pass through our lines to reach Garibaldi, all our fellows will fire a parting salute after us as we go—ay, and with ball. Secondly, as we approach the rebels they'll pay us the same attention."

"Not with our flag of truce flying?"

"Your flag of truce, Skeffy, will only show them that we come unarmed, and make their aim all the steadier in consequence."

"And why was I told that your presence would be protection?"

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"Because, sir, if it should fail to be, it is that no other man's in Europe could be such."

"I'll not turn back, if you mean that," said Skeff, boldly; and for the first time on the journey M'Caskey turned round and took a leisurely survey of his companion.

"You are, I hope, satisfied with my personal appearance," said Skeff, insolently.

"Washy, washy," said M'Caskey, dryly; "but I have met two or three of the same stamp who had pluck."

"The freedom of your tongue, sir, inclines me very considerably to doubt *yours*."

M'Caskey made a bound on his seat, and threw his cigar through the window, while he shouted to the postilion to stop.

"Why should he stop?" asked Skeff.

"Let us settle this at once; we'll take each of us one of the carriage lamps, and fire at the word Three. One—two—three! Stop, I say."

"No, sir; I shall hold myself at your orders, time and place fitting, but I'll neither shoot nor be shot at like a brigand."

"I have travelled with many men, but in my long and varied experience, I never saw a fellow so full of objections. You oppose everything. Now I mean to go asleep; have you anything against *that*, and what is it?"

"Nothing—nothing whatever!" muttered Skeff, who for the first time heard words of comfort from his companion's lips.

Poor Skeff! is it too much to say that, if you had ever imagined the possibility of such a fellow-traveller, you would have thought twice ere you went on this errand of friendship? Perhaps it might be unfair to allege so much, but unquestionably, if his ardour were not damped, his devotion to his friend was considerably disturbed by thoughts of himself and his own safety.

Where could this monster have come from? what land could have given him birth? what life had he led? how could a fellow of such insolent pretensions have escaped being flayed alive ere he reached the age he looked to be?

Last of all, was it in malice and out of malevolence that Filangieri had given him this man as his guide, well knowing what their companionship must end in? This last suspicion, reassuring so far, as it suggested dreams of personal importance, rallied him a little, and at last he fell asleep.

The hours of the night rolled over thus; and just as the dawn was breaking the calèche rattled into the ruinous old piazza of Nocera. Early as it was, the market-place was full of people, amongst whom many were soldiers, with or without arms, but evidently under no restraint of discipline, and to all seeming doubtful and uncertain what to do.

Aroused from his sleep by the sudden stoppage of the carriage, M'Caskey rubbed his eyes and looked out. "What is all this?" cried he. "Who are these fellows I see here in uniform? What are they?"

"Part of Cardarelli's brigade, your Excellency," said a café-keeper who had come to the carriage to induce the travellers to alight. "General Cardarelli has surrendered Soveria to Garibaldi, and his men have dispersed."

"And is there no officer in command here to order these fellows into arrest?" cried M'Caskey, as he sprang out of the carriage into the midst of them. "Fall in!" shouted he in a voice of thunder; "fall in, and be silent: the fellow who utters a word I'll put a bullet through."

If the first sight of the little fellow thus insolently issuing his orders might have inspired laughter, his fierce look, his flashing eye, his revolver in hand, and his coat blazing with orders, speedily overcame such a sentiment, and the disorderly rabble seemed actually stunned into deference before him.

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"What!" cried he, "are you deserters? Is it with an enemy in front that I find you here? Is it thus that you show these civilians what stuff soldiers are made of?" There was not a degrading epithet, not a word of infamous reproach, he did not hurl at them. They were Vili! Birbanti! Ladri! Mallandrini! Codardi! They had dishonoured their fathers and mothers, and wives and sweethearts. They had degraded the honour of the soldier, and the Virgin herself was ashamed of them. "Who laughs there? Let him come out to the front and laugh here!" cried he. And now, though a low murmur little indicative of mirth ran through the crowd, strange to say, the men began to slink away, at first one by one, then in groups and parties, so that in very few minutes the piazza was deserted, save by a few of the townsfolk, who stood there half terrified, half fascinated by the daring insolence of this diminutive hero.

Though his passion seemed almost choking him, he went on with a wonderful fluency to abuse the whole nation. They were brigands for three centuries, and brigands they would be for thirty more, if Providence would not send an earthquake to swallow them up, and rid the world of such rascals. He scoffed at them, he jeered them; he told them that the few Sicilians that followed Garibaldi would make slaves of the whole kingdom, taking from the degenerate cowards of Calabria wives, daughters, homes, and households; and it was only when the last straggler shuffled slowly away, and he stood alone in the square, that he would consent to re-enter the carriage and pursue his journey.

"I'll know every face amongst them if I meet them again," said he to Skeffy, "and it will be an evil day for the scoundrels when that time comes." His wrath continued during the entire stage, and never flagged in its violence till they reached a cluster of poor cabins, around which a guard of soldiers was stationed. Here they were refused a further passage, since at Mauro, three miles farther on, Mellani, with a force of three thousand men and some guns, held the pass against the Garibaldians. M'Caskey was not long in explaining who he was, nor indeed very modest in proclaiming his personal importance; and the subaltern, with every show of deference to such greatness, detached a corporal of his guard to accompany them to the General's quarters. The General was asleep when they reached Mauro; he had been, they said, "up all night," but they did not add it was in the celebration of an orgie, in which the festivities were more classic than correct. M'Caskey, however, learned that at about five miles in front Garibaldi's advanced-guard was posted, and that Garibaldi himself had ridden up and reconnoitred their position on the evening before.

"We expect to be attacked by noon," said the officer, in a tone the very reverse of hopeful or encouraging.

"You can hold this pass against twenty thousand," said M'Caskey.

"We shall not try," said the other. "Why should we be the only men to get cut to pieces?"

The ineffable scorn of the little Colonel as he turned away was not lost on the other; but he made no reply to it, and retired. "We are to have an escort as far as Ravello; after that we are to take care of ourselves: and I own to you I think we shall be all the safer when we get out of the reach of his Majesty's defenders."

"There," cried the sergeant who acted as their guard—"there, on that rock yonder, are the Reds. I'll go no farther."

And as they looked they saw a small group of red-shirted fellows lying or lounging on a small cliff which rose abruptly over a stream crossed by a wooden bridge. Attaching his handkerchief to his walking-stick, M'Caskey stepped out boldly. Skeffy followed; they

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reached the bridge, crossed it, and stood within the lines of the Garibaldians. A very young, almost boyish-looking, officer met them, heard their story, and with much courtesy told them that he would send one of his men to conduct them to headquarters. "You will not find the General there," said he, smiling,—"he's gone on in that direction," and he pointed as he spoke towards Naples.

Skeff asked eagerly if the young officer had ever heard of Tony Butler, and described with ardour the handsome face and figure of his friend. The other believed he had seen him. There was, he knew, a "Giovane Irlandese" who was wounded at Melazzo, and, if he was not mistaken, wounded again about four days back at Lauria. "All the wounded are at Salerno, however," said he, carelessly, "and you are sure to find him amongst them."

CHAPTER LVI.—THE HOSPITAL AT CAVA.

Had Skeff been in any mood for mirth, he might have enjoyed as rich drollery the almost inconceivable impertinence of his companion, who scrutinised everything, and freely distributed his comments around him, totally regardless that he stood in the camp of the enemy, and actually surrounded by men whose extreme obedience to discipline could scarcely be relied on.

"Uniformity is certainly not studied here," cried M'Caskey, as he stared at a guard about to be detached on some duty; "three fellows have grey trousers; two, blue; one, a sort of canvass petticoat; and I see only one real coat in the party."

A little farther on he saw a group of about a dozen lying on the grass smoking, with their arms in disorderly fashion about, and he exclaimed, "How I'd like to surprise those rascals, and make a swoop down here with two or three companies of Cacciatori! Look at their muskets; there hasn't been one of them cleaned for a month.

"Here they are at a meal of some sort. Well, men won't fight on beans and olive-oil. My Irish fellows are the only devils can stand up on roots."

These comments were all delivered in Italian, and listened to with a sort of bewildered astonishment, as though the man who spoke them must possess some especial and peculiar privilege to enable him to indulge so much candour.

"That's not a knapsack," said he, kicking a soldier's pack that he saw on the grass; "that's more like a travelling tinker's bundle. Open it, and let's see the inside!" cried he to the owner, who, awed by the tone of command, immediately obeyed, and M'Caskey ridiculed the shreds and patches of raiment, the tattered fragments of worn apparel, in which fragments of cheese and parcels of tobacco were rolled up. "Why, the fellows have not even risen to the dignity of pillage," said he. "I was sure we should have found some saintly ornaments or a piece of the Virgin's petticoat among their wares."

With all this freedom, carried to the extreme of impertinence, none molested, none ever questioned them; and as the guide had accidentally chanced upon some old friends by the way, he told M'Caskey that they had no further need of him; that the road lay straight before them, and that they would reach Cava in less than an hour.

At Cava they found the same indifference. They learned that Garibaldi had not come up, though some said he had passed on with a few followers to Naples, and others maintained that he had sent to the King of Naples to meet him at Salerno to show him the inutility of all resistance, and offer him a safe-conduct out of the kingdom. Leav-

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ing M'Caskey in the midst of these talkers, and not perhaps without some uncharitable wish that the gallant Colonel's bad tongue would involve him in serious trouble, Skeffy slipped away to inquire after Tony.

Every one seemed to know that there was a brave "Irlandese,"—a daring fellow who had shown himself in the thick of every fight; but the discrepant accounts of his personal appearance and looks were most confusing. Tony was fair-haired, and yet most of the descriptions represented a dark man, with a bushy black beard and mustache. At all events, he was lying wounded at the convent of the Cappuccini, on a hill about a mile from the town; and Father Pantaleo—Garibald's Vicar, as he was called—offered his services to show him the way. The Frate—a talkative little fellow, with a fringe of curly dark-brown hair around a polished white head—talked away, as they went, about the war, and Garibaldi, and the grand future that lay before Italy, when the tyranny of the Pope should be overthrown, and the Church made as free—and indeed he almost said, as easy—as any jovial Christian could desire.

Skeffy, by degrees, drew him to the subject nearest his own heart at the moment, and asked about the wounded in hospital. The Frate declared that there was nothing very serious the matter with any of them. He was an optimist. Some died, some suffered amputations, some were torn by shells or grape-shot. But what did it signify? as he said. It was a great cause they were fighting for, and they all agreed it was a pleasure to shed one's blood for Italy. "As for the life up there," said he, pointing to the convent, "it is a *vita da santi*—the 'life of saints themselves.'"

"Do you know my friend Tony the Irlandese?" asked Skeff, eagerly.

"If I know him! *Per Bacco*, I think I know him. I was with him when he had his leg taken off."

Skeff's heart sickened at this terrible news, and he could barely steady himself by catching the Fra's arm. "Oh, my poor dear Tony," cried he, as the tears ran down his face—"my poor fellow!"

"Why did you pity him? Garibaldi gave him his own sword, and made him an officer on the day of the battle. It was up at Calanzaro, so that he's nearly well now."

Skeff poured in innumerable questions. How the mischance occurred, and where? how he bore up under the dreadful operation? in what state he then was? if able to move about, and how? And as the Fra was one of those who never confessed himself unable to answer anything, the details he obtained were certainly of the fullest and most circumstantial.

"He's always singing; that's how he passes his time," said the Frate.

"Singing! how strange! I never knew him to sing. I never heard him even hum a tune."

"You'll hear him now, then. The fellows about curse at him half the day to be silent, but he doesn't mind them, but sings away. The only quiet moment he gives them is while he's smoking."

"Ah, yes! he loves smoking."

"There—stop. Listen. Do you hear him? he's at it now." Skeff halted, and could hear the sound of a full deep voice, from a window overhead, in one of those prolonged and melancholy cadences which Irish airs abound in.

"Wherever he got such doleful music I can't tell, but he has a dozen chants like that."

Though Skeff could not distinguish the sounds, nor recognise the voice of his friend, the thought that it was poor Tony who was there singing in his solitude, maimed and suffering, without one near to comfort him, so overwhelmed him that he staggered towards a bench, and sat down sick and faint.

"Go up and say that a friend, a dear friend, has come from Naples to see him; and if he is not too

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nervous or too much agitated, tell him my name; here it is." The friar took the card and hurried forward on his mission. In less time than Skeff thought it possible for him to have arrived, Pantaleo called out from the window, "Come along; he is quite ready to see you, though he doesn't remember you."

Skeff fell back upon the seat at the last words. "Not remember me! my poor Tony—my poor, poor fellow—how changed and shattered you must be, to have forgotten me!" With a great effort he rallied, entered the gate, and mounted the stairs—slowly indeed, and like one who dreaded the scene that lay before him. Pantaleo met him at the top, and, seeing his agitation, gave him his arm for support. "Don't be nervous," said he, "your friend is doing capitally: he is out on the terrace in an arm-chair, and looks as jolly as a cardinal."

Summoning all his courage, Skeff walked bravely forwards, passed down the long aisle crowded with sick and wounded on either side, and passed out upon a balcony at the end, where, with his back towards him, a man sat looking out over the landscape.

"Tony, Tony!" said Skeffy, coming close. The man turned his head, and Skeff saw a massive-looking face, all covered with black hair, and a forehead marked by a sabre-cut. "This is not my friend. This is not Tony!" cried he, in disappointment.

"No, sir; I'm Rory Quin, the man that was with him," said the wounded man, submissively.

"And where is he himself? Where is Tony?" cried he.

"In the little room beyond, sir. They put him there when he began to rave; but he's better now, and quite sensible."

"Take me to him at once; let me see him," said Skeff, whose impatience had now mastered all prudence.

The moment after, Skeff found himself in a small chamber, with a single bed in it, beside which a Sister of Charity was seated, busily employed laying cloths wet with iced water on the sick man's head. One glance showed that it was Tony. The eyes were closed, and the face thinner, and the lips dry; but there was a hardy manhood in the countenance, sick and suffering as he was, that told what qualities a life of hardship and peril had called into activity. The Sister motioned to Skeff to sit down, but not to speak. "He's not sleeping," said she, softly, "only dozing."

"Is he in pain?" asked Skeffy.

"No; I have no pain," said Tony, faintly.

Skeff bent down to whisper some words close to his ear, when he heard a step behind. He looked up and saw it was M'Caskey, who had followed him. "I came here, sir," said the Colonel, haughtily, "to express my astonishment at your unceremonious departure, and also to say that I shall now hold myself as free of all further engagement towards you."

"Hush, be quiet," said Skeff, with a gesture of caution.

"Is that your friend?" asked M'Caskey, with a smile.

Tony slowly opened his eyes at these words, looked at the speaker, turned his gaze then on Skeff, gave a weak, sickly smile, and then, in a faint, scarce audible voice, said, "So he *is* your godfather, after all."

Skeff's heart grew full to bursting, and for a moment or two he could not speak.

"There—there, no more," whispered the Sister, and she motioned them both to withdraw. Skeff arose at once, and slipped noiselessly away, but the Colonel stepped boldly along, regardless of everything and every one.

"He's wandering in his mind, I take it," said M'Caskey, in a loud, unfeeling tone.

"By all that's holy, there's the scoundrel I'm dying to get at," screamed Rory, as the voice caught his ear. "Give me that crutch; let me have one lick at him, for the love of Mary!"

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"They're all mad here, that's plain," said M'Caskey, turning away with a contemptuous air. "Sir," added he, turning towards Skeff, "I have the honour to salute you;" and with a magnificent bow he withdrew, while Rory, in a voice of wildest passion and invective, called down innumerable curses on his head, and inveighed even against the bystanders for not securing the "greatest villain in Europe."

"I shall want to send a letter to Naples," cried out Skeff to the Colonel; "I mean to remain here;" but M'Caskey never deigned to notice his words, but walked proudly down the stairs and went his way.

CHAP. LVII.—AT TONY'S BEDSIDE.

My story draws to a close, and I have not space to tell how Skeff watched beside his friend, rarely quitting him, and showing in a hundred ways the resources of a kind and thoughtful nature. Tony had been severely wounded; a sabre-cut had severed his scalp, and he had been shot through the shoulder; but all apprehension of evil consequences was now over, and he was able to listen to Skeff's wondrous tidings, and hear all the details of his accession to wealth and fortune. His mother — how she would rejoice at it! how happy it would make her!—not for her own sake, but for his; how it would seem to repay to her all she had suffered from the haughty estrangement of Sir Omerod, and how proud she would be at the recognition, late though it came! These were Tony's thoughts; and very often, when Skeff imagined him to be following the details of his property, and listening with eagerness to the description of what he owned, Tony was far away in thought at the cottage beside the Causeway, and longing ardently when he should sit at the window, with his mother at his side, planning out some future in which they were to be no more separated.

There was no elation at his sudden fortune, nor any of that anticipation of indulgence which Skeff himself would have felt, and which he indeed suggested. No. Tony's whole thoughts so much centred in his dear mother that she entered into all his projects; and there was not a picture of enjoyment, wherein she was not a foreground figure.

They would keep the cottage—that was his first resolve: his mother loved it dearly; it was associated with years long of happiness and of trials too; and trials can endear a spot when they are nobly borne, and the heart will cling fondly to that which has chastened its emotions and elevated its hopes. And then, Tony thought, they might obtain that long stretch of land that lay along the shore, with the little nook where the boats lay at anchor, and where he would have his yacht.

"I suppose," said he, "Sir Arthur Lyle would have no objection to my being so near a neighbour?"

"Of course not; but we can soon settle that point, for they are all here."

"Here?"

"At Naples, I mean."

"How was it that you never told me that?" asked he, sharply.

Skeff fidgeted—bit his cigar—threw it away; and with more confusion than became so distinguished a diplomatist, stammered out, "I have had so much to tell you—such lots of news;" and then with an altered voice he added, "besides, old fellow, the doctor warned me not to say anything that might agitate you; and I thought—that is, I used to think—there was something in that quarter, eh?"

Tony grew pale, but made no answer.

"I know she likes you, Tony," said Skeff, taking his hand and pressing it. "Bella, who is engaged to me—I forget if I told you that——"

"No, you never told me!"

"Well, Bella and I are to be

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married immediately—that is, as soon as I can get back to England. I have asked for leave already; they've refused me twice. It's all very fine saying to me that I ought to know that in the present difficulties of Italy no man could replace me at this Court. My answer to that is: Skeff Damer has other stuff in him as well as ambition. He has a heart just as much as a head. Nor am I to go on passing my life saving this dynasty. The Bourbons are not so much to me as my own happiness, eh?"

"I suppose not," said Tony, dryly.

"You'd have done the same, wouldn't you?"

"I can't tell. I cannot even imagine myself filling any station of responsibility or importance."

"My reply was brief: Leave for six months' time, to recruit an over-taxed frame and over-wrought intellect; time also for them to look out what to offer me, for I'll not go to Mexico, nor to Rio; neither will I take Washington, nor any of the Northern Courts. Dearest Bella must have climate, and I myself must have congenial society; and so I said, not in such terms, but in meaning, Skeff Damer is only yours at *his* price. Let them refuse me—let me see them even hesitate, and I give my word of honour, I'm capable of abandoning public life altogether, and retiring into my woods at Tilney, leaving the whole thing at sixes and sevens."

Now, though Tony neither knew what the "whole thing" meant, nor the dire consequences to which his friend's anger might have consigned it, he muttered something that sounded like a hope that he would not leave Europe to shift for herself at such a moment.

"Let them not drive me to it, that's all," said he, haughtily; and he arose and walked up and down with an air of defiance. "The Lyles do not see this—Lady Lyle especially. She wants the peerage for her daughter, but ambition is not always scrupulous."

"I always liked her the least of them," muttered Tony, who never could forget the sharp lesson she administered to him.

"She'll make herself more agreeable to you now, Master Tony," said Skeff, with a dry laugh.

"And why so?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

"On your word?"

"On my word, I cannot."

"Don't you think Mr Butler of something or other in Herefordshire is another guess man from Tony Butler of nowhere in particular?"

"Ah! I forgot my change of fortune; but if I had even remembered it, I'd never have thought so meanly of *her*."

"That's all rot and nonsense. There's no meanness in a woman wanting to marry her daughter well, any more than in a man trying to get a colonelcy or a legation for his son. You were no match for Alice Trafford three months ago. Now both she and her mother will think differently of your pretensions."

"Say what you like of the mother, but you shall not impute such motives to Alice."

"Don't *you* get red in the face and look like a tiger, young man, or I'll take my leave and send that old damsel here with the ice-pail to you."

"It was the very thing I liked in you," muttered Tony, "that you never did impute mean motives to women."

"My poor Tony! the fellow who has seen life as I have, who knows the thing in its most minute anatomy, comes out of the investigation infernally case-hardened; he can't help it. I love Alice. Indeed, if I had not seen Bella I think I should have married Alice. There, you are getting turkey-cock again. Let us talk of something else. What the deuce was it I wanted to ask you?—something about that great Irish monster in the next room, the fellow that sings all day: where did you pick him up?"

Tony made no reply, but lay with

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one hand over his eyes, while Skeff went on rambling over the odds and ends he had picked up in the course of Rory Quin's story, and the devoted love he bore to Tony himself. "By the way, they say that it was for you Garibaldi intended the promotion to the rank of officer; but that you managed to pass it to this fellow, who couldn't sign his name when they asked him for it.

"If he couldn't write, he has left his mark on some of the Neapolitans!" said Tony, fiercely; "and as for the advancement, he deserved it far more than I did."

"It was a lucky thing for that aide-de-camp of Filangieri who accompanied me here, that your friend Rory hadn't got two legs, for he wanted to brain him with his crutch. Both of you had an antipathy to him, and indeed I own to concurring in the sentiment. My godfather you called him!" said he, laughing.

"I wish he had come a little closer to my bedside, that's all," muttered Tony; and Skeff saw by the expression of his features that he was once more unfortunate in his attempt to hit upon an unexciting theme.

"Alice knew of your journey here, I think you said?" whispered Tony, faintly.

"Yes. I sent them a few lines to say I was setting out to find you."

"How soon could I get to Naples? Do you think they would let me move to-morrow?"

"I have asked that question already. The doctor says in a week; and I must hasten away to-night,—there's no saying what confusion my absence will occasion. I mean to be back here by Thursday to fetch you."

"Good fellow! Remember, though," added he, after a moment, "we must take Rory. I can't leave Rory here."

Skeff looked gravely.

"He carried *me* when I was wounded out of the fire at Melazzo, and I'm not going to desert him now."

"Strange situation for H.M.'s Chargé d'Affaires," said Skeff—"giving protection to the wounded of the rebel army."

"Don't talk to me of rebels. We are as legitimate as the fellows we were fighting against. It was a good stand-up fight, too—man to man some of it; and if it wasn't that my head reels so when I sit or stand up, I'd like to be at it again."

"It is a fine bull-dog—just a bull-dog," said Skeff, patting him on the head, while in the compassionate pity of his voice he showed how humbly he ranked the qualities he ascribed to him. "Ah! now I remember what it was I wished to ask you (it escaped me till this moment): who is the creature that calls himself Sam M'Gruder?"

"As good a fellow as ever stepped, and a true friend of mine. What of him?"

"Don't look as if you would tear me in pieces and scatter the fragments to the four winds of heaven. Sir, I'll not stand it—none of your buccaneering savageries to *me!*"

Tony laughed, and laughed heartily, at the air of offended dignity of the other; and Skeff was himself disposed at last to smile at his own anger. "That's the crying sin of *your* nature, Tony," said he. "It is the one defect that spoils a really fine fellow. I tell you frankly about it, because I'm your friend; and if you don't curb it, you'll never be anything—never! never!"

"But what is this fault? you have forgotten to tell it."

"Over and over again have I told it. It is your stupid animal confidence in your great hulking form; your coarse reliance on your massive shoulders—a degenerate notion that muscle means manhood. It is here, sir—here;" and Skeff touched his forehead with the tip of his finger; "here lies the god-like attribute. And until you come to feel that, you never will have arrived at the real dignity of a great creature."

"Well, if I be the friend of one, Skeffy, it will satisfy all my ambi-

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tion," said he, grasping his hand warmly; "and now what of M'Gruder? how did you come to know of him?"

"Officially; officially, of course. Skeffington Damer and Sam M'Gruder might revolve in ether for centuries and their orbits never cross! but it happened that this honest fellow had gone off in search of you into Sicily; and, with that blessed propensity for blundering the British subject is gifted with, had managed to offend the authorities and get imprisoned. Of course he appealed to me. They all appeal to *me!* but at the moment, unhappily for him, the King was appealing to *me*, and Cavour was appealing to *me*, and so was the Emperor; and, I may mention in confidence, so was Garibaldi!—not in person, but through a friend. I know these things must be. Whenever a fellow has a head on his shoulders in this world, the other fellows who have no heads find it out and work *him*. Ay, sir; work him! That's why I have said over and over again the stupid dogs have the best of it. I declare to you, on my honour, Tony, there are days I'd rather be *you* than be Skeff Damer!"

Tony shook his head.

"I know it sounds absurd, but I pledge you my sacred word of honour I *have* felt it."

"And M'Gruder?" asked Tony.

"M'Gruder, sir, I liberated! I said, Free him! and, like the fellow in Curran's celebrated passage, his chains fell to the ground, and he stood forward, not a bit grateful—far from it—but a devilish crusty Scotchman, telling me what a complaint he'd lodge against me as soon as he arrived in England."

"No, no; he's not the fellow to do that."

"If he did, sir, *it* would crush him—crush him! The Emperor of Russia could not prefer a complaint against Skeff Damer and feel the better of it!"

"He's a true-hearted, fine fellow," said Tony.

"With all my heart I concede to him all the rough virtues you may desire to endow him with; but please to bear in mind, Master Tony, that a man of your station and your fortune cannot afford such intimacies as your friend Rory here and this M'Gruder creature."

"Then I was a richer man when I had nothing, for I *could* afford it then," said Tony, sturdily; "and I tell you more, Skeffy—I mean to afford it still. There is no fellow living I love better—no, nor as well—as I love yourself; but even for your love I'll not give up the fine-hearted fellows who were true to me in my days of hardship, shared with me what they had, and gave me—what was better to me—their loving-kindness and sympathy."

"You'd bring down the house if you said that in the Adelphi, Tony."

"It's well for you that I can't get out of bed," said Tony, with a grim laugh.

"There it is again—another appeal to the brute man and the man brute! Well, I'll go to dinner, and I'll tell the fair Sister to prepare your barley-water, and administer it in a more diluted form than heretofore;" and, adjusting his hat so as to display a favourite lock to the best advantage, and drawing on his gloves in leisurely fashion, Skeff Damer walked proudly away, bestowing little benevolent gestures on the patients as he passed, and intimating by certain little signs that he had taken an interest in their several cases, and saying by a sweet smile, "You'll be the better of this visit of mine. You'll see, you will."

CHAPTER LVIII.—THE 6TH OF SEPTEMBER.

On the evening of the 6th September a corvette steamed rapidly out of the Bay of Naples, threading her way deviously through the

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other ships of war, unacknowledged by salute—not even an ensign dipped as she passed.

"There goes the King and the monarchy," said Skeff, as he stood on the balcony with the Lyles, and pointed to the fast-retreating vessel.

"I suppose the sooner *we* leave the better," said Lady Lyle, whose interest in political affairs was very inferior to that she felt on personal matters.

"Skeff says that the Talisman will take us on board," said Sir Arthur.

"Yes," said Skeff; "Captain Paynter will be here by-and-by to take your orders, and know when he is to send in his boats for you; and though I feel assured my general directions will be carried out here, and that no public disturbance will take place, you will all be safer under the Union Jack."

"And what of Tony Butler? when is he to arrive?" asked Bella.

"Tony," said Skeff, "is to arrive here to-night. I have had a note from his friend M'Gruder, who has gone down to meet him, and is now at Salerno."

"And who is his friend M'Gruder?" asked Lady Lyle, superciliously.

"A rag-merchant from Leghorn," said Skeff; "but Tony calls him an out-and-out good fellow; and I must say he didn't take five minutes to decide when I told him Tony was coming up from Cava, and would be glad to have his company on the road."

"These are of course exceptional times, when all sorts of strange intimacies will be formed; but I *do* hope that Tony will see that his altered circumstances as to fortune require from him more care in the selection of his friends than he has hitherto been distinguished for."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, my dear," said Sir Arthur; "a man's fortune very soon impresses itself on all he says and does."

"I mistake him much," said Bella, "if any wealth will estrange him from one of those he cared for in his humbler days. Don't you agree with me, Alice?"

Alice made no reply, but continued to gaze at the ships through a glass.

"The danger is that he'll carry that feeling to excess," said Skeff; "for he will not alone hold to all these people, but he'll make you and me hold to them too."

"That would be impossible, perfectly impossible," said my Lady, with a haughty toss of her head.

"No, no; I cannot agree to go that far," chimed in Sir Arthur.

"It strikes me," said Alice, quietly, "we are all of us deciding a little too hastily as to what Tony Butler will or will not do. Probably a very slight exercise of patience would save us some trouble."

"Certainly not, Alice, after what Mr Damer has said. Tony would seem to have thrown down a sort of defiance to us all. We must accept him with his belongings, or do without him."

"He shall have *me* on his own terms," said Skeff. "He is a noble savage, and I love him with all my heart."

"And you will know his rag friend?" asked Lady Lyle.

"Ay, that will I; and an Irish creature too that he calls Rory—a fellow of six feet four, with a voice like an enraged bull and a hand as wide as one of these flags!"

"It is Damon and Pythias over again, I declare!" said Lady Lyle. "Where did he pick up his monster?"

"They met by chance in England, and, equally by chance, came together to Italy, and Tony persuaded him to accompany him and join Garibaldi. The worthy Irishman, who loved fighting and was not very particular as to the cause, agreed; and though he had originally came abroad to serve in the Pope's army, some offence they had given him made him desert, and he was well pleased not to return home without, as he said, 'batin' somebody.' It was in this way he became a Garibaldian. The fellow,

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it seems, fought like a lion; he has been five times wounded, and was left for dead on the field; but he bears a charm which he knows will always protect him."

"A charm—what is the charm?"

"A medallion of the Pope, which he wears around his neck, and always kisses devoutly before he goes into battle."

"The Pope's image is a strange emblem for a Garibaldian, surely," said Sir Arthur, laughing.

"Master Rory thinks it will dignify any cause; and as he never knew what or for whom he was fighting, this small bit of copper saved him a world of trouble and casuistry; and so in the name of the Holy Father he has broken no end of Neapolitan skulls."

"I must say Mr Butler has surrounded himself with some choice associates," said Lady Lyle; "and all this time I have been encouraging myself to believe that so very young a man would have had no connections, no social relations, he could not throw off without difficulty."

"The world will do all this sifting process for him, if we only have patience," said Sir Arthur; and indeed it is but fair to say that he spoke with knowledge, since, in his own progress through life, he had already made the acquaintance of four distinct and separate classes in society, and abandoned each in turn for that above it.

"Was he much elated, Mr Damer," asked Lady Lyle, "when he heard of his good fortune?"

"I think he was at first; but it made so little impression on him, that more than once he went on to speculate on his future, quite forgetting that he had become independent; and then, when he remembered it, he certainly did look very happy and cheerful."

"And what sort of plans has he?" asked Bella.

"They're all about his mother; everything is for *her*. She is to keep that cottage, and the ground about it, and he is to make a garden for her; and it seems she likes cows—she is to have cows. It's a lucky chance that the old lady hadn't a taste for a plesiosaurus, or he'd be offering a prize for one to-morrow."

"He's a dear good fellow, as he always was," said Bella.

"The only real change I see in him," said Skeff, "is, that now he is never grumpy—he takes everything well; and if crossed for a moment, he says, 'Give me a weed; I must smoke away that annoyance.'"

"How sensual!" said my Lady; but nobody heeded the remark.

At the moment, too, a young midshipman saluted Damer from the street, and informed him that the first cutter was at the jetty to take the party off to the Talisman; and Captain Paynter advised them not to delay very long, as the night looked threatening. Lady Lyle needed no stronger admonition; she declared that she would go at once; and although the Captain's own gig, as an attention of honour, was to be in to take her, she would not wait, but set out immediately.

"You'll take care of me, Skeffy," said Alice, "for I have two letters to write, and shall not be ready before eleven o'clock."

For a while all was bustle and confusion. Lady Lyle could not make up her mind whether she would finally accept the frigate as a refuge or come on shore again the next day. There were perils by land and by water, and she weighed them and discussed them, and turned fiercely on everybody who agreed with her, and quarrelled with all round. Sir Arthur, too, had his scruples, as he bethought him of the effect that would be produced by the fact that a man of his station and importance had sought the protection of a ship of war; and he asked Skeff if some sort of brief protest—some explanation—should not be made in the public papers, to show that he had taken the step in compliance with female fears, and not from the dictates of his own male wisdom. "I should be sorry, sincerely sorry to affect the

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Funds," said he; and really the remark was considerate.

As for Bella, she could not bear being separated from Skeffy, he was so daring, so impulsive, as she said, and with all this responsibility on him now—people coming to him for everything, and all asking what was to be done—he needed more than ever support and sympathy.

And thus is it the world goes on, as unreal, as fictitious, as visionary as anything that ever was put on the stage and illuminated by footlights. There was a rude realism outside in the street, however, that compensated for much of this. There, all was wildest fun and jollity; not the commotion of a people in the throes of a revolution, not the highly-wrought passion of an excited populace mad with triumph; it was the orgie of a people who deemed the downfall of a hated government a sort of carnival occasion, and felt that mummery and tomfoolery were the most appropriate expressions of delight.

Through streets crowded with this dancing, singing, laughing, embracing, and mimicking mass, the Lyles made their way to the jetty reserved for the use of the ships of war, and soon took their places, and were rowed off to the frigate, Skeffy waving his adieux till darkness rendered his gallantry unnoticed.

All his late devotion to the cares of love and friendship had made such inroads on his time that he scarcely knew what was occurring, and had lamentably failed to report to "the Office" the various steps by which revolution had advanced, and was already all but installed as master of the kingdom. Determined to write off a most telling despatch, he entered the hotel, and, seeing Alice engaged letter-writing at one table, he quietly installed himself at another, merely saying, "The boat will be back by midnight, and I have just time to send off an important despatch."

Alice looked up from her writing, and a very faint smile curled her lip. She did not speak, however; and after a moment continued her letter.

For upwards of half an hour the scraping sounds of the pens were the only noises in the room, except at times a little low murmur as Skeff read over to himself some passage of unusual force and brilliancy.

"You must surely be doing something very effective, Skeff," said Alice, from the other end of the room, "for you rubbed your hands with delight, and looked radiant with triumph."

"I think I have given it to them!" cried he. "There's not another man in the line would send home such a despatch. Canning wouldn't have done it in the old days, when he used to bully them. Shall I read it for you?"

"My dear Skeff, I'm not Bella. I never had a head for questions of politics. I am hopelessly stupid in all such matters."

"Ah, yes; Bella told me that. Bella herself, indeed, only learned to feel an interest in them through me; but, as I told her, the woman who will one day be an ambassadress cannot afford to be ignorant of the great European game in which her husband is a player."

"Quite true; but I have no such ambitions before me; and fortunate it is, for really I could not rise to the height of such lofty themes."

Skeff smiled pleasantly; her humility soothed him. He turned to the last paragraph he had penned, and re-read it.

"By the way," said Alice, carelessly, and certainly nothing was less apropos to what they had been saying, though she commenced thus—"By the way, how did you find Tony looking—improved, or the reverse?"

"Improved in one respect; fuller, browner, more manly, perhaps; but coarser; he wants the—you know what I mean—he wants this!" and he swayed his arm in a bold sweep, and stood fixed, with his hand extended.

"Ah, indeed!" said she, faintly.

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"Don't you think so—don't you agree with me, Alice?"

"Perhaps to a certain extent I do," said she, diffidently.

"How could it be otherwise, consorting with such a set? You'd not expect to find it there?"

Alice nodded assent all the more readily that she had not the vaguest conception of what "it" might mean.

"The fact is, Alice," said he, arising and walking the room with immense strides, "Tony will always be Tony!"

"I suppose he will," said she, dryly.

"Yes; but you don't follow me. You don't appreciate my meaning. I desired to convey this opinion, that Tony being one of those men who cannot add to their own natures the gifts and graces which a man acquires who has his successes with your sex——"

"Come, come, Skeff, you must neither be metaphysical nor improper. Tony is a very fine boy; only a boy, I acknowledge, but he has noble qualities; and every year he lives will, I feel certain, but develop them further."

"He won't stand the 'boy' tone any longer," said Skeff, dryly. "I tried it, and he was down on me at once."

"What did he say when you told him we were here?" said she, carelessly, while putting her papers in order.

"He was surprised."

"Was he pleased?"

"Oh, yes, pleased, certainly; he was rather afraid of meeting your mother, though."

"Afraid of mamma! how could that be?"

"Some lesson or other she once gave him sticks in his throat; something she said about presumption, I think."

"Oh no, no; this is quite impossible—I can't credit it."

"Well, it might be some fancy of his—for he has fancies, and very queer ones too. One was about a god-father of mine. Come in—what is it?" cried he, as a knock came to the door.

"A soldier below stairs, sir, wishes to speak to you," said the waiter.

"Ah! something of importance from Filangieri, I've no doubt," said Skeff, rising, and leaving the room. Before he had gone many paces, however, he saw a large, powerful figure in the red shirt and small cap of the Garibaldians, standing in the corridor, and the next instant he turned fully round—it was Tony.

"My dear old Tony, when did you arrive?"

"This moment; I am off again, however, at once, but I wouldn't leave without seeing you."

"Off, and where to?"

"Home—I've taken a passage to Marseilles in the Messageries boat, and she sails at two o'clock. You see I was no use here till this arm got right, and the General thought my head wouldn't be the worse of a little quiet; so I'll go back and recruit, and if they want me they shall have me."

"You don't know who's there?" whispered Skeff. Tony shook his head. "And all alone too," added the other, still lower. "Alice—Alice Trafford."

Tony grew suddenly very pale, and leaned against the wall.

"Come in; come in at once, and see her. We have been talking of you all the evening."

"No, no—not now," said Tony, faintly.

"And when, if not now? You're going off, you said."

"I'm in no trim to pay visits; besides, I don't wish it. I'll tell you more some other time."

"Nonsense; you look right well in your brigand costume, and with an old friend, not to say—— Well, well, don't look sulky," and as he got thus far—he had been gradually edging closer and closer to the door—he flung it wide open, and called out, "Mr Tony Butler!" Pushing Tony inside and then closing the door behind, he retreated, laughing heartily to himself over his practical joke.

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THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS REPORT.—CONCLUSION.

WINCHESTER AND SHREWSBURY.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE had some reason to expect exemption from the Public Schools Inquiry. William of Wykeham's two foundations at Oxford and Winchester, closely connected as they are, had already been dealt with by the University Commission of 1850. It was impossible to remodel New College without introducing some changes into the nursery which supplied it with scholars and fellows—the College of St Mary at Winchester. This latter foundation—the mother and the model of Eton—consisted of a warden, ten fellows, two schoolmasters, and seventy scholars. The University Commissioners reduced (prospectively) the number of fellows to six, increasing, from the proceeds of the suppressed fellowships, the number of scholars to one hundred. They also cut down the seventy fellowships at New College, to which the Winchester boys used to be elected at once as probationers, and which were tenable for life, into thirty scholarships tenable for five years only: six of these to be filled up every year by an examination, in which the "commoners" of the school as well as the scholars on Wykeham's foundation were to be allowed to compete.

The present Commission, therefore, found Winchester already passing through a change. No decrease had as yet taken place in the number of fellows, either by death or otherwise; consequently, the proposed increase in the number of scholars had not yet come into operation. But real reforms of much greater importance had been at work for some time. The fixed number of vacancies at New College every year held out a more regular stimulus to the candidates; changes in the mode of promotion through the several forms had made the competition for these great final prizes more lively and sustained throughout, and less affected by mere seniority; and, more than all, the opening of the foundation itself—admission into college being made the result of a free election, in which the comparative merit of each boy is tested by rigorous examination, instead of the old system of nomination by a warden or fellow—had raised the standard of scholarship and the reputation of the College as a place of education. This most important reform was due to no Government interference; the Bishop of Winchester, as Visitor, had recommended it, and it was readily adopted by the warden and fellows. Any parent who desires for his son "a child's place" in William of Wykeham's College —which will secure for him, at a mere nominal expense, the highest possible education, with liberal board, and the prospect of a scholarship of £100 a-year at one of the noblest colleges in Oxford—has nothing to do but to send him up to compete at the annual examination. Let him be only under fourteen years of age, a baptised member of the Church of England, and bearing a certificate of good moral conduct, and he has a fair field and no favour. His work at the examination, and that alone, decides the question of his success. The best scholars are invariably elected; the present warden "has never heard anything to the contrary;" and public opinion will fully corroborate his testimony. The competition, however, is severe enough, as ought fairly to be the case when the richness of the prizes is considered. "We are overwhelmed with candidates," says Dr Moberly; "it brings boys of all abilities, of all families, from all parts of the country;" but although the parents

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"take it for granted they are all to come in," there are not more than about fourteen vacancies on the average every year, while the candidates at the late elections have considerably exceeded a hundred. There is one qualification which the new ordinances left very much to the discretion of the electors, but which Wykeham evidently intended to have had a considerable weight in the election; that the candidate should not be the son of rich parents, who could well afford to pay for his liberal education. It seems probable from the evidence, that in most cases a proper feeling does keep back most wealthy families from the competition; but it does not appear that the electors have ever exercised the power given them, even by the reformed ordinances, of refusing to admit as a candidate "any one whom they may deem not to be in need of a scholarship:" and we cannot help regretting that the present Commissioners, like their predecessors in the Oxford University Commission, decline to recognise any preference in favour of the "poor scholar."

The College of St Mary at Winchester is not only the oldest, but the least changed of any of our public schools. The prefect-system which has been adopted more or less in all of them, the numbering the forms from the "Sixth" downwards, the scholar's gown which old ecclesiastical foundations still maintain and modern "colleges" affect, the boy-tutor system of Merchant Taylors', the *Montem* of Eton,—all take their origin from Wykeham's ancient constitution. Medieval customs and traditions, which have given way at other schools to the march of modern improvement, still hold their ground at Winchester. The Commissioners at their visit found the boys eating their dinners off trenchers of wood, and sleeping "on oaken bedsteads more than two centuries old," in the ancient chambers which Wykeham built, still warmed (and but sparingly) with faggot-fires, as they might have been in his day. Until comparatively lately, the choristers made the scholars' beds and waited at dinner. Even the relentless hands of a Royal Commission seem to have shrunk from touching so venerable an institution otherwise than lightly. They seize and confiscate two of the six fellowships left to the College by the University Commission, and enjoin certain qualifications and duties to the remainder; but with the teaching, discipline, and internal regulations of the College as a place of education, they have interfered very gently.

The evidence has more than justified them in their decision. If all our public schools were doing their work as well and as honestly as Winchester, it would have been wiser in all their cases to have let well alone. The scholarship of Wykehamists has always stood high; and some of the most serious drawbacks to the wellbeing of the foundation have been removed by the changes which have already been noticed. Ungrateful as it may seem to say so, the bane of Wykeham's school at Winchester has been that society which, though later in its foundation, he meant to be its elder sister, and linked to it by the closest and most kindly ties,—his "New College" in Oxford. The seventy fellowships which he founded there for his Winchester scholars, instead of serving, as he meant they should, as aids and opportunities for a religious and studious life, became too often temptations to a life of pleasant and respectable idleness. Whatever might have been the case in the founder's day, or for some subsequent generations, a fellow of New College has hardly within present memory been held synonymous, *per se*, with a learned or devoted student, though, no doubt, there have been such amongst the body. Their statutable exemption from university examinations—which implied exclusion from public university hon-

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ours—though long and naturally cherished as an ancient privilege, and reluctantly resigned, was plainly a disadvantage and discouragement. The Report puts the case in the mildest way, when it pronounces that "the perpetual fellowships, obtained at the early age of eighteen, combined with the certainty of college livings for such fellows as might become clergymen, took away from young men a valuable stimulus to industry at a most important period in their mental growth."* In most other colleges, a fellowship was at least the reward of a certain amount of successful exertion during the undergraduate course, seldom conferred until the attainment of at least a respectable degree; but at New College the schoolboy came up into residence as a fellow at once, —on his "probation," indeed, for two years, but a probation very leniently construed, and necessarily so. But more than this; a Winchester boy's succession to New College, under the old system, was virtually fixed, so far as it depended on his own abilities and exertions, before he was fourteen years old.

"Until about twelve years ago, promotion by taking places stopped on entrance into the senior part of the Fifth; that is, about half-way up the school, and at a point which a boy generally attained when about thirteen or fourteen years old. From that time till he stood for New College his place was never changed, and the examination which he eventually underwent for New College was formerly, we believe, little more than nominal. It used, Mr Fearon says, to be 'almost a farce,' the election being really decided by seniority. Up to that point, therefore, a boy worked very hard. A great number of marks were formerly to be gained in the middle part of the Fifth by 'standing up,' and the quantities of verse and prose learnt for this purpose in that part of the school were enormous. 'I have known,' says Dr Moberly, 'of a boy repeating a play of Sophocles without missing a word.' The result was that a fellowship for life was the prize of a struggle which was over at fourteen, and success in which was won in a great measure by a hard strain upon a retentive memory. This system had its natural effect. It produced intellectual languor and idleness in a considerable portion of the Upper School."—Report, p. 148.

All this is now changed. The undergraduate fellowships at New College are a thing of the past. The scholarships which have taken their place can only be gained by an examination, strictly competitive, upon leaving the school; and the fifteen fellowships to which Winchester men have still a claim are only gained by another severe competition, subsequent to the B.A. degree, to which not only the Winchester scholars, but all who have been educated for two years at the school, or who have been members of New College for twelve terms, are equally eligible. For this last comprehensive measure of reform, both the credit and the responsibility must rest with the Oxford Commission; but the opening of the Winchester foundation, and the improvement in the competition for New College, were entirely independent motions of the governing body, and were made upon the sound principle which Royal Commissions are apt to disregard—of interpreting the founder's intentions in the most liberal spirit, without contravening the actual letter of their expression. They have been as successful as they deserved to be. Winchester has risen steadily in numbers and repute since their adoption; and if the founder could revisit his cloisters, he would have no cause either to be ashamed of his "children," or to reproach their guardians with any breach of trust.

As at Eton and Westminster, there has grown up round the college of Wykeham's foundation a body of independent scholars, known at Winchester as "commoners," the conventional English

* Report, p. 150.

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term for the *commensales*, boys of somewhat more wealthy parents, who were admitted to share in the college teaching, while they paid for their commons at the Warden or Fellows' table. These have long outnumbered the scholars of the foundation, and been lodged in a separate building as head-master's boarders. Their rapid increase during the last few years has made it necessary to open three additional houses, kept by assistant-masters, as at Rugby and Harrow. They are amalgamated with the college-boys in school-work and discipline, but out of school hours there is a line of severance, hardly so distinct as at Eton, the existence of which the college authorities are laudably anxious to ignore, and which they have done a good deal of late years to obliterate; but which does exist nevertheless, and is to some extent a necessary consequence of the separation of domicile. They had, until lately, even separate playgrounds. A wall divided the college "meads" from the commoners' field, at the time of the Commissioners' visit, which Dr Moberly was very anxious to have pulled down—an object in which he has since succeeded. He says—

"It would practically have the effect of giving the commoners a right to go into the college meadow. Everything that tends to blend the whole of the school into one is of great value, . . . but it may perhaps be some time before the College will agree that the commoners have an equal right to the playground. They will give them full and kindly permission to play there as neighbours, but it will be only as neighbours."

The admission of the commoners to compete for the New College scholarships will probably do more for the fusion of the two bodies in spirit than even the pulling down of the material wall of separation. All the Winchester witnesses seem to agree that the social status was quite that of equality, and that whatever rivalry existed was rather that of *esprit de corps*.

The classical teaching at Winchester—in spite of what the Report notices as an inadequate number of masters—is thorough and energetic, and there seems as little opportunity given for idleness as is possible in a large public school. "The system of promotion," as the Report significantly remarks, "is nearly the reverse of that at Eton"—"it depends upon success in an incessant competition." Places are taken, and marks assigned accordingly, in every form below the Sixth. The Commissioners can hardly have been surprised to find, though they go on to notice it as a somewhat embarrassing consequence of this system, "that a clever and diligent boy rises quickly to the top of the school, and that the duller or more idle boys are left to stagnate at the bottom." It is the natural result, we should think, in any well-ordered school, and indeed is very much the case in that serious race of life for which a public school is considered to be the training. Nor do we suppose that the reverse of this effect—the dunces floating to the top while the clever boys floundered at the bottom—would fall in with any one's notions of school reform. Nor do the Commissioners quote with any degree of approval the so-called "charity removes" at Harrow and Westminster (by which a big boy of long standing in one form, hopeless of promotion by merit, is at last pitchforked into the next on the mere ground of seniority), though there is really much to be said in its defence. But their own remedy, which they put forward with some hesitation and indistinctness, but which is plainly always in their minds, and which has the sanction of some high authorities, is the elimination of this "stagnant" element from public schools altogether: hopeless of improving the well-grown dunce in any other way, they would improve him, in the Irishman's language, "off the face of the earth,"—or at all events out of the way of public-school masters and public-school Commissioners, which of course is

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the only sphere they are bound to recognise. On this point we shall have a few words to say hereafter.

There are some features in the Winchester system which are peculiar. The whole of the forms, eight in number, are taught in one large room. While Dr Temple, at Rugby, considers it as a disadvantage that even two or three of the lower forms should be taught simultaneously in the large schoolroom there, and lays it down as an axiom, that "it is not possible to teach more than one form well in one room,"* the Winchester masters go through their work, day after day, in the midst of a confused sea of sound, which to a stranger would be very distracting. That both masters and boys soon learn to concentrate their attention upon their own small corner in this noisy school world is very true; but the strain upon brain and nerve must be severe, even if from long habit it is comparatively unfelt at the time. No doubt this arrangement prevailed originally in every school in England. Such a luxury as a separate class-room was never dreamed of by Lily or Waynflete. Nor do the Winchester masters make any complaint. There is something to be said upon both sides of the question. The present Report has some pertinent remarks upon the modern demand for private studies and separate class-rooms.

"It may admit of doubt whether, in both these respects, schools are not moving faster than the world—for which they are a preparation—has followed, or will be able to follow them. It is necessary at the bar, and in other careers of life, and in the Houses of Parliament, that much mental work should be done of all kinds amidst many outward causes of distraction. It would be matter of regret if public-school life should in any way disqualify boys for the conditions under which they must do their work as men. If, therefore, care should be taken not to put difficulties between the young scholar and the acquisition of knowledge, it must be remembered also, that difficulties may be artificially created by enlivening sensibility, and 'may be unnecessarily strengthened by shrinking too much from a timely discipline.'"—Report, p. 287.

Another of the peculiarities of Winchester is the recognised appointment of "boy-tutors." The founder had directed in his statutes that the boys of his own kindred who were admitted should each be placed under the charge of "one of the more proficient and discreet of the scholars;" and this guardianship was from very early times extended to the whole of the junior scholars. The relationship between the young tutor and his pupil, as it now exists, is described by the head-master in his evidence as something like that of "patron" and "client." Each of the ten senior boys has a certain number (from three or four to eight or ten) of these pupils assigned to him, from whom he receives an annual fee of two guineas each, and for whose well-doing in and out of school he is to some extent responsible. He looks over and corrects some part of their composition before it is sent up to the master; helps them to make out any specially hard passage in the day's lesson; protects them against any positive bullying or ill-usage; and, last but not least, in the minds of those who know the habits of small schoolboys, "sees that they keep themselves tidy." He is "supposed really to look after a boy who is rather friendless;" "if any of the masters thought he was getting into any harm, he used to send for his tutor." "If a little boy is going on amiss," says Dr Moberly, "my habit is to send for his boy-tutor, and ask his opinion as to the general behaviour of the boy—his diligence, conduct, language, and so on." We do not wonder that the Winchester deponents, old and young, agree in attaching the greatest value to so simple and kindly a relationship, as "especially useful to the younger

* Answers (Appendix), p. 311.

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boys when they first came;" or that Dr Moberly should plainly express his regret that the appointment of a "composition tutor"—a measure introduced "against his opinion, though not against his positive dissent," by the late Warden of the College—has limited the tutorial duties of the senior boys very considerably. The older system, he says, "operated extremely well."

"The tutor required the boy to do his composition in time. If a boy could not do his lesson he went to the boy-tutor, and he helped him. He told the boy to sit down, and made him do it with him. You had a more immediate close superintendence. If the boy-tutor overlooked a mistake, perhaps the master came down on him, and made him do the exercise correctly. I cannot tell you how much I have lost from my seniors not acting as boy-tutors. The boy-tutor would correct all the blunders of the little boy; now, he makes all the blunders himself. Again, he dealt with the pupil as a boy, whereas the college tutor, who has these things to do, deals with him as a man." —Winch. Evid., 388.

Not every movement in public-school education, however well-intentioned, is necessarily a step forwards; and the Commissioners might have read here a warning, not only that some of our forefathers' notions of teaching were very sound, but also against their own favourite theory of fettering every head-master by some extraneous authority, against which the best head-masters of both present and former days have energetically protested. On this point, again, we shall have something to say hereafter.

With the exception of the two-guinea fee to the boy-tutor (paid by all below the Sixth Form), a scholar on the foundation has no necessary charges whatever, beyond £1, 10s. for French, with an extra £1 if German is learnt. The prefects have even certain small salaries or perquisites attached to their office, which will go very far towards covering their bills for clothes and books.* The "officers"—the five seniors—receive fees amounting to from £10 to £15 a-year: and as each has a certain number of pupils, their payments make up his income to between £20 and £30. It was the plain intention of the founder that the education should be entirely gratuitous; but, as at Eton and Westminster, an evil custom had grown up of eking out the fixed salaries of the masters —no longer bearing a fair proportion to their duties—not by a re-adjustment of the ample revenues of the foundation, as justice plainly demanded, but by the adoption of a charge for tuition. The mode in which the Winchester authorities of former days contrived to keep the letter of a free education of the scholars, while they contravened the spirit, is so ingenious, that it is worth giving in Dr Moberly's own words :—

"When Dr Goddard was head-master, which he was for many years, it was the practice of the College to put on the bills of all the college-boys, not in the form of a charge, but in the form of a request, ten guineas every year for 'masters' gratuities,' and to insert the words 'if allowed:' that little parenthesis—'if allowed'—being intended to give the parent an opportunity of putting his pen through 'masters' gratuities' if he pleased; but you will easily see it was not one in many hundreds who would put his pen through it: and the consequence was that, during that time, practically a charge of ten guineas was made upon the college-boys. Dr Goddard, or, I rather think, Dr Goddard's predecessor, was appealed against before the Visitor on account of this charge, and the Visitor decided that it was legal, because the parenthesis 'if allowed' kept it from being an actual charge. Dr Goddard received that money during the whole of his head-mastership, but it distressed him; but just before I came here, he wrote to the College, and said, 'It has been such a distress of conscience to me to receive this money (though, as it was authorised by the Visitor, it came to

* The average yearly expenses of a college-boy are stated at £30, including all bills for books, clothes, &c. But in very many cases it is much less. A "commoner's" charges average about £116.

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me legally), I am determined that in future no head-master shall suffer the same distress;' and he sent them £25,000 in the 3 per cents, in order that they should pay to the two masters the interest of that sum, so that they should not feel the distress he had felt.

"284. (*Lord Clarendon.*) The distress never came to a crisis until he had retired?—Not until he had retired. But it was not a bequest; it was years before his death that he did it. It was a very genuine thing. It was not in the form of taking so much from his heirs; he gave it himself."

We have made this quotation, not merely for the purpose of showing how the "pious bounty" of William of Wykeham was ingeniously frustrated by those who ought to have been its guardians, and of drawing attention to the noble munificence of Dr Goddard, already well known and honoured by every Wykehamist; but also to protest against what seems an ungenerous and uncalled-for remark of the noble Commissioner. Dr Moberly does himself honour by his prompt and manly defence of his predecessor's memory. Lord Clarendon might have better reserved his sarcasm for the Warden and Fellows who thus allowed a retired head-master to undertake their liabilities, and for the Visitor who sanctioned such a palpable evasion of their statutes. The head-master now receives £450 per annum from the Goddard Fund, and the second-master £300, and the gratuities have been abolished for ever. "But," says the Report, in words certainly not too strong for the occasion,

"We must observe that this is due, not to the College, but to Dr Goddard. The instruction of the scholars has been paid for, and the head and second masters have been saved from the necessity of continually violating the statutes they are bound to observe; but this has been done, not by the Warden and Fellows, whose duty it certainly was to provide adequately for the teaching of these boys out of the college revenues, but by the generosity of a private person who had a much more tender conscience or ampler means than his predecessors."—Report, p. 138.

We should have given the Commissioners credit for a bolder and juster measure of reform than any which we find suggested, if they had recommended the application of the Goddard Fund in future to the payment of the additional masters who are so much needed, and directed the payment of the head and second masters' salaries in full out of the revenues in the hands of the Warden and Fellows. If it was the duty of these stewards of Wykeham's liberality "to provide adequately for the teaching of these boys out of the college revenues," it seems the duty of a Royal Commission to enforce it.

The fagging at Winchester, which in past times had a reputation for severity not altogether unfounded, is now regular and methodical without being oppressive. But there is one point in which, both there and at Westminster, the system differs from that which prevails in other public schools, and differs, in our opinion, very objectionably. One of the main arguments in defence of a recognised system of fagging, and perhaps one which would be most generally admitted, is that it serves as an additional stimulus to boys in the lower part of the school to work hard for their promotion, in order to escape as soon as possible into a position of independence. And it will be conceded, we think, by any one who has had experience of the working of a public school that it does have this effect; that "to get out of fagging" is quite as much an object to a lower boy as any school prize or other honour can be. But at Winchester, as at Westminster, a boy's position in the school has nothing to do with his liability to fagging. At Westminster, as has been seen, he is a fag so long as he is in his year of first or second election; and at Winchester he must continue so until he is a prefect, which may be from two to three years. Not only this, but the by-laws of college discipline throw by far too large a proportion of service upon the

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junior in each chamber—*i. e.*, the last elected into college—whatever his rank in the order of the forms. The scholar whom the Commissioners examined had been elected at the head of the "roll," was in the senior part of the Fifth—"rather higher than the middle of the school"—yet he was a junior in chambers, and would continue so until the next election,—the "general fag" of his chamber, having to get up half an hour earlier, and subject to a far larger share of the fagging at games than his seniors in the date of election.* The Winchester witnesses seem to agree in considering that the system adopted among the commoners, where fagging depends not upon seniority of entrance, but upon position in the school—only those below the Fifth Form being subject to it—is a much more reasonable and desirable arrangement. The Report notices as one serious objection to the principle acted upon in the college, that a commoner who succeeds in his election to a scholarship "may have to go through a second period of servitude after he has already served his time—a prospect which might well deter a clever boy from standing for college."† The remark is very just, though possibly Wykehamists may hardly admire the technical terms in which it is worded. We venture so far to adopt the Commissioners' terminology as to suggest that in such cases the newly-elected scholar should have a "ticket of leave." And amongst their recommendations (which do not often err on the side of shrinking from details) they might have done well to advise that, in every public school, exemption from fagging should follow upon promotion into a certain Form.

The Commissioners, as they observe, "are not led to expect from Dr Moberly much encouragement" in the introduction of the physical sciences as a necessary branch of school work. He gives it as his opinion—"very frankly"—that this branch of instruction, in the only way in which it can be given in such a school as Winchester, is "worthless as education," except for "a few boys who have a taste for the physical sciences, and intend to pursue them as amateurs or professionally." All the ingenious pleading which Mr Commissioner Vaughan puts forward by way of cross-examination in favour of this class of studies, only draws from him some such replies as these. He says that he has himself attended the lectures of gentlemen appointed for that purpose at Winchester, and took some interest in them at the time, and "could probably have passed a pretty good examination;" but he has forgotten all about them now. Mr Vaughan gently suggests that the memory, at Dr Moberly's "middle age," may not be quite so retentive as his pupils'; Dr Moberly thinks that, on the contrary—

"A boy would sooner put those things out of his mind. There is no germinating, fruit-bearing principle in those facts; unless a person is going to do something practically with them, they disappear. To tell him the fact, for instance, that such and such is the composition of strychnine, if he is not going to do anything with strychnine during the whole of his life, can lead to nothing. He may remember it for a week, as long as his memory is pretty fresh; but let a certain time pass, and he will only have the sort of recollection that ladies are apt to have of something they learnt at school,—they know there is a good deal to be said about it, but they forget what it is.

"504. (*Mr Vaughan.*) Do you not think the principles of those sciences are perhaps more especially applicable to the objects men are pursuing in after-life than any other study you could mention,—to commerce, professions, arts, even to the pursuits of a life of leisure, such as the farming of a country gentleman?—I think when a country gentleman begins to farm, and to farm on principles of agricultural chemistry, *he had better not go*

* Winch. Evid., 1554, &c.

† Report, p. 153.

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upon what he learnt at school from scientific lectures."

Dr Moberly gives us one piece of information, which many teachers and scholars may hail as an intimation of a really practical reform, if carried out. He says—

"The Commission has done us a very great favour at the outset; it has begun by enumerating nine schools as 'public schools,' so that the masters of these nine schools may meet together without any reflection on their brethren. We rather propose to go on and take counsel together upon matters relating to us all in common. One of the things we should consider is, whether it is not possible to get one grammar." —Evidence, 822.

He has no doubt of its being desirable. It would certainly remove one of the most frequent stumbling-blocks in early classical education. The Report hardly gives the proposal the weight which it deserves, though it reminds us that this was a favourite project of Dr Arnold's, who corresponded both with Dr Longley of Harrow (now Archbishop of Canterbury) and Dr Hawtrey of Eton on the subject. Of course Dr Moberly sees the difficulty—who is to draw up this common grammar? Each school thinks its own usage the best,—and some masters have published grammars of their own. We do not know whether the proposed Council of Head-masters has yet met upon serious business, but it certainly might accomplish this and many other practical reforms better than any other body could hope to do.

The last school which appears in this Report is King Edward VI.'s foundation at Shrewsbury. Its title opened an interesting philological question, which the Commissioners, perhaps wisely, as not being their business, decline to decide. It is termed in the charter of foundation "*Libera Schola*" —which has been translated "Free School," and been commonly taken to mean a school in which the education is to be gratuitous. Dr Kennedy, the head-master—whose authority as a classical scholar is of the very highest weight—contends that such interpretation is incorrect; that the word *liber* never bore such a sense, whether "in classical, post-classical, or medieval Latin;" and that the school, in point of fact, never was intended to be and never was gratuitous, a scale of admission-fees having been appointed from its very earliest opening, graduated in amount for the sons of lords, knights, gentlemen, and persons "under those degrees." He explains the words *Libera Schola* to mean "a school free from the jurisdiction of a superior corporation;" almost all other such foundations then existing being attached and subservient to chapters or colleges. The arguments and authorities which Dr Kennedy brings forward in support of his interpretation seem conclusive; they will be found very ably stated by him in a pamphlet on the subject.* It is a question of practical and not merely philological importance, inasmuch as the burgesses of Shrewsbury have long claimed, and are allowed to have, their sons gratuitously educated. About twenty-five boys now in the school enjoy this privilege; but by the operation of the Municipal Reform Act the number of burgesses of the town is continually being reduced, and the present Corporation wish to have this free education extended to all who have been residents within the borough for a certain time. But the Commissioners do not trouble themselves much with the discussion of such claims. The worthy members of the Corporation who appeared before them were much mistaken if they expected to find in them the redressers of local grievances or the careful interpreters of founders' intentions. Their principle here, as elsewhere, is to

* '*Libera Schola;* a Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Westbury, Lord High Chancellor, &c.' By B. H. Kennedy, D.D. Bell & Daldy, 1862.

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abolish, as soon as it can be done with any show of fairness to vested rights, or what they term "inchoate claims," all local preferences whatever. Out of the school revenues they propose to found forty of their favourite "open" scholarships, to be gained by a competitive examination, which are to entitle the holders to a gratuitous education. To these the sons of burgesses of the town are to have a preference—"provided they can pass a proper examination"—for a certain number of years to come, when all such rights are to cease for ever, and Shrewsbury is to become a *Libera Schola* in the modern sense,—not exactly in either the Corporation's or Dr Kennedy's.

This school has had its ebb and flow like others. There was a time when it stood unquestionably first in classical repute of all the public schools of England, and numbered above 300 boys. Those were the days of Dr Butler, admitted to be the first teacher of his age. His pupils carried away the university laurels year after year. The reputation for scholarship which it then acquired it has never lost, although in numbers it has fallen off very materially. At one time they fell as low as 80; but there has been again a gradual increase during the last few years, and even since the visit of the Commission they have risen from 131 to 190.* Various reasons have been alleged for the decline of its popularity. The Trustees attribute it in a great measure to the deficiency in the accommodations; the arrangements in the boarding-houses being described in their evidence as "utterly unfit for the present usages of society amongst those classes from which it would be desired that the boys should come." They have for some time contemplated rebuilding the head and second masters' houses with a view to improvements in this respect; there is funded property belonging to the school which they propose to employ in this manner, and they are waiting the judgment of the Charity Commissioners on the point. Dr Kennedy has a scheme for borrowing an additional sum of £25,000 upon debentures, and applying the whole to the purchase of ground and the erection of new buildings to accommodate 200 boarders and 200 day-scholars. Some step in this direction seems to be imperatively required. The Commissioners themselves recommend that two new houses should be built forthwith to contain 60 and 40 boys under the head and second masters respectively,—even proposing to suspend the exhibitions for that purpose. They report that at present "the condition of the boys' boarding-houses is undeniably defective, and that to a degree which must seriously affect the wellbeing of the school." Dr Kennedy admits this to a certain extent, in spite of many improvements introduced by himself; but he is not inclined to attribute the decline in the numbers so much to this cause as to the formidable rivalry of such new schools as Marlborough, Rossall, and Cheltenham, at most of which, owing to the proprietary system, the expense of a good education is considerably cheaper than even at Shrewsbury.† He thinks also, and no doubt he is right, that "there is a great deal in fashion." There was a time when, to borrow the words of Lord Macaulay (quoted by the Commissioners in their Report), "in the language of the gentry for many miles round the Wrekin, to go to Shrewsbury was to go to town." And though the great popularity of the school was long subsequent to those times, yet the introduction of railways has opened an easy access to the great schools in the centre of England to

* The records of the numbers seem uncertain; Dr Kennedy states the maximum at 295; Mr Bather at 301; and another witness at 400.

† The average expenses of a boy at Shrewsbury are about £100 a-year.

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the Welsh gentry, whose sons for many generations were educated at Shrewsbury, when constant journeyings to and from Eton and Harrow would have been a serious item both in time and money.

There is an old fashion still existing at Shrewsbury, common formerly to some other public schools, but which modern discipline has refused to recognise, of boys boarding with tradesmen in the town. "A few boys," says the head-master in his written answers, "live in the town with respectable persons, to whom their parents have chosen to confide them, and attend the school as day-scholars. The masters assume no responsibility for them out of school hours, and the parents know this." "There was no discipline exercised," says a younger witness; "they were left entirely to themselves and the people they were placed with." This witness goes on to add that he knew of no evil result in the case of the only two schoolfellows thus situated with whom he was personally acquainted: "they were naturally well-conducted boys, and were placed with persons well known to their parents." But it is plain that such an arrangement — induced, most likely, by its comparative cheapness—is in every respect undesirable. The Commissioners properly recommend its immediate discontinuance.

Shrewsbury has some other drawbacks besides the insufficiency of its domestic accommodations. The provision for the remuneration of the assistant-masters is anything but liberal. "Very moderate," the Report calls it; in fact, they are underpaid. "The total emoluments of the five masters, who, with Dr Kennedy, constitute the classical and mathematical staff, hardly amount altogether to the annual sum of which a young classical assistant at Eton commonly finds himself in possession within a few years after he has entered upon his duties." The whole sum paid in salaries by the trustees amounts only to £870; and as the school charge for tuition alone is but fifteen guineas (and at the time of the inquiry there were but ninety-nine boys who paid it, the rest being "free"), it is clear that, however divided, the amount will be very small.* Nor will the small number of boarders—seventy-one—at a charge of fifty guineas, a privilege confined to the head and second masters, place even the incomes of those gentlemen on anything like a par with their more fortunate brethren at Harrow or Rugby. Dr Kennedy at present pays three additional assistant-masters, not on the foundation, out of his own income. On this point he says—

"I do not complain in the least of that; I have been here twenty-six years, and am not so strong as I was, and if I appoint new masters to give me a little relief, it is a matter for my own consideration. But if that be considered, certainly the fee of fifteen guineas each boy would be totally absorbed."

There is little, therefore, to tempt young graduates of high mark to seek a mastership at Shrewsbury; and Dr Kennedy admits, though with a natural reluctance, that he is "consequently not able to obtain men of such first-rate university distinction as at Harrow and Rugby, where they can offer houses and the profits of houses;" though he has "been at no loss for good masters." The small numbers of the school have also made it difficult, as he fairly complains, to keep the standard of scholarship in his Sixth Form as high as he would desire. He has been obliged "to place boys in the same forms whose degrees of knowledge and power, especially in respect of composition, were widely different." It is not surprising to find here and there, in Dr Kennedy's evidence, a tinge of weari-

* It appears from the evidence that the whole income received from the school by the under-master is barely £600 a-year; the senior assistant-master, £225; the second, £200; and the mathematical master, £340.

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ness and dissatisfaction; as when he complains—we hope and believe under a misapprehension—of that portion of society becoming "smaller year after year, who still ascribe some value to a university education and classical training." But we can well understand that "it has, indeed, been a hard struggle to maintain the credit of the school as a training-place for the universities with so small a total as 100 boys, more or less;" and that "whatever it has done has been done under great difficulties and discouragements." *

But in spite of all deficiencies in accommodation and decrease in numbers, the working of the school may still challenge comparison with any other in the kingdom. The Commissioners have not been lavish of their praise, except in the favoured instance of Rugby; but they "think it fair to Dr Kennedy to remember that the credit due to him for the high character of the school is enhanced by the consideration of the disadvantages against which he has had to struggle." They add that "the amount of classical work done and the number of books read in the ordinary divisions of the school is very great; and the success which Shrewsbury men have met with at the universities, and especially at Cambridge, proves that what they learn is learnt well." The range of classical literature to which a Sixth-Form boy of fair diligence and ability will have been introduced at this school, shows what a classical education *may* be under an energetic master, and is a startling contrast to the meagre tale of Homer, Virgil, and Horace, over and over again, which was the Eton system of Sir John Coleridge's days, and which has not been greatly enlarged since. About half the plays of Æschylus and Sophocles; three or four of Aristophanes; about four books of Thucydides, and two of Herodotus; the whole of Pindar; "a great deal" of Demosthenes; four books of Homer's 'Iliad,' and two or three of the 'Odyssey;' three or four dialogues of Plato; some of Xenophon, Theocritus, and Hesiod,—are a fair amount of Greek. Add to these portions of the best Latin poets; "some Tacitus, but very little Livy;" a few of Cicero's Orations, Epistles, and philosophical writings; a play of Terence and of Plautus; and you have, according to a young Cambridge witness of considerable distinction,† what he, and "probably a majority" of his fellow-prepostors, had read with Dr Kennedy before he left the school. It is no wonder that Mr Commissioner Thompson remarks that the witness "seems to have read about twice as much as the boys from any other school." With such a preparatory training, a Shrewsbury undergraduate on matriculation might even possibly succeed in making out the sense of "an unseen passage"—that paradoxically worded Oxford test which has led some very literal and grammatical readers of the Report to imagine that clairvoyance has been introduced at the University amongst the Natural Science studies. ‡

Some peculiarities in the system of teaching deserve notice, and may partly account for its success. The number of the Sixth Form bears, as the Commissioners have noticed, an unusually large proportion to the rest of the school; 22 boys out of 131, at the date of their visit. "Able boys are promoted into the Sixth Form very soon after they come to the school, and remain in it for the greater part of their stay." The consequence of this rapid and unreserved promotion—which at first sight seems of questionable advantage—is that it brings all boys of more than average merit very soon under the head-master's per-

* Answers, Appendix, p. 324–328.

† Mr C. E. Graves, Evidence, 1124, &c.

‡ "We never try them in an *unseen* passage—it would be useless to do so."—Mr Sandford, Ch. Ch. Answers, Appendix, p. 10.

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sonal teaching. That the hope of such promotion acts as an additional stimulus in their work to eager and ambitious boys, will be very evident. That the fact of having to teach a large class made up out of a small school, and therefore necessarily containing boys of very unequal attainments, must add very considerably to the master's labour, will be equally plain. Of the result attributed to it by Shrewsbury men themselves, and of the impression made upon the minds of the Commissioners, the following evidence of Mr Graves—a distinguished scholar who was at the school for five years—may suffice :—

"1174. (*Mr Vaughan.*) Four years out of the five you had the benefit of the head-master's teaching? Yes.—Was that anything like the common proportion of the time spent in the different parts of the school by the boys who distinguished themselves afterwards? I think so.—(*Lord Lyttelton.*) You attribute your success mainly to the personal teaching of Dr Kennedy? Yes.—(*Mr Thompson.*) Dr Kennedy you conceive to be a consummate teacher? Yes, I think so."

It is curious to contrast this with the remarks of Dr Moberly, whose experience and judgment it would be unfair to rate at less value than Dr Kennedy's. He gives it as his distinct opinion that the vigour and liveliness, and the "peculiar prestige," as he terms it, which ought to mark the teaching of an efficient head-master, are gradually lost if the boys remain too long under his immediate training.

"Boys remaining under the same master during the three or four years in which they pass from the middle to the top of the school, lose much of their vigour and freshness. They come to be familiar with his manner, the things he does, the observations he makes, the points he insists on, and so on, which ought to be kept fresh for the last stage. At least that is the danger."—Winch. Evid., 448.

The collision of such able authorities upon so entirely practical a question, ought at least to suggest great caution to all educational theorists, who, looking at the working of a great school *ab extra*, would lay down rules as to the details of its management. Each of these masters may possibly work his school best upon his own system. The results of the Shrewsbury Sixth-Form teaching are at least highly satisfactory. In 20 years they gained at Cambridge (where they chiefly enter) 27 first-classes in the classical tripos, 11 wranglerships, 8 Chancellor's medals, 5 University scholarships, 15 Porson prizes (Greek verse),* and 26 other prizes and medals. It is indeed, as Mr Vaughan terms it, a "magnificent list" of honours from so small a school. The Oxford triumphs are comparatively few, though still a very fair average, considering that it sends up fewer men to that university than any of the nine schools under review, except St Paul's. Its strong point has always been Greek verse, as shown in the list of Porson prizes, which "have of late years been almost monopolised by them:" but the Report goes on to state very fairly, in answer to an objection which has been made to the practice of that branch of composition as taking up their attention too exclusively, that their Porson prizemen have in nearly every case been highly distinguished general scholars. The number of Shrewsbury men who have been appointed to college tutorships, leads to the further remark that "the extent to which this small school contributes to the teaching power of the universities is not a little remarkable."†

Dr Kennedy practises largely, in his teaching, free translations from the classical languages *into* English. "Every translation lesson," he says, "is more or less a lesson in the English language; because after reading the Latin and Greek separately, they speak it off *into*

* They have gained it three times again since the date of the Report.

† Report, pp. 314, 315.

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English." He also adopts the old and wholesome practice, recommended by Ascham, and strongly advocated by Archdeacon Denison in a letter to the Commissioners,* of *vivâ voce* translation of English passages into Latin: and he attaches considerable value, in the formation of a good Latin style, to the frequent repetition of passages from Latin prose authors. These are two points of training far too little attended to in most of our public schools, and the neglect of which may in some degree account for the lamentable quality of the Latin writing which comes under the notice of university examiners.

The Shrewsbury exhibitions are abundantly sufficient for the encouragement of even a larger school. On an average not less than two —frequently more—varying in amount from £37 to £63, and tenable from three to eight years, are open to competition annually, and any boy whose scholarship would at all entitle him to one is pretty sure to obtain it. When they are said to be "open to competition," it seems very strange at first to read amongst Dr Kennedy's answers that "only once, as far back as 1840, has any contest for an exhibition taken place at the school:" "frequent examinations and daily lessons have taught the boys to know each other's strength, and they do not offer themselves as candidates when they have no hope of success." "They tell Dr Kennedy who is going up to the university," says a younger witness, "and he states what exhibitions there are, and the boys themselves arrange who shall go in." This unusually amicable arrangement became the subject of particular inquiry upon the part of the Commissioners, as was very natural and proper; but it was made quite clear to them that everything was perfectly fair and straightforward. The places in the Sixth Form change every six months, as the result of an examination, and this was held to be so thoroughly decisive of the comparative merits of those who were claimants for the exhibitions, that without any actual competition, as many as were vacant used to be awarded to the seniors in rotation who were going up to the university. If a candidate were challenged, the trustees would appoint an examiner. There are, however, certain boys who have preferential claims; first, the sons of burgesses; and secondly, of any person born in Shropshire: in the cases of such candidates, the head-master has merely to certify competency, which, however, in some instances, he has not hesitated to refuse, though "rather an invidious thing to do." The Commissioners very properly recommended that in all cases there should be an examination of the candidates "by examiners specially appointed;" a course which was at once adopted by the trustees. They also recommend—consistently with their general principle—that all local preferences shall be abolished.

Dr Kennedy has made at Shrewsbury the most decided effort to which any of the old public schools have condescended, with a view of meeting the demand for a "middle-class education based less exclusively upon the classics." He has established within the last few years (entirely upon his own responsibility, for some of the trustees disapprove of it) a "non-collegiate" class in the school working side by side with the rest. Boys not intended for the universities, and to whom, therefore, high classical scholarship may not be considered so important, are allowed at a certain point to give up Greek entirely, and Latin composition, and to take their place in this non-collegiate class, where they employ the hours thus taken from the regular school-work in learning additional mathematics, with modern languages, physical science, and

* See Appendix, p. 50.

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English composition. They keep their places for the other lessons in the regular school forms, up to the Fifth inclusive, at which point their promotion stops, as it would be plainly anomalous to have boys in the Sixth Form who were not learning Greek. This class consists usually of from eighteen to twenty-four boys, and is under the special superintendence of one of the assistant-masters. No difficulty has been found in the working; but Dr Kennedy speaks doubtfully of the results hitherto: "neither time nor numbers suffice to give any large and sufficient induction;" but he thinks it "might be worked well with adequate numbers and support from the public." Mr Calvert, the master who superintends it, speaks with even more hesitation; he thinks that the boys "might make an equal advance in the special subjects with a slight amount of private tuition," without being withdrawn from the regular classical work. As in the case of the Eton "army-class," it has been joined — as might readily be supposed—"by boys who imagined that by doing so they would escape a portion of the regular form-work;" and "it tends to a certain extent to encourage indolence." * Dr Kennedy differs entirely from the Commissioners on one important point connected with the system of bifurcation. The General Report before us, in remarking on the "Modern Schools" as constituted at Marlborough and Cheltenham, goes on to say:—

"We are not prepared to advise the establishment at the older public schools of a system resembling either of these. . . . It may be very desirable, and we think it is, that the experiment should be tried; it may be desirable that schools organised upon this principle should exist; but we do not recommend the introduction of it in those which form the subject of this inquiry."—Report, p. 39.

Dr Kennedy holds, upon the other hand, that if this "modern" substitute for a thorough classical training is to be fairly tried, it should at least have all the prestige which a public school can give it; that when it is considered "how important it is that our solicitors, our medical men, and our upper commercial classes, should be not only liberally educated, but in a good social relation to those who study at the universities," it is desirable that both classes should be united, if not altogether in the details of their studies, yet under a training and discipline identically the same. Certainly, if the young man trained on this modern system is not to labour under a sense of inferiority all his life — which the advocates of the change would hardly desire — he should be able to claim, equally with his schoolfellow who goes off to the university, the status of a public-school man.

The Commissioners have drawn up no less than thirty-two "General Recommendations" in what they conceive to be the interest of public education, besides the special reforms and modifications recommended in detail for each separate school, and which are subjoined in each case to the special reports. They have not erred, as has been remarked already, on the side of generalisation. The draft of their educational reform bill is elaborate enough; but we can only here touch upon its leading features, and we shall not even follow the order in which their recommendations stand.

They maintain the classics as holding rightfully the principal place in the course of study; but they recommend that mathematics and arithmetic—"so taught as to make every boy thoroughly familiar with it"—should form a necessary part of the school course, as indeed in most public schools it professes to do; and that every boy should learn also at least one modern language, one branch at least

* See Answers 863, 954.

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of natural science, and either drawing or music; so that the curriculum is to be fivefold. To those who think that to learn many things is more desirable than to learn one or two things well, such an enlargement of the course of study will no doubt seem a step forward in education. It has been fairly answered, on the other hand, that there are at present but twenty-four hours in the English day. Dr Temple of Rugby, who loses no time in putting himself in the van of the educational march, has already given notice of his adoption of this part of the Recommendations. Every boy at Rugby will be required hereafter, for at least two years after his admission, to learn "natural science," and either music or drawing; modern languages already form part of the necessary Rugby course. Dr Temple regards this as "an experiment," which he believes will succeed, though some of his assistant-masters "are not so sanguine." Other head-masters will do well to wait the result; it is but justice to say that the experiment is in able and honest hands; and if it fails at Rugby, it will hardly succeed elsewhere. But the pressure of work already in some parts of that excellent school is a subject of anxiety to many parents; and this new movement is not altogether popular "at home." The addition of seven guineas to the school charges, which Dr Temple proposes in accordance with a recommendation of the Commission, is hardly likely to be more so.

The Commissioners, in their zeal to secure thorough efficiency, have sought to fetter the head-master with a double check upon his proceedings—from above and from below. They suggest that he should be superintended by the "governing body" of trustees or others, who are to regulate the studies, and "advised" by a "school council" of his under-masters, who are to "address the governing body" whenever a majority of them see fit to disagree with their chief.* On this particular item of reform the head-masters, so far as they have spoken, both in their evidence and since the issue of the Report, are tolerably unanimous in their opposition to the Commissioners, against whom even Dr Temple here lifts his voice. They have proposed in the case of Rugby to leaven the existing board of trustees (local gentlemen of influence, who have exercised their trust with a wise forbearance) "by the introduction of four gentlemen of acknowledged eminence in literature and science,"—a recommendation which applies to most of the other schools under the inquiry. Upon this Dr Temple raises his protest at once in no hesitating language.

"This recommendation seems to rest on an entirely mistaken supposition in regard to the true nature of the services which the trustees can render to the school. What the school needs in the trustees is good sense and knowledge of the world. The four gentlemen elected for their eminence in literature and science would be perpetually tempted to justify their election by doing what the head-master ought to do, and, if he is fit for his post, can do better than any one else. They would often be tempted to push the interests of their own particular study, to the detriment of general education. They would be almost certain to encourage an amount of interference, which, if it hastened or even introduced improvements at the time, would purchase them at the dear price of diminishing the head-master's sense of responsibility and freedom of action."†

Dr Temple is probably aware of what his great predecessor, Dr Arnold, thought and said upon this question. "The remedy of the trustees," he said, "if they were dissatisfied with him, was not interference, but dismissal." He would never have accepted the post but upon the condition of perfect independence of any such

* Recommendations III. and VI.

† 'Report to the Trustees of Rugby School, 1863-64.' By the Head-master.

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control; and he felt bound to resist it, "as a duty not only to himself, but to the master of every foundation school in England."* Dr Moberly was once discussing with him the question of the control occasionally exercised by the warden at Winchester; "I am better off than you are," was Arnold's reply; "my trustees never hear of anything I do until it is done."† The head-master of Eton and Winchester, when under examination, had naturally some delicacy in speaking out upon the question; but we have seen that it was possible for the opinion of the latter to be overruled by the warden; and one of the most sensible of the Eton witnesses declares that the head-master was "simply crippled" by the interference of a late provost there.‡ Dr Temple makes no remark upon the recommendation as to the formal "advice" to be tendered by the council of under-masters, and their right of addressing the governors. Perhaps he is wise not to discuss so invidious a question. The Commissioners appear to have been led into this grave mistake partly by what transpired in the Eton evidence as to the difficulty in that particular school (and probably there only) of the assistant-masters obtaining a hearing for their suggestions, and partly from the success of the system introduced by Arnold at Rugby, and practised more or less by nearly every head-master at present, of holding periodical consultations with his staff. But the whole value of such councils consists in their being a voluntary and cordial proceeding on the part of the chief. Dr Kennedy, in a paper read at York, dissents strongly from both the recommendations in question. His remarks deserve a fuller report than they have received, and our readers may thank us for extracting the following from a copy in private circulation:—

"The difference between the principle propounded in the Report and that which I venture to advocate, has an importance which can hardly be exaggerated. My principle claims for the man who is intrusted with the head place in a school that freedom of thought and action which I believe to be essential to the effectual discharge of his duties. The principle of the Report vests the architectonic functions of education in the governing body, making the head-master only their chief counsellor and assistant in the execution of the work. Herein seems to be involved no less a question than this: Is it for the greater good of society that education should be raised more and more to the rank of a distinct profession, with powers, sanctions, and safeguards analogous to those of other professions, or that it should be reduced below its present rank, to the level of a merely ministerial occupation, like the pedagogy of ancient Greece and Rome? I know not whether the Commissioners had such an issue present to their minds when they gave to the governors of schools the power of regulating the several studies. But I see no logical escape from the conclusion, that the withdrawal of this power from the head-master does really lower his professional character, and impair the dignity of education as a profession. The second recommendation concerning government which I find myself unable to regard with satisfaction is Head VI., which suggests the legal constitution in every public school of a council of assistant-masters having certain rights and powers. Now, I cordially admit the propriety and value of the practice on which this recommendation is grounded—I mean the frequent consultation of the masters in common on matters affecting the welfare of the school. But I likewise believe—nay, I feel very sure—that its value as an instrument of good will be much impaired—that it will be always dangerous, often mischievous—if it were legally established as a kind of *imperium in imperio*, instead of being left altogether to the discretion of the head-master. I was myself an assistant-master for six years; I have been a head-master for eight-and-twenty; and I can truly say that I should as little have desired such a constitution in my former post, as I now desire it in the latter."

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* See Stanley's 'Life of Arnold,' vol. i. p. 105.
† Winch. Evid., 377. ‡ Eton Evid., 4207.

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The Commissioners would send out their reformed head-masters as the French Convention sent out its generals, watched and hampered in every movement by "representatives of the people," but with the additional drag upon them of a council of subordinates ready to "advise," and, if overruled, to rebel.

By Recommendation xiii. every boy is to be permitted, "on arriving at a certain place in the school, and upon the request of his parents and guardians," to drop some part of the classical work (*e. g.*, Greek and Latin composition), and to give the time thus gained to mathematics, modern languages, or natural science; in fact, something like Dr Kennedy's non-collegiate class is to be adopted in all schools by authority. We should be very willing to see this tried; yet it would seem open to very nearly the same objection as the "Modern School" of Marlborough and Cheltenham, which, as has been seen, the Report does not recommend to the old foundations.

"For instruction in arithmetic and mathematics, in modern languages and natural science respectively, the school should be redistributed into a series of classes or divisions, wholly independent of the classical forms," with a separate scheme of promotion in each subject.—(Recom. xix.)

Of this recommendation their friendly critic Dr Temple quietly says that "with all their pains they have recommended what is physically impossible;" he means that there would not be language or science masters for half the forms. Dr Kennedy says, in the paper already quoted—"The very attempt could not be rationally made without such an increase in the staff of masters, as well as in other means and appliances, as few, if any, schools could hope to achieve; and, even with such aid, I think it would be unsuccessful as an educational discipline." The attempt was made and continued for some years by Dr Arnold at Rugby, to the extreme discomfort and confusion of the school generally; and he only made it possible by requiring all his masters to teach more or less of French or mathematics. It failed in his hands; and it might have been a warning against a rash renewal of the experiment.

Yet if French and German are to be made a part of the regular school-work—to be "promoted by an effective system of reward and punishment," and to have "substantial weight and encouragement" given to them, as the Commissioners desire—we believe that the only really successful method will be to have them taught upon Arnold's plan—by the regular classical masters in their several forms. It is true that in his day the system could not be said to be successful. It limited seriously his choice of masters, because the best classical scholars were by no means found generally qualified to teach modern languages. For this reason—which will become gradually less applicable as such studies become more popular—Dr Tait, when head-master, went back to the old plan of appointing foreign language-masters, and this system Dr Temple continues and approves. Dr Moberly says in his evidence that he "took a leaf out of Arnold's book" at Winchester, but was obliged to give it up for the same reason. But that a foreign teacher, however able in his special department, can very seldom enforce the necessary discipline, without which there can be no effectual teaching, is admitted very generally. Mr Tarver—the French master at Eton, an Englishman by birth, but a perfect French scholar—has "had as much trouble in teaching a Frenchman to keep order as in teaching the boys to speak French." Mr Butler of Harrow thinks the difficulty may be overcome in some cases by ability and tact; and, very naturally, some of the foreign masters who were examined conceive that they possess these requisites sufficiently. But the fact remains, that a Frenchman

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does not understand English boys. Mr Max Müller—than whom there can be no higher authority on such a subject—recommends a system which seems to promise better than any which has hitherto been tried. French, he thinks, should "be grafted on Latin."

"I think French should be taught grammatically by an Englishman who has had opportunities, either by travel or by birth, of acquiring a fair knowledge of French. I think he should ground the boys in the grammar of the language, but he should have an assistant, who is a Frenchman, under his supervision, to read aloud to the boys and to dictate to them, to give them every facility for acquiring any exceptional knowledge of the language which either they or their parents might think it desirable they should possess. . . . I would aim principally at securing an accurate knowledge of grammar; and, secondly, a sufficient amount of reading to enable a boy after three or four years to read for his own amusement." — Gen. Evidence, 57, &c.

A good accent, or fluency in conversation, he does not think can be attained in an English school. The unsatisfactory results of the teaching under foreign masters he holds to arise from the fact that "boys are sure to detect some national peculiarities and turn them into ridicule," and that few foreign teachers are good Latin scholars. There can be little doubt that he is right in his view; that to be taught by the regular classical master is the best mode of raising the study of modern languages in the estimation of the boys; and that whatever may be lost in the way of defective pronunciation will be more than counterbalanced by real study of the language itself. Mr Bradley, head-master of Marlborough, and Mr Johnson of Eton, express themselves strongly to this effect.

But the Commissioners have felt, and confessed honestly at every opportunity, that the great enemy which masters and Royal Commissioners have to fight is—idleness; and against it they forge two new weapons, in Recommendations xxiii. and xxv. It would seem, perhaps, scarcely a fair way of stating them to state them thus: 1. That no boy shall come to a public school who is not a fair scholar; and, 2. That no boy shall stay there who is slow and difficult to teach. But really this is what they pretty nearly come to; and if carried out, they would certainly work a very radical change. In the Commissioners' own words, every boy before admission to a public school is "to pass an entrance examination, and to show himself well grounded for his age in classics and arithmetic, and in the elements of French and German." — (Recomm. xxiii. From this latter part Mr Vaughan dissents in a long memorandum at the end of the Report, and suggests the alternative of natural science.) Unquestionably this recommendation is directed to the right points — the negligence of parents, the inefficiency of home education, and the loose training of preparatory schools. But how many of the public schools will have the courage to enforce such a regulation otherwise than nominally? And if some, who stand high enough in repute to be able thus to pick and choose their scholars, do enforce it in reality, will not the less prosperous schools be flooded with the refuse, and thus become less efficient than ever? Or, if all have the courage to make this "pass" examination a real one, what is to become of the rejected candidates? Again, have "Public" Schools a right to say they will teach none but those who have been well-taught already? Is no boy to go into the water until he has learnt to swim? It would be idle to put any question to the Commissioners which bears upon founders' intentions, or it might fairly be asked, did *they* intend to exclude the ignorant and ill-taught? So, again, Recommendation xxv. provides that "no boy shall be suffered to remain in the school who fails to make reasonable progress in it;" and it goes on to fix a maximum age at which each form

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is to be reached, failing in which, the boy is to be "removed from the school." Dr Arnold had a system of "weeding" at Rugby, which was very much questioned in his day: but he at least never "removed" a boy for mere backwardness, unless there was something in his character which led him to think that he was doing harm to the school and no good to himself by remaining. A New College undergraduate, to whom the Commissioners, with this theory working in their minds, put some questions on this subject by way of "feelers," gave a very sensible and straightforward reply:—

"1544. Do you think it would be an advantage or a disadvantage if boys were not allowed to be in the lower form, if they were above a certain age? —I should certainly think it would be an advantage to the other boys, and *a great advantage to the master*. I do not know whether that would counterbalance the greater disadvantage which it would be to the boy himself."

Let us hear what a head-master —not of one of these nine Public Schools, but who is doing the work of education energetically and successfully—has to say upon the difficult question of dismissal, even in the case of a boy who is "doing no good" in the school:—

"A great school from time to time receives all the evil of the worst English homes as well as all the good of all the best. What is to be done with it? The easy way of getting rid of the difficulty is to cut the Gordian knot, and dismiss a boy directly, as soon as he gives real trouble.—As a part of ordinary discipline, however, dismissal is out of the question, as being no training for those who are dismissed, and giving a wrong idea to those who stay behind. It is not right in a master to escape from a difficulty in this way." *

Mr Thring is speaking here, remember, not of harmless dunces, but of bad boys, whom nevertheless he holds it to be a part of the business of a great school to train and reclaim. His view is higher and more philosophical, even if less conveniently practical, than Dr Arnold's: what would he say to the proposal of the Commissioners? If their recommendation in favour of this "cast-iron system," as Dr Moberly fairly calls it, should be carried out, there will come prosperous days for the private tutors who undertake to "prepare" for the universities lads who dislike the hard work and close discipline of school. But it is to be hoped that her Majesty's faithful Commons who make our laws for us, and some of whom must surely have stupid sons—*herŏum filii noxæ* —will never suffer such a merciless enactment against dunces to pass into the statute-book.

With the fagging system, as well as with the recognised authority of monitors or præpostors, the Report wisely declines to interfere, except by such recommendations as already suggest themselves in any well-ordered school; that both should be "watched," and not abused. Two points only of much importance remain for notice, and in both we have the pleasure of cordially agreeing with the Report. It is recommended that the charge for tuition should cover the whole of the items, whether for "tutorial instruction," or for the regular school course. The simplicity and straightforwardness of such a plan ought long ago to have insured its adoption, and it has been urged in these pages long before the appearance of the Parliamentary Report. It is also recommended that the "holiday times at the several schools should coincide as far as possible, so as to enable schoolboys who are members of the same family, but at different schools, to be at home for their holidays together." This measure of reform, like the proposal for a common grammar, is so desirable and so reasonable that it is almost

* 'Education and School.' By Edwd. Thring, M.A., Head-Master of Uppingham School. Macmillan & Co., 1864.

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too good to hope for: and the difficulties in carrying out what might seem so easy are much the same in both cases: which is to be the grammar adopted, and which the recognised date for "breaking-up"? For nearly every school has here its own traditions, and will be loth to give way.

The character of the English schoolboy comes out very favourably, upon the whole, from this inquiry. Of his manliness, truthfulness, and freedom from gross vice, there is not only the testimony of his pastors and masters both at school and at the university, but this is confirmed incidentally by the tone of the evidence given by witnesses who were either still at school or had just left it, in a manner which is very pleasant to read. And although the character of public-school life has very much softened of late years—the change having been greater, perhaps, in proportion, than even the corresponding change in older society—there is not much need to fear that the modern schoolboy will degenerate into a milksop; a fall which we should lament at least as much as any decline in scholarship. There is very little flogging on the part of the masters, very little bullying from the bigger boys, and hardly any fighting amongst themselves—a fact which seems to have surprised some of the Commissioners as much as it will many of our readers. At Eton it is evidently voted "low;" and even at Westminster, where the tone is harder, it is "considered rather below the seniors." But in spite of this march of peace principles, there is good reason to hope that the old "pluck" is at the bottom still. The little Charter-House fag who was thrashed for the water not being hot enough "about three times," in a style which Mr Commissioner Thompson, having elicited the details, suggests to him must have been "a thorough good thrashing?" only answers that he "doesn't think it mattered." The Winchester junior never had "a regular caning" from his senior —"only about five cuts;" and whether he ever had his ears boxed in addition, he "forgets." He came straight to Winchester from home, and "rather funked when he went" —"expected the fagging would be harder;" but as to changing, even if he could, from college into commoners, where it is "an easier life, but worse discipline," he has no wish at all to do that. At Westminster, where the fagging amongst the Queen's scholars is hardest of all the schools, one of the young witnesses says, "You very seldom see a Queen's scholar who does not like it better than being a town-boy."

In spite of all the willing and unwilling revelations made to the Commissioners, and printed for our instruction, the schoolboy remains, in some of his ways and doings, the same inexplicable being to the outer world as ever. Could any one have imagined that it formed part of his code of minor morals not to be helped twice at dinner? It is the tradition of some—we believe most—of the boarding-houses at Harrow for the boys never to have "more than one help," in order that "they may get the dinner over as fast as possible." The evidence of one of the masters on this point has an amusing pathos about it.* Complaints had been made to him by letter that some of the younger boys (owing to this custom of the house) did not get enough to eat. He knew it to be no fault of his provision for them:—

> "It was a kind of fashion they had among themselves. They never will be helped twice. I made a most urgent appeal to them when I got this letter. I begged and entreated them to save me from the scandal of not allowing them to have a second help of meat, but it produced no effect."

We have been assured that the same fashion exists in some houses at Eton.

* See Harrow Evid., 961, 1698.

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It is a curious contrast to the old days which many readers can remember as well as Lord Clarendon, when, upon the faintest suspicion of any tendency to put the boys upon short commons, the order went forth through the school for "eating-up;" when every boy—more especially if a fag—was expected to do his duty in clearing the tables of every eatable thing. Dr Scott had heard of it at Westminster, where it was carried out in one instance with a fatal perseverance. "There is evidence," he says, "of a boy eating himself to death, in order to clear the larder, in Goodenough's time."

The results of this Commission will be sufficiently important, if its work—honest and laborious as it has been—is duly recognised and appreciated by those whom it more immediately concerns. Dr Temple has stepped rather out of his way to anticipate, as a matter of course, that "in all probability the Examining Commission will be followed by an Executive Commission next year." * Rugby does not require it, and most other schools would protest against it; and the Head-master of Rugby, with all his zeal for his own school, will hardly wish to place himself in the position of welcoming an interference on the part of Government which his brother masters repudiate. But it will be the fault hereafter of those who have sons to educate, if these volumes of Reports and Evidence do not do their work effectually without any aid from the "Executive." They contain a guide to fathers which has been long wanted; and though the volumes themselves look somewhat formidable, it is rather in appearance than reality. And they have been so largely commented upon and extracted from, that no one interested in the subject need be at a loss to know at least where to find the information he requires. Abuses—and there are proved abuses—will hardly continue to exist long in these days, when once the light of publicity is let in upon them; or if they still survive, the schools where they are permitted will have forfeited whatever popularity they may as yet have enjoyed through the ignorance or indifference of parents. This inquiry has done for English fathers what they could not have done for themselves: it has given them an insight into public-school life which no individual could possibly have gained, and subjected to a searching cross-examination witnesses who would have been superbly silent to any parental query or remonstrance. It is hard to say whether the willing or the unwilling deponents have contributed the most valuable information. Public schools have been hitherto very much what head-masters chose to make them: strong in their ancient prestige, they wielded an authority which was almost irresponsible: happily, such appointments have been nearly always conferred upon men of high principle as well as great ability, and the trust has rarely been abused. But the best and most energetic teacher cannot raise the general standard of his school above the general demand of the customers whom he has to satisfy. An old-fashioned dame into whose school-room the National Education Commissioner pushed his inquiries, defended her shortcomings by the honest remark, "It is but little they pays, and it is but little I teaches 'em." The exact ground of her defence certainly cannot be taken by the masters to whom this Commission reaches; but they might very fairly excuse any deficiency in their results by the reply—"It is but little we teach, but it is more than most parents require; the very dunces with whom you reproach us are the boys of whom their fathers are proud; fine, manly, truthful, gentlemanlike lads, who hate books as their fathers did before them." "The education of boys at school,"

* 'Report to the Trustees,' &c., p. 41.

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says Dr Temple in one of those able replies which are really essays on education in themselves, "depends in reality on three things—on the influences of their homes; on the traditions of the school derived from the past; and on the administration of it at the present time. The first of these three is quite out of our reach, and yet it is the most powerful of all."* If school-work is looked upon and spoken of at home as at best a necessary evil, it will be in vain for the master to try to put it before them in the light of an interest and a duty; and until this is done successfully, not all the Queen's Commissions or Acts of Parliament can do much to raise the intellectual standard of the English schoolboy. "The schools of England will be good or bad according to the wishes of the homes of England." So says Mr Thring of Uppingham;† and the Royal Commissioners say much the same, in more circuitous and diplomatic language. They do not only remark upon the "ill-prepared and ignorant state in which boys are frequently sent to school," as one great impediment to the proper results of school-training; but they add a warning, which some of those benevolent societies, which supply so much good advice gratis to the poor as to the management of their families, would do well to have printed in an attractive type and circulated amongst their richer neighbours:—

"Of all the incitements to diligence and good conduct which act upon the mind of a schoolboy, the most powerful, generally speaking, is the wish to satisfy his parents; and his view of his duty when at school will always depend very much on the light in which he feels that it is regarded at home. He knows very well the estimation, be it high or low, in which industry is held by his parents. If their real object in sending him to a public school is merely or chiefly that he should make advantageous acquaintances and gain knowledge of the world, this is likely to be no secret to him, and the home influence, which ought to be the master's most efficacious auxiliary, becomes in such cases the greatest obstacle to progress."

MY LATEST VACATION EXCURSION.

PART II.

When a person of sedate and solemn walk in humble life—say a Quaker tradesman or a Methodist parson—so far yields to the lusts of the flesh, for once in his life, as to get gloriously drunk, his vagaries are generally of a most portentous kind, calculated to arouse inextinguishable laughter both in the skilful and unskilful. There is not only the grotesqueness of the motley moral antithesis, but there is an exaggeration of the phenomena of the vicious indulgence, which the seasoned toper has long ceased to exhibit, owing to a sort of practised cunning which exercises a control even over his excesses. It must be something like the cause of the calamities of our solemn friend—a rareness to the exhilaration of victory—that has driven the sedate Germans to such fantastic tricks as are ludicrous, even in the midst of the sanguinary horrors they recall. To us accustomed to great victories, who, as each turns up, give it a hurrah and an illumination, and then have done, waiting quietly for the next, the way in which Flensburg and Duppel have taken possession of, and penetrated into, the heart and through every nerve of the German nature, is as wonderful a phenomenon as a stranger can behold. The ring of battle pervades everything; it is in the conversation, in the music, in the

* Answers, Appendix, p. 310.

† 'Education and School,' p. 256.

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newspapers, in the pamphlets, in the chap-books, in the public entertainments. You will see a shop-window stored with relics from Sleswig — flattened bullets, fragments of shells, lots of bayonets and sword-blades, mostly framed or mounted on pedestals, with suitable inscriptions. I daresay it would be no bad speculation just now to export some old army stores to Germany. The booksellers' and print-shop windows flare with ensanguined pictures, filled with the horrors that delight the most brutal appetites. Most people are familiar with the practice—naturally a gentle and pleasing one—of heading the sheets whereon letters are written with small engravings of spots rendered interesting; the exile is perhaps thus reminded of his native home, or he sends to those dear to him there, a faint transcript of the scenes among which he sojourns. By a horrible travesty of this amiable practice, German letter-paper is headed with a large variety of the murderous deeds of the war, highly coloured with the ever-predominating red, so that both the sender and the receiver of domestic and friendly communings may have an additional opportunity of gloating over bleeding Denmark.

Such considerations make the dreary northern plain more than usually oppressive, and one becomes anxious to get up somewhere into quietness and pure air. Germany, taking the word in its wide sense, is a country infinitely varied, and the vices of one territory are not necessarily repeated in another. There are virtues, and very beautiful virtues too, where our prejudices do not teach us to seek for them. I am not sure that I ever saw human nature in so amiable and attractive a form as under the despotic rule of Austria. The Tyrolese are handsome, strong, brave, intelligent, just, and kind. The fact is, that the huge despotism with which they are connected does not socially touch them. Though under the empire, which they sincerely revere, they have entire freedom to follow their national institutions and opinions. *They* are the true representatives at this day of the ancient faith and noble simplicity of the Alpine mountaineers. The Swiss have lost a great deal of the best of their original nature by rubbing with the world. They have made themselves showmen at home, and lackeys everywhere else. Servility, greed, and chicanery have thus corrupted them. A great deal of this corruption is the doing of British tourists, who have now, for at least half a century, swarmed inveterately over the cantons, but have not yet found their way to the Salzkammergut, the Tyrol, and Styria. What keeps them out of that district it is as hard to say as why sheep *will* follow the bell-wether.

Having seen a great deal of fine scenery in my day, I do not think I have found any quite so charming as what I have just seen there. The conditions under which one gets his first glimpse of new scenery become deeply associated with it in the mind. When I got first among the outer spurs of these Alps, it was a lowering, sultry, but hot afternoon, with occasional rumbles of thunder. Dark clouds wandered about mysteriously, as if they had serious business to discuss with each other. These never allowed the mysteries of the mountain-group to be entirely unveiled, but they permitted glimpses of it here and there, enhanced in grandeur by their own presence and the mysterious lights and shadows they created. It seemed to be a final consultation, for they walked off during the night to transact business elsewhere, and left me with a few days of perfect brightness at my disposal. I pitched my tabernacle for a space at Salzburg, and thence wandered at my will. It is a district where you don't require to go to see things; they come to you. What I mean is, that wherever you are you see

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beauty and sublimity, and so you need not hamper yourself by selections.

The variety is infinite. First, the broken bank, rising right up over your head, looks as if it had come from Patterdale or the Trosachs. Towering right over it is a higher top, as if Ben-Nevis — the long banks which stretch him to so broad a base being cut away— had been mounted on wheels, and pushed in behind. Then, over all, are the majestic masses, bearing heaps of eternal snow. These broad snowy bosoms, with the gentle tinge of green on their glaciered edges, how pure and sweet and innocent they look when far away, and steeped in sunshine! Who could think they were infested with storms and wild torrents, terrible icebergs that break and crush you to pieces, deep chasms, roaring torrents, avalanches, and the elements of death in numberless fearful forms! So near they seem, so smooth, so accessible, that I have known a Cockney talk of taking a walk over the snowy mountain as he would over Richmond Hill, and feeling very much astonished and aggrieved indeed when, after hours of toilsome walking, he found himself seemingly no nearer to it. He was astonished enough when taken to the spot in a legitimate way, and especially at what first surprises every one on first beholding the glacier—its singular dirtiness on the surface, insomuch that it may be compared to London streets where the snow has been trodden down by millions of blackened shoes after a thaw has come.

To one who has a devotion for mountain scenery, and has limited leisure at his command to make his worship in, it is a great point to get at a place where the scenery is accessible as well as grand. I remember once entertaining some thoughts of Iceland as the scene of a holiday trip. There are abundant riches, no doubt, there to reward the explorer, with time on his hands; but I discovered that after the long voyage one would find himself on a desert of ashes some eighty miles from any fragment of scenery, with such difficulties in the way of locomotion that the traveller often occupies himself during the stoppage of the steamer in looking about him in the not extensive or varied town of Reikeiavik, and in keeping himself warm. An eye to the more expressive features of geology is of use in the choice of a touring district. There are some formations that never diverge from the heavy respectability of their condition into shattered rocks. The Loch Katrine district, for instance, owes its variety and beauty to the prevalence of schist, which develops itself in horny, twisted, eccentric forms. When we pass northward, we come to a formation kindred in supposed origin, but utterly different in picturesque effect—the gneiss. Its propensity is to undulate in broad, low elevations and shallow hollows, and so the wanderer who gets into it may find that there is no end of desolate, unexpressive moorland before him.

There is a mistake in always aiming at the highest ground in a mountain family. It is often little better than table-land, and frequently it is in the outposts that deep clefts and abrupt precipices have been formed out of shakings of the great mass. When there are so many thousand feet to come and go upon as the Alps supply, you will get as much sublimity as the eye can take in from the eccentricities of the minor mountains. At Chamounix, though you are under the huge shoulders of Mont Blanc, you have a good deal of climbing to get at the aiguilles and precipices; and then, though their tops may be a great many thousand feet above the level of the sea, they are not so very far above where you stand.

In the district where I now am, on the other hand, precipices and spikes as lofty to the eye as anything you can see anywhere come close round you—they start

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up everywhere, from the brinks of rivers and lakes, and from the side of the highroad. They go sheer up, in many instances, without throwing out the spurs of lower altitude, which so often weary the searcher after the picturesque, and spoil the influence of mountains, however high. The sages in geological science lead us to attribute these specialties to the prevalence of the dolomite or crystalline limestone, with a deep perpendicular cleavage which separates it into long straight spikes or plates, wonderful in their thinness. There they stand, running straight up into the sky, without a tuft of moss or a blade of grass visible on their marble sides, but deep rooted below in solemn pine-forests, or in a mixed frondage of the liveliest and brightest green. The rock itself is very purely crystalline, merging from a bright white to a rich pink or carnation, on which the varying moods of the sunshine throw wonderful effects.

These effects for the landscape-painter and the lover of the picturesque have, of course had their sources in certain specialties concerning the structure of this part of the crust of the earth—specialties as to which the geologists take upon themselves the responsibility. It is a very pretty, and also satisfactory thing in its way to follow your paleozoontological mentor as he explains to you the succession of the fossiliferous strata through the special characteristics of the animal and vegetable remains left in each of them. At the place, too, where all the horizontal layers get a twist, are turned over each other's backs as it were, and become at last undistinguishable, and fused together into one flinty mass, it is not easy even for the most sceptical to resist the explanation that the great black rock found protruding upwards and overtopping the whole confusion is a fresh upheaval from the molten centre of the earth of boiling matter which has broken through those quiet layers of sedimentary strata. But when it comes to giving us an account, with philosophical plainness and simplicity, of the manner in which this mass of Alpine scenery was brought into existence, I think, in humble ignorance, that geology would require to get at a fact or two more than it possesses, and must drive a few more experimental shafts through the earth's crust, before it dogmatises. To show how widely the authorities who deal with questions so large are driven into differing with each other, I take the following short summary from 'The Dolomite Mountains,' a book of which the reader must not judge entirely from a passage taken out of its scientific department, since it contains a great amount of amusing and well-written narrative of travel attendant on its instruction in geological investigations and theories —and yet these are more animated than stratified literature generally is :—

"What, then, is the origin of this strictly 'family group' of mountain masses? It has formed the subject of discussion among French and German geologists for more than a generation past, and much ink has been shed during the process, without a satisfactory solution having been arrived at. Richthofen is one of the latest contributors to its literature, and he propounds a theory that requires a separation of the question into two parts. We have to ask—First, What is the origin of these *mountains*, as such? and then, What is the origin of the Dolomite *rock* of which they mainly consist?

"Leopold Von Buch—in 1822—was one of the first who attracted scientific attention towards the peculiar appearance of the South Tyrol Dolomites. The frequent neighbourhood of augite porphyry; the numerous veins of that rock to be seen penetrating the Dolomite Massives; the aspect some of them possess of having been suddenly elevated from below to their present position; their chemical character, entire absence of bedding, and crystalline, often cellular, structure, were the points that led him to the theory that these mountains had been upheaved by volcanic force and converted from carbonate of lime into *dolomite* by the vapour of magnesia, evolved from the molten volcanic rocks below, and penetrating

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the limestone above. The publication of Von Buch's letters was the signal for the commencement of a long series of discussions, and led to many scientific visits to the district. The chemist, however, gave the death-blow to this theory, in the proof, besides other difficulties, of the all but impossibility of the production of magnesia in a state of vapour. Richthofen goes so far as to add, that Von Buch would never have enunciated his theory if he had but allowed himself to examine with care a single Dolomite mountain!

"It is impossible to enter into the details of this long discussion: we must confine ourselves to a statement of the hypothesis Richthofen proposes for the explanation of the orographic peculiarities of those mountains, at least, which are formed of 'Schlern Dolomite.' He says, '*The Schlern is a* CORAL REEF, *and the entire formation of "Schlern Dolomite" has in like manner originated through animal activity.*'

"The following are some of the facts to which Richthofen calls attention in support of his hypothesis, taking the Schlern as the subject for illustration. First, its form as a mass, falling away steeply on all sides; its isolation from similar masses in the neighbourhood; the improbability of such a form being the result of denudation, as involving—supposing, for instance, the Schlern and Lang Kofel had ever been a continuous deposit—too great a destruction in one direction, and too complete a protection from denudation in another. Then, the undisturbed beds upon which the Schlern rests, and the equally undisturbed Raibl beds upon its summit, imply that the intermediate Dolomite has suffered, since its deposit, no considerable mechanical disturbance. The unequal thickness of the different masses, too, points strongly in the same direction. The Dolomite of the Schlern and of the Sella plateau could never have been higher than at present, covered, as it is in both, with Raibl beds; while the upper portions of the Dolomite of the *more lofty* Rosengarten, Lang Kofel, and Marmolata, have been left exposed to denuding action.

"The original *local* character of the 'Schlern Dolomite' formation is implied in another circumstance connected with the mode of deposit of the Raibl beds. Evidence derived from other deposits shows that, during this period, the district was undergoing a gradual slow depression, and that no violent catastrophe occurred. Now the Raibl beds—containing fauna of a *shallow* sea—are found, not only on the summit of the Schlern, and of the lower line of precipices of the Sella and Guerdenazza plateaus, but also in two patches *upon the Tuff* at the foot of these Massives, thousands of feet below. These great differences of elevation in an undisturbed bed at very short distances would, Richthofen argues, be difficult to explain without the supposition of reef-building corals.

"Richthofen institutes a comparison between the growth and conditions of existence of the reef-building corals in the tropical seas of the present day, as observed by Darwin, Dana, and Jukes, and those of the assumed Trias coral-reefs of South Tyrol. The coral animals find an especially favourable ground, without, however, being limited to it, in districts of former sub-aqueous volcanic activity, when a period of slow depression often takes the place of the previous period of elevation. South Tyrol was, during the latter portion of the Trias period, in a similar condition, and the sea was filled with the products of the decomposition of volcanic material. They are limited in their growth to a depth of about 120 feet under the sea surface; and yet, favoured by the continual slow depression of the ocean bed, reefs of enormous depth are formed. From soundings made, it is evident that there are reefs in the Pacific Ocean, of a depth equal to the height of the South Tyrol Dolomite Massives. If the Pacific were laid bare, or the reefs in it, with their base, were now elevated above the sea-level, would not their aspect, seated upon mountain-ridges, and many of them in the immediate neighbourhood of extinct volcanoes, present a similarity to the existing Orography of South Tyrol?"

Ah yes! If we could but drain the Pacific even so far down as to get at the tops of the reefs, then we would see what we would see: and this is the standing grief of the geologist, that his own experimental genius can do little for him in comparison with what it accomplishes for other classes of inquirers. The electrician can create thunder and lightning to the extent of his means; but the geologist cannot make a single stratum, though he had all the wealth at his command that ever was in the world. Never mind. He has material enough before him to exhaust the most pa-

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tient perseverance and the most ardent zeal; and before he has completely settled, so as to leave no room for scepticism, the question of how this great mountain-group came into existence, and assumed all its special forms, he will have gone through a good deal of work.

The pedestrian has not yet become, in relation to the elements of his favourite scenery, so fastidious as the epicure. Perhaps he is improving—perfectionating, as the French say, his vocation, as all other things are brought onwards by degrees. I am not sure that I would desire to see his pursuit converted into an absolute science, or deprived of the charms which its lawlessness of practice and its waywardness in matters of taste confer on it. There are, however, some characteristics of the physical geography of a district so important to the wayfarer's enjoyment that he should attend to them. Among these the existence or non-existence of water, and, if it exist, its character, are vital considerations. The curious mountain-region called the Saxon Switzerland abounds in scenes eminently picturesque; but then its picturesqueness comes of its being a cake of dry sandstone broken into splinters, and into its dusty pathways gush no bright springs. The absence of this source of enjoyment to the wayfarer, mere animal enjoyment as it is, will enter into the reminiscences of his sojourn in the land; and even the abundance of taverns, which bravely endeavour to make up in wine and beer for the niggardly hospitality of nature, will not put the district in the same genial chamber of the memory with that in which the clear unstained fountains spout multitudinously from the crystalline rocks.

It may sound like blasphemy against Byron in the ears of the devotees of 'Childe Harold,' to say that I dislike the Rhine district as a country to walk in, on account of its dry, thirsty, vineyard scenery, and I dislike sailing on the river on account of its dirtiness. Clear, sparkling waters are a delight to the eye as well as to the appetite. The chemists tell you that there is no absolutely pure water capable of standing analysis in rivers or springs, and to get the nearest practicable liquid to the pure element you must use the still. They admit at the same time that the presence of some slight mineral solution is necessary to give its zest to spring-water. So, perhaps, also a slight amount of colour is not unwelcome in fitting water for scenery—although to look down through the depths of clear water and see through it nearly as easily as you can through the atmosphere, is a great delight. For colouring matter there are varieties in intensity and in character. For both, that compound which colours the Thames is the most odious to all the senses. The red clay which some English rivers carry with them too abundantly is not beautiful. I confess to a partiality for the port-winish colour which our Scotch streams carry from the peat, when it is light; but this mixture is very open to abuse and over-dosing when floods come. Glacier streams are all filthy, like the ice they come from, until they get settled down, and then they have their curious and special beauties. The Rhone, for instance, with the intense depth of its blueness, as it comes out of the Lake of Geneva, has no doubt received a deal of flattering attention; but its colour is, to my notion, too deep and powerful: it reminds one of the vat of an indigo-dyer. Among the streams of Salzburg and the Tyrol, the glacier sediment exists high up, but when it is purified away the tinge it leaves in the water is very beautiful—a just perceptible blue, aptly compared to that of the beryl or aquamarine.

The rivers in their full bulk are very grand—grander in their rapidity and depth than waters of much greater width. Of the channel of each, the section—or "elevation," as

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architects term it, whether they are going up or down—is a semicircle, and this is filled with a rushing torrent. If you want to know its force, jump in as you would into the Tay or the Tweed, and strike out—you are a powerful swimmer if you don't, after a short trial, make for shore again as fast as you can. We have nothing in the British Islands to compare as impetuous rivers with the Salz, the Inn, the Iser, and some others that go to make the mighty Danube—to make, not to feed it, for this is a derogatory expression to use towards streams which carry a far heavier weight of water than the Danube bears in his upper reaches. His course there is steady, straight, and quiet—he passes agricultural plains and respectable towns and makes himself useful to them—and so, like a diligent and respectable parliamentary leader or chief magistrate, he gathers to himself the general repute of possessing all the impetuous talent that goes along with him.

For minor waters—burns, rills, brooks, springs, and all the rest of them—I never happened to be in a region so affluently supplied. It would seem sometimes as if that heavy mass of stone, which the authors of 'The Dolomite Mountains' so well account for, had caught up a portion of the flood which was ever getting out here and there despite their efforts to keep it down. In some places art also has laid her weights on the bubbling waters, with the effect, not unintentional, of making them more rebellious and reactionary than ever. At Hellbrun, a few miles from Salzburg, there is an old princely pleasure-house with a history of its own, which may probably be found in the guide-books. The building is now a dirty gast-house; but the chief feature in its pleasure-grounds is fresh as ever, and will remain so. It was created at the time when the great delight of pleasure-grounds was the fountains. Where you see them in old pictures, you may now find nothing but the dry basin with the river-god or the colossal hand holding a tube whence nothing flows into the classically-shaped vase below. Even where fountains exist still from old times or have been lately made, they are mere squirts, giving you an unpleasant feeling of mechanical contrivance for making the water do as much as it can. But here, the great point seems to be to keep the water down. It bursts out everywhere, and the curious mechanical contrivances connected with it seem rather as if they were for the purpose of restraining it and keeping it out of mischief, by affording it innocent amusement, than of exciting it to feats of dexterity like our ordinary fountain works.

Delicious as are these bright waters in appeasing the thirst, they make a very Tantalus of you in some other respects. The difference between British and German notions of the cubicular supply of the element is well known, and in hot dry days one would fain take advantage of its abundance outside; besides, some men have a dash of the amphibious in their nature, and cannot be comfortable in hot weather unless a large proportion of the day is spent in the water. Near the great roads, however, it is impossible to bathe, for they are continually frequented — sometimes crowded—and they run close to the margins of the streams and lakes. There is immersion enough to be got on the wild Alp, where one does not so much care for it; but in the flat valleys, even while surrounded by the most magnificent of nature's triumphs, the wanderer is to some extent subjected to the social slavery of the crowd.

These valleys are not a place suited for following the example of some young fellows whom I remember suffering grievously from the baking sun in a hot valley in the Grampians, far remote from man. As they were every now and then stripping and plunging into the nice little claret-coloured pools under the pretty waterfalls, the

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thought occurred,—was it worth while putting on all their raiment again for the short interval before the next dip? It was decided in the negative; and, each tying up in a bundle his whole raiment, the shoes excepted, the party marched on by the ridge of a hill, feeling next to absolute certainty that for many hours they would meet with no human being. They were mistaken, however; for to their consternation they beheld creeping up from the valley below, and likely to flank them a little ahead, a few human beings, looking from the distance like black beetles. From information subsequently acquired, it was believed that those formed "a Presbyterial visitation," consisting of certain clergymen and elders of the Church of Scotland — whose function it was to cross the uninhabited wilds and hold Christian and social intercourse with the inhabitants of the next strath. These grave personages, seeing the classical forms on the skyline of the hill, were doubtless exceedingly curious as to the solution of the phenomenon, and made such rapid approaches towards it, that what was to be done was a problem. At first the classical figures took to leaping and yelling, with the best imitation they could make of the Sioux war-cry. Finding this of no effect, they set to hurling down boulders; and, though these were not aimed at the invaders, but merely, in nautical language, athwart their bows, the menacing demonstration had the desired effect; and the sight that greeted their eyes on that occasion may yet, for all I know, be an unsolved problem, discussed at Presbytery dinners, and set down by the sagacious as an optical delusion. No — it would be absolute insanity to try such tricks in these valleys. In fact, when sorely tempted to a plunge into the transparent liquid, when you think you have got yourself finely hidden behind a rock or a bush, if you look round before committing yourself to extremities, you will probably find that you are carefully watched by the gentle eyes of a *mädchen* or two, who have placed themselves in a position, unobtrusive perhaps, but suitable to their determination of watching the queer and unaccountable motions of the foreigner to their practical conclusion.

The lake scenery here is delicious. If you want wild tarns among precipices and snows you can have them. If you get tired of snow and ice, and precipices, and roaring torrents, as people sometimes do, then go down to the Attensee or the Abersee, and there you will find the sweetest of soft lake scenery, with its dimples and smiles, wooing you through glades overshadowed by trees, or over green pastures where you can see the whole expanse of broad waters glittering in sunlight or shimmering in moonlight — or, in what is perhaps the most beautiful of all conditions of lake scenery, that evening light when the banks are so perfectly mirrored on the surface of the waters that the landscape doubles itself like the patterns in a kaleidoscope. Then if you get tired of the luxurious softness in its turn, the remedy is immediate, for these lakes are barred in at their upper reaches by enormous rocks. You may stand right opposite to the great flat precipice of St Wolfgang with its echo, and recall there the curious melancholy pathos of Longfellow's story of Hyperion, and the turbulent outcries with which his jovial English friend awakened the responses. "Ho, ho, ho!" shouted Berkeley, and the sound seemed to strike the wall of stone like the flapping of steel plates. "Ho, ho, ho! how are you to-day, St Wolfgang? you infernal old rascal! how is the Frau von Wolfgong? God save great George our King! Damn your eyes; hold your tongue; ho, ho! ha, ha, hi!"

The town of Salzburg itself is a glorious place — spreading forests, precipices, and clefts—a vast mountain screen and a glittering and abounding river. It is, per-

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haps, that town above all others in the world from which Edinburgh may stand in greatest dread of rivalry. The castle appears from a distance exceedingly like ours. It seemed to me not quite so high, but that might be from the depressing effect of the surrounding mountains. The glory of Edinburgh consists in its combination with mountain scenery of the architectural triumphs of man in a great town. To estimate the full merit of the whole we must multiply, as it were, the value of the scenery by the number of inhabitants. Now, the population of Edinburgh is about twenty times that of Salzburg. It follows that in adjusting the hierarchy of picturesque cities Edinburgh must have it by a long way. But this does not interfere with the belief that for holiday purposes Salzburg is by far the more enjoyable scene of the two. The normal condition of the holiday wanderer is a man saturated with city work and city enjoyments, seeking the blessed air of heaven and the surface of the earth covered with its primitive verdure; and I don't know any stronger testimony to the charms of "Edina, Scotia's darling seat," than that annual exhibition which we see—not so much to our comfort as it may be to our pride—of tourists who had set off to be entirely rural in their achievements, and yet linger round us day after day and sometimes week after week, unable to tear themselves away from the beautiful city.

During the whole period of my ramble in the Austrian and Bavarian Alps, I did not meet a single fellow-countryman; and, as the converse or consequence of this, I was not solicited by a single guide, or invaded by the presence of any human being offering me entertainment in the shape of national music, wrestling, or any other. These are the torments that make life miserable in Switzerland, and to be rid of them is a felicity that would reconcile one to a considerable inferiority in the attractiveness of the scenery. Guides are, I believe, to be had when wanted, and are moderate in their charges and honest; not like a scamp I once employed in the Oberland at the rate of five francs a-day, who charged fifteen francs for the first day's work, saying I had dragged him through three days' journey, and taking to his bed next day to confirm the imposition.

On the present occasion I had no intention of attempting feats which require guideship. Though I had fine weather, it was rather late in the year for escapades. Then my second morning outlook within the range of the Alps, showed the mantle of snow stretching a thousand feet or so further down than the day before. On the Alps, by the way, one does not see the patches of summer snow familiar to us on Ben Nevis and the Cairngorm Mountains — a very characteristic feature, looking as if nature had at one time intended us to be Alpine, and had broken off when the thing was half done. These summer snows of Scotland exist not on the tops of the mountains, but in crevices often a good way down, and they owe their immunity to protection from the sun. On the Alps, on the other hand, the heat of the southern sun melts the snow, unless it be high enough up to put all sunshine at defiance. We thus have not in Scotland sufficient masses of snow to get up a permanent glacier. I once saw, however, a temporary one. It was on a small scale, but very complete, with all its little crevasses and icebergs, and that feature so peculiar to the glacier of dirtiness on the surface, but the most beautiful light-blue ice beneath. The occasion on which I saw this phenomenon was in March, after a great snow-storm. It was on the shoulder of Ben Wyvis, and beside the stream of the Peffer. This ran through a cake of snow about 10 feet thick, and in a thaw had brought down a tremendous cargo of the article tossed into its bed from the steep banks on either side. At a sudden turn the stream had refused to carry its cargo any farther,

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and there it had accumulated, crushed by the dammed-up waters of the stream, and crushing itself by its own weight until it found relief in hardening itself, by a sort of crystallisation, into those forms which constitute the Alpine glacier.

It is perhaps only fair that those who discourse of these regions to a British public should give warning that no one should approach them, whose conscience and nerves will not stand the presence of graven images and attempted likenesses of multitudes of things both in heaven and in earth. This is not so gratuitous or silly a remark as some may count it, for I have known people of sane minds and grave walk in life, who have become in a manner frantic at beholding such things, and have threatened such irreverence towards them as would be very dangerous in a land where every man goes about him with a flame of religious zeal inside him, and a sharp knife outside. There is a wonderful reliance on the sanctity these works of art impose, for they are of all sizes and weights, and generally utterly unprotected. They could be removed with as much ease and as little chance of detection as your trays and your cups and saucers, if you thought fit to distribute these along the pathways of a neighbouring wood, for the purpose of trying whether your favourite scheme for abolishing dishonesty in the human race had yet culminated to perfection. In a ramble through Upper Bavaria and the Tyrol, any one disposed to brave the consequences might easily collect gratuitously a considerable picture and statue gallery. I am not prepared to say that the pieces would come up to old-fashioned notions of high art; but there would be a deal of earnestness throughout, and that, according to many people's notions, is far more valuable.

There is a deep, subtle interest in these little shrines and other efforts of commemorative art to those who consider that the shape in which the human effort towards devotional utterance develops itself, is always important and interesting. Though using the word interesting, I cannot say that I profess a high admiration for the minds that can embody devotion in such shapes; yet I can hardly bring myself to hate them so cordially as those who, abjuring this form of materialising sacred things, adopt another which stands forth in rivalry with it. There is a something which it would seem that the human mind must have to feed it or amuse it in certain stages of development, and if there is violent repudiation of the element in one form, it must be received in another. So the sects who have been most vehement against the impersonation of sacred things in painting and sculpture, have themselves impersonated them in literature in a shape which, to neutral persons, is not less offensive; for what else than impersonation are those efforts professing to be piety, which invest the most sacred of existences with human qualities and defects, become familiar with them, chat with them, profess to "walk all day long" with them, occupying their peculiar attention, and are their recording secretaries to tell the world what is done above?

However, this is dangerous ground, and we have no occasion to tread it; but I am loth abruptly to leave the pictures and graven images, for they really have made themselves so much in a manner one's companions in wild mountain solitudes, that it feels like a forgetting of good-fellowship to pass them too lightly over. In fact, they produce too much impression on the mind of the solitary wayfarer to be easily forgotten. On a wild rocky path, under the shade of solemn pines and precipices, and while the evening is darkening into night—to come upon these calvaries or crucifixes, where there are the best efforts the district art can afford to exemplify wounds and torture, the event of death, and the dead carcass, hardly tends to infuse lively emotions and

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elevate the mind to take the end of the journey joyfully. The life-size, and more than life-size, crucifixions, are sometimes exceedingly ghastly. A notion of antiquity generally associates itself with these. The painting peels off, the wood decays, in the wild mountain winters. There is a traditional character too about them, taken from the works of old artists. That they must be old things, is an idea perhaps the more natural to inhabitants of our country, because we know that everything of the kind we have among us is older than the reformed religion. But I have come across them spick and span new—great things very costly, with the paint on the wounds hardly dry. There is a deal of money invested in them; query, with how much of sincerity? It is the natural supposition that to impel one to invest in something so ancient, quaint, and irrational, according to Protestant notions, there must be a vast fund of ill-directed zeal, otherwise called superstition. And yet, perhaps, it may not always be so; and the same very civilised defects which mar the beauty of the more rational forms of religion may even also affect this old barbarous type. In pointing to the handsome organ presented to the parish church by the county member, or to the actual chapel built for an increasing dissenting body by a fortunate manufacturer, one will decide, with a feeling of the utmost certainty of the justice of the decision, that the expenditure in either case has been made from motives utterly selfish and worldly—not for the glory of God, but the applause of man, and something more real following on the applause. And in looking upon those silent costly commemorations on the wayside, it did occur to me, that older as they are in civilisation, and less rational as adjuncts of religion, it is possible that some of them may owe their origin to a desire for popularity among the pious, or some other object not less of this world than the inducements which among us make people do so many things avowedly for the other.

It would seem as if the German religious mind cannot help developing itself in colours, although it has never had the excuse of the old Italian mind, that it thus presented the perfection and loveliness of the Christian dispensation to the mere animal eye with a perfectness that never would have been believed before, and that has never been approached since. The German has done a deal of work in the same direction very well, and very unconsciously of shortcomings, from Wollgemoth downwards; and in the most orthodox districts the churches shock our ecclesiastic respectabilities, not only with representations from Holy Writ, but with the fat face of Luther, and the sensitive, shy countenance of Melanchthon. Such horrors, are, of course, not to be found in the Tyrol; but there the propensity to picturing, with a tone of religion about it, is not entirely confined to the authorised symbols and commemorations of the Catholic Church. The country is strewed with pictures attesting a religious influence that comes home to every heart, Protestant or Popish. It is a domestic religion, testifying, in its own way, the power of the domestic affections on that simple people.

I refer to what every one who has travelled there must have noticed—the commemorative pictures dedicated to departed relations, and especially to those who have been cut off by any tragic calamity. A representation is given of the *ungluck* or calamity, and often the nearest relations, male and female, are ranged in a row on either side. The more common of the deaths thus represented are from avalanches, drowning in rivers, and the falling of trees. Whether on account of the limited capacities of the artists, or in pursuance of some principle, there is no attempt to portray the agonies of death. The sufferer's head appears above the

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snow or the stream with a placid smile of hope radiating over the features, as he contemplates a vision of the cross or of the Saviour welcoming him upwards. There is not much else of the æsthetic, or any trace of high art, in these humble memorials. Will some far-sighted philosopher now be so kind as to inform us whether these productions indicate a latent instinct for art, which would ripen into excellence if encouraged; or whether, on the other hand, a people with any artistic taste in their nature would rather have no pictures at all than such as these? Be his answer what it may, there is something gentle and affectionate in the custom, commending those who follow it to one's good graces.

If there is any one on the look-out for something to found a special reputation on, he might do worse than take this style of art under his protection. So many schools of art that our ancestors never dreamed about being worthy of special attention have lately been drawn out of their obscurity, and found, on examination, to be the expositors of wonderful systems of philosophy, religion, or æsthetics, that the article is getting scarce. The peculiarities in that old specimen of the German school, for the stiffness and rigidity of which our fathers were contented with no sounder a reason than that the artist could draw no better, are found, after a laborious analytical comparison with other specimens, to symbolise some of the profoundest and most sacred mysteries of our religion. Those old carvings, which the vulgar-minded took for combs and looking-glasses and platters and buckets, are the mystic types of matter and spirit and the sacred *lingum;* while the flourish, which persons of limited view set down as a mere effort of artistic skill, is the Buddhist symbol of eternity—and so forth.

The first step, of course, will be to make a large collection of drawings of the *unglucks*—say a thousand or two. You will then classify the peculiarities of each, giving special weight to everything indicating bad and unnatural drawing—for in that you can always find something deep. You must get up earnestness for the task. For superficial use you may keep, as if in a mental pepper-box, a few expressions, such as "noteworthy," "robust," "athletic," "healthy," and "truthful," with which you can sprinkle your work to season it for the public palate; but remember that earnestness—a great quantity of earnestness—must be at the root of all. Don't trouble yourself about the external tokens of success. Remember it is endeavour, not success, that is entitled to immortality. That you have devoted the best years of your life to earnest strivings after what you have never attained, will be a touching and attractive feature in your autobiography. Never mind, then, though your judicious but knowing friend makes offensive use of the word "bosh," and the world in general is inclined to treat you as a good sort of person with a bee in his bonnet. You are certain to enlist some disciples if you stick steadily to your work; and the fewer these are, the more implicit will be their faith in you, and the louder and fiercer their proclamations that you are the true prophet, and that the age is a mere sham, driving in its respectability-gig through the twilight of the gods into chaos and blank impossibilities.

There are other memorials of the departed in this strange land—memorials of a very real kind—not pleasant, perhaps, but exceedingly curious, and such as Sir Thomas Browne might have spun a wondrous web of fancy from. In many parts of the world it is the custom to collect together the bones of the dead, especially the skulls. Everybody has seen or heard of the Catacombs at Paris. One comes on great ugly heaps of skulls in Switzerland and in the south of Ireland. But they are indiscriminately heaped together, separated from all identification, and

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but as so many masses of calcareous matter that had never been alive. In this district, however, skulls are preserved with their owner's names, and carefully tended. In some churches you will see a good many of them grouped together, perhaps according to some associations of their relation to each other in the flesh. "There lies the auld whist-party," said an old Scots lady rather celebrated for her oddities, as she looked on the grave of her husband and his three cronies. The skulls look sometimes as if they were posed for effect—sometimes, even, a comical, leering effect. I have been a good deal haunted by one fellow: his head must have been of preternatural size, and it seemed to look at you with terrible ferocity; while the cross bones in front seemed somehow as if he would fain knock you down with them.

Some of these skulls are painted in a very odd way. I remember one especially, that excited my curiosity much. It was in the graveyard of a village church on the Salz, nearly opposite to Hellbrun. The sun was very bright and hot that day, and seductive to meditations among the tombs, or some other equally lazy pursuit. The object that attracted my attention was a very handsome glass case, enclosing a skull resting on a velvet cushion, mounted on a pedestal that seemed to be made of ebony. The skull itself was painted white—I should rather say enamelled, for it was so bright that one might take it for a china model but for its perfect and minute articulation. It bore a female name. I could not help supposing that it had been owned by a reigning beauty, and that here was a sort of effort to preserve her supremacy among her fellows even after death. It seemed a mocking contradiction of the apophthegm of Hamlet. She had been painted, not an inch thick, yet sufficiently so to prevent her from coming to "that complexion."

Speaking of earnestness, there is a deal of it outwardly displayed among these mountains—enough, perhaps, to satisfy the wants of Mr Carlyle. Whether it would satiate the craving for that commodity which afflicts Mr Ruskin may be doubtful, when he tells us how he got a scaffolding raised against a lofty monument in Venice, that he might find out whether it was as richly decorated behind as it was before; how he found it not to be so; and how, pursuing his detective inquiries concerning the person who had perpetrated such a sham, he found, as he might naturally have expected, that the dishonourable artist was hanged for forgery. Some have in this matter profanely questioned the earnestness and sincerity of the writer, suspecting that he knew, in the first place, of the charge of forgery, and then made his investigations in the rear of the forger's work, pretty sure how he would find matters there, and that they would afford an illustration of his favourite theory. The only kind of person to satisfy requisitions so exacting is the sailor who wanted to rival the admiral's laced waistcoat, and had the hidden part of his own made of the same rich materials as the front, because he would have "stem and stern alike." But the mountaineers here, if they do not quite achieve such perfection, come really very close to it. I have seen wooden stairs which, instead of being made of boards morticed together, as the most earnest kind of stair is with us, consisted of successive square blocks of solid oak. A railing, where such a thing occurs—which is rarely—is made of massive posts, like the palisades of a fortress. Doors and all other timber-works are after the same fashion. One could not imagine veneering or French polish tolerated among the makers of such things.

The scenery is too large to be hacked and hewed and dressed up for company after the German fashion. I had just been among the Harz, where this Cocknifying

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process is in its highest and most offensive development. One feature that might be assimilated to it struck me here. Some of the torrents and waterfalls were floored as it were with wood. This, however, is for an honest, useful purpose, facilitating the descent of timber by water from the highest forests; and there are abundance of torrents in the district which would put such efforts at defiance.

A single instance I saw of the practice which so infests the Harz and the Saxon Switzerland. On one of the lower peaks—some five thousand feet or so high—sloping very abruptly on one side, but dropping sheer down in two successive precipices broken by a ledge, my eye caught, just at the verge of the higher precipice, a little white spot. I was curious to know if it was a patch of snow, and applied the glass, which, somewhat to my distaste, developed a door and two rows of windows. This is the Schafberg, where people go to see the sunrise over the surrounding mountains. It is a fine thing to see the grey haze articulating itself into white summits, and then to see each after each touched with flame, which broadens in lustrous light down its white sides. It is a sort of affront, however, to tell you exactly where you are to go for such an exhibition. Seen in one place, too, the effect is much the same as in another; and I had already enjoyed the phenomenon on the Righi, when Phœbus started on his race amid the cheers and 'ponhonourish talk of a band of English folks placed on a wooden erection as exactly like an Epsom or Newmarket stand as it could be.

This is the only departure from "honest nature's laws" that I found to offend me. All people have their failings, whether leaning to virtue's side or the other way; and I am inclined to think the weakness of these mountaineers may be found in a considerable knifishness. Their hardware articles have a very formidable look; clasped knives, even, I have seen on such a scale as to look more like weapons of war than tools for peaceful use. A common commodity in the shops is a leather sheath from which protrude three hafts, each decorated in good taste; one belongs to a knife, another to a fork, the third to a corrugated steel spike, such as a butcher uses for sharpening his knives. The knives are made very sharp, as I disagreeably discovered from the punishment I got in the careless handling of one; and why there should be so much anxiety about the perpetual sharpness of knives in a country where one never finds one at table sufficient to cut a slice of bread, gives rise to conjecture. I may be deriving black suspicions from preparations perfectly innocent, and connected solely with hunting purposes. But aptly is it said—"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done."

The old established inns in this region are, by the way, tremendously earnest. They are in general strange, massive, curious buildings—positive castles. I shall not easily forget my wakening at the Goldene Traube, or Golden Cluster, in Rosenheim. I was conscious of having passed to my bedroom through long, gloomy stone corridors; but when I examined the premises in the morning I found that I was in a Gothic cloister of a very early type. Perhaps the building was not so old as its colonnade of the first pointed form would have proclaimed it to be in our own country; but, in my estimation, this would but add to its interest, for that tenacity of life in ancient customs which keeps them in existence in the practice of a people is a still more interesting phenomenon than the mere stone relics of customs long dead. When I went forth from this hostel, I found it to be one of many buildings, all heavily colonnaded, some with pointed, others with round arches. They formed a sort of square, and

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the houses arose high up and square topped, like those of Venice. They were coloured white and red, and bright green blinds and shutters gave harmony and variety of colour to the effect. Then it was market-day, and the place was crowded with men and women in every variety of picturesque mountain costume, so that the whole had that intense aspect of foreignness, that almost entire absence of the home elements, which gives so much of its zest and excitement to travel. To a tall, dignified peasantess, with a high-crowned hat, a decorated bodice, and other elements of special costume, I ventured to address myself, opening a negotiation for the purchase of fruit, though there seemed a sort of antithesis in imagining that so dignified a personage could condescend to commercial transactions. I succeeded in securing half-a-dozen plums, so rich and ripe as one only gets them at great men's tables, and the price of them was equivalent to a penny sterling.

Talking of eatables, I cannot help feeling that it must seem ungrateful in one who has thoroughly felt the advantage of German hospitality, even though it be remunerated, to speak as I have spoken against German gluttony. Whatever influence it may have on the population, the guzzling propensity of the Germans is propitious to the traveller, when he can pass out of the way of *tables d'hôte*—*there* they are an unmitigated curse. All through the portion of the Alps special to my present discourse, inns, good comfortable inns, in the pedestrian acceptation of the term, abound. In fact, it is thus the very heaven of the brethren of the staff and scrip, for it has not only unmatched scenery, but has everywhere abundance to meet the sordid exigencies of the stomach. It is the only district I know where you need not calculate what hotel of reputation, or considerable town calculated certainly to possess a good hotel, you are to reach either for repose or dinner. If you keep to the main roads, on the borders of the great streams or rivers, or forming the means of transit between one valley and another, you won't go many miles without alighting on a village, and in the village you shall certainly find a roomy inn, with capital viands, and other comforts, if you know how to ask for them, and can in some measure accommodate yourself to the specialties of the district.

It is easy to see that, on the old system of hostelry in this district, there is arising a new growth in large hotels for tourists—they are not for British tourists; the crowds that frequent them are all Continental, and I presume chiefly Austrian. The Salz-Kammer Gut is so named from its fiscal value. Salt is a great source of Austrian revenue. Salt is raised in quantities that seem fabulous, out of depths that seem equally fabulous. The waters that get saturated with the salt are reputed to have curative powers which look more fabulous than either. So flock hither the crowds of the Austrian aristocracy, as those of England did of old to Bath, and those of Western Europe did in later times to Spa. It seems to be a rapidly-growing attraction. I am not sure that I ever saw the road to any fashionable British watering-place so thronged with vehicles as the road from Lambach to Ischl. Frowsy vehicles they were, but clattering along with great splutter, and awakening the echoes in a provoking manner by that eternal cracking of huge whips which the German postilion exercises with so much waste of labour to himself, and annoyance to every one he comes near. It is a practice that does no good. The horse knows very well whether you are in earnest about him or are not. The eternal roaring to him to get on, and cracking of the whip, form his normal condition in Germany; and he does not go a bit faster for it than for the silence of an English drayman—not so fast, for, poor fellow, he is not fed up to anything like the condition of an English horse.

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It is visible that, for the baths and perhaps also for the scenery, Germans of condition are rapidly making this a pleasure district, whether with the ultimate result of making it an English touring field or not it were premature to decide. As I have said, the inns created for the accommodation of the visitors are special, and differ from the old indigenous hofs of the district. In one of these in the small village of Steinbach on the Attersee I supped in a humble *stubé* with the herdsmen and workmen of the district, taking my beer and pipe with them. In the morning the proud landlord showed me how he was building a saloon on an upper floor, with balconies outside, commanding about as grand scenery as any to be found in the world. Perhaps if I should happen to go back to that inn a year or two hence I may find a fashionable company in those balconies, with fast Austrian young ladies smoking cigars, as I saw them in the hotel at the head of the lake. Good puffs they took, sending out the volume of smoke with a deliberate precision which showed that no particle of it was allowed to remain behind and irritate the lungs, after the way of the uneducated and imperfect smoker, —and yet I did not think that the accomplishment conferred any charm on its possessors.

The charges at these handsome new hotels are moderate, but those at the humbler class can only be characterised by the expressive commercial term of "ridiculous." At every village, though it should be so small that in this country you would as readily expect it to maintain an opera-house as a decent inn, you will find a considerable hof, with good things of their kind abounding in it, and especially a good supply of clean linen. I sought my first acquaintance with the system at Rhorsdorf, on the Inn, just where the first broken ground of the Alps abuts into the great plain of Bavaria. Though it was so late as 5 o'clock when I stepped into the *stubé*, the peasants were eating and drinking there as they are in all such places all day long. I joined them, and got for my portion a basin of good though strange soup and a large sausage. It was not the leathery conglomerate popularly known in this country as German sausage, but was freshly made and freshly cooked, very savoury, and, altogether, perhaps a little too rich for one's habitual food; but a pedestrian may take liberties. The *reichnung* or bill for the whole, including a good jug of beer, was equivalent to fourpence halfpenny. When I gave the Kellnerinn a gratuity small enough to have excited the withering scorn of the humblest attendant at an English inn, yet perhaps a little out of proportion to the fundamental charge, she demanded a categorical account of the reasons for a proceeding so unwonted, and seemed to feel anxious about the influence it might possibly exercise over her future destiny.

The whole question of travelling gratuities is, like many others, a difficult one, and double-sided. I had a discussion on it with a German, who maintained that our people did a deal of mischief by making surplus payments, instead of strictly adhering to the standard regulations. I answered that, whatever the results might be, the practice was a fair one, so far as we were concerned; strangers ignorant of the ways, and probably of the language of the place, give more trouble than the natives, and therefore should pay more. Apart from this question of justice, there is the instinct and impulse of one who is off duty and enjoying himself, to communicate the sources of enjoyment to others. The hardest screws in discount business have been known to be liberal to waiters. A great revolution has passed over travelling life in the charging of fixed amounts for service; but still the old impulse to be liberal arises in the holiday traveller, and he gives a trifle more.

Gratuities, like all other great institutions, have their use and

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their abuse. No doubt our great-grandfathers were right to put down the old practice of veils; but at the present day the thoughtful owner of a great house does not absolutely prohibit the domestic, whose services are put at the disposal of the guest unable to afford a valet of his own, from accepting a gratuity. It is known that for a trifle the guest may thus purchase the civility which the lord of the mansion cannot bestow on him when he bestows the services of his domestic.

In like manner a little remnant of the old discretional distribution of gratuities, over and above fixed rates, has some influence in sweetening travel. Œconomicus, to be sure, says it is mere waste; the service, whatever it may be, given without reference to it, is over before you tender it—you are departing; the chances are perhaps a hundred to one of your ever crossing the recipient again, and reaping your reward in his gratitude; you have no value for your money. But Œconomicus is wrong; there *is* value for the money—more than value; and that is just what makes the practice so seductive and liable to abuse. You buy, if not exactly a clear conscience, yet a pleasant, well-decorated conscience. What are a few shillings more or less in the pocket to the haunting reminiscence of so many acts of shabbiness perpetrated on people in humble condition, and thrown on your mercy? That ten-groschen piece which you had half a mind to drop into the hands of that Kellner, but didn't somehow—it comes up before you long long after every sense of disappointed expectation has departed from *his* memory.

There is a kindliness about the keepers and attendants in these humble inns that removes your relation to them entirely out of the category of the mercenary. One form of this kindliness is of a rather oppressive kind. You are a stranger and sojourner, who must never be for a moment forsaken; therefore, at all your meals, a landlady or Kellnerinn sits beside you, presses victuals on you, and keeps you "in discoorse," as the Irish say. There is a good deal of questioning about personal history—for curiosity is not quite dead here; and if the catechumen's resources in the language be meagre, he retains a painful impression of having been at school for an hour or so, tugging at a difficult task. I have known such ways in secondary country-houses, where, protracted day after day, they wellnigh drive one mad; and many are the dangerous escapes by windows, and other frantic efforts, I have known made to escape from them.

But one cannot have the heart to be very severe on this little trouble, considering the goodness of its motive, and the many true kindnesses and courtesies with which it is entwined. Some of these have a startling character. One stately old lady, when I was bidding adieu, made a solemn curtsy, and kissed my hand. I was so taken by surprise that I fear I did not behave becomingly on the occasion, and have that unpleasant tinkling, when I reflect on it, which accompanies the remembrance of some terrible breach of etiquette at a presentation or any other solemn occasion. There is nothing in all this either of servility or sordidness—it comes of an overflowing feeling of kindliness peculiar to the people. It saddens one to think that it may soon be trodden out by a mob of tourists, with their bumptious unthinking ways, to which our own contribute a good share. Such gentle flowers of courtesy would wither at once in the hot air of the room "for commercial gentlemen only," where bullying and arbitrary talk culminate among us. To hear one of its inmates give his orders is a thing nearly as offensive as hearing a Prussian official address a non-official. I am aware that this is an extremely strong comparison, yet I never could understand how men, otherwise worthy and respect-

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able, could so far forget all social decorum, and all feeling that waiters have freeborn rights like themselves, when they enter their own castle—the commercial room. I wonder whether it is because the bulk of them have stood behind counters, and, having had to bear the insolence which some even of our gentry give to persons so placed, resolve to take vengeance on the world. There are matters, such as these, on which we may take good hints from the other side of the water.

It is not a sound policy to misuse the innkeeper class any more than many others. On the contrary, they are a body on whom we are all very dependent, not merely for honesty, but for courtesy and generosity. If we, as guests, give insolence and suspicion, we shall be sure to rear dissimulation and sordidness. He whom you have made the most servile while you have the power over him, will be the most uncivil and insolent when your strait comes and he has the power over you—a thing that may happen to any one. As a wayfarer, I have known many generous, kindly, considerate things done by innkeepers. If their lives were written as sedulously as those of poets and heroes, a magnificent group of acts of magnanimity and generosity would probably be brought out; and it would not invariably follow that the good deeds were well requited. A curious philosopher and brilliant writer, who has not long been numbered with the departed, used to stand up for the honesty and generosity of innkeepers, and to state cases in point. One of these referred to a young man of the highest breeding and education, but careless about pecuniary matters, who found himself in a fashionable tourist's hotel penniless at the conclusion of a long score. He had a conversation with the landlord, whom, with his silver tongue, he not only persuaded to forego the bill in the mean time, but even to accommodate him with a five-pound note, that he might the more expeditiously reach his native home, and be in a position to meet his obligations. The conclusion of the tale generally was to the effect that the affair had happened thirty-five years ago, and that the narrator had the best possible means of knowing it as a fact, that during that long interval the trusting innkeeper had neither been paid his bill nor refunded his loan; and those who heard the statement, though they were in the habit, on some occasions, of treating its author's narrative with incredulity, did not venture on this occasion to doubt either his opportunities for knowing the facts, or his assurance that the innkeeper had never received a farthing of his debt.

A good deal is already in print about the economy of travelling in Bavaria; but the tourist must not expect to find the simple ways of the Alpine taverns or the Rosenheim scale of charges if he frequent the English hotel at Munich, with its magnificence, its comforts, and its high cookery. I affect not in general such establishments; for it seems to me that in adopting the journeys and the places of entertainment specially adapted to his countrymen, the British tourist loses just so much of the interest and excitement of being abroad. He incases himself in a conventional crust of home-life which excludes foreign impressions and sensations. It is those who have the briefest opportunities of seeing the foreign world that cling closest to these home influences, and yet it is they that should make the best use of their short time by shunning all conventional arrangements for the reception of the English tourist, and throwing themselves among the natives of the countries they traverse. Why, then, you may say, should a person with such a creed have gone to the English hotel? Well, I had some business to do in Munich at the Embassy and elsewhere, and I wished to make myself a gentleman for the occasion. Here our stout friend (who will be recog-

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nised when I say that he is doubly a W.S. and renowned as a Celtic scholar), with the dry sarcasm habitual to him, says, "And did you succeed?" The answer was rather potent, for it happened that I had there met two old friends of his own kin and name. When the usual police book came to me I observed their names as the last entries—old friends whom I had scarce seen for a long lapse of years. Such meetings are among the most delightful of the incidents that cross the varied lot of people in the active world. Didn't we talk over old stories of the north country and the fate of old friends, and of this which happened *before*, and that *after*, the flood — meaning our own special flood of 1829.

We went to the opera together. I do not profess myself sufficiently advanced in refinement and civilisation generally to enjoy this kind of performance. I cannot get over what De Quincey would have called "the illogicality of the conditions" —as when the hero, intimating his determination not to delay the fatal stroke an instant, expresses the intensity of his haste in a tedious ditty, and the heroine takes the same method of informing us that she is rapidly fleeing before her pursuer and instant death. But there was a considerable inducement on this occasion. The performance was that aged favourite Figaro, and it was interesting to see how, with its old historic memories, it bore its transplantation to this strange soil. By one of the odd hallucinations that overtake some people, I could not, for the life of me, remember during the performance the name of the author, though it was not long since I had handled his works on my own shelves. I went to sleep annoyed by this, and had a dream which, with a faint odour of Russia leather, called up a familiar corner among the book-shelves, whence issued a tall thin figure in a brown velvet single-breasted coat, powdered hair, cocked hat, and small-clothes. He came forward with bland courtesy, raised his hat, made a bow, and asked if it was a reason why Monsieur should forget old friends of the shelf that he had fallen in with old friends of the social circle; he had flattered himself, indeed, with the notion that he was a favoured friend of Monsieur's—he was Pierre Augustin Carron de Beaumarchais, at my service.

It required all these little pleasantries to remove from my memories of that English hotel a trick played on me there. I found that I was the bearer of a large placard or advertisement cemented on my portmanteau. It bore, printed in large red letters, "Hotel d'Angleterre." It is an odd compliment, by the way, to a nation to speak of it in a language which is neither its own nor that of the speaker—the Germans have an unaccountable custom of resorting to the French language when they speak of things English. It is about as perverse as the inveterate custom on our stage of making Frenchmen, when they encounter each other on the streets of Paris, converse in broken English.

It was clear that I was made "an advertising medium;" that advantage was taken of the opportunity to employ me as one of those who bear on our streets, after the fashion of a herald's tabard, the proclamation of some disinterested firm's sacrifices to the public,—and without any tender of the moderate remuneration which the class who bear such advertisements both behind and before obtain for submitting to the infliction. The placard was so cleverly adjusted that it appeared as if the portmanteau—of which it nearly covered one end—had been especially constructed to accommodate it. The intention was evident. Wherever that receptacle of clothing should in future accompany its owner in his wanderings over this restless world, there would the fact of the existence of the *Hotel* d'Angleterre become known,—and known to this probable result that, taking its place in the memory, the traveller, on his arrival at Munich

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half asleep, or confused with various cares, when asked where he desired to go, would give forth the name of the house of entertainment which had so found a place in his memory. I did the best that a humble individual could to baffle this grand design by the removal of the offensive announcement from my own property; but this was no easy task —the placard had been glued on with so cunning a cement that it would not come away without taking the surface of the leather with it. When I went back to Munich I avoided the place where such a trick had been played on me. In general, when returning to a town, one goes to the hotel of his previous sojourn. It is pleasant, as Byron says, to feel "an eye look bright at one's approach," even though the brightness should be of that moderate kind which the recollection of past and the prospect of future kreutzers may call up in the features of a Kellner. But, in the recollection of that unhandsome trick, I went elsewhere—even to the Rheinischer hof, selected on the principle of close vicinity to the railway station. Here I found a *Wirth*, who, in amazing contrast to his lazy tribe, bustled about as rapidly and effectively as any landlord at Covent Garden or Charing Cross—and spoke as good English too. I have a grateful recollection of his performing for me that most trying and afflicting of a landlord's functions —speeding the parting guest; and how, with a zeal and interest which he could not have exceeded had the object been as much his own as it was mine, he got me, although I had arrived latish, rigged, victualled, and cleared outwards by four o'clock in the morning.

Munich is "a nice town," "a pretty town," "a fine town," "a handsome town," "a splendid town." I would have no objection to go a good way further up in such a scale of laudatory epithets if any one were to take the trouble to lead me on, yet I can't help saying it is not the kind of place I enjoy when on the tramp. It has its picture gallery, second only to that of Dresden on this side of the Alps, and its collection of ancient statuary. Both are possessions to be proud of —both are sources of the keenest and brightest enjoyment. But, alas! this is not for the wayfarer. Spending a season in such a place, you may luxuriate in its treasures of art; but, to the holiday tourist spending a day or two there, they are a mere temptation and mortification. Where there are scenery and architecture it is otherwise— they communicate a sensation to the hours you have to spend among them, be they few or many. You may leave them behind with regret, but not with the sense of an unsatisfied appetite.

Of course there are some who, in Oriental phrase, will open the eyes of amazement at one who speaks of Munich as not having architecture. Is it not crowded with fine buildings,—too much so, perhaps,—having the effect of a house over-richly furnished? Has it not been so amply devoted to the colonnades and porticos of great public buildings, that whereas in other German towns of the same size you are brought in eternal contact with the population, and their filth and sordidness and evil smells, here you wander through a succession of broad streets and squares, where clean, bright, stone buildings of costly architecture, and decorated public grounds, feast your eye, while human beings are almost as scarce as at Pæstum and Palmyra? True enough; nor, if my voice carried influence, would I utter a word not importing praise about the æsthetic services of poor King Ludvic, who found Munich a city of brick, and left it of marble. For his ethics and his politics, poor fellow, nobody can venture to stand up, and he adds another to the list of artistically inclined kings who have become unlucky dogs. I suspect that in kingdoms it is as in households,—well that common things and the organisation of a decorous daily life should be settled before Paterfamilias buys pictures and sta-

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tues. One would say how good a thing it is to spend money on the galleries of art, the frescoes, and the colonnades, instead of war and oppression; and yet the prince who thus not only created artistic enthusiasm in his own country, but spread it over others, did somehow more harm than good to his people, and came consequently to grief.

One cannot but feel a sympathy in his efforts for the promotion of art. I cannot but admit that his buildings are in good taste, that there is none of the paltriness we call "gingerbread" about them, and that they speak alike of refined art and liberal expenditure. Yet I confess I don't enjoy them much. I believe the reason is, that they are almost all repetitions, more or less exact, of the great edifices that have received the stamp of fame. They all remind you of those models which are fixed in the mind as classical. When better cannot be, it is of course a good thing to multiply these models. Accustom the people by all means to the contemplation of the shapes developed in the great triumphs of Greek, Roman, and Gothic architecture. But models are mere models after all, and never to be put in the rank of originals, though they may do service in their own humble way. They do not carry the historical legend that every piece of native architecture, standing in its own place, is invested with. A remnant of a Roman wall, a fragment of a Norman moulding showing how far into the desert the influence of that race had penetrated, has more true interest in it than all the Egyptian sphinxes and medieval tombs of painted plaster-work in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

Elsewhere, Bavaria is rich in those monuments which bring the beholder into close communion with the real past. Bamberg is not a household name among tourists—a place that must be "done" under pain of loss of caste; yet I found it crowded with noble specimens of architecture, from the earliest to the latest of Christian types. The cathedral, in the first stage of Norman and merging into the second, gave me totally new ideas about the capacity and resources of that style—the one which links the purely Gothic or pointed architecture with the actual Roman. As we have it in its greatest examples in this country—in Durham Cathedral and the Temple Church, for instance—we see its great capacity for massiveness, and the dignity that accompanies the external attributes of great strength and solidity. Looking on these ponderous masses of masonry, one has no conception that the Norman could have been available for the light airy expansiveness of the later Gothic, but so it is in this cathedral of Bamberg. There is a feeling through the architecture as if it were of the fifteenth century, and contemporary with Milan; but the actual details mark their belonging to the end of the eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth century. In reality, the building is not less massive and strong than its contemporaries; the effect of lightness is produced by an artistic device one is not accustomed to the presence of in buildings so early. It consists in the deep fluting or moulding of the broad pillars, which gives them the aspect of light limber shafts clustered together, while they are in reality heavy stone piers, all the heavier and stronger by the addition of that external encrustation of mouldings or pilasterings, which confers on them the aspect of lightness.

The city of two names—Ratisbon and Regensburg—is extremely rich in historic memorials. In the marketplace is a basement storey of chamfered courses, that looks as if it had been built yesterday, and subjected to rough usage. It might be a slice taken from one of the new classical buildings in Munich, which had suffered damage in the transference to another site. The upper portion of the building is of the very oldest Norman. The anachronism is explained by the lowest floor being actual Roman work, such as architects, mimicking the

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classical, give forth at the present day. Near to it the illustrious beer of Bavaria is brewed in the vast Gothic crypt of the church of a monastic house. The place is full of strong old houses, city fortresses, where the merchant-princes guarded their precious wares in those days before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, when the merchandise of the Western world was shipped at the *Ratis bona* or good wharf of the Danube, to be taken to the Black Sea, and thence carried to some distant territory in the Eastern world.

But of all things in this venerable city the most interesting to a Scot and an Irishman is the Kirche des Schotten Klosters—the church of the Scottish monastery which sought the patronage of St James. On approaching it, the large projecting porch between two slender towers at once arrested the eye by specialties of a very notable kind. It is profusely adorned with Oriental elephant and dragon like figures, while the Norman mouldings consist almost entirely of renderings of complex wicker-work. The whole recalled at once the sculptured stones of Scotland, with the feeling that the Regensburg sculptors had gone a step on beyond their northern instructors, giving higher relief and more artistic skill to the monstrous representations. I had here an instance of how real the things seen are in comparison with the things read about. When arrested by the aspect of these sculptures, I had no recollection of a passage in an article on the Scottish Religious Houses abroad, attributed to a learned prelate, which might have fully prepared me for the sight. He speaks of "the rich and elaborate Norman doorway, unique so far as Germany is concerned, and recalling the peculiar sculptured stones which are found most plentifully in the eastern counties of Scotland, as well as the serpentine and interlacing decorations which are noted as the distinctive ornamentation of the ancient Celtic manuscripts." These sculptures are equally remarkable for what they are like in Scotland and Ireland, and for what they are unlike in Germany and elsewhere. The German guide-books enlarge on their strange Oriental character; and a like alliance has so affected the inquiries into the home set of sculptures, that the maddest theories about Egyptian, Brahmish, and Buddhist origin have been promulgated about them. Assuredly the decorations round the door of the Schotten-Kirche are worth looking after by the gentleman to whose learning and zeal we owe so much elucidation of the sculptured stones of Scotland.

The history of this monastic house is a curious example of how names and even facts may pervert history. It was founded in the days when the word Scot meant Irishman, and when the Scots of Ireland were spreading themselves over Europe, carrying with them religion and learning. In fact, in their distant island, remote from the great theatre of European strife, they had retained a portion of the learning and the Christianity which the missionaries from Roman Europe had imparted to them; and now, after Roman Europe had been desolated and barbarised, they went forth to restore the precious gifts. Their religious houses were numerous, but St James's of Ratisbon was a kind of metropolitan among them. How old it was as a resort of hermits and cenobites from the northern land, is a question mixed up a good deal with Bollandist fables; but in the year 1111 we know that the church was consecrated in connection with the Benedictine house founded by the great Marianus. How the house grew from an Irish into a Scottish establishment, would be a curious process of ethnical development, could we get at the particulars of it. At first the Celtic highlands of Scotland would be deemed part of Ireland, and a wanderer from Iona or Oransea would be received as well as if he came from Monasterboece or Clanmacnois. Afterwards

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the name seems to have influenced the local authorities—it was a Scots institution, and surely Scotsmen were the persons entitled to enjoy it. The Irish seem to have kept a hold on it, or rather, perhaps, to have attempted to regain it, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Nachricht, the German historian of the Schottische Benedictiner Stift und Klöster, seems not to have liked them; and he charges them with fraudulently inserting in the muniments a definition of Ireland as "Great Scotland." They have such names as Cormacus, Thadeus (Thady), Benedictus, and Mauritius. Walter Kraut, chosen in the year 1499, is called "The last of the Irish abbots;" and it is stated how he "proved the most reckless and extravagant of all these intruders, so that, at his departure in 1515, the whole possessions of the abbey had been pillaged. He survived this for three years, and died in the Castle of Wohrt. In consequence of urgent representations of the spoliation which the abbey had undergone during the two centuries of usurpation by the Irish, Leo X., in 1515, issued a bull restoring it to the Scottish nation; and the first of their abbots was James Thomson, a priest from St Andrews in Scotland, who happened at that time to have attracted the favourable notice of the Pope when at Rome. The first function of the Scottish abbot was of a kind which falls to the lot only of reformers of abuses in a very humble grade in this country—he redeemed the plate, reliquaries, and other valuables which his predecessor had pawned.

Sixty years afterwards, Ninian Winzet, John Knox's celebrated opponent, became abbot. He was parish schoolmaster at Linlithgow, a position which he forfeited for his audacity in "speaking back" to the head of the Reformed Church. One would have thought it a considerable lift in the world when the parish dominie of Linlithgow became my lord abbot of St James's at Ratisbon, but Winzet always lamented his exile from his old home. The German historian says—"He distinguished himself by his zeal and learning in public disputation so much that he found it expedient to retire to Paris. There he had the degree of D.D. conferred upon him, and his fame having reached Rome, he was invited thither by Gregory XIII., and after entering the order of Benedictines, was named by him abbot of Ratisbon. He assembled in his monastery a number of Scottish ecclesiastics who had taken refuge in the Low Countries."

These extracts are taken from a collection of MSS. left by the late James Dennistoun of Dennistoun, and now in the Advocates' Library. They appear to have been collected with a view of writing a history of the Scottish religious houses abroad; and all who knew the scholarship and good taste of Dennistoun, will believe that the work would have been well done.

So lately as the year 1847, the revenues of the foundation were diverted by the Bavarian Government to other ecclesiastical purposes, a sum of money being given in the form of compensation to those who were personal losers by the transaction. The premises had thus been for sixteen years unoccupied when I saw them. The church is kept in all the nicety and freshness in which a consecrated building would be religiously preserved among Romanists. The monuments along the wall at once tell the native country of those who presided and worshipped there. "In pace Christi sepultus hic quiescat illustris ac Reverendissimus Dominus Benedictus Arbuthnot." Then there is a *siste viator* to Maurus Stuart, and a *sta viator*—an unusual expression—to Abbot Gallus Leith and Abbot Bernard Baillie. It is a *siste gradum viator* to Abbot Placidus Fleming, and there are many other familiar Scots names. Looking round among them in the midst of a land of strangers, reminds

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one of that pleasant story of Verstigan, how a Scotsman, descending one of the sandy hollows of the steppes of Tartary, heard from below a clear sweet voice singing "Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair," and found it to come from a countrywoman naturalised there.

These monks justified the character of the Benedictines as good scholars and good fellows. Their share in the burdens, woes, and pains, laid on the monastic life, they chose to take out in the studious labours that lead to high scholarship, rather than in silence, laceration, and starvation. The last of them that remained always insisted on laying hold of and hospitably entertaining any fellow-countryman found lurking in tourist fashion about the premises. When I wandered through their *domus vacuas*, they had not the odours redolent of domestic life which pervade an ordinary German dwelling, but rather the mustiness of a deserted house. Some pictures were in the chambers, one professing to represent Queen Mary just before her execution. Some of the trifles not worth removing which people leave to be disposed of by their successors when they flit to new premises, seemed to be preserved with zealous care. One of them, an ear-trumpet, hinted that one of the later occupants had been deaf; and a fat, flabby umbrella of faded purple, was a meet symbol of the city of rain.

I must have one word of farewell on leaving those noble hills, whose companionship has imparted the greater part of their brightness to a few well-enjoyed days. There is something exhilarating in the very atmosphere of such a district that reminds one of Milton's drinking "empyrial" (not imperial) air. When you turn your back on the mountains, you are leaving behind you an existence of glory and grandeur to tread the dusty highway that traverses the vulgar flat plain of common life. Even if the road be homewards, you cannot but feel a melancholy regret, as on a parting from loved and honoured friends who may never be beheld again. Hence the mood in which such a scene beholds our farewell is ever remembered as an event in life. The eve before I went was warm and mellow, and the peaks were all steeped in sunshine, which, gradually deserting mountain after mountain according to its height, left the snows to grow grey and deepen into the blackness of night.

Next morning all was changed. The angry winds were throwing about great handfuls of cold rain, and roaring in the recesses of the mountains no longer visible. It was a scene adapted forcibly to remind one of those noble lines uttered by Campbell when bidding adieu to the same land:—

"Adieu! the woods and waters' side,
Imperial Danube's rich domain;
Adieu! the grotto wild and wide,
The rocks abrupt, the grassy plain;
For pallid autumn once again
Hath swollen each torrent of the hill,
Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
And watery winds that swell the gale
Come loud and louder still."

Selfishness suggested how lucky it was that the storm just waited till I was making off, and left all my days in the mountain region bright and available. Sentiment, on the other hand, would have preferred a genial smile at parting, instead of those stormy tears; and sentiment was to be gratified after all. As the train swept through the great plain whence the Alps rise right up without intervening undulations, the storm abated, and the black curtain of clouds began to rise slowly up, exhibiting the lower ranges of the mountains, at first coldly and darkly, but then with patches of brilliancy, where the sun had bored a hole in the canopy of cloud; and ere I lost sight of them, I had the enjoyment of beholding the whole range relieved from their dark wet pall, and drying themselves with smiles in the warm sunshine.

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AUNT ANN'S GHOST STORY.

On the 1st of December, fifteen years ago, I made my first appearance in a county ball-room. That I should choose the 1st of December, fifteen years later, to make my first appearance in print, is probably due to the fact that I have spent the interval in Russia. Considering how extremely fond I have always been of putting my impressions upon paper, and the voluminous correspondence with which the friends of my youth have been favoured during my long absence from England, I can only suppose that it never occurred to me to publish, because I never met a lady in my adopted home who had ventured upon so bold a measure. Moreover I feel certain that, had I hinted at the possibility of so unfeminine a proceeding to my husband—who was then an officer in the Imperial Guard—I should have increased instead of dissipated certain prejudices against the English nation, which, however, had not prevented his asking me to go with him to his own country. That I did so at the age of seventeen, is the best proof I can give that I am not constitutionally timid—a fact which I will ask my readers to bear in mind in the course of the narrative I am about to relate. I am encouraged to believe it to be worth telling from the circumstance, that no sooner did I reach my old home in England, than a cluster of children who had not existed when I left it, invaded the sanctity of my bedroom when I was lying down to rest before dinner on the day of my arrival, and insisted upon my telling them myself the ghost story, by virtue of which the name of their near relation was kept ever fresh in their memories. Those thrilling details which I had communicated in my letters at full length at the time had, been repeated by my sister to each succeeding nephew and niece as he or she had arrived at years of sufficient discretion to enable his or her hair to stand on end when terrified; but the luxury of horror which Aunt Ann's story invariably inspired was religiously kept as a great Christmas treat, and was looked upon as quite unrivalled in its line—partly because it was true, and partly because no other aunt in any neighbouring family had ever had any such thing happen to her; a circumstance which was always dwelt upon with great triumph and satisfaction when any other children ventured either to praise their aunts or to discuss ghosts in the abstract. So in the darkening hours of a gloomy autumn afternoon I told my own story, for I saw it would be impossible to put it off until Christmas; and when my little audience, whose thorough knowledge of every incident did not in the least prevent them listening with the same rapt interest each time the story was told them, had trotted off, I thought that if they could bear to hear it so many times, some older children might bear to read it once. So now, as the clocks are striking midnight, I stir the fire with a chuckle, for I have not seen a fireplace for fifteen years, and I pull near it my comfortable arm-chair—I have not seen what I call an arm-chair for the same time; with a fervent blessing on "the stately homes of England," I shall proceed to give my first experience of my dreary home in Russia.

I had been little more than a year in St Petersburg when my husband was ordered on special service to a distant part of the empire. As the duty he was sent to perform would, in all probability, involve a prolonged absence, it was decided that I should be sent to a chateau which belonged to him in the Ukraine, and there wait his return; as, however, I was utterly inexperienced in the manners and customs of Russian country

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life, I was furnished with a guide, philosopher, and friend, in the person of his sister Olga, then a very charming *debutante*, now a very distinguished member of the Russian *corps diplomatique*. It was no wonder, after having turned so many heads during the winter, that her own began to swim, and that she should look forward with pleasure to the repose of a country life, and the novel task of initiating a stranger into its mysteries. Nor was it without a flutter of excitement that I found myself packed into a roomy travelling carriage, containing my friend, my baby, and the nurse, and followed by two other curiously constructed vehicles, covered with as many goods and chattels as if we were going finally to settle in some newly inhabited colony. When I looked at the servants, bedding, and provisions that were stowed away in and over our three cumbrous equipages, I felt as if I was leading an exploring party, and responsible to the Geographical Society for the results of my observations; indeed, so vivid were the impressions which the incidents of this my first journey through the heart of the country made upon my mind, that I feel sure I should have produced a very good paper for an evening meeting. But now, how monotonous does that well-known way—with its sign-posts over dreary wastes of snow in winter, its bottomless sloughs in spring and autumn, its clouds of dust in summer, its tracts of deep sand, its gloomy pine forests, and its rolling grass steppes—seem to me! How distinctly do I recall the deserted post-stations where the horses are never forthcoming, and how well I seem to know even the individual horses when they do come, and can distinguish between the yamchiks who are my friends, and those for whom I have an antipathy. As for night quarters, there is not an inn on the whole line of road the rooms of which I have not, at some time or other, furnished with all that portable material which I carry with me on such occasions, and which, if it goes on increasing, will ultimately include a pier-glass and a piano.

How I wondered then at the rapidity with which the servants made things comfortable, and still more at the singular ideas which both they and Olga entertained of what comfort was!

At length, after many days, and now and then a night or two, of travel, we came upon the steppe country, where the forests were more scattered and the population sparser, until at last the whole landscape was a boundless expanse of grass, except in one direction, where a dark mass, like the shadow of a cloud, marked a distant wood. No sooner was it visible than my companion clapped her hands with delight, the horses were urged into a gallop, the carriage bounded more wildly than usual over the deep ruts formed by the winter rains, now baked into troughs that would have smashed ordinary springs, and I needed no other evidence to prove to me that our destination was at hand. I confess my heart sank within me, for there was something inexpressibly dreary in the prospect. My baby, who had undergone the trials of the journey with a fortitude and a power of endurance truly Sclavonic, set up a loud wail, which it seemed to me could only arise from instinctive dread and dismay. I looked round in every direction, and though the range of vision was most extensive, not the vestige of a cottage was visible, not a human being enlivened the scene; so I sank gently back and in silence, and added my tears to baby's. Fortunately, Olga was too much excited to notice me, and after violently hugging my first-born in a paroxysm of delight, she performed the same operation upon me. Thanks to the moisture she had acquired from the cheeks of that little cherub, she did not discover the tears on mine; so we plunged into the gloomy recesses of the wood, and I was cheered by seeing a road branch off to the

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right, which she informed me led to the village. While wondering whether it would be possible to do a little "parish" in it, and secretly making up my mind to open a Sunday school, I was startled by the hollow sound of the horses' hoofs upon a wooden bridge, and looking out, saw that we were crossing a dry moat, and entering an old moss-grown castle, through a somewhat dilapidated archway.

Immense trees overhung the building, which I had only time to observe was very ancient, but still apparently substantial, and very quaint and irregular in form.

We pulled up at a low door in a grass-grown quadrangle, where stood an old white-headed servitor, into whose arms Olga precipitated herself with the most ardent expressions of joy: behind him a row of domestics evidently gazed with no little awe and respect upon the retinue of town servants we had brought from St Petersburg. Notwithstanding the bustle and the high state of preparation of everybody for our arrival, I felt chilled by a sensation of solitude and desolation I had not experienced since leaving England: the whirl and gaiety of the capital, the constant attendance at court which fell to my lot—the excitement and novelty of a life altogether which never allowed a moment for serious thought—had kept me, as I supposed, contented and happy. Too young to discover cares in life which did not exist, too giddy to seek out occupation I did not desire, I had lived like a butterfly in a beautiful garden, and now suddenly found myself without the flowers, and the sunshine, and the other butterflies that used to pay me court. It was a moment of terrible reaction—even my companion's high spirits failed to make me take a cheerful view of things. When I followed the old white-headed man under the low doorway, and Olga linked her arm in mine, I felt as if he was the jailer, and she was escorting me to a dungeon in which I was to be confined for life. It was very wrong, I know, and I concealed my feelings as much as I could, but she felt me shudder as I leant upon her arm, and stopped suddenly. "Why," she said, "do you tremble so much? are you frightened? Who told you the castle was haunted?" I had never heard anything about the castle, except that my husband used to make there what he called his "economies," by which he meant that he had a bailiff who lived in it and farmed his property for him; and as for its being haunted, it was a positive relief to my mind to hear anything about it half so interesting. So I laughed at the notion of an Englishwoman either believing in or being afraid of ghosts, and said I shivered because a cold draught came down the passage along which we were passing. "Yes," observed my companion, "since the bailiff refused to live in it, the castle has been quite uninhabited, so that the air feels chilly; but we will have the stoves lighted and make ourselves comfortable. There is not the least danger in the daytime, and at night we will sleep in the cottage, which papa built just before his death, when the ghosts made it impossible to sleep any longer in the castle." As she said this we were standing in a fine old hall, round which were ranged some figures in armour; the walls were decorated with tapestry, and where the wood panelling appeared, it was in many places painted so as to form a picture with the edge of the panel for the frame. Very uncouth men and women indeed the worthy progenitors of my husband appeared, as depicted upon these ancestral walls—capable of any deed of darkness, and just the sort of people who would continue to live in the castle when they ought to have been reposing like respectable members of the Greek Church in the number of square feet of soil allotted to them. Unfortunately, instead of being buried, some had been put into a family vault, and were perhaps more rest-

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less on that account. Whatever be the reason, the current superstition was, that the originals of some of the portraits which adorned the walls of this large hall continued to inhabit the castle, to the exclusion of its present lawful possessors; and an extremely savage-looking Sclavonian warrior, with a battle-axe in his hand, and what seemed to be some sort of drum at his feet, was the most generally acknowledged spectre. Why he was chosen, I know not, except that the favourite sound of the ghostly occupant was said to be the rattle of a drum, or rather a thing like a tom-tom, which in those early days was one of the musical instruments of these barbarians. I confess, at the moment I was thinking very little about my husband's restless ancestors; my thoughts were back in my own dear little room at home—that room in which I am now writing this; and I would have embraced the knees of the most disreputable of spectres who should at that moment have pounced upon me from any of the surrounding pictures, and in the twinkling of an eye have landed me on the door-steps of the paternal mansion. So I turned a deaf ear to Olga's patter about goblins, and gazed vacantly at the gaunt figures in armour, and the gloomy groined roof overhead, and the faded tapestry and ill-drawn portraits. I saw that a massive staircase led to regions overhead, as yet unexplored, and I perceived that it was really true that we were not going to sleep in the castle. Still we seemed to be going partially to inhabit it, for a rather dark passage led from the hall into a really charming drawing-room, where the air had been warmed, and the temperature was agreeable. It was furnished in the most modern Parisian style, and from one window a view was obtained of a straggling cottage or two of the village, the greater part of which was concealed by the wood. That window was quite a consolation to me for the moment, and altogether the room looked habitable and light, and I felt my spirits rising again. A small dining-room opened off the drawing-room, but on festive occasions the large hall I have already described was used. Beyond the small dining-room there was a billiard-room. A passage led from the drawing-room to a glass door, upon opening which we emerged upon a bridge which crossed the moat, but which was covered in partly with glass and partly with planking. This led into a detached cottage, consisting of nothing but bedrooms. The fact that the castle itself was of immense dimensions, and contained any amount of accommodation, and that the family had nevertheless been positively driven out of it by ghosts, and obliged to build a cottage to sleep in, was the most practical evidence I could have desired that, whatever might be the foundation of the belief, it existed pretty strongly. I have been obliged, for reasons which will presently appear, to be thus particular in describing the plan of the castle, and of the principal rooms in it.

The cottage was decidedly an improvement on the gloomy structure we had left. Whereas the castle was surrounded on three sides by dense black pine forest, the trees of which overhung the moat, and almost shot their branches into the upper windows, the view from the cottage windows presented the strangest contrast from my bedroom window: not a tree bigger than a rose-bush was visible anywhere; a neglected flower-garden was bounded by a sunk fence, to which it descended in a gentle slope, and beyond that nothing but grass, with here and there a field of Indian-corn or wheat stubble; still, with the bright sun setting upon it, there was something comforting in its very grandeur and expanse. I seemed to breathe again after having been nearly stifled in the castle. The dungeon-feeling was going off, and a momentary sensation of butterfly seemed to thrill through me. Two peasant women

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were returning from work to the village, and as I opened the window I heard them sing. Decidedly I should visit the poor of the parish to-morrow. I would find out an old serf "bad with the rheumatiz, my lady," and take him "Rhus." Then I looked at the women as they walked away, and wondered if I wanted to sell them how I should have to set about it—whether they were fixtures on the land, or if I could let them; and then I thought it would be more philanthropic to hire anybody I saw belonging to a neighbour that seemed unhappy, and that led me to think of neighbours, and I asked Olga who our neighbours were, and how far off they lived. She told me the nearest lived seventeen miles off, but that he was a horrid man, who had ill-treated his wife till she died, and he now lived there alone; and the next nearest was a lady, who had been married and divorced a great many times, and finally got tired of going through the ceremony, but who did not the less prefer the society of gentlemen to that of ladies. Then there was an old lady who lived by herself, twenty-four miles off; and a charming family thirty miles off, whose acquaintance I made some years after. All this was discouraging, and I ceased to be a butterfly again. The growling and grumbling of my English maid, who ever since her arrival in Russia had, for some reason known only to herself, pertinaciously refused to have her tea made in a samovar, and who now said that when I engaged her to accompany me to Russia I should have mentioned that "the family was inhabited with ghosts," did not improve my frame of mind; and when she gave me warning, and announced her intention to go, and I thought how difficult it had been to come, I told her with a malicious satisfaction that I should be the least obstacle she would have to encounter in carrying out her design of returning to her native land; on which, feeling the impossibility of putting her threat into execution, she retorted that it was my fault if I had made her "an Elisabeth, or Exile in Siberia," and burst into a violent paroxysm of tears.

Fortunately the ills of life do not assume large dimensions at eighteen, and in a few days I had quite recovered my wonted spirits. I had explored every nook and corner of the old castle in the boldest and most sacrilegious way. I had opened rooms supposed to be exclusively inhabited by ghosts. I had been stifled with clouds of dust in the course of my investigations. I had taken the skin off my fingers trying to turn gigantic keys in impossible locks, and Olga had kept at a respectable distance behind me, and uttered a little scream every time I had broken into a new room. As to the old steward, he was as much scandalised at the exploratory tendencies of the mistress as at the fine airs of the maid: while I was scrambling up rickety ladders in spite of all warning about the dangers of their breaking, she was insisting upon hot-water bottles for her feet. To my intense delight, I discovered two very sociable greyhounds at the bailiff's; and as horse-breeding was part of the farm operations, I had no difficulty in getting a new mount every day until I was satisfied; and then how Olga and I used to fly across the country after hares, and how fond the dogs and the horses and the riders all got of each other at last! Then I made acquaintance with the whole population of the village, and though I could not exchange an idea with one of them, I found plenty to do; and I was beginning to forget all about the ghosts, when one night, just as I was going to sleep, in flounces "Elisabeth, or the Exile," gives two violent gasps, and faints dead away by the side of my bed. Not being at all of a nervous temperament myself, I don't generally make allowances for persons addicted to hysteria; but there was not the slightest doubt about the genuineness of Elisabeth's present condition, and

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at least half an hour elapsed before, by dint of violent remedies, I succeeded in restoring consciousness. Not that I gained much, for no sooner did she "come to"—to use her own expression—than she shut her eyes and "went off" again. This she did three times, and then her anxiety to tell me the story overcame every other consideration, and she sat up, took rather a long sip of sal-volatile and commenced. I should premise that I had allowed Elisabeth—who, by the way, never permitted either me or anybody else to call her anything but Phillips, and whose Christian name was Jane—to sit and work in a sort of little boudoir that opened off the billiard-room, in order that she might not mix with the other servants, who, she said, were not "sympatica" to her — she had spent a winter in Rome with a lady before coming to me. "So," says Phillips, "knowing, my lady, that you would want your riding-'abit the first thing in the morning, and that I should have to let a whole new bit in, in consequence of your ladyship's always tearing your 'abit exactly in the same place—leastways three mornings running—I hanticipated rather a long job, and so I determined to set about it at once; and your ladyship may imagine the 'orror I conceived when I found, on reaching my apartment after undressing of your ladyship, that I had left my needle-book and thimble, and hother working materials, in my morning boodwar. Well, my lady, I was in a great many minds before I could summing up courage to go into that dreadful castle at this time of night; and it was not without awful trembling — and I may say even haspen-like shakings — that I 'urried along the glass passage across the moat, a-shading of the candle with my 'and. When I opened the door into the billiard-room there come a gust of wind that almost extinguished my light; and I got so frightened that I turned back again as far as the passage, and there I stopped to take breath, and that gave me time to think of your ladyship's displeasure if I did not get the 'abit ready, and so I gently opened the door again and listened,—but, as Mr Munckting Mills beautifully observes, 'the beating of my own 'art was the honly sound I 'eard,' leastways at that moment, my lady. A moment after, I tripped over a billiard-cue which was prostrated, —and, oh! what another start that give me. I felt as if I was made up of electrical wires and was keeping on having shocks from everything I touched—being continually and perpetually expecting of ghosts made me almost feel as if I was somebody else, especially when the light made my own 'orrid shadow stand up on the wall all of a sudding, right opposite to me. Well, my lady, I was shaking so when I got 'old of my working materials that I run the needles into my fingers without caring, and was running away, feeling always that somebody might be close behind me in the dark for all I knew to the contrairy, when of a sudden, as I got into the passage leading from the great hall to the billiard-room — oh, my lady! ——" Here Phillips began again to tremble so violently that I poured out some more sal-volatile; and, in order to encourage her, as I administered it, said, "Well, my good Phillips, what did you see?" "Oh, nothing, my lady; nothing visible could ever make such awful sounds; and it was right in my ear, not an inch off, as I am a living woman. Just as I come out of the billiard-room off it went with a bang, exactly like the militia."

"Well, but off what went? could you see nothing?"

"Why, first, I never looked; and, second, it was too dark if I had; it was just at the corner where the passage turns to the glass door; but, oh, it was so loud, I wonder you did not hear it here; it were like a number of little pistols going off quick as

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light, one after the other. Coming on me of a sudding, and me feeling as I was, and being wound up to the 'ighest pitch at any rate, I gave a scream and a jump, my lady, as I shall never know how many feet in the air; and I never stopped screaming and running with occasional jumps, and once I fell down, till I came to your ladyship's bedside, where here I shall remain and never again to move. O dear, O dear!" and Phillips went off into a fit of incoherent lamentation and much sobbing, in the course of which I induced her to get upon the couch, where she finally cried herself to sleep. I was excessively annoyed. In the first place, Phillips was full enough of fancies without silly practical jokes being played upon her to increase them; and, in the second, she was sufficiently difficult to please without making Russia more intolerable to her than it already was. So spake the sensible, practical Englishwoman; but in so speaking I am bound to say she was not telling the real truth. I felt I was deceiving myself. I knew well enough it was no trick of the servants to frighten my maid. There was not a servant in the place who would venture into the castle after we had left the drawing-room. Moreover, had not the very owner, to say nothing of the bailiff, been frightened out of the place years ago, and gone to the expense of building bedrooms? Again, what Phillips said about the nature of the sounds was consistent with general report; it was said they were so loud sometimes that there was not a servant in the place who had not heard them. So much so, that on certain nights of the week the villagers used timidly to approach the castle, and listen; and then, the moment the noises broke out, would run away terrified. The day most patronised by the ghosts, I had heard, was Saturday; but whether our presence had kept them unusually quiet, or whether I was always too sound asleep at the interesting moment to hear them, I know not; but my curiosity was at last violently excited, and my temper somewhat roused: so I determined, *coute qui coute*, to get to the bottom of the mystery, and having arrived at this decision irrevocably in my own mind, I turned round, and went peaceably to sleep. My first injunction to Phillips on the following morning was, that she should not breathe a word of her experience — which I affected to treat lighty—to the Countess Olga or any other soul; my second, that she should bring my riding-habit torn as it was, as I thought a day with the greyhounds would not be a bad preparation for a night with the ghosts. Fortune favoured my plans, for it so happened that Olga went to bed early with a headache, and left me reading alone in the drawing-room. When the servants came to take away the tea, I told them they might go to bed; and, putting a small reading-lamp by my side, I determined to meet the ghost single-handed. Although I attempted to read while awaiting his arrival, I must confess that I found it impossible to fix my attention—my hearing seemed to have become preternaturally acute, and I had strung my nerves up to a pitch which was perhaps a little beyond what they could bear. It must be admitted, that for a girl to sit quite alone in a castle so notoriously haunted that no man had ventured into it at night, either alone or in company, for years, for the express purpose of waiting for the ghosts to appear, was a very fair test of courage; and I do not think that I incur the charge of timidity because my heart did beat more rapidly than usual on this occasion, and I was aware of a dampness on the forehead, accompanied by that description of chill known as gooseskin, although the room was uncomfortably warm. At last, after a silence of two hours, so oppressive that I almost longed for the ghost, I thought I had done enough for one night, and had fairly earned

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my bed. It was not to be expected by the most exigeant spectre that I should sit up for him till daylight; and I took up the lamp to go. At the very last moment, however, I was irresistibly impelled to take a look into the Great Hall. I felt I was shrinking from a conscientious discharge of my duty if I left this part of it unfulfilled. So, very much in the same frame of mind as Phillips when she went to her "boodwar," I marched towards the door of the hall. I opened it very silently, partly because I was afraid of the sounds I made myself, and partly because I wanted, if there was a ghost, to see him without his seeing me, though, as I had the light, a moment's reflection would have shown me that would be impossible. I walked straight into the middle of the hall, and turned the light boldly upon all the pictures and tapestry. Everything was still and silent as the grave. I then kept the light fixed upon the other entrance, so that nobody should come in without my seeing it, and walked towards some of the figures in armour to look if anybody was concealed behind them. I had just satisfactorily settled this point when I suddenly heard a deep sigh. My heart seemed to jump at once into my mouth, and I felt as if I should choke; but I put my back against the wall, so as not to be taken unawares, and listened, but not for long. In another moment a long, deep, heavy sigh—so long, so deep, so full of misery, that it almost amounted to a moan; but there was no intonation in it. It was like a stage whisper—so clear, and yet without any other kind of sound than that made by wind.

It seemed very near me, almost at my ear; so near that I turned suddenly round. I found myself actually leaning against the Sclavonian warrior with the battle-axe and the drum. My flesh was now beginning to creep, I felt my hair positively rising, and I wanted to run away, but was afraid to leave the wall against which I had placed my back, for it seemed a sort of protection. Again a long deep sigh, then another. There is something abominable in sighs. They seem a sort of sound that it does not require a regular body to make. A pair of lungs is all that is necessary to sigh with; a mouth is quite superfluous. One might sigh through a hole in one's throat, or without a head at all for the matter of that. Then there was a sort of catch in one of the sighs that was particularly disagreeable, as if the ghost had been interrupted in his misery, and then it had been suddenly very much increased. I was still hesitating what to do, when the stillness which had succeeded the last sigh was followed by a muffled sound of beating or thumping, very low and regular, and seeming to echo all round the room, but to come from no particular part of it. As it grew louder my fears rose to such a pitch that all my resolution vanished. I rushed at the door leading to the drawing-room, which I banged after me, but failed to shut out the sound which seemed to pursue me through the drawing-room and along the glass passage, with its increasing volume still ringing in my ears. Into bed, dressed, and just as I was, and with my head under the bed-clothes, I was still unable to shut it out. A pressure on my shoulder made me start with a scream of terror—overtaken at last, my bed not even a refuge! it was too horrible!

The thought had hardly flashed across me when Olga's gentle voice reassured me. She was shaking from head to foot; the sounds from the castle had been loud enough to wake her up, and now as we tremblingly clasped each other we could hear them dying away. The loud drum roll was subsiding into the muffled murmur I had heard at first, and by degrees it ceased altogether.

The next morning Phillips came to me with the triumphant intelligence that all the servants had been

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roused by the noises in the castle, and that her story, which I had affected to disbelieve, had thus received the most satisfactory confirmation. Poor Phillips! I felt I owed her some apology for the apparent scepticism with which I had treated her story, and admitted to her that I had also heard the sounds—in fact, had passed a very uneasy night in consequence. This seemed to afford her great comfort and consolation, though she relapsed into disappointment when she found that I steadily refused to admit that the sounds in question could possibly be caused by supernatural agency. Notwithstanding all which very brave language, my nerves were so much shaken by the incidents of this dreadful night, that I could scarcely bring myself to enter the Great Hall even by day, and our evening sittings in the drawing-room were by no means protracted to so late an hour as they had formerly been. Having unlimited confidence in the salutary effects of a great deal of exercise in the open air upon the nervous system, I devoted myself to the destruction of hares, and for some days coursed so vehemently, that a new couple of greyhounds, which the bailiff had bought to relieve his own, were fairly worked off their legs. Still I was as perpetually haunted by the desire of discovering something more about the ghosts as the castle was by those uncanny beings. For some nights I lay awake, listening in vain for sounds, until, at last, one night as I lay wondering whether they would ever come again, the distant roll gradually swelling and as gradually falling broke the midnight stillness. It was not nearly so loud as upon the former occasion, and so far from frightening me, seemed this time rather to inspire me with courage. It was on a Saturday, just a fortnight after my last adventure, and I listened and calmly speculated upon the mysterious sound. I had been reading rather a heavy book, in which, nevertheless, I had been deeply interested; for, although young and giddy, I was excessively fond of study, and the repose of country life had suggested to me the expediency of beginning a course of serious reading and following it up. My lamp was burning brightly, every corner of the room was lighted, Olga and all the servants slept between me and the castle,—altogether, my nerves felt so strong and steady, that I quite wondered why I had experienced such terror on the previous occasion; so I once again resolved to fathom the mystery, and this time I determined that not the whole misery of the universe concentrated into one sigh, nor the tattoo roll of all the armies of Europe concentrated into one drum, should drive me from the Great Hall. Having, as upon the first night of Phillips's adventure, arrived at this irrevocable decision, I turned round and went peaceably to sleep.

The first thing which my sister-in-law asked me next morning was whether I had heard the sounds in the night. On my admitting that I had, she said that she had not felt so frightened as upon the last occasion, and remarked that she supposed in time we should get quite accustomed to them. I told her I had already so far overcome my original dread, that I had determined in my own mind to make another nocturnal experience, and proposed to her to join me. However brave one may be individually, a companion on such occasions is always an immense support. To my great delight she readily consented to my proposal. I suggested that we should not wait until the next Saturday night, but try at once, and keep on making experiments every night during the week; by these means, if nothing was seen or heard, we should have become accustomed to the loneliness of the Great Hall, and be better able to face the dangers of the fatal Saturday. I am bound to say that we passed the whole of this day in a fever of excitement and anticipation. I went half-a-dozen times into the Great

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Hall, impelled thither by a fascination which was quite irresistible. I gazed at all the pictures, examined all the panelling, ascended the massive staircase, which nevertheless creaked even with my light weight, and became familiar with every object which a heated imagination could possibly turn into a ghost. Gaunt figures in armour, with a dim light upon them, are especially ghost-like and supernatural. The bars of their visors always look like long teeth, and they make a nasty rattle when you touch them, extremely disagreeable in the dark. I determined that I should allow my mind to rest on none of these things when I came at night with Olga. Indeed, I tried to take one warrior to pieces, on purpose to feel on intimate terms with him, and succeeded so far that I got his helmet off, and could not get it on again; so, as a piece of bravado, I put it under his arm, and made him look more ghastly than ever. Then I went back to the drawing-room, and by the time ten o'clock struck I had worked myself up into such a recklessly defiant mood, that I felt almost intoxicated with excitement. Olga caught the infection. We could scarcely restrain our impatience till the moment came to dismiss the servants: then we jumped up and waltzed round the room, a sort of war-dance of triumph and defiance. Then we lighted every candle, and went into the billiard-room and lighted it up too, careless of what the servants would suppose,—laughing, indeed, at the terror which the unusual illumination would inspire, and which would certainly be attributed to a posse of debauched ghosts; then we played a noisy game of billiards,—all which, be it remembered, was merely a form of Dutch courage. We were both by this time in our secret souls excessively terrified. Both would willingly have danced off to bed instead of round the billiard-table; but our honour was at stake, and we kept up appearances magnificently. At last the midnight hour struck, and, arming ourselves each with a cue in one hand and a candle in the other, we marched defiantly towards the Great Hall.

The first thing I saw was my friend the warrior whom I had left with his head under his arm, glaring at me with his black, ghastly cavern of a mouth and hollow eye-sockets; but, to my horror and dismay, his head was back again upon his shoulders. As none of the servants would have ventured into the Hall since the comparatively late hour that I had last visited it, I was driven to the unpleasant conclusion that this mailed knight had either put on his own head, or had got an equally unearthly friend to put it on for him. I felt my courage already giving way, so I laughed and talked boisterously, and rapped his helmet soundly with my cue, as I told the story in a loud tone to Olga. She was at the other end of the room, tapping the panelling with her cue, as she laughingly said, loud enough to drown the sound of the ghost's drum. We seemed both penetrated with the conviction that our only chance of safety lay in making as much noise as possible, so I began to tap the panels on my side of the room also. At that moment, the most piercing scream I ever heard issue from mortal throat burst from Olga; her candle dropped with a crash, and before I could look round she tore wildly past me, screaming, "Fly! fly! save yourself!" I needed no further admonition. Never turning my head, I rushed after her to the passage leading to the drawing-room, my candle also going out, and in we both burst to the brilliantly lighted room, pale, panting, and exhausted. Our first care was to double-lock the door by which we had just entered; and as, in order to regain our bedrooms, it was necessary to traverse the glass passage, now dark, we rested for a minute while I lighted my candle, and Olga took another out of the candelabra. This gave me time to think that a

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retreat to the cottage, after all my resolutions, without even knowing what had happened, would be ignominious, so I implored Olga to sit down and calm herself, and give me some reason for her extravagant alarm. I had taken the precaution to provide sundry restoratives in case of our needing them, and in a few moments she had comparatively regained her tranquillity. All she could say was, that as she was tapping the panel on which was painted the Sclavonian warrior, the cue was suddenly drawn out of her hand by some invisible influence. She had not let it drop, nor had she brought it back with her. There was no denying the fact; the cue had vanished—but how, remained a mystery. When she felt it being pulled from her hand she screamed, dropped the light, turned and fled, and she could give me no further information upon the subject. Meantime we sat and listened. Not a sound could we hear except the murmur of the wind and the rustling of the pine branches which overhung the window. Feeling that this silence would unnerve us, and reluctant to yield to Olga's entreaties to go to the cottage, I proposed that we should return to the billiard-room, lock both the doors, and play a game of billiards. A ghost would scarcely be bold enough to enter a room in which there were fifteen candles burning; and if the sounds were as loud as usual, we would sit there and listen to them safely. After some hesitation, my companion consented to this arrangement, and we went through the form of knocking the balls about, without, however, being able to get rid for an instant of the one thought uppermost in both our minds. Every now and then, by mutual consent, we stopped and listened, but not a sound was audible. I was on the point of proposing another visit to the Hall, when the bang of a distant door checked the words as they rose to my lips, and made us both start and tremble. Then again profound stillness. It was now nearly two o'clock, but as I had quite made up my mind not to go to bed without one more attempt at unravelling the mystery, I determined first quietly to go over in my mind the events which had occurred up to this point, hoping that somehow I might hit upon the clue. As I did so, it flashed across me that upon the occasion of my first visit I heard the sighs when I was standing on the side of the room near the picture of the Sclavonian warrior, and that as I leant my back against it they seemed nearer and louder. This then might be the haunted spot, if any one place in this "possessed" old building was more haunted than another, for exactly here it was that Olga had lost her cue. It was a sort of comfort getting some definite locality to fix upon for investigation, and a comfort to have a distinct reason for revisiting the Hall—my distinct reason being that I wanted to see whether the cue was lying upon the floor, or had really, as Olga maintained, been spirited away altogether. My curiosity on this point was so great that I firmly resisted all her endeavours to dissuade me from going back. I finally promised, however, that we should only go as far as the Hall door, this time on tiptoe; that we should open it gently and look in, and be satisfied, if we saw the cue lying on the floor, to leave it there without venturing further; if not, to rest content with our experiences for the night, and put off our investigations as to what had become of the cue to some future occasion. This being decided upon, we once more screwed up our courage to the sticking point, and returned to the drawing-room, where everything was still lighted, and stayed for a moment to listen. To my dismay and regret, for I saw my companion's resolution would fail her, we distinctly heard a sort of shuffling sound, as of some one crossing the Hall in slippers. At this time I felt such intense anxiety to know what had become of the cue that I was resolved to go on alone

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if Olga would not come with me; and when I saw her sink back almost fainting into a chair, I felt it would be cruel of me to urge her further. Indeed, at the moment she was so frightened that she was unable even to go back to the cottage, much less to the Hall. I therefore crept cautiously on by myself, and, before opening the door into the Hall, leant my ear against it and listened. All silent. I put my hand gently on the old-fashioned latch, which, fortunately, I could turn without noise, and pushed the door softly open. The Sclavonian warrior hung on the wall to the left as I entered, and as the door also opened back into the Hall on the same side, I found I should be obliged either to fling it well back or advance into the room in order to have a view of the floor at the foot of the picture, where I expected to find the cue lying. I should remark that, on passing through the drawing-room, it occurred to me to take, instead of a candle, a reading-lamp with a very strong reflector, which, though somewhat heavy, could be made to throw a bright light. Before pushing the door wide open I gave my lamp an extra twist; then, with every fibre strung, I took one bold step into the room, and turned the lamp full on the left-hand wall. What I then saw fairly rooted me to the spot with amazement and dismay. The Sclavonian warrior had utterly vanished, and in his room, or I should rather say in *a* room, there appeared a bed, a table with a loaf of bread upon it, a chair, a pair of jack-boots, and a sword hanging above them. For an instant I felt dizzy with bewilderment, then turned and fled. I was more thoroughly frightened than if a legion of drumming ghosts had marched into the Hall. The *dénouement* was so utterly unexpected, so terribly real, so exactly the reverse of supernatural, that the very contrast was a shock. Spectral figures in white robes, or even the Sclavonian warrior beating his own drum, I could have borne; but a bed which had evidently just been occupied, for the clothes were all tumbled, a pair of jack-boots probably just pulled off, and a half-eaten loaf of bread, were sights infinitely more alarming. I felt that the occupant of the mysterious chamber must be the sort of person who would murder me if he caught me; and my tell-tale face as I rushed through the drawing-room required no explanation. Olga was sufficiently recovered to fly after me, and once more, breathless and exhausted, we reached my bedroom. Here I explained to my sister-in-law what I had seen, and we spent the remaining hours till daylight in accounting for the ghostly sounds, and in vague conjectures as to the identity of the individual who produced them. The servants were somewhat astonished not only to find us up at the earliest hour in the morning, but to receive an order to send the white-headed steward to us. Meantime Mrs Phillips had been made acquainted with our discovery, which she communicated in a tongue of her own invention to the rest of the household, so that when the steward came we were followed by the whole establishment to the Great Hall. To my astonishment another change had taken place since my last visit. The Sclavonian warrior was no longer there, it is true, but no more were the bed, or the table, or the chair, or the big boots, or the loaf of bread, or the sword. Everything had disappeared except the room, and into that we entered. It was built into the solid wall, here nine feet thick. The panel occupied by the warrior had been five feet by seven, and this was the size of the entrance to the room. The dimensions of it were as follows: — eight feet in breadth, twelve feet in length, seven in height — the floor was one foot higher than that of the hall. It was now quite empty, though the stains of liquid spilt on the floor showed it to have been recently occupied. After some difficulty we

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succeeded in drawing out the panel, which slided noiselessly along its grove, and the warrior gradually emerged once more to the light of day. We examined the edge of it carefully, and did not close it completely for fear of not understanding the trick of the spring. When we discovered the right spot to touch outside the panel, we found it acted almost like a hair-trigger. It was in the crevice of a rock, against which the warrior was leaning. The effect of a very gentle pressure here made the panel roll softly back of its own accord about an inch. As the carving of the panel projected, this opening was generally in shade, so that it might very well be a little open without being visible. There was no difficulty, supposing I had been leaning within a foot of this apartment, in accounting for the sighs which the occupant had probably resorted to as the easiest mode of frightening me away, before he began to beat his drum. In the same way the point of Olga's cue must have slipped into this opening, and been dexterously snatched out of her hand. We never saw the cue again. The unfortunate part of it all is "that here my story ends." Who the man who lived in this room was, why he lived there, whether more than one lived there, are all questions which we went on asking until we gave it up in despair. I used often to suspect that the old steward knew something about it; but he pretended to be as much surprised as any of us at the discovery. The most likely hypothesis is that some political refugee had made it his abode, preferring it to Siberia, or something still more summary. Whoever he was, he had enjoyed free lodging for twenty years, as during all that period the castle had been haunted. Judging by the specimen I saw of it, his fare had been of the simplest description; indeed, not the least difficult part of the problem is how he managed to get supplied with provisions at all. Nor is it easy to explain why he left the panel open for us to discover his room, unless we suppose that he did not give us credit for sufficient courage to revisit the hall after he had taken Olga's cue. Again, he must have seen me standing in the hall, or he could not have known that I had found out his secret, and have decided on utterly abandoning his home for ever and taking all his property with him. Where he took his table and his chair and his bed to is another mystery that will never be solved, more especially as the old steward is dead, who, as I have already said, I have always felt firmly convinced could have thrown some light on the subject.

I need scarcely say that no sounds have ever been heard in the castle since that eventful night. Some of the trees have been cut down, and some of the bedrooms are refurnished, and made habitable and cheerful. The recess itself always stands open, and contains a whist-table; but the Sclavonian warrior often sees the light, for the story is still often told, and without him it would be a ghost story with the ghost left out.

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CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART XI.

SCIENTIFIC CONGRESSES.

When John Girder declared that whatever "was perfectly uneatable might be given to the poor," he enunciated the grand maxim of Scientific Congresses; these wonderful meetings of world-famed men being very little else than grand gatherings for the disposal of rejected articles. What the originators of such societies intended, what they meant or hoped for when they instituted them, is clear and clean beyond me. I never met yet the man who owned he had gleaned anything from their lucubrations. I never saw the woman who did not come away more conceited and self-opinionated from having frequented them. First of all, they are not congresses at all, for the discussional element in them is at the very lowest. When I have read my paper on the "Prismatic formation observable in maiden ladies of advanced years," another opens with a "Remarkable phosphorescence in the eyes of sanguineous gentlemen, when they discuss the poor-rates;" but nobody disputes, nobody inquires into, nobody investigates these. A timid naturalist at the end of the room will perhaps hint that something or other in his own experience has not corroborated the learned gentleman's most interesting paper; but the President comes down at once with his vote of thanks, and there's a great clapping of hands and scraping of feet, and they all rise and go off to tea, "dreary companions, every one!"

The only bit of real cleverness I have ever detected in these "scientific" swells, is the choice of the place they meet in. I have not tested the fact by experiment, and therefore I am ready to offer an honest wager on it, that if you'll take up a census return, you'll always find that the place they select will have an overwhelming proportion of the female population.

In this way they are like the monks of old, who had an aptitude for a neat locality that has never been surpassed. If you place a civil engineer on the top of a mountain, he'll tell you very soon where there will be water, and generally too what direction the streams will run in; and I'd back a Scientific Congressite to hit off the spot where rooms full of green-veiled goddesses will be found, and where the dreariest old chemists and archæologists will be fondled and fêted and pampered for ten days or a fortnight, as if they were Phaethons or Apollos.

This is the real secret of the whole thing; it is what the Cockneys call an out "outing." Mineralogy and comparative anatomy are dead beat with a hard lecturing season. They are not creatures who can take their holiday at Homburg and Wiesbaden. The musty odour of their daily pursuits does not over-well fit them for general society; and, besides, they have an eye to profit. They cherish the thought of all the little thoughtful attentions and politenesses they are certain to meet in the provinces. They have only to determine, then, the interesting scene of their labours, and all the rest "will be added to them." Let them receive ever so little, they are sure to give less. "The paper" they read has either been returned scores of times by some quarterly or monthly, or it is a dexterous synopsis of something they have done at more length elsewhere. Whenever it is original, take your oath on it it is utterly worthless. The coins the

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most lavish benevolence flung out of the carriage window never were guineas; and, indeed, for the mere pleasure of seeing the beggars fight for them, halfpennies sufficed just as well.

Now, I grudge no man his holiday. I have taken a great many myself in life, and always found them agree with me; neither do I grudge him the society of those who deem him agreeable or amusing; so that, if these learned Smellfunguses think this to be the appropriate mode of spending the long vacation, I have not a word against it. I only protest against my being obliged to believe that this is done in the interest of science. This I will not swallow.

That he who reads, and he who is waiting to read after him, may like it, I consent to. That going out about in great hives may be pleasant to the old drones who do it, I concede; that Bath, or Leamington, or Tunbridge, or any some semi-detached-from-civilisation little place, may feel its importance increased by playing host to red-sandstone people and beetle-gatherers, is all intelligible enough; only, again I say, don't ask me to accept this as scientific. You may talk till you're hoarse, but I'll not believe "these crusts to be mutton."

Popularising science, as it is called, is like playing whist for nothing. No man ever learned *that* way, take my word for it; but there is a worse feature in the affair than all this. We English are a very routine people, and our newspapers give a very truthful indication of the jog-trot regularity of our lives. From February to July we live on politics; from July to August we go to the sea and read Kingsley's novels. Science and the partridges come next; and a pleasant time would it be if we could keep them each in his own sphere; but this is impossible. The ladies who do not shoot, geologise, botanise, archæologise, entomologise, and fraternise with all the dreariest old prosers of Europe, and bring back to their homes each day stores of the stalest trash—the study-sweepings of the most learned and long-winded people on the face of the globe.

Now, when I come back to a late dinner, with my eight brace of birds or my fifteen-pound salmon, I want to see Mrs O'Dowd smiling, civil, and complimentary; and what do I meet? a woman overwhelmed with care, her eyes actually red with tears. It is the coal-fields, she tells me, cannot last above twelve thousand years longer; or it is the earth's crust—she had it from Mr Buckland himself—is positively a seventeenth of an inch thinner than it was in the time of Moses. I try to dispel her gloom by talking of my day's performance, and how many miles I have walked since breakfast, and she sneeringly tells me "there was a time when a very different race inhabited this earth, and when one might have seen a young Giant walking about with a mastodon at his heels—just as we see a butcher now with a bull-dog." This is downright offensive; it is personal too.

What right has Sir David Brewster or Professor Faraday to fill my wife's head with speculations about the First man? I am, or at least I ought to be, the first man to her; and what bones of contention are these that these rash old crucible-heaters throw into the bosoms of families about the age of the world, and the signs it is giving of decrepitude?

There is a large market, I am told, for second-hand clothes in our colonies; the most flaring colours, the very gaudiest of uniforms, find purchasers. Why not, then, export these second-hand wares of science to Canada and the Cape? Ticket-o'-leave land would, I am sure, appreciate them, and not the less that some of them were stolen. We send them cricketers, why not chemists? We are enthusiastic about acclimatisation; and O how glad I

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should be to know that we had sent them a ship of entomologists and a large supply of healthy zoologists in spawn, with ample directions for future treatment!

The real difficulty in these lecturings is, that you must be too high or too low for a great portion of your audience. You must either soar into the realms of the $x + y$ people, who live on quadratic equations, or come down to that small twaddle of popular science—a very bread-and-milk diet for the grown-up adults of knowledge.

And we are overrun, actually overrun, with information. The press teems with treatises showing how everything is made, and why it was made; and I am very far from believing that the sum of our happiness is the greater in consequence. For the mere enjoyment of life—God forgive me for that "mere!"—but for the mere enjoyment of life, all this knowledge does not contribute very largely.

My enjoyment of M. Houdin was infinitely greater before I read his book and learned how his tricks were done. The wonderful way he abstracted my waistcoat and sent it back to me in the little dog's mouth, and the way he cut open the same little dog to discover my watch which he had swallowed, were charming till I saw that they could be done with a box and a coil of wire, and another gentleman who looked like one of the audience; and, though I am just as far off the ability to perform the trick as ever, I have lost all my desire to see it; and my surprise and my amazement have gone, never to return to me. In precisely the same degree have I suffered from these scientific teachers, and even to a worse extent, for they have robbed me of some illusions I had just as soon they would have spared me. I do not desire to have it impressed upon me so forcibly that I am only a compound of neutral salts, gelatine, fibrine, and adipose matter. It is no pleasure to me to regard Mrs O'Dowd as a vehicle for phosphate of lime, various carbonates, and an appreciable portion of arsenic.

With all his pride of knowledge, the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was infinitely happier before he knew he had been talking "prose;" and I am sure most of us would sleep as soundly under the impression of being men and women, as after hearing an account of a complexity of structure, compared to which a steam-engine is simplicity, and a delicacy of fibre beside which a cobweb is almost a cable.

There is another and especial set who devote themselves to social science, who, so far as outrageous humbug goes, are worse than these; but I will not treat of them in a postscript. They shall have a page to themselves, and a full one.

PARSONITIS.

What is the meaning of this new malady which deluges Nice with men in white chokers, and renders Naples like a town under an (Episcopal) visitation? It is called—and called professionally too—"Parson's sore-throat;" and I am all curiosity to learn why it should peculiarly affect the clergy? Surely vocal exercitation exists amongst the laity; lawyers, members of Parliament, auctioneers, and actors, not to speak of lieutenants in the navy, are occasionally loud of speech and profuse of intonation.

The coarser themes that form the staple of bar eloquence, the sterner stuff that men talk on the husting, the rantings of the stage, and the roaring of the sea-service, might naturally strain the organs fully as much as the most impassioned appeals from the pulpit; and yet how is it that there is no such thing known to physic as Old Bailey Bronchitis or

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Parliamentary Phthisis? Nor are the watering-places of the Continent filled with legal gentlemen, usually in the charge of a bevy of female friends, who kindly do the talking for them. A mute member of Parliament or a muzzled Queen's Counsel is never met with, but I'll engage to find you five-and-twenty speechless Parsons in every Italian city with a south aspect, mild air, and a large female element in the society.

I have inquired largely amongst my medical friends what is the reason of this strange fact. What can it be in their calling that renders these men more liable to vocal derangements than the other talkers of humanity? The same unsatisfactory answer always met me —It is the preaching does it.

Now, why should pulpit eloquence be more exacting than all other forms of oratory? Is not the place from which the parson speaks rather a check upon than an incentive to those rhetorical flights whose successes are dependent on bold bursts of passion? Torrents of words poured forth in all the exuberance of a flood—apostrophes that, for their effect, call for the wildest imageries conveyed in tones no less startling, the withering storm of invective, the overwhelming avalanche of abuse, have no place in the pulpit, where the very themes inspire self-control, restraint, moderation, a manner of winning persuasion, and a tone at once equable and conciliating. Are these the subjects which demand a chest swollen and distended, and bronchial tubes strained like the cylinders of high-pressure engines? How can preaching, I ask, be the cause of all this distress? Why must these calm gentle men, of easy lives and well-regulated habits, crack their voices in efforts which call for no inordinate power, and which are, after all, most successful when conveyed in tones very slightly raised above those of ordinary conversation? That the criminal lawyer who has badgered his witnesses in a three hours' cross-examination, and then addressed a five hours' speech to the jury, should go home hoarse as a bull-frog, if not actually voiceless, I can well understand. This man has been performing every instrument of the orchestra with his one poor throat. From oboe to ophycleide he has explored them all—in entreaty, conviction, scorn, pathos, defamation, ridicule, and lastly, to wind up, religion. No wonder if he should only be able to make signs to his wife at dinner, and pantomime his wishes for food and drink. But the Parson—the parson of honeyed words and dulcet accents—the bland, smooth-cheeked, oleaginous angel, the very creak of whose shoes whispers patience—he has none of these moods of violence, for, be it remembered, we talk of sin with far less of reprobation than of the individual sinner; and no one that ever I heard laid the same stress on the Decalogue as the most commonplace Quarter-Session chairman will do in sentencing a delinquent to the game-laws. The abstract never has that tangible reality about it, that the smallest instance possesses; and for this reason, again, I say the parson's task exacts less strain, less violent effort, than that of other public speakers. And why, for the third time, I ask, are these men the victims of an especial disease that now goes by their name, and promises, like the Painter's Colic, to show the perils that attach to a peculiar calling? The fact is there; there is no denying it: the speechless curates of the Jardin Anglais at Nice, the voiceless vicars of the Pincian, prove it.

Physicians, I am told, confess themselves little able to deal with this malady; they treat, and treat, and treat it, and end, as they ever do when baffled, by sending the patient abroad. Law and medicine have this much in common, that, whenever they are fairly beaten, "they change the venue."

Hence is it that every sheltered

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angle on the Mediterranean, every warm nook on the "Corniche," has its three, four, or five mild-faced, pale men, sauntering amongst the orange groves, and whispering through a respirator. There is something so interesting in these people, deserted in a measure by physic, and left to the slow influences of climate—soft airs and softer attentions being their only medicaments—that I found myself eagerly engaged in thinking, first, what it might be that predisposed to the affection; and, secondly, how it might be met by precaution. Cure, I need not say, I was not presumptuous enough to consider.

I cannot now record how the subject baffled me—what combinations of difficulty met me here, what new and unexpected phenomena started up there; but I went steadily, carefully on. I amassed my facts, I registered my observations; and at last—I hope it is not in vain boastfulness I declare it—I solved my problem. Few words will tell my explanation. The Parson throat is not the malady of necessarily loud talkers or energetic speakers; it is not induced by exaggerated efforts in the pulpit; it is not brought on by terrific denunciations delivered in the trumpet-call, or mild entreaties insinuated in the flute-stop of the human organ. It is simply and purely brought on by men persisting in preaching in an assumed unnatural voice—a conventional voice, imagined, I suppose, to be the most appropriate tone to call sinners from their wickedness and teach them to live better. You are startled by my explanation, but grant me a brief hearing. Who are the victims of this throat-affection? Not the high-and-dry old rubicund parsons, with bright frank eyes and well-rounded chins, neat of dress, knowing in horse-flesh, strong in horticulture. These hale and healthy fellows have one voice, just as they have one nature; the same note that summons the gardener to look after the dahlias cries to the congregation to take care of their souls. They are not, perhaps, out-and-out divines; there is a bucolic element through them that makes them what Sydney Smith used to call "Squarsons." They are, at all events, a very noble set of fellows and thorough gentlemen. These men are totally free from parsonitis; a case has never been known amongst them. Next come more muscular Christians, whose throats, attuned to the hunting-field, could perform, if called on, the office of a railroad whistle. These have no touch of the complaint.

All "Colenso," I am told, is exempt, which is the more singular, as the men who deny everything and oppose every one are necessarily called on for vocal efforts of the most forcible kind. This is remarkable.

It is, then, amongst the more distinctively pious of the clergy that the disease commits its ravages—those who, by distinctive epithet, are called Evangelicals. Now there are numbers of these—vast numbers—who labour throughout their whole lives, and labour arduously, untouched by the affection. They are of all classes of the clergy the most untiring, the most devoted, and the most intensely imbued with the duties of their calling; but there are others who have all their zeal, all their devotion, and all their sincerity, and none of their abilities. These men, eager to emulate the usefulness of their superior brethren, bent on displaying in themselves the splendid success around them, cannot rise to the intellectual heights of their more gifted neighbours, and are driven to imitate not the well-argued statement—not the close narrative of facts—not the impassioned appeal, or the startling exhortation, but simply the tone of voice in which these were conveyed. Hence is it that these men, good and excellent men in every way, but of very commonplace minds and unelevated views, copy the one sole trait that has no merit or value—the tone and delivery of those

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whose manner is simply the offspring of their own overcharged minds.

They denounce without force, they entreat without persuasion. They paint without colour, and they mould, and leave no form after them. They rant, rave, and riot, sob, shudder, and weep; and all the result is stunned ears to the congregation and sore throats to themselves. They are ineffective because they are not natural. It is their own intense unreality destroys all their usefulness, and mars all their efforts at good.

The very fact that a man is addressing you in a counterfeit voice impugns his sincerity; for be it remembered these are not the men who carry you away by the magic power of their eloquence, bearing you aloft to a region high above all you have ever soared in, and enchanting you with visions that only Genius discloses to mortal eyes. The men I mean here are taken from the common heap of humanity: they have few gifts, they have no graces; and whenever they borrow an illustration or steal a figure from their more ornate brethren, they use it as awkwardly as the Otaheitian chief who wore his copper sauce-pan as a helmet.

A perverse ambition to be something that nature never meant them for—an insensate desire to emulate what is far and away beyond their reach—stirs them up to these furious efforts; and there is a something in the effect of a man's voice upon himself—a sort of reduplication of self-esteem—that is positively intoxicating. They fancy that they have discovered the secret, caught the trick of success, and they are madly eager and impatient for the day when they too shall send a congregation away overcome with hysteric emotion, panting with religious excitement, and thirsting for more. These men, like all imitators, only copy the faults of their models. Like the gentleman who in reading Locke mistook the peculiarities of style for points in the argument, they treasure up all the eccentricities of some popular preacher, and retail them as excellencies. Such are the victims of Parsonitis. These are the men that an austere Nemesis sends over the Alps mute and voiceless; and, to *my* thinking, far more persuasive in the eloquence of their silent gentleness than ever they were in this rapt and erratic oratory.

Let the Rev. Paul Slowcoach cease to emulate the Rev. Hugh Highflier; let him be simple, natural, and unaffected; let him employ the same earnestness in the pulpit to save sinners that he would make use of to exhort Mrs S. to some act of domestic economy, or to restrain a restive son from indiscretion. Let him be real, earnest, and truthful to his own nature. In one word, let him avoid all mention of Mesopotamia, and I'll warrent him he'll suffer very little from the pangs of Parsonitis.

But one word more. Should any impartial layman imagine that the cause I have here stated is insufficient for the effect—should he maintain that a mere affectation could scarcely produce a malady,—I only ask him to perform a walk of say ten miles daily on the tips of his toes. Let him try this for a month; and if his back-sinews do not admonish him to return to ordinary progression, my name isn't Cornelius.

"THE DIGNIFIED ATTITUDE."

There is a story told of Sheridan, which all of us have heard, how one day, when returning unsuccessfully from shooting, never having bagged a single bird, he saw a flock of ducks in a pond, and a labouring man at work hard by. Determined if possible to have something to show for his day's sport, he asked the man for how much he would

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allow him to have one shot at the brood? The fellow replied, "A crown." Sheridan fired, and tumbled seven of them. "Well, my honest friend, how do you like your bargain?" asked he, triumphantly. "Well enough," muttered the other; "the dooks is nane o' mine."

History, they tell us, repeats itself, and I am disposed to believe it; for this story of the ducks is precisely the story of the French policy in Italy. The Emperor no more owned the duchies of Modena, Parma, and Tuscany, than the clown owned the ducks, but he gave Victor Emmanuel a "shot at them" in exchange for Nice and Savoy. Like the country fellow, too, he went off grinning, and saying, "They be none o' mine," thereby hinting that there might come a day of reckoning with the owner which might be far from agreeable.

Now we are in the daily habit of hearing the most fulsome praises of this great Prince; and so successful is success, that even the journals which once took a fairer and juster measure of his capacity, are now, simply by force of the fact that he sleeps nightly at the Tuileries, disposed to accord him all the prescience of a statesman and all the skill of a great general.

I declare I have an ardent desire always to agree with the people around me. I am never so well pleased as when I can concur with a prevailing opinion; and I'm not sure that I wouldn't rather put a little mild coercion on my conscience than dissent from the judgments of "the company." But here I own I cannot. I could no more believe in the greatness of Louis Napoleon than in spirit-rapping. Our credulity is sorely taxed in England: we have to believe Lord Palmerston a wit and Mr Cobden a sage; we have to swallow Carlyle's English, and affect to like it; and when I land at Dover I do each and all of these things. I prefer the mutton-chop at the Lord Warden to my little dinner at the Cadran Rouge. I like the red-petticoated damsels in the Bad-moral boots better than the trimmest Parisian ankles. I go in to admire Buckstone and bitter beer, and all that is English; but—and this I resist to the death—nothing shall persuade me that the Emperor of the French is other than a third-rate man, who might have possibly distinguished himself as a police functionary or a solicitor, but has as much claim to high statecraft as Jem Mace to be an authority on the Pentateuch. Let any of us humble folk only enjoy that nice privilege I have just spoken of—let us only sell what doesn't belong to us—and what a snug little competence we should lay up for our declining years! His last *coup* of this kind was the Franco-Italian treaty. This time it is indeed a very choice lot he submits to public competition. "No reserve, gentlemen; His Holiness must be knocked down to the highest bidder, for the place is already disposed of to the 'party next door.'" What a condition for a Pope! Garibaldi's Hymn thundering at the Vatican! infallibility going, one may say, for a song!

Austria would like, if she dared, to make a bid. She would like better still to protest against the sale, but how can she? The Pope was not true to the Holy Roman Empire once before, and he cannot be trusted; besides, Austria is weak.

Sheridan—I go to him once more for an illustration—coming home full of wine from a dinner, heard a voice from the channel of the street, in tones of evident ebriety, saying, "Lift me up—lift me up." "No," said Brinsley, "that's impossible; but I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll lie down beside you." Such is the answer Austria gives the Holy See —"We can't lift you up, but we'll lie down beside you."

It is very consoling to us small fry in the world's fish-pond that these leviathans only repeat in their policy what we blunder out in our potations.

But this is not all. When by any accident there is a European

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rumpus, in which France takes no active part, maintaining what the Parisian papers call the "Dignified Attitude that becomes her," the Emperor, who naturally feels he cannot give away that for which others have fought and conquered, coolly steps in and declares that whoever obtains it will have become, by the added territory, inconveniently strong for France, and that, in consequence, he himself must have something somewhere of somebody else's to redress the balance, and enable France to go on maintaining the "Dignified Attitude" aforesaid. Now, when these two elements constitute a policy, I cannot but think that the rest of the world must fare ill at every attempt they make to recolour the map of Europe.

This is in reality, in our own age, very little else than the practice of feudal times. It is blackmail over again, and Louis Napoleon is the Gregor Macgregor of Europe. The Prussians have let it get abroad that they mean to annex some of the Danish spoils. Austria, who lent her aid to win them, sulks; but France, the generous France—that country which alone of Europe enters the arena for glory, and not for gain—steps in and says, "The price of this piece of Jutland is Sarre-Louis; don't higgle. This is the *prix fixé* establishment, and we neither come down nor give credit."

Last of all, where he cannot take territory he takes patronage. If he can't absorb the estate, he at least names the agent, as we saw a few days back in Mexico.

How pleasant it must be to work under such a master! How it simplifies all the details of office! How straight and clear it makes the path of duty! Let the representative of France be at Cochin-China or Lancaster Sound, he knows, he "appreciates," as the phrase is, "the benign intentions of the Emperor." Messrs Benasset, of the gaming-tables at Baden and Homburg, stipulate that they are to have the "zero" for themselves, and the advantage is estimated at about eight or ten per cent on all the sums staked at the table. Of course, the more money that is played the more is their gain. You and I may wage a fierce war on each other in black and red, but the Messrs Benasset, who look on, have only to wait for their zero; and eventually, by a mathematical certainty, if we only play long enough, we shall both be ruined, and they acquire all that we once possessed. This is precisely what the Emperor does. He seldom plays, but merely contents himself with the zero. Ten per cent on the game, gentlemen, and the *aprés*. Ah, these *aprés;* these are my perquisites. "Faites votre jeu," and you'll see what will come of it.

I don't wonder John Bull sulked, and took an oath against play. He used to like his game once well enough; he was generally lucky, and though he was not always good-humoured when he lost, he booked up like a gentleman, and nobody ever called him defaulter. Now, however, this newfangled game irritates him. It's not on the square. That "Mossoo" there knows more about the balls than he ought, and he charges, besides, too much for the "tables."

My own impression is "Bull" is right. A respectable tradesman cannot mind his shop in the day if he passes his nights in a hell. We all know where the business would go if he were to do so; and for this reason I say, Keep away from that French roulette-table; or if you must play, play low—never "stake a Sovereign."

If the Italians could learn a little of this prudence it would stand them in good stead; but they have got a greedy fit on them just now, and their fingers are itching for gain. Surely they might see that, even if they succeed to the inheritance, the legacy-duty will run away with one-half of it—ay, and Louis Napoleon will have it too, and suffer no one to "tax his costs."

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This man is the Benasset of politics, and nothing more. The game pays admirably, for it is a gambling era just now. All the lethargic laziness of a long peace has been succeeded by a spirit of venture and hazard. Italy has had a run, and wants to back her luck to the end. Cautious Prussia, that never risked a groschen, has gone in for a *coup* at Holstein. Even Spain—dreary, old, repudiating, disreputable Spain—has managed to get a few gold pieces together, and been trying a little game with Morocco. France, the bland croupier, everywhere cries, "Try your luck, gentlemen!" "Faint heart," &c. Even John, businesslike old dog that he is, jingles his half-crowns in his pocket and longs to be at it. Was there ever such a time for a hell-keeper as this? It is only necessary to light the rooms and open the doors, the company fill the place immediately. All honest industry, in such an age, is the pace of the tortoise over the course at Newmarket: it is a theory bygone, out of place, unthought of. No wonder is it that the careful, plodding, unambitious course of England should seem degenerate and mean amidst all these high-spirited bloods, flinging their stakes so boldly on the table, and reckless, to all seeming, whether they win or lose.

There are now and then, in the order of nature, disturbing events occurring, which no forecasting could ever have either anticipated or averted. They are things so really out of all calculation, that all we have to do is to watch their course, and learn, if we may, somewhat for future guidance. Now one of this nature was the late burst of enthusiastic nationality over Germany. Who could have believed this?—who have foreseen it? Is there any creature—one part statesman and three parts poet—could have risen to the mere imagination of a frantic Germany—a Germany eager for liberty, crying wildly aloud not to be parcelled out into Hoch—something or other, but made one great "Beer-land," that could smoke all its tobacco at the same tariff?

I declare it looks and sounds perfectly incredible, but it is all true—we have seen it; and though it did not last very long, yet, like table-turning and spirit-knocking, there are respectable witnesses ready to aver that they "assisted" at the *séance*.

That a green-surfaced pond, duck-weeded and frog-spawned, stagnant for ages, and unmoved by every air of heaven, should suddenly imagine itself to be a great fluid of strong elements and incalculable power, and should set to work to lash itself into fermentation by way of becoming brandy, would not be one whit stranger or more absurd than this great German demonstration.

That such movements are utterly abnormal, that they lie neither in the genius nor in the instincts of the nation, we may see by the simple fact that none of the statesmen of the country knew in the least how to deal with them. They stood there, panic-stricken and confounded, like the doctors of Europe at the first visitation of Oriental cholera!

What fun it must have been for the grand Charlatan of the Tuileries, as, watching it all, he murmured to himself, "They'll never be able to treat this case; they'll have to come to *me*." And there is no doubt, if the symptoms had not subsided, such would have been the upshot. Grave talking there was of a new Confederation of the Rhine, and small Princes began to reflect whether it might not be better to become French Prefects than Imperial or Royal Chamberlains. As for the people, they stood like a great flock of sheep, as they are, staring at the peril with a steadfastness that looked like daring; but they scampered away at the first crack of Bismarck's whip, and they have never turned since.

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In such an age, with such elements as these around us, greatness is surely not difficult of attainment; and the "Dignified Attitude of France" can be preserved, even though it be represented by a foot upon a friend's throat, and a hand in a neighbour's pocket.

MR BANTING.

I was very wroth for a considerable time with that fat man—Mr Banting I think he is called—who has been boring the world for some months back with accounts of his decrease in size, till I bethought me that possibly I might have been doing him a foul wrong, and imputing to selfish motives, and a taste for notoriety, what in reality might turn out to be very high-minded and elevated patriotism.

My first impression was, Here is a corpulent old humbug, who has no greater or more ennobling task in life than to measure his girth round the waist, weigh his fat sides, and keep a register of his palpitations as he goes up-stairs to bed—publishing, too, to the world these experiences, as if they were great boons and blessings to humanity, and proclaiming aloud how and by what subtle devices he contrived to grow thinner; and all this nasty balderdash—nasty it unquestionably is—in a land where misery and destitution abound, and where we read such a heading to a paragraph in our newspapers as "Death by Starvation." Of what stuff must a man be made who can see his digestional diary printed in the same column that reveals a death from actual want? Of what, besides "fat," must a creature be compounded, who can go on from day to day recording the effects produced upon his heavy carcass by abstention from saccharine matter and suchlike, when the great monster Misery stares us in the face—that there are people without any food at all—that there are men and women, blue-lipped and gaunt with famine, hollow-eyed and jaw-sunken, crawling about in search of garbage and offal?

We used to be disgusted at the aldermanic envy of the beggar who declared he had not eaten for twenty-four hours, expressing itself in the outburst, "Oh, if I had your appetite!" but what shall we say to this mass of heaving blubber that only cries out to be decreased, of repletion that implores to be drained, in the very crisis of cotton-famine, of Irish want, and of almost universal destitution! When the Queen of France suggested giving *brioche* to the starving populace, she was only ignorant, not unfeeling. When a Duke of Norfolk proposed curry-powder to the famine-stricken in Ireland, he was simply talking like a very kind-hearted but addle-headed old gentleman, who knew nothing of the malady for which he was prescribing. But here is far worse: here is a man who, in a day of great pressure and want, when the energy of every thoughtful man is taxed to think by what contrivance the souls and bodies of some hundred thousand people are to be held together, comes forward to tell us, not how to support life, not how to keep the spark alight with some cheap substitute for fuel, not how to maintain the faint flicker alive by some newly-found expedient, but how *he* has contrived to keep down his own redundant heat—to put slack upon the over-exuberant blaze of his own personal hearth.

Can indecency and selfishness go farther?

Corpulency is unpleasant, so is a tight boot; but don't expatiate on either to people who are hungry or who go barefoot. Your coat may be too tight in the sleeve, but don't talk of it in the society of the half-naked. And this is precisely what this fat man is doing! Good hea-

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vens! the ill of the world is not repletion, — it is emptiness; and all the other fat men are running about in their own pluffy and breathless manner, asking, What about malt? How is it as to chocolate? Are anchovies bad for me? Must I cut off my stilton? To these I say, Let me be your doctor. Retrench your all-absorbing self-interest. Turn your thoughts from your duodenum to the famishing creatures who peer down through the railings of your areas at the blazing fire in your kitchen-grate. Give up this filthy selfishness that takes for its worship all that is least worthy in humanity. Walk, ride, bathe, swim, fast if you must, but take your thoughts off this detestable theme; and try to remember that the subject you want to popularise is in its details one of the coarsest that can be made matter of conversation.

To take the matter in its less serious light, how is society to be carried on if Bantingism is to prevail? Are we to weed our acquaintance of all the fat people, and never know any one above ten stone eight? or are we to divide our dinners into fat days and thin days, having all the grampuses one day, all the sword-fish on another? This latter measure will be forced upon us, for how otherwise shall we feed our Bantings? To invite them to an ordinary repast of fish, flesh, and fowl, would be as rank an awkwardness as to ask Cardinal Wiseman to a beef-steak on a Friday. You cannot, of course, place before your guest what he would deem little short of a poison; and how are you to eliminate all the carbon out of your sirloin, the ozone out of your vegetables, gelatinous matter out of your veal, and saccharine ingredients out of your pudding? If one couldn't afford to have Faraday in the kitchen, there will be no doing this. Analytical chemistry is not a very speedy performance, besides; and if this system be pursued, it will take at least two days to prepare a very humble meal; and a party of twelve Bantings would take fully a week's hard work, both chemical and culinary. Now, judging from the man's book, I suspect that he and eleven more like him would be dear at the price.

From Falstaff downwards I have ever liked fat men; they are all to nothing the pleasantest fellows that walk the earth. They are genial by force of temperament; and there is neither ungenerous sarcasm in their drollery nor malice in their wit. They look, besides—and let me tell you it is no small thing—they look as if they enjoyed life; while "that lean and hungry Cassius" is a perpetual protest against pleasantry. His drolleries are all dyspeptic, and his very laugh is an estopper on fun. Why, in the name of all good-fellowship, diminish the number of these? Is the world too enjoyable?—is society really so intensely amusing that it is necessary, even at the cost of our very flesh, to curb our wit and restrain our brilliancy? I have no complaint of this kind to make of the neighbourhood about me. I am free to say there is no plethora of agreeability that wants to be depleted. Mr Banting's experiences are possibly different; but if so, I'd rather he'd tell me where he lives than what he eats — with whom he associates, and not what he avoids in diet.

The glorious exuberance of the fat man is not merely physical; it extends to the operations of his brain and the tricks of his fancy. It is out of his rich abundance that he gives you his drollery. Tell me an anecdote or a good *mot*, a racy reply or a witty rejoinder, and I'll stake my reputation or half-a-crown —whichever you think best of— on it, that I'll tell you whether it was a fat or a thin man was the author. There is a mental breadth in the fat man, a width in his toleration, a glorious sense of easy absorption about him, that make him infinitely more companionable than a thin man.

When a friend of mine—who

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told me the story—once met Sydney Smith at Brighton, where he had gone to reduce by the use of certain baths in vogue in those days, he was struck by the decrease of Sydney's size, and said, "You are certainly thinner than when I saw you last." "Yes," said he; "I have only been ten days here, but they have scraped enough off me already to make a curate."

And so it is, the imperceptible waste of fat men is equal to a thin one; and once again I say, it is of these they would rob us. Why, they are the very marrow of humanity.

Possibly, however, I have been all this time unjust and unfair to Mr Banting, and what I deemed a personal narrative was only a parable. Has Mr B., while speaking of himself, been really describing the state of England? Is this plethora—this over-abundance, this bursting prosperity, this unwieldy size, this unmanageable mass—the Nation? Are all his counsels addressed to a people who have given themselves up to repletion, and think of nothing but growing fatter? Is the carbon of which he warns us our coal-fields, whose exhaustion he forebodes? When he speaks of saccharine matter, is it a hit at Gladstone about sugar? In this prohibition of beer does he want a repeal of the malt-tax, like the virtuous old ladies who gave up sugar in their tea to put down the slave-trade?

Is the "going down-stairs backwards" an emblem of that painful step-by-step progression in which, while we go lower and lower, we have not even the small courage required to look at what we are coming to?

In the remark that our "size unfits us for places of amusement," and that "we take up more space" than our neighbours like to accord us, Mr Banting is only repeating what French newspapers are daily telling us.

Last of all, as to the "Turkish Bath," what he says is perfectly true. We *did* try it (at Sebastopol), and it reduced us uncommonly; and though we have contrived to get up our flesh since, we are forced to own that we are not as strong as we used to be!

Now, I repeat this may be the true reading of the Banting epistle, and I am the more ready to believe it to be such that there are touches of true kindliness and honest philanthropy in the pamphlet, which would ill accord with a theme of mere selfishness.

I am a very poor exponent of symbolic influences; but it would give me sincere pleasure to go over Banting with Dr Cumming, whose aid in tracing the clues to the imagery would be invaluable. "Banting explained, with reference to the 'GREAT CORPULENCE COMING,'" would be a taking title, and I throw it out as hint to "the trade."

One word more. If there really be people with so much disposable time on their hands, and so much redundant fat on their ribs, as Mr Banting, and who eagerly desire to reduce, let me recommend to them a far simpler and easier process than the complicated chemistry of this gentleman's book. There is a little volume—I have it now before me—called 'A Summary Account of Prizes for Common Things,' offered and awarded by Miss B. Coutts at the Whitelands Training Institution. In this valuable treatise, which may be called 'The Anti-Banting,' the problem is, not to subdue the increase of flesh, but how to subsist on the smallest modicum of food? how soup is to be made with the minimum of meat? how vitality can be maintained with the very least possible assistance from external aid?

Amongst the variety of receipts in this volume there is one we recommend to Banting. It is a soup composed of what the writer calls the cheapest part of a cow—the fore vein, which lies between the neck and the shoulder, and is of an irregular shape. "The soup made from this, with barley, carrots, and an onion,

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is excellent." Now I say here you have no complications about osmazone or the phosphates; not a word is there of adipose matter, nitrogen, or that fell ingredient, sugar. Let the Bantings sit down to this every day at one o'clock as their principal meal, and I warrant them they'll be as slim in three months as the prize labourer who invented the compound. There is another receipt for a broth to be made of what the writer calls "a sheep's pluck," and pluck is exactly the quality the eater of it would require. And there is also, at page 203, "a cheap and nourishing dish without meat," which it would be a downright pleasure to set before Banting every day for a month, and have his report on its nutritive qualities. Not to seem cruel, however, I should allow him "beef-stickings" (see page 35) on Sundays.

Nor can I omit an invaluable suggestion at page 46, not alone admirable in its relation to diet, but with an ethical inference that deserves commemoration: "Whey, the liquid left after making cheese, is a nutritious drink for children. When in large quantities, it will materially assist in fattening—the Pigs!"

Now, as I have taken some pains to show where these culinary treasures are to be found, I trust Banting and his whole house will try them. As to the contributors to the volume itself, I observe that in most household expenditures there is a weekly penny dedicated to periodicals. Might I ask a preference, and humbly hint, in return for my own small services here exerted, that they would take in Corny O'Dowd, whose second volume will shortly appear in print?

HYBRID CONSERVATISM.

I have had it on my heart for many a day to protest against a race of politicians who have much annoyed and not a little troubled me —a class of men, who in the very absence of all convictions, assume a sort of especial claim to fairness, and who would like to pass off their thorough cold-bloodedness for the true and proper temperature of the political body. I mean those Hybrid Conservatives who profess to believe in their own party, but always vote with Lord Palmerston — men who would like to pass the morning in the Reform Club, and dine every day at the Carlton. A few years back they were three or four, now they are a distinct section. If England were not, *par excellence*, the land of "Sham," such a class would never have presumed to stand forward and declare their opinions. In a country so full of crotchets we are naturally tolerant of our neighbours' eccentricities; and if a man does not do actual mischief with his hobby, we are always disposed to let him ride on as long as he likes; but if we find that the oddity we had endured, perhaps out of a compassionate leniency and kindliness towards an individual, is to become an endemic tendency through a neighbourhood, we naturally grow uneasy. We can endure one infatuated performer on the bassoon, but if the whole street or the crescent take to it, the affair is serious. This is exactly what has happened. A few very crafty men discovered some time ago that what between the growing indifference to "party" outside the House, and the few questions which separated the two sides within it, it might be possible, by the exercise of caution and adroitness, to give a certain support to each in turn, by which, without formally breaking with their friends, they might greatly conciliate their adversaries, and thus, while very materially serving their personal interests, acquire that grand character for fairness, by which, once attained, every platitude a man utters becomes wisdom, and

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the dreariest trash he delivers to his constituents is listened to as the quintessence of good sense and honesty.

"I declare to you frankly"—Oh, how I dread that frankly!—"I declare to you frankly, gentlemen, that my sentiments are still as they have ever been — a steady resolve to maintain our time-honoured institutions, so as to hand down to our children unimpaired the glorious heritage we have received from our ancestors. Though no man will ever be more ready than myself to uphold, and if need be to defend, the great constitution of these realms in all the integrity of its strength, and all the equipoise of its power, yet I *do* think"—great emphasis on the do—"that, balanced as parties now are, situated as England is with respect to foreign nations, charged as we are with the mighty responsibilities that attach to the rule of one-eighth of the inhabitants of the globe,—I say, gentlemen, I do think we cannot do better than follow the time-honoured statesman, who, though seated on an adverse bench, is the steadfast upholder and defender of the honour of England. I know Lord Palmerston, gentlemen—I know him well; and with whatever credit my character may lend me, I declare to you he is the steadfast and uncompromising upholder of," &c. &c. &c.

Now, I don't object to these extramural bleatings at all. There are very few airs on the political fiddle, and if we are fond of the music, we must put up with the "Da Capos." I only want that the tune should be performed by the right men. Let not Archbishop M'Hale hum, "Croppies lie down," and tell me it is a Canticle.

Vote with Lord Palmerston, and welcome; only don't acquire the right to do so by a juggle and trick: don't palm yourself off on a Conservative constituency as a man of their party, to desert that party when the day of trial has arrived; and, above all, do not build upon a settled plan of personal advantage and advancement a character with the world for impartiality and scrupulous honour. These men desire to be Conservatives on a sort of limited liability. They remind me of the Irishman who presented himself before his priest to get married; but, instead of the five shillings, the appropriate fee, could only produce half-a-crown. After vainly employing all his eloquence to melt the priest's heart, he suddenly stopped short and said,—"Well, see then, y'r rivirence, the divil a sixpence more I have, so marry me as far as that goes!" This is exactly the way they want to be Conservatives—"a cheap bargain and a road out of it," is the sum and substance of what they aim at. May I ask what sort of constituencies like to be thus represented? There is not one word of exaggeration in what I have said. I appeal to the speeches the newspapers have been so drearily crammed with for the last three months to corroborate me. But indeed if there be people who listen with pleasure to the speeches, they may, by a parity of absurdity, think well of the speakers.

Now, Lord Palmerston is not a great artiste—but a *réchauffé* of him is too much for any human stomach, and yet they give us nothing else. Who is not sick of the praises we bestow on ourselves for not going to war—when war was the very last thing in our thoughts? Who is not weary of hearing how beautifully we kept out of the American conflict—the "fratricidal slaughter," as they call it? I wish any one would tell me which is Cain, and which Abel. I only know that their mother might be ashamed of them both.

Who, I beg to ask, is taught—who is instructed—whose knowledge is enlarged, by these frothy outpourings? They are very lamentable spectacles, these "visits to our constituents." I trust fervently that the men who make these speeches approach the hu-

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miliation in a spirit of proper self-mortification. I ardently hope that they feel it to be a day of sackcloth and ashes; and indeed, if angels could be supposed to weep for members of Parliament, they might shed some tears for such misery.

Why, in this age of universal literature, has nobody thought of skeleton speeches for sucking politicians? The parsons have got skeleton sermons, wherein they supply the "padding" themselves, and the blandest disciple of high-and-dryism, or the sternest denouncer of mundane enjoyments, can fit himself in a moment. I am told, too, that since Bishop Colenso's defection, discourses can be had in which Joshua is treated pretty much like the author of 'Junius,' so that, in reality, no shade or tint of opinion need have to look far for an exponent.

I wish some enterprising publisher would engage me in the task; and I bind myself to supply "the trade" on the most reasonable terms and the shortest notice.

Mr Moses fits his clients in Yorkshire or the Land's End by a few general measurements—the width of the shoulders, the girth at the waistband, the length from the hips, &c. Now I promise, on equally brief information, to send off by the night-mail a true-blue address, a Whig "apostasy," or a Radical "rouser," done in a true, finished, and workmanlike manner. I remember a friend of mine, to whom Nature had not been gracious in muscular development, having once to perform a part in a private play where tight-fitting pantaloons were essential. He addressed himself to one of the minor theatres for counsel, and the costumer, to whom his case was referred, immediately called out, "Ah, sir, I see it at once; you want Mr Matthews's legs. Fetch them down, James."

Now, if any country gentleman wants the Palmerston legs, or, more ambitious still, the Gladstone—or should he ambition the sturdier pair that support John Bright—I'm his man. "*P.S.*—Any gentleman taught 'Bernal Osborne' in two lessons. Persons whose education has been neglected made perfect 'Roebucks' in one. A line, addressed Cornelius O'Dowd, to the care of his Publisher, will be immediately attended to. None treated with except principals; the strictest secrecy observed." I promise you, constituencies will benefit by the change. As a respectable tradesman, who wants to extend his custom, I'll not sell them any cast-off wares, nor vamp up any stale Joe Millers. Never a word shall they hear from me about that strange beast, the Civis Romanus, of which the Zoological Garden has not even a specimen. I'll neither bully the French, nor flatter them. I only bargain for one plagiarism. If it be a Whig oration, I must wind up with a few words for "the glorious harvest." This, you will admit, is fair. The Whigs have ripened the wheat ever since the Reform Bill, and we ought to be grateful to them. Newspaper adulation, in a tone that must be ineffably offensive to the ears it was intended to charm, has invented the phrase the "Queen's Weather." Let me suggest the propriety of exchanging the term "Harvest Moon" for the "Pam. Quarter;" so that, while we replenish our granaries, we should remember the Government.

The Conservatives have many faults—they have done much they ought not to have done, and omitted some things they ought to have done; but in nothing have they erred so egregiously as in tolerating within their ranks these men of rotten allegiance. Nor was it mere toleration, but they have actually gone out of the way to conciliate them. This attempt to widen the base of a party by greater liberality, as it is called, is often very fatal. You may beat your guinea too thin. And who, I ask, were these people for whom you made these sacrifices—not only of opinion, but of conscience? Was there one really able

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man amongst them? The first Napoleon used to complain of what he called "les frondeurs" in the army of Italy, the fellows who were so beautifully candid that they always thought the enemy did everything better than themselves—not merely fought better, but fed their people better, doctored them better, and rewarded them better.

To do *him* justice, he made very short work with such folk when he once got hold of them. We, on the contrary, caress and fondle them, we listen to their sentiments, and mould our own to their liking; and even when we see them cross over and join our adversaries, we are so magnificently generous, that we not only forgive the defection but actually exalt the deserters. Would Pitt have suffered this? would the Great Duke have endured it? Are the Whigs of our own day so Christian-like in forgiveness that they would make room on their benches for men who never rise but to vote against them?

The cry of our day is, "There is no party;" but how can there be party, when the men who take no oath of allegiance to a leader are deemed as faithful as the sworn soldier who fights bravely to the death? There is no army if there be no discipline, and this is exactly what we see amongst the Conservatives. The rewards are not given to the valiant, nor are the renegades handed over to the provost-marshal.

We have not outgrown party in England. To say we are too liberal, or too enlightened, for party, is to talk balderdash; but party has ceased to have its distinctive marks, because certain people have invented a uniform that enables them to fight with either army, and take pay from both! For, these hybrids I speak of take the bounty from us, and draw their pay from the enemy.

What has brought this reproach that we hear every day, of a want of policy on the Conservative benches, but these men who bridge over party, and contrive to make the Opposition benches a sort of outpost of the Treasury? They have got up the cant, Pam is doing our work. Ay, but I answer, and he is taking the wages too. There is no such need as people say to make common cause against the Radicals. John Bright is a clever fellow enough, but neither he nor his following ought to frighten us for the future of the Constitution. Both the monarchy and the coal-fields have a good many years before them, and "the Great Tribulation Coming" will not proceed out of Manchester, nor will Richard Cobden be its Prophet.

I am far more afraid of small defections than of great defeats, and I own I'll never believe in the discipline of party till the day comes that we hang a mutineer!

Once for all, then, I say, no caresses, no flatteries for those men who are not true to you. No blandishments for those delicate followers who require to cross over from time to time to the Government benches for a little warmth and sunshine, as invalids go to Italy for climate. No converse with the political ventriloquists who sit on one side of the House and talk from the other. If these people get acceptance, once that they are unmasked and exposed, political honesty is but a sorry affair. Party, in its honourable signification, cannot exist where they prosper; and of the constituencies that return them, I say, as Chief Baron O'Grady did of the disreputable counsel of a worse client—"May you never be separated."

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